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ADVERTISEMENT.

In compliance with a recommendation of the Fourteenth General Conference of the Freewill Baptists in North America, the corporators of the Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment appointed the undersigned a Committee for the compilation of a new Hymn Book, for the use of the churches and congregations of the Denomination. Said Committee, having, according to the best of their ability, attended to the duty assigned them, submit the following work as the result of their efforts.

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PREFACE.

HEAVEN is the seat and home of song. It is not strange therefore that the pious on earth, bending their footsteps thither, anticipating their future employment, should give expression to their religious emotions in hymns of praise. Hence, in all ages of the church, the singing of the songs of Zion has constituted an essential part of worship. But, that this exercise should be at once interesting and profitable, it is of the first importance that suitable and appropriate hymns should be furnished. Poetry is the language of emotion. Through it the heart finds its distinctive utterance. Correct sentiment *in prose* may be read with interest and profit, and, if written in rhythm and measure, it may be set to notes and sung. But no exactness of versification, no perfection of rhyme and accent, can atone for the absence of that fervid and impassioned diction which constitutes the true essence of poetry. Hymns, to meet the demands of enlightened Christianity, must also possess at least a moderate share of literary excellence. And yet, for sacred melody, an exuberance of ornament is not only superfluous, but inconsistent. A plain, flowing style, a succession of appropriate figures, a smooth and easy versification, are best adapted to produce the desired effect; furnishing the most suitable medium through which the pious heart can breathe its devotions.

It is hoped that this compilation will show that these points, in particular, as well as others essential to the desired end, have not been overlooked nor misconceived.

The compilers of this work have endeavored to restore the original reading in cases where, in the hands of other compilers, hymns have undergone such changes as did not

PREFACE.

essentially improve them; and where a decided improvement has been made, no pains have been spared to select the most desirable versions.

Hymns containing sentiments obviously inharmonious with the faith of those for whom this book is especially designed have been excluded, though in some instances possessing, in other respects, rare merits. If, however, there should occasionally occur a sentence which might be construed into a slight leaning towards an erroneous doctrine or an exploded dogma, it should be borne in mind that more may be gained by giving to the genius of poetry a little latitude than by placing it under too much restriction; and that there are hymns whose language may, in a single instance, leave us in doubt as to the author's meaning, which, nevertheless, are too good to be lost.

In the arrangement of the hymns, regard has been had to the natural order suggested by some relation which the subjects treated of sustain to each other; and the hymns arranged under the several general subjects which treat of particular topics are grouped together; though these subdivisions are not noticed in the table of contents. A little attention to the order of arrangement which extends through the book will render the whole system plain and practical. By consulting the alphabetical index of subjects, one is conducted to a group of hymns treating more or less directly on the topic in question, from which he can make his selection at pleasure. The scriptural references being full, and, as it is hoped, generally accurate, will afford great aid to the same end; but the index just referred to is most to be relied on, though even this cannot be supposed to be perfect.

The work thus prepared goes to the churches with the sincere and most fervent prayers of the compilers, that it may aid the pious in their devotions, tend to elevate and improve the standard of sacred music in our congregations, and contribute in no small degree to the advancement and triumphs of the glorious cause and kingdom of Christ, in whose sight "praise is comely."

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THE PSALMODY.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

1. L. M. WATTS.

Joy of Public Worship.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs :
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.
- 3 God is our sun — he makes our day ;
God is our shield — he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin ;
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too :
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

2. L. M. TATE & BRADY

Universal Adoration.

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise ;

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.
- 3 O, enter, then, his temple gate ;
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless ;
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

3.

S. M.

WATTS.

Exhortation to Worship.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

4.

C. M.

HOSKINS.

Assembling for Worship.

- 1 IN 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 Savior's voice ;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek ;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

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To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
Here God, my Savior, reigns.

7.

L. M.

WATTS.

Sovereign Jehovah.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people — we his care ;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

8.

C. M.

WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory, and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

9.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

- 1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

And walls of strength embrace thee round
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment here :
He bids the saints be glad
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest :
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house !"
For here my friends and kindred dwell :
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

10.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

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

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

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

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

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

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

11.

H. M.

WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples, are !

To thine abode		With warm desires,
My heart aspires,		To see my God.

2 O, happy souls, who pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O, happy men, who pay
 Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ;		Who love the way
And happy they		To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :

O glorious seat,		Shall thither bring
When God, our King,		Our willing feet !

12.

C. M.

WATTS.

God present in the Sanctuary.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts !
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
 Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
 His saving power displays ;

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will ;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.
- 5 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

13.

C. M.

WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

- 1 I LOVE to see the Lord below ;
His church displays his grace ;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.
- 2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there ;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.
- 3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love ;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.
- 4 He shines, and I am all delight ;
He hides, and all is pain ;
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again ?
- 5 O Lord, I love thy service now ;
Thy church displays thy power ,
But soon in heaven I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

14.

C. M.

WILLIAMS.

Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart shall rest on thee.

15.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.

- 1 TO thy temple we repair ;
Lord, we love to worship there ;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

16.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Worship acceptable from every Place.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,—
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

17.

L. M.

WATTS

Recognizing God as a Father.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God ;
 And I am thine by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With early feet I love t' appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And bless the remnant of my days.

18.

S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
 O thou afflicted, come ;
 The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
 He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
 Ye who are happy now ;
 In sweet accord your voices raise,
 In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
 For ye have felt his love ;
 Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
 Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
 Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown
 Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
 In mercy looks on all,—
 Who seest the tear of misery,
 And hear'st the mourner's call,—

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

19.

C. M.

JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

- 1 WITH sacred joy, we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

20.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy ;
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 The Lord is good ; the Lord is kind ;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

21.

L. M.

WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below ;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

22.

C. M.

MILTON.

The Blessedness of the Devout.

- 1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free !
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee !
- 2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high,
They are the truly blest
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.
- 3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 They journey on from strength to strength.
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear
- 5 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright ;
No good from him shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

23.

L. M.

SALISBURY COLL

The House of God.

- 1 LO, God is here ! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power ;
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face ;
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

24.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Presence of God sought in his House.

- 1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !
- 3 But ah, the song, how faint it flows !
How languid our desire !
How dim the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire !

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

25.

C. M.

NEWTON.

A Blessing sought.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear :
Thy presence now display :
We kneel within thy house of prayer ;
O, give us hearts to pray.
- 2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.
- 3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face ;
O, make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

26.

L. M.

WATTS.

Exhortation to Worship.

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise ;
God is a sovereign King ; rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word :
He is our Shepherd — we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day ;
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promised rest ;
Obey and be forever blessed.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

27.

S. M.

URWICK'S COLL.

Pleasures of Spiritual Worship.

- 1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine !
- 2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.
- 3 O, blest assurance this ;
Bright morn of heavenly day ;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.
- 4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow ;
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

28.

C. M.

WATTS.

Access to God by a Mediator.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

29.

L. M.

WATTS.

Enjoyment in the Service.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire ;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Savior, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

30.

S. M.

WATTS

God worshipped with Reverence.

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same :
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

31.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise to God for his Goodness.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my sou', who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels ;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.
- 5 Our youth, decayed, his power repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hope with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest ;
But will his justice more display
In the great, last, rewarding day.
- 7 His power he showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands :
But sent his truth and mercy down,
To all the nations, by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace :
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

32.

C. M.

WATTS.

Vows paid in the Church.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 4 Now I am thine — forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

33.

C. P. M.

OGILVIE

Praise from all Creatures.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' almighty name;
Lo, heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo, on the lightning's fiery wing
In triumph rides th' eternal King
Th' astonished worlds adore.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
To join the thunders of the skies ;
Praise Him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing ;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who decked your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man — by nobler passions swayed —
Let man — in God's own image made —
His breath in praise employ,
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

34

S. M.

MONTGOMERY

Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.

- 1 ARISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.
- 3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 4 Arise, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Arise, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

35.

6s & 4s.

GOOD.

Praise in the Courts of the Lord.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name ;
Praise through his courts proclaim ;
Rise and adore ;
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame ;
There let the harp be found ;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string :
Sweet the accord !
He vital breath bestows :
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose :
Praise ye the Lord.

36.

10s & 11s.

GRANT.

God glorious.

- 1 O, WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

37.

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

38.

8s & 7s.

DUBLIN COLL.

Praise the Lord.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

39.

C. M.

HEMANS.

Invitation to offer Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; on every height
Songs to his glory raise ;
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise.
- 2 O fire and vapor, hail and snow,
Ye servants of his will ;
O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil ;—
- 3 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise ;
Fair cedars of the wood ;
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food ;—
- 4 Judges of nations ; kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high ;
O youths and virgins of the land ;
O age and infancy ;—
- 5 Praise ye his name to whom alone
All homage should be given,
Whose glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

40.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

- 1 GOD of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

41.

10s & 11s.

ANON.

Praise.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great name devoutly adore,
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies:
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes now publish his praise;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue;
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

42.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise from all Lands.

- 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love .
Praise him from the depths beneath ;
Praise him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

43.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Praise at all Times.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

44.

S. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
His honors be expressed ;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

45.

7s.

WRANGHAM.

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ; his glory bless ;
Praise him in his holiness ;
Praise him as the theme inspires ;
Praise him as his fame requires.
- 2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around ;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 3 Let the organ join to bless
 God, the Lord our Righteousness ;
 Tune your voice to spread the fame
 Of the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 All who dwell beneath his light,
 In his praise your hearts unite ;
 While the stream of song is poured,
 Praise and magnify the Lord.

46.

L. M.

MRS. OPIE.

The Voice of Creation.

- 1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
 A tongue in every opening flower,
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
 Of thy indulgence, love, and power ;
 The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
 Appear to hymn their Maker's praise
 And all the mingling sounds of spring
 To thee a general anthem raise.
- 2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
 Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim,
 Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth in praise thy holy name ?
 All nature's debt is small to mine,
 For nature soon shall cease to be ;
 But — matchless proof of love divine —
 Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

47.

H. M.

WATTS

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise :
- | | | |
|-------------------|--|--------------------|
| Ye holy throng | | In worlds of light |
| Of angels bright, | | Begin the song. |
- 2 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command :
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love ;
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

48.

C. M.

WATTS

Exhortation to Praise.

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

49.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

2 His mercy reigns through every land ;
 Proclaim his grace abroad ;
 Forever firm his truth shall stand ;
 Praise ye the faithful God.

50. H. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise from Heaven and Earth.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's name :
 His praise your songs employ
 Above the starry frame :
 Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
 Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.

2 Let all adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came ;
 And all shall last, | His firm decree
 From changes free ; | Stands ever fast.

51. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
 But O, what tongue can speak his fame ?
 What verse can reach the lofty theme ?
 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears ;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.
 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Almighty power, with wisdom, shines ;
 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
 Declare the glory of his name.
 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
 And let his praise employ thy tongue
 Till listening worlds shall join the song.

52.

H. M.

STEELE.

Universal Praise.

1 LET every creature join
 To bless Jehovah's name,
 And every power unite
 To swell th' exalted theme ;
 Let nature raise, | A general song
 From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.

2 But O, from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow,
 And every thankful heart
 With warm devotion glow ;
 Your voices raise, | Above the rest
 Ye highly blest ; | Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God ;
 My heart, my voice inspire ;
 Then shall I humbly join
 The universal choir ;
 Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
 My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

53.

C. M.

ROWE.

Praise from all Nature.

1 BEGIN the high, celestial strain,
 My raptured soul, and sing
 A sacred hymn of grateful praise
 To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Repeat to all your verdant shores
 The subject of the song.

3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide-extended world
 The lofty theme convey.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 Take up the burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
To deck with gold the opening morn,
Or shade the evening skies.
- 5 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky ;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony.

54.

L. M.

WRANGHAM

Concert of Praise.

- 1 ETERNAL God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name ;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.
- 2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God ;
I rest my hope on thee alone ;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.
- 3 Awake, my tongue ! awake, my lyre !
With morning's earliest dawn arise ;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.
- 4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice ;
While every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

55.

H. M.

GEMS.

Praise from all Creation.

- 1 ANGELS, assist to sing
The honors of your God ;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad :
Come, pour the trembling notes along,
And swell the grand, immortal song.
- 2 And, ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise ;

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

Inhabitants of earth,
Your great Creator praise ;
Let your hosannas joyful rise,
And shake the earth and pierce the skies.

3 Let day and dusky night,
In solemn order, join
His praises to recite,
And speak his power divine :
Let every hill and every vale
Reëcho with the sacred tale.

4 Let every creature sing
The honors of our God ;
Touch every tuneful string,
And spread his praise abroad :
Come, pour the trembling notes along,
And swell the universal song.

56.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise from all Creatures.

- 1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known ;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.
- 3 O, may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs ;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna, from ten thousand tongues.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

57.

8s & 7s.

FAWCETT.

God of our Salvation.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator ;
Praise be thine from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, Source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation ;
Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

58.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise for divine Grace.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name ;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound ;
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite ;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 5 But saints are lovely in his sight ;
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

59.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 But O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love !
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There, in the land of praise, adore ;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

60.

L. M.

WATTS.

All Praise due to God.

- 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

61.

C. M.

WARDLAW.

Praise to God.

- 1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired ;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows ;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

62.

L. M.

WATTS.

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
In vain the tallest angel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes.
- 2 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We should adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And men have learned to lisp thy name ;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 God is in heaven, but man below ;
Be short our tunes ; our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

63.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing ;
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame ;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues ;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature roll ;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

64.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM

Praise at all Times.

- 1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days ;
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss
And heightens all my joy.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God ;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
Then shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

65.

C. M.

LOGAN.

Universal Praise.

- 1 O CITY of the Lord, begin
The universal song :
And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.
- 2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice ;
And let the tenants of the rock,
In accent rude, rejoice.
- 3 O, from the streams of distant lands
To our Jehovah sing,
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord, the King.
- 4 Let all combined, with one accord,
The Savior's glories raise,
Till in the earth's remotest bounds
The nations sound his praise.

66.

L. M.

TATE & BRADY

Praise to the great Jehovah.

- 1 BE thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 O God, my heart is fixed ; 'tis best
 Its thankful tribute to present ;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the listening nations round ;
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here as there obeyed.

67.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise to God.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose ;
 He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by his hand ;
 His words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
 Not all thy works, great God, below
 So much thy power and glory show.

68.

7s.

SALISBURY COLL.

Adoration.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored :
 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

WORSEIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be ;
All shall join in harmony ;
That, through heaven's capacious round,
Praise to thee may ever sound.
- 4 Lord thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.

69.

C. M.

WATTS.

Public and universal Praise.

- 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise ;
His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

70.

L. M.

STEELE.

Praising God in his Courts.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- 2 Recount his works in strains divine ;
His wondrous works, how bright they shine !
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 3 Awake the trumpet's lofty sound,
To spread your sacred pleasure round ;
Awake each voice, and strike each string,
And to the solemn organ sing.
- 4 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

71.

S. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **THY** name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

72.

8s & 7s.

S. F. ADAMS.

Close of Worship.

- 1 **PART** in peace : is day before us ?
Praise his name for life and light ;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless his care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace : with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace : such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

73.

8s, 7s, & 4.

BURDEB.

Dismission.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

74.

S. M.

HART.

Dismission.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Savior's name ;
 Record his mercies, every heart ;
 Sing, every tongue, the same.
- 2 Receive his sacred word,
 And feed thereon and grow ;
 Go on to seek, to know the Lord,
 And practise what you know.

75.

C. M.

HEBER.

The Seed of the Word.

- 1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
 By whom the harvest blest,
 Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
 Is planted in our breast,—

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply :
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

76.

7s.

BRATTLE ST. COLI.

After Sermon.

- 1 THANKS for mercies, Lord, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us now thy peace and love ,
And when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

77.

C. M.

CHRISTIAN MELODY.

The good Seed. — After Sermon.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ or man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

78

L. M.

HART.

Dismission.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

79.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Dismission.

- 1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts
- 2 And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

80.

8s & 7s.

NEWTON

Benediction.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

THE SABBATH.

81.

C. M.

EDMESTON.

The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!
- 3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, Source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er;
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

82.

H. M.

HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires | I soar to reach
And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

THE SABBATH.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours :
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

83.

L. M.

STENNETT.

Holy Enjoyment anticipated.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows !
- 3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

84.

C. M.

WATTS.

Celebration of Christ's Resurrection.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;

THE SABBATH.

Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God the Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise :
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

85.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Sabbath welcomed.

- 1 WELCOME, 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, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

86.

7s, 6 L.

NEWTON

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

THE SABBATH.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face ;
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

87.

L. M.

ANON.

Sunday Morning.

- 1 CALLED by the Sabbath bells away
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go, with willing mind, to pray,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word.
- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest, shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

88.

C. M.

WATTS.

Anticipating Worship.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;

THE SABBATH.

- To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye ; —
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

89.

L. M.

RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour ! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

THE SABBATH

90. 8s & 7s. (Peculiar.) CARMINA SACRA.
 Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WHILE this day its light is shedding,
 Worldly thoughts and cares forbidding,
 Let us give our souls to rest ;
 Let us now in supplication
 Look to Him whose great salvation
 All the world has freely blest.
- 2 God above, we bow before thee ;
 Humbly will we now adore thee ;
 Glad we'll haste to Zion's gate ;
 Glad we'll join those holy praises
 Zion's temple ever raises
 High to thee, so good and great.
- 3 Hail ! thou place of light and glory,
 Where resounds salvation's story,
 Fraught with peace to sinful man :
 O, how soon earth's night retreated !
 O, how soon sweet hope we greeted,
 When thy word its course began !

91. C. M. ANON.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours celestial day.
- 2 O, what a night was that which wrapped
 A sinful world in gloom !
 O, what a sun which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 On this glad day, a brighter scene
 Of glory was displayed
 By God's unbounded love, than when
 The universe was made.
- 4 He rose who hath the nations bought
 With pain and grief extreme :

THE SABBATH.

- 'Twas great to speak the world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem.
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above
On nations yet unborn.

92.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Rejoicing in the Sabbath.

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

93.

L. M.

WATTS.

Delight in the Sabbath.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;

THE SABBATH.

- O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
His works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

94.

S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Enjoyment in Worship.

- 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And when the night wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given ;
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

95.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

Offering of the Heart.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,

THE SABBATH.

- What rites, what honors shall he pay
How spread his sovereign name abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.
- 4 O, grant us, in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel thy love, to own thy power,
And raise each raptured thought to thee.

96.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

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

THE SABBATH.

97.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues ;—
- 3 No rude alarms of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

98.

7s.

S. F. SMITH

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God ;
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper

THE SABBATH.

Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

- 5 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

99.

L. M.

EDMBSTON.

The Sabbath Evening.

- 1 HOW sweet the light of Sabbath eve !
How soft the sunbeams lingering there !
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.
- 2 The time how lovely and how still !
Peace shines and smiles on all below ;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 3 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love ;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 4 Nor will our days of toil be long ;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

100.

C. M.

ANON.

Is there a God?

- 1 IS there a God? Yon rising sun
In answer meet replies,
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.
- 2 Is there a God? Hark! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles;
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.
- 3 Is there a God? With sacred fear
I upward turn my eyes;
"There is," each glittering lamp of light—
"There is," my soul replies.
- 4 If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart,
O, let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart.

101.

L. M.

STEELE.

The Voice of Nature.

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around,
And fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thousand blessings crowned.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him and adore.

102.

L. M.

WATTS.

Greatness of God.

- 1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach :
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall !
They are too dark, and he too bright ;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command ;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres ;
There Nature leans, and feels her prop ;
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

103.

C. M.

ROWE.

Eternity of God.

- 1 THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Filled up the void of space ; —
- 2 Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed.
- 3 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ; —

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 4 When from her orb the moon shall start,
The astonished sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake ;—
- 5 Forever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged, in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

104.

C. M.

WATTS.

Eternity of God.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view :
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

105.

C. M.

WATTS.

Eternity of God.

- 1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground ;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad ;
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne ;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
Jehovah lived alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come ;
The creatures — look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom !
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies ;
My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

106.

L. M.

WATTS.

Incomprehensibility of God.

- 1 GOD is a name my soul adores ;
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One ;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.
- 2 From thy great self thy being springs :
Thou art thy own original ;
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bade the waves roar and planets shine ;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run ;

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

- 5 Then fly, my song, an endless round ;
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise ;
All nature dwell upon the sound ;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

107.

L. M.

KIPPIS.

God incomprehensible.

- 1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through ;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

108.

C. M. 6 L.

CONDER.

God present and invisible.

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh.
- 2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wild fields of air :
The waves obey thy dread control ;
Yet still thou art not there :

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who yet is every where ?

- 3 O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast ;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest :
O, come, thou Presence infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

109.

L. M.

BOWRING.

God's sustaining Presence.

- 1 FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.
- 4 And through the various maze of time,
And through infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.
- 5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought —
Since thou, their God, art every where,
They cannot be where thou art not.

110.

C. M.

WATTS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

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

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

111.

L. M.

WATTS.

God's Omnipresence.

- 1 COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
- 2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light ;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath his chains.
- 3 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

112.

L. M.

NOEL'S COLL.

Omnipresence of God.

- 1 WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
 Lord, to escape thy piercing eye?
 With thee it is not day and night,
 But darkness shineth as the light.
- 2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
 Our ways are open to thy view,
 Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
 Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.
- 3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot,
 One lonely wild, where thou art not?
 The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
 And those of hell know thou art there.
- 4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
 Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
 In every land, on every sea,
 We are surrounded still with thee.
- 5 Search us, O God, and know each heart;
 With every idol bid us part;
 Make us to keep thy holy ways,
 And live to utter forth thy praise.

113.

C. M.

MARTINEAU'S COLL

Omnipotence of God.

- 1 'T WAS God who fixed the rolling spheres,
 And stretched the boundless skies,
 Who formed the plan of endless years,
 And bade the ages rise.
- 2 From everlasting is his might,
 Immense and unconfined;
 He pierces through the realms of light,
 And rides upon the wind.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 3 He darts along the burning sky ;
Loud thunders round him roar ;
Through worlds above his terrors fly,
While worlds below adore.
- 4 He speaks — great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round ;
The mountains melt ; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.
- 5 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfil his high command ;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

114.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God unchangeable.

- 1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God ;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

115.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

God immutable.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 Before thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday ;
And as to-morrow shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;—
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see ;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

116.

L. M.

WATTS.

Dominion, Eternity, and Immutability of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might ;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high ;
At his rebuke, the billows die.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 4 Forever shall his throne endure ;
His promise stands forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

117.

C. M.

ANON.

God unsearchable.

- 1 GREAT God, thou art a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 2 The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlightened minds ;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds ; —
- 3 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole ;
But half thy name our spirits fills,
And overloads the soul.
- 4 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

118.

C. M.

WATTS.

Power and Majesty of God.

- 1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord ;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be !
How bright thine armies shine !
Where is the power that vies with thee ?
Or truth compared with thine ?
- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

119.

C. M.

WHITE.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might ;
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine ;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In distant peals it dies ;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend ; in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

120.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

The Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned ;

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall calm their fury down ;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true ;
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fixed, thy church shall never move ;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

121.

C. M.

STERNHOLM

Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

122.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Holiness of God.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry ;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

123.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Goodness.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

124.

H. M.

J. YOUNG.

God's wondrous Love.

- 1 O FOR a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, eternal love, of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.
- 3 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize;
And through an endless age record
The love, unchanging love, of God.

125.

C. P. M.

H. MOORE.

The Love of God.

- 1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

There, Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

- 4 Then let the love, that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

126.

8s & 7s.

BOWRING

God is Love.

- 1 GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Every where his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

127.

C. M.

BURDER.

Love of God.

- 1 COME, let us join to praise the Lord,
And raise our thoughts above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that God is love.

- 3 Behold his loving kindness waits
For those who from him rove ;
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.
- 4 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love.

128.

C. M.

GIBBONS

Goodness of God.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
Thy goodness we adore ; —
A spring whose blessings never fail ;
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy
Through Jesus' name are given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

129.

C. M.

BROWNE.

Universal Goodness of God.

- 1 LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind ;

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole and every part proclaims
Thine infinite good will ;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And blooms on every hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part :
O, may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart ! —
- 6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move !
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love !

130.

L. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Goodness of God.

- 1 GOD, thou art good ; each perfumed flower,
The waving field, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour, —
All things proclaim that God is good.
- 2 I hear it in each breath of wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat that God is good.
- 3 Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 4 The countless hosts of twinkling stars
That sing his praise with light renewed,
The rising sun, each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.
- 5 The moon, that walks in brightness, says
That God is good ; and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

131.

H. M.

WATTS.

God's Greatness and Condescension.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty ;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep all the world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.
- 3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend ?
I love his name ; | Join, all my powers,
I love his word ; | And praise the Lord.

132.

L. M.

WATTS.

God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

- 1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 2 He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod —
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!
- 3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs:
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.
- 5 O, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

133.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God's Condescension.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!
- 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light, —
- 3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?
- 4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

134.

C. M.

WATTS.

Greatness and Mercy of God.

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; his power unknown ;
And let his praise be great :
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 The world is managed by thy hands ;
Thy saints are ruled by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

135.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Faithfulness of God.

- 1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke :
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still ; | Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years ;
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres :

'Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

136.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Faithfulness of God.

1 THE truth of God shall still endure,
And firm his promise stand ;
Believing souls may rest secure
In his almighty hand.

2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
He would contemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design
Against his heritage.

3 The rainbow round about his throne
Proclaims his faithfulness ;
He will his purposes perform,
His promises of grace.

4 The hills and mountains melt away ;
But he is still the same :
Let saints to him their homage pay,
And magnify his name.

137.

L. M.

NEEDHAM.

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

1 AWAKE, my tongue ; thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing ;
Praise him who has all praise above,
The Source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge ! how profound !
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned !
The stars he numbers ; and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

- 4 But in redemption, O, what grace !
Its wonders, O, what thought can tell !
Here wisdom shines forever bright,
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

138.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ; his throne is high ;
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face ;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels' join ;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

139.

C. M.

WHITE.

God over all.

- 1 THE Lord our God is Lord of all ;
His station who can find ?
I see him in the waterfall ;
I hear him in the wind.
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly ;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.
- 4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.
- 5 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

140.

S. M.

WATTS.

God all and in all.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

141.

C. M.

WATTS

God all in all.

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?
- 3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

142.

C. H. M.

ANON

The surpassing Glory of God.

- 1 SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O, what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls—how bright!
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!
- 3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour,
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

But sl^ows, O Lord, one beam of thine :
What, then, the day where thou dost shine !

- 4 O, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays !
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze !
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.



CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

143.

C. M.

WATTS.

Creating Wisdom.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise ;
Thee all thy creatures sing ;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Tinged with the blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Almighty power and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the Builder, God.
- 5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

144.

C. M.

WALLACE

God seen in his Works.

- 1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But goodness gave it birth.
- 2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
 Upon the parching clod,
 And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
 That is not sent by God.
- 3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found;
 For God is every where.
- 4 Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There Heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with goodness blends.

145.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Creation and Dissolution of the World.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who built the skies,
 The Lord, who reared this stately frame;
 Let all the nations sound his praise,
 And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He formed the seas, and formed the hills,
 Made every drop and every dust,
 Nature and time, with all their wheels,
 And put them into motion first.
- 3 Now from his high imperial throne
 He looks far down upon the spheres;
 He bids the shining orbs roll on,
 And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
 Till all his saints are gathered in;
 Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
 To shake it all to dust again!

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes ;
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

146.

L. M.

WATTS

Creation, Providence, and Grace.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

147.

L. M.

WATTS.

Creation, Providence, and Redemption.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all powers and every throne ;
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapors rise ;
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar :
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land,
When all thy first born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave !
- 5 His power the same — the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell ;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

148.

C. M.

WATTS

God our Creator and Preserver.

- 1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work — I own thy hand
That built my humble clay.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill ;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 And when I count thy mercies o'er,
They fill me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.
- 4 These on my heart by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
O, may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee !

149.

L. M.

WATTS.

Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

150.

L. M.

WATTS

Divine Protection.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives! the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood:
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel — a name divinely blest —
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber or surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day;
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

151.

C. M.

WATTS.

God our Preserver.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long !
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first ;
Salvation to th' almighty name,
That reared us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs.
Or they would breathe no more.

152.

S. M.

WATTS.

Kindness and Mercy of God.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

153.

L. M.

WATTS.

Creation and Providence.

- 1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.
- 2 The heavens are for his curtains spread ;
Th' unfathomed deep he makes his bed ;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies,
On wingéd storms, across the skies.
- 3 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord ;
All nature rests upon thy word ;
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.
- 4 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

5 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet ;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

154.

C. M.

WATTS.

God, as seen in Nature.

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

155.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Providential Bounties improved.

- 1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God, enjoyed in all.

156.

C. M.

COWPER.

The Divine Purpose and Providence.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his 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 for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

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

157.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

The Ways of God inscrutable.

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

158.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Darkness of Providence.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile,

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God ;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

159.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud be overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry ;
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

160.

C. M.

HERVEY

Confidence in God's Government.

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

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

Afflictions from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

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

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

161.

C. M.

WATTS.

Foreknowledge and Providence of God.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before the Lord:
Whate'er his powerful hand has formed
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, nor a worm,
O'erlooked in his decrees:
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks, with equal ease.

4 If light attend the course we go,
'Tis he provides the rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud our days.

5 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love,
We would not wish to know
What, in the book of thy decrees,
Awaits us here below.

6 Be this alone our fervent prayer:—
Whate'er our lot shall be, —
Or joys, or sorrows, — may they form
Our souls for heaven and thee.

162.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise for Mercies.

- 1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
His grace to thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.
- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul ;
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits :
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
- 4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth ;
And, like the eagle, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 6 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days ;
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

163.

C. M.

WATTS

God our Portion.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint ?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

164.

C. M.

PITT

God our Guardian.

- 1 ON God we build our sure defence ;
In God our hopes repose ;
His hand protects our varying life,
And guards us from our foes.
- 2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloa's peaceful flood,
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.
- 3 We to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely will resort ;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succor and support.

165.

S. M.

WATTS.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is ;
I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me, in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear ;
 Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.

66.

L. M. 6 L.

ADDISON.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, onely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned ;
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

167.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.

- 1 HOW gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide ;
His saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
O, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day ;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

168.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Works of God recounted to Posterity.

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

A grateful Retrospect.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 Yet I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors more divine —
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 5 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 6 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

CHRIST.

170.

7s.

BULFINCH.

"The Dayspring from on high."

- 1 TOILING through the livelong night,
Faint, uncertain of his way,
How the traveller hails the light,
Herald of the coming day!
- 2 Thus, when fraud and rapine threw
O'er the world their cloud afar,
On the good man's raptured view
Broke the dawn of Judah's star.
- 3 Tears of joy and gratitude
Hailed the Baptist's natal morn,
For the heavenly light renewed,
For another prophet born;—
- 4 Born to go before the face
Of Judea's Savior King,
Tidings of celestial grace
To the mourning land to bring.
- 5 Thus began the song of praise
For the dayspring's earliest ray;
How shou'd we the anthem raise
For the gospel's perfect day!

171.

L. M. 6 L.

T. MOORE.

The Song of Angels.

- 1 ARRAYED in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heaven's resplendent bow,
Jehovah's angel comes by night
To bless the sleeping world below;
How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!

- 2 Good will henceforth to man be given ;
 The light of glory beams on earth ;
 Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
 And saints below rejoice with mirth :
 On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing,
 And Judah's children hail their King.

172.

C. M.

SEARS.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there,
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The dayspring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring! —
 "Peace to the earth, good will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King!"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
 The Savior now is born ;
 And bright on Bethle'm's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

173.

7s.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Song of the Angels.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King ;

CHRIST.

Peace on earth and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise ;
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 See! he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Hail, the holy Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings

5 Let us, then, with angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled."

174.

H. M. SALISBURY COLL

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds!
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:

Now all is still ;		In tuneful notes,
Now wild it floats		Loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:

"Fear not," say they ;		Jesus, your King,
"Great joy we bring :		Is born to-day."

3 He comes your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom ;

CHRIST.

To realms of bliss and light

He lifts you from the tomb :

Your voices raise, | Your songs unite
With sons of light; | Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high !

Ye mortals, spread the sound,

And let your raptures fly

To earth's remotest bound ;

For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth.

175.

8s & 7s.

CAWOOD.

Song of the Angels of Bethlehem.

1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?

Lo, th' angelic host rejoices ;

Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story

Which they chant in hymns of joy :

“ Glory in the highest, glory !

Glory be to God most high !

3 “ Peace on earth, good will from heaven,

Reaching far as man is found :

Souls redeemed and sins forgiven :

Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 “ Christ is born, the great Anointed ;

Heaven and earth his praises sing :

O, receive whom God appointed

For your Prophet, Priest, and King !”

5 Let us learn the wondrous story

Of our great Redeemer's birth ;

Spread the brightness of his glory,

Till it cover all the earth.

176.

C. P. M.

MISS ROSCOE.

Christmas Hymn.

1 O, LET your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture, to the skies,

And hail a Savior's birth!
 Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
 When Jesus all-triumphant came
 To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
 To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
 To bind the broken heart,
 To spread the light of truth around,
 And to the world's remotest bound
 The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
 From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
 And chase our fears away;
 Victorious over death and time,
 To lead us to a happier clime,
 Where reigns eternal day.

177.

C. M.

TATE.

Joy of Angels at the Savior's Birth.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Savior, who is Christ, the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign:—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng

CHRIST.

Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

- 6 “All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease!”

178.

H. M.

REED'S COLL.

Joy at Immanuel's Birth.

1 HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh;
The joyful hosts descend;
The Lord forsakes the sky;
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Convey the news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string;
'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing.

179.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

Glory to God in the highest.

1 MORTALS, awake; with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;

CHRIST.

- Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new ;
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat —
Glory to God on high !
Good will and peace are now complete ;
Jesus is born to die.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

180.

S. M.

WATTS

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long ;
Angels announce the Savior near,
In this triumphant song : —
- 2 “ Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.”
- 3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues ;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs : —

CHRIST.

- 4 “ Glory to God on high,
 And heavenly peace on earth ;
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer’s birth.”

181.

8s & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

Christ the Savior born.

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

182.

7s.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

Birth of Christ.

- 1 HAIL, all hail, the joyful morn !
 Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
 That to us a child is born,
 That to us a son is given.
- 2 Angels, bending from the sky,
 Chanted at the wondrous birth —
 “ Glory be to God on high ;
 Peace, good will to man on earth.”
- 3 Join we then our feeble lays
 To the chorus of the sky,
 And, in songs of grateful praise,
 Glory give to God on high.

183.

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The guiding Star.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo, a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O, haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey ;
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given ;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

184.

8s & 7s.

CH. PSALMIST.

The Incarnation.

- 1 SHEPHERDS, hail the wondrous stranger!
Now to Bethle'm speed your way ;
Lo, in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.
- 2 Christ, by prophets long predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race ;
Light to Gentiles long afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.
- 3 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode ;
Rapturous news for every nation :
Mortals, now behold your God.
- 4 Glad we trace th' amazing story
Angels leave their bliss to tell ;
Theme sublime, replete with glory —
Sinners saved from death and hell.

The Coming of Christ.

- 1 GLORY to God, and peace on earth,
Was once by angels sung ;
Glad tidings of a Savior's birth
Through plains of Bethle'm rung.
- 2 He came to make the feeble strong,
To heal the deaf and blind,
To give the dumb the voice of song,
And free the captive mind.
- 3 He came the light of life to show —
The true and living way,
Where streams of joy unceasing flow,
And lead to endless day.
- 4 Glory to God ! the gospel's sound
Our churches echo still ;
Spread it, O Lord, the world around,
And with its spirit fill.

Effects of the Mission of Christ.

- 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

187.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Incarnation.

- 1 THE Lord is come ; the heavens proclaim
His birth ; the nations learn his name :
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Savior lies ;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound ;
But Judah shout, and Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

188.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Design of Christ's Advent.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovéd name.

189.

8s, 6, & 5s.

MADAN'S COLL

Christmas Morn.

- 1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn :
Each heavenly power
Proclaim the glad hour ;
Lo, Jesus the Savior is born !
- 2 All glory be to God on high ;
To him all praise is due ;
The promise is sealed,
The Savior's revealed,
And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow ;
Flow on, and still increase ;
Spread o'er the glad earth
At Immanuel's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.
- 4 Now the good will of God is shown
Towards Adam's helpless race ;
Messiah is come
To ransom his own,
To save them by infinite grace.

190.

C. M.

WESLEY.

A Light to lighten the Gentiles.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

CHRIST.

- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 Forevermore adored,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread ;
 His reign no end shall know ;
 His throne shall justice guard above,
 And peace abound below.

191.

C. M.

LOGAN

Blessings of Christ's Advent.

- 1 MESSIAH, at thy glad approach
 The howling winds are still ;
 Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
 And breathe from every hill.
- 2 The hidden fountains, at thy call,
 Their sacred stores unlock ;
 Loud in the desert sudden streams
 Burst living from the rock.
- 3 The incense of the spring ascends
 Upon the morning gale ;
 Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
 The lilies in the vale.
- 4 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
 A robe of beauty wears,
 And in new heavens a brighter Sun
 Leads on the promised years.
- 5 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
 The loud hosanna sing :
 With hallelujahs and with hymns,
 O Zion, hail thy King !

192.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

Excellency of Christ.

- 1 WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
 The various glories of thy face,
 What transport pours o'er all our breast,
 And charms our cares and woes to rest !

CHRIST.

Away, ye dreams of mortal joy :
Raptures divine my thoughts employ ;
I see the King of glory shine ;
I feel his love, and call him mine.

- 3 Yet still, O Lord, my waiting eyes
To nobler visions long to rise ;
That grand assembly would I join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

193.

L. M.

WATTS.

Example of Christ.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory, too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

194.

C. M.

CURTIS'S COLL.

Miracles of Christ.

- 1 AND didst thou, Jesus, condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away ?
- 2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And cause the blind to see ?
Thou Son of David, hear — O, hear —
Have mercy, too, on me.

CHRIST.

- 3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
 And sight and health restore?
 O, pity, Lord, and save my soul
 Which needs thy mercy more
- 4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
 When sinking in the wave?
 I perish, Lord; O, save my soul;
 For thou alone canst save.

195.

L. M.

RUSSELL.

"That ye, through his Poverty, might be rich."

- 1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
 The gloom of twilight gathers fast;
 And on the waters drearily
 Descends the fitful evening blast.
- 2 The weary bird hath left the air,
 And sunk into his sheltered nest;
 The wandering beast has sought his lair,
 And laid him down to welcome rest.
- 3 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
 Lingers a form of humankind;
 And on his lone, unsheltered head
 Flows the chill night damp of the wind.
- 4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
 Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
 Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
 He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
 To bless, to save the human race;
 And through his poverty there flows
 A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

196.

L. M.

WATTS.

Miracles of Christ.

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

- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies — the heavens in mourning stood ;
He rises, and appears a God ;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

197.

C. M.

ENFIELD.

Example of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;
His image may we bear ;
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

198.

11s.

DE FLEURY.

Kedron.

- 1 THOU sweet-gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
 Cur Savior would linger in moonlight's soft beam,
 And by thy bright waters would oftentimes stray,
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
 How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!
 The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
 And followed their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 O garden of Olivet! dear, honored spot!
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

199.

C. M.

WATTS.

Forbearance of Christ.

- 1 WHEN, in the form of mortal man,
 The Lord on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compassed him around.
- 2 Their miseries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still pursued;
 They render hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.
- 3 Their malice raged without a cause;
 Yet, with his dying breath,
 He prayed for murderers on his cross,
 And blessed his foes in death.
- 4 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes?
 Give me a soul, akin to thine,
 To love mine enemies.

200.

L. M.

TAPPAN.

Christ in Gethsemane.

- 1 'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;

CHRIST.

'Tis midnight ; in the garden, now,
The suffering Savior prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight ; and, from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight ; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

201.

C. M.

HAWES.

Agony in the Garden.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid ;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down ;
In agony he prayed : —

2 “ Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will ;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil.”

3 Go to the garden, sinner ; see
Those precious drops that flow ;
The heavy load he bore for thee ;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear ;
Thy Father's will obey ;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

202.

C. H. M.

HEMANS.

The Agony in Gethsemane.

1 HE knelt ; the Savior knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye

Looked through the lonely garden's shade
 On that dread agony :
 The Lord of all above, beneath,
 Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

- 2 The sun went down in fearful hour ;
 The heavens might well grow dim
 When this mortality had power
 To thus o'ershadow him ;
 That He who gave man's breath might know
 The very depths of human woe.
- 3 He knew them all — the doubt, the strife,
 The faint, perplexing dread ;
 The mists that hang o'er parting life
 All darkened round his head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.
- 4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread ;
 It passed not, though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead ;
 But there was sent him, from on high,
 A gift of strength for man to die.
- 5 And was his mortal hour beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may we meet our conflict yet
 In the dark, narrow way ?
 How, but through him that path who trod
 " Save, or we perish, Son of God."

203.

L. M.

BULFINCH

Christ the Sufferer.

- 1 O SUFFERING Friend of humankind !
 How, as the fatal hour drew near,
 Came thronging on thy holy mind
 The images of grief and fear !
- 2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
 The faithless friends, th' exulting foes,

The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

- 3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came,
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame?
- 4 Oward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

204.

C. M.

PERCY CHAPEL COLL.

Christ on the Cross.

- 1 BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
Upon the shameful tree :
How great the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me !
- 2 "My God," he cries ; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The gate of death in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 "'Tis finished ; now the ransom's paid ;
Receive my soul," he cries ;
Behold, he bows his sacred head ;
He bows his head, and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine ?

205.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ on the Cross.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight —
The Savior lifted high ;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?

Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn ?

- 3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died ;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love ;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

206.

C. M.

EPIS. COLL.

The Savior's Death.

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

Christ's Sufferings and Death.

- 1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Savior 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 every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To cleanse and save 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 powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

The expiring Savior.

- 1 HARK, the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky :
“ It is finished,”
Hear the dying Savior cry.
- 2 “ It is finished ” — O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord :
“ It is finished ;”
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;

CHRIST.

All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name :
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

209.

C. M.

HUMPHREY'S C. M.

Christ on the Cross.

- 1 'TWAS in an hour when wrath prevailed,
And powers of darkness rose,
A sudden groan my ear assailed,
Expressing dying woes.
- 2 I turned ; then wondered, as I stood,
At what mine eyes surveyed :
A Prince expiring in his blood,
And on a cross displayed.
- 3 I knew him, though his thorny crown
Dimmed his majestic air ;
Then I demanded, with a frown,
What traitor fixed him there.
- 4 No answer to my voice I heard,
Nor could discern a foe ;
When lo, his fainting head he reared,
And spoke in words of woe : —
- 5 “ Cease, wretch ; from vain inquiry rest ;
My cruel murderer see ;
Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast,
And nailed me to the tree.”
- 6 Trembling I fell, and kissed his wounds,
And wiped the gore away ;
I saw him smooth his killing frowns,
And heard him gently say, —
- 7 “ Rise ; let thy heart its grief compose ;
Thy Savior will forgive ;
He feels the burden of thy woes,
And dies to bid thee live.”

The Crucifixion.

- 1 YONDER — amazing sight ! — I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
In agony and blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And, with th' amazed 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.

Christ expiring upon the Cross.

- 1 “ 'TIS finished ” — so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died :
'Tis finished — yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished — this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.
- 3 'Tis finished — Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled ;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 4 'Tis finished — let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'Tis finished — let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Pardon through the Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.
- 3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored ;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 4 O, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live !
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

Glorying in the Cross.

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 HE dies! — the Friend of sinners dies ;
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you —
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But lo, what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
"And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb ;
Jesus dissipates its gloom ;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Savior rise.
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
Chase those unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.

CHRIST.

- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade ;
Drive your anxious fears away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

216.

7s.

GIBBON.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

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

217.

7s.

CUDWORTH.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your songs of triumph high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, boasting Grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head :
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

218.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Jesus rising and reigning.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose ;
The Savior left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head :
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.
- 2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
Joyful they come,
And wing their way,
From realms of day,
To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear :

CHRIST.

Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—
“Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead:
He rose to-day.”

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,—
“Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.”

219.

S. M.

KELLY.

Redemption completed.

- 1 “THE Lord is risen indeed;”
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner’s cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 2 “The Lord is risen indeed;”
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 3 “The Lord is risen indeed;”
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

220.

C. M.

PERCY CHAPEL COLL

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;

CHRIST.

Exult ; he banishes your fears ;
Your rising God adore.

- 2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes ;
He breaks again the bands of death ;
Again the dead arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine press trod ;
He died and suffered as a man ;
He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, and seal
Forbid an early rise
To Him who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

221.

C. M.

ANON.

Morning of the Resurrection.

- 1 WHEN, on the third, auspicious day,
While yet the blushing dawn
Shed forth its earliest smiling ray
To gild the rising morn, —
- 2 The holy women sought the place
Where their Beloved was laid,
And shining angels preached the grace
That raised him from the dead.
- 3 They hasted from the hallowed ground,
Where his dear flesh had lain,
To tell his mourning friends around
That Jesus lives again.
- 4 This day, as days of olden time,
Is one of heavenly joy ;
Good tidings reach to every clime,
And every tongue employ.

222.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Resurrection Morning.

- 1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,

CHRIST.

That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 A silent prisoner in the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain :
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay ;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King ;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

223.

H. M.

T. SCOTT

Resurrection of Christ celebrated.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band ;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand :
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined :
Th' angelic host around him bend,
And he amid their shouts ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings ;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :

CHRIST.

“Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.”

4 Gird on, great Prince, thy sword ;
Ascend thy conquering car ;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war :
Victorious thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

224.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

“*He is risen.*”

- 1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with reverence down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
Such wonders love can do :
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 But dry your tears and tune your songs ;
The Savior lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.
- 4 High o'er th' angelic band he rears
His once dishonored head ;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

225.

7s.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Conqueror's Welcome.

- 1 “WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin ;
Lo, the conquering Lord behold ;
Let the King of glory in.”
- 2 Hark ! th' angelic host inquire,
“Who is he, th' almighty King ?”
Hark again ! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing :—

- 3 "He whose powerful arm, alone,
On his foes destruction hurled ;
He who hath the victory won ;
He who saved a ruined world ;—
- 4 "He who God's pure law fulfilled ;
Jesus, the incarnate Word ;
He whose truth with blood was sealed ;
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."
- 5 "Who shall up to that abode
Follow in the Savior's train ?"
"They who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain ;—
- 6 "They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith and holy fear,
Fervent zeal and grateful love ;
They shall dwell forever here."

226.

L. M.

WESLEY

Triumphal Ascension of Christ.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory — who ?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;

CHRIST.

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

- 6 "Who is the King of glory — who ?"
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blessed.

227.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Triumphant Ascension.

- 1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory : see, he comes
With his celestial train.
- 2 "Who is this King of glory ? — who ?"
The Lord, for strength renowned ;
In battle mighty — o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crowned.
- 3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory : see, he comes,
With all his shining train.
- 4 "Who is this King of glory ? — who ?"
The Lord of hosts renowned ;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

228.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Triumph.

- 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there ;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,

CHRIST.

That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

229.

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Christ a Living and Almighty Savior.

- 1 THE Savior lives, no more to die :
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high :
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave :
He lives, eternally to save.
- 2 He lives, to still his servants' fears :
He lives, to wipe away their tears :
He lives, their mansions to prepare :
He lives, to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears ;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.
- 4 His saints he loves, and never leaves ;
The contrite sinner he receives :
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

230.

L. M.

W. & C.

Faithfulness.

- 1 HE lives, he lives, and sits above,
Forever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair ?
- 2 Shall persecution, or distress,
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness ?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 3 Faith hath an overcoming power ;
It triumphs in the dying hour :

CHRIST.

Christ is our life, our joy, our hope ;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

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

231.

7s, 6 L.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned :
O, the wormwood and the gall !
O, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
"It is finished," hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom :
Who has taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes :
Savior, teach us so to rise.

232.

S. M.

STEELE.

He ever liveth to make Intercession for us.

- 1 LORD, how shall sinners dare
Look up to thine abode ?

CHRIST.

Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a holy God ?

- 2 Bright terrors guard thy seat,
And glories veil thy face ;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
And to thy throne of grace.
- 3 My soul, with cheerful eye
See where thy Savior stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With incense in his hands.
- 4 Teach my weak heart, O Lord,
With faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word —
Father — with joy divine.

233.

H. M.

WESLEY.

Intercession.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise ;
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears :
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me :
“Forgive him, O, forgive,” they cry,
“Nor let that ransomed sinner die.”
- 3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 To God I'm reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear ;

CHRIST.

He owns me for his child ;
I can no longer fear :
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And " Father, Abba, Father," cry.

234.

L. M.

WESLEY.

An Advocate with the Father.

- 1 JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there, —
- 2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray, —
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.
- 3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain ;
My earnest suit present, and gain ;
My fulness of corruption show ;
The knowledge of myself bestow.
- 4 Save me from death ; from hell set free ;
For these are but the want of thee :
My life, my only heaven, thou art ;
O might I feel thee in my heart !

235.

8s & 7s.

LOCK HOSP. COLL.

Jesus exalted to the Throne.

- 1 JESUS, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide ;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
- 2 There for sinners thou art pleading ;
There thou dost our place prepare
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits ;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Savior's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

236.

H. M.

WESLEY.

Christ our King

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up the heart ; | Rejoice aloud ;
Lift up the voice ; | Ye saints, rejoice.

- 2 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Savior given :
Lift up the heart ; | Rejoice aloud ;
Lift up the voice ; | Ye saints, rejoice.

- 3 He every foe shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And every bosom swell
With pure, seraphic joy :
Lift up the heart ; | Rejoice aloud ;
Lift up the voice ; | Ye saints, rejoice.

237.

C. M.

NEWTON.

The precious Name.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place,
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

238.

H. M.

WATTS.

Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 Or angels ever bore :
 All are too mean | Too mean to set
 To speak his worth, | The Savior forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues shall bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came —
 The joyful news | Of hell subdued,
 Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has shed his blood and died ;
 Our guilty conscience needs
 No sacrifice beside :
 His precious blood | And now it pleads
 Did once atone, | Before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
 Our Conqueror and our King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace, we sing :
 Thine is the power ; | In willing bonds
 O, make us sit | Beneath thy feet.

239.

C. M.

WATTS

Christ and Aaron.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more
 Than the rich gems and polished gold
 The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt offerings brought
 To purge themselves from sin ;
 Thy life was pure, without a spot,
 And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Once in the circuit of a year,
 With blood, but not his own,
 Aaron within the veil appears,
 Before the golden throne.
- 4 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
 Ascends above the skies,
 And in the presence of our God
 Shows his own sacrifice.
- 5 He ever lives to intercede
 Before his Father's face ;
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.

240.

C. M.

WATTS

Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

- 1 THE true Messiah now appears ;
 The types are all withdrawn :
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.
- 2 The smoking sweet and bleeding lamb,
 The kid and bullock slain,

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

And costly spice, of every name,
Would all be burned in vain.

- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be
The Offering and the Priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love ;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 5 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died ;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

241.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ a merciful High Priest.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

242.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

High Priest.

- 1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.
- 2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned, —
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Savior, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn —
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

243.

L. M.

STEELE

Intercession.

- 1 HE lives ; the great Redeemer lives ;
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears ;
But in the Savior's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye dark, despairing thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies:
- 4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On him let all our hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

244

S. M.

CAMPBELL'S COLL.

Christ's Exaltation and Intercession.

- 1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed ;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love ;
Lift up you heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his kingly power ;
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The triumph of his cross.

245.

C. M.

DOANE.

Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

- 1 THOU art the Way ; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee
Not death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life —
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

246

L. M.

STERLE.

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made —
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is Nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Savior's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow:
'Tis only that dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

247.

L. M.

STENNETT

Christ our Sun.

- 1 GREAT God, amid the darksome night,
Thy glories burst upon my sight,
While, rapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.
- 2 But when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
- 3 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are displayed;
But O, what glories all divine
In my incarnate Savior shine!
- 4 He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

248.

7s, 6 L.

TOPLADY.

The Rock of Ages.

- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure ;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

249.

S. M.

STEELE.

The kind Shepherd

- 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear ;
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore,
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

250.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to the Shepherd.

- 1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I raise ;
O, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 But how shall mortal tongues express
A subject so divine ?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine ?
- 3 My life, my joy, my hope I owe
To this amazing love ;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed ;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

251.

C. M.

STEELE.

Pearl of great Price.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu ;
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye flattering baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.
- 3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all
For leave to call thee mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blessed.

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 5 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine.

252.

C. M. .

STEELE.

A Name above every Name.

- 1 JESUS, in thy transporting name
What glories meet our eyes !
Thou art the seraphs' lofty theme,
The wonder of the skies.
- 2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine ;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.
- 3 And didst thou, Savior, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes ?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die
For thy rebellious foes ?
- 4 O, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace
Thy righteous rule obey.

253.

L. M. 6 L.

URWICK'S COLL.

Christ all and in all.

- 1 JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fulness dwells in thee divine ;
Our strength to quell the proudest foes ;
Our light in deepest gloom to shine ;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust and portion evermore.
- 2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art ;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain ;
The balm to heal each broken heart ;
In storms our peace, in loss our gain ;
Our joy beneath the worldling's frown ;
In shame our glory and our crown ; —

OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 3 In want, our plentiul supply ;
In weakness, our almighty power ;
In bonds, our perfect liberty ;
Our refuge in temptation's hour ;
Our comfort 'midst all grief and thrall ;
Our life in death, our all in all.

254.

C. M.

BEDDOMB.

Christ precious.

- 1 JESUS, delightful, charming name !
It spreads a fragrance round ;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.
- 2 He is our life, our joy, our strength ;
In him all glories meet ;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.
- 3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face ;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.
- 4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word ;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.
- 5 Through every age he's still the same ;
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savor of his name,
The sweetness of his love.

255.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLEY.

Coronation of the King of Kings.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints ; the sight is glorious ;
See the Man of sorrows now ;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow :
Crown him, crown him ;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST

- 2 Crown the Savior ; angels, crown him ;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings :
Crown him, crown him ;
Crown the Savior King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Savior's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O, what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.



SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

256.

S. M.

WATTS.

Salvation through Christ.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears ;
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

257.

L. M.

WATT.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven :
By his atonement, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.
- 3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God ;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

258.

C. M.

WATTS.

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, what pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son ;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 2 His living power, and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
And make us wholly thine.

259.

C. M.

HOSKINS

Behold the Lamb of God.

- 1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Behold th' atoning precious blood
That for our sins he spilt.
- 2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word:
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Savior calls,
And washes in his blood:
Arise, return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

260.

L. M.

FAWCETT.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 3 To save a guilty world he dies ;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb ;
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound ;
He can the richest blessings give ;
Salvation in his name is found ;
He bids the dying sinner live.

261.

C. M.

WATTS.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs !
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

262.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Wonders of Redemption.

- 1 HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine !
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.
- 2 Before his feet they cast their crowns, —
Those crowns which Jesus gave, —
And with ten thousand thousand tongues
Proclaim his power to save.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore,
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 O, let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

263

3s, 7s, & 4.

KELLEY.

Fountain of Life.

- 1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blesséd
Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.
- 3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes,
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.
- 4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning;
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound:
Fair their portion —
Endless life with glory crowned.

264.

C. M.

COWPER.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

265.

L. M.

WATTS.

Relying on the Atonement.

- 1 O LORD, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 2 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No human power could cleanse me so.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

266.

S. M.

WATTS.

Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away —
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

267.

C. M.

WATTS

Salvation by Grace.

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

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

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

268.

C. M.

WATTS

Love of Christ.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay ;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and O, amazing love !
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

269.

L. M.

ANON.

Christ our Salvation.

- 1 COME, guilty sinners, come and see
Your great atoning sacrifice :
Behold, on yonder gory tree,
The King of kings for rebels dies.
- 2 How gracious, how severe thou art,
Just God, in thy redeeming plan !
The spear that pierced Immanuel's heart
Revealed the fount of life for man.
- 3 Hail, hallowed cross ! accursed no more ;
Rich tree of life to all our race ;
Blest tree of paradise, which bore
The choicest fruit — the gift of grace.
- 4 Lord, shall our grief or joy prevail ?
Our heart is rent amidst their strife ;
Shall we the Victim's death bewail,
Or hail it as our way to life ?
- 5 Thy dying, living, boundless love,
While here below, shall tune our tongue,
And, when we join the choir above,
Thy love be our triumphant song.

270.

L. M.

ANON.

The Cross.

- 1 INSCRIBED upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, " God is love ;"
He bears our sins upon the tree ;
He brings us mercy from above.
- 2 The cross — it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup ; —
- 3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

271.

L. M.

STEELE.

Life in Christ.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 If my immortal Savior lives,
Then my immortal life is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives ;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Forever firm the promise stands ;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose ;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

272.

S. M.

ANON.

Christ precious.

- 1 O CHRIST, what gracious words
Are ever, ever thine !
Thy voice is music to the soul
And life and peace divine.
- 2 Grace, everlasting grace,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.
- 3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.
- 4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

273.

L. M.

STEELE

The only Way of Salvation.

- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 No other name will Heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained, by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 3 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O, let thy Spirit, gracious Guide,
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

274.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

Indebtedness to Christ.

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.



PRAISE TO CHRIST.

275.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ's first and second Coming.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let new seraphic joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold, he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations, as their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

276.

C. M.

WESLEY.

Praise to the Savior.

- 1 O 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 through 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 power of reigning sin ;
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

277.

6s, 8s, & 4s.

URWICK'S COLL

Praise to Christ.

- 1 PROCLAIM the lofty praise
Of Him who once was slain,
But now is risen, through endless days
To live and reign :
He lives and reigns on high
Who bought us with his blood,
Enthroned above the farthest sky,
Our Savior, God.
- 2 All honor, power, and praise
To Jesus' name belong ;
With hosts seraphic, glad we raise
The sacred song :

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

“Worthy the Lamb,” they cry,
“That on the cross was slain ;
But now, ascended up on high,
He lives to reign.”

- 3 He lives to bless and save
The souls redeemed by grace,
And rescue from the dreary grave
His chosen race ;
And soon we hope above
A louder strain to sing,
With all our powers to praise and love
Our Savior, King.

278.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ ascending and reigning.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honors sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

279.

H. M.

STENNETT

Praise to the Savior.

- 1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Savior's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame :

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Tell all above,
And all below,
The debt of love
To him you owe.

- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What he endured,
O, who can tell,
To save our souls
From death and hell ?
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the sky
The Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high,
The Savior, God.

280.

L. M.

WATTS.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song ;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands ;

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

- 5 Grace — 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O, may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face ;
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

281.

C. M.

WATTS

The Lamb of God worshipped.

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

282.

C. P. M.

MEDLEY.

Excellence of Christ.

- 1 O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth,

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon the delightful morn will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

283.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 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, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

284.

L. M.

WATTS.

Victory and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Savior King ;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 Thy throne, O God, forever stands ;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands :
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.
- 3 Let endless honors crown thy head ;
Let every age thy praises spread ;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

285.

8s & 7s.

PRATT'S COLL

Praise to Christ, the Author of Salvation.

- 1 CROWN his head with endless blessing
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.
- 2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee !
Thee, our Savior — thee, our God ;
From thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
- 3 Jesus, thee our Savior hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own ;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore ;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

286.

C. M.

WATTS.

A new Song to the Lamb.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne ;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our complaints ;
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

287.

10s & 11s.

WINCHELL'S SEL.

God's Servants should praise him.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious ; he rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh ; his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son :
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right —
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

288.

6s & 4s.

SAC. LYRICS.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 GLORY to God on high :
Let heaven and earth reply ;
Praise ye his name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And sing forevermore,
" Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name :
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad ;
" Worthy the Lamb."
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye his name ;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
" Worthy the Lamb."
- 4 Soon must we change our place ;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name :

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

T. him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

289.

S. M.

BEDDOLE

Praise to the Savior.

- 1 YE angels, bless the Lord,
And praise his sacred name ;
Diffuse his glories all abroad,
His gracious acts proclaim.
- 2 Praise him, ye heavenly powers,
And make his goodness known ;
Christ is your Head, as well as ours,
And ye surround his throne.
- 3 Praise him, ye hosts of light,
In accents sweet and high ;
To him you owe your power and might ;
At his command you fly.
- 4 Ye wingéd seraphim,
Your grateful voices raise ;
Created and preserved by him,
Let him have all your praise.
- 5 The lofty song begin,
And tune your harps anew ;
While we in sacred concert join,
And strive to vie with you.

290.

8s & 7s. (Peculiar.)

KELLY.

Christ enthroned and worshipped.

- 1 HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth ;

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

- 3 King of glory, reign forever ;
Thine an everlasting crown .
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
- 4 Savior, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away :
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
“ Glory, glory to our King.”

291.

S. M.

HAMMOND.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing ;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
Ye blesséd children, come ;
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

292.

7s.

LANGFORD.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme ;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Banish all your guilty fears ;
Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest.
- 4 Hither, then, your music bring ;
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
Mortals, join the host above ;
Join to praise redeeming love.

293.

7s, 6 L.

KELLY.

Glory to the King.

- 1 GLORY, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreath his head ;
Jesus is the name we sing —
Jesus risen from the dead ;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave ;
Jesus, mighty now to save.
- 2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace :
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King !

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 3 Jesus, on thy people shine ;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs :
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine forevermore.

294.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Reign of Christ.

- 1 LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice ; the Savior reigns :
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise ;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made our Redeemer known ;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- 4 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire ;
His children take their upward flight,
And leave the world on fire.
- 5 The seeds of joy and glory, sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

295.

C. M.

DUNCAN.

The spiritual Coronation.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,

HOLY SPIRIT.

- Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

296.

L. M.

SHIRLEY.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway ;
In earth and heaven the Lord of all ;
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
- 2 Higher, still higher, swell the strain ;
Creation's voice the note prolong :
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign ;
Let hallelujahs crown the song.



HOLY SPIRIT.

297.

8s, 6, & 4. SPIRIT OF THE PSALM

The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

298.

C. M.

WATTS

The Earnest of Heaven.

- 1 WHY 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 them heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safely bear me home.

299.

C. M.

WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

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

300.

C. M.

CHRIS. MEL.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

- 1 CAN aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 2 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

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

301.

7s.

REEB

The Sanctifier.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine;
 Chase the shades of night away;
 Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
 Long has sin, without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down every idol throne;
 Reign supreme, and reign alone.

302.

S. M.

HART.

Sanctifying Influence.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The mercies of our God.

- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

303.

L. M.

WESLEY.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all who e'er thy grace received,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,—
- 3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
 Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
 O, guide me into perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

304.

L. M.

BROWNE.

Our Guide.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
 O'er every thought and step preside.

HOLY SPIRIT.

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

305.

H. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high :
We plead the promise of thy word ;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry, —
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply, —
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 O, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love :
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.
- 4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,

HOLY SPIRIT.

With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy word,
 Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
 And cast their idol gods away.

306.

7s.

BATHURST.

The teaching Spirit.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, from on high
 Bend o'er us a pitying eye ;
 Now refresh the drooping heart ;
 Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess
 Of our heart's ungodliness ;
 Show us every devious way
 Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
 Humbly to implore relief ;
 Then the Savior's love reveal,
 And our broken spirits heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,
 And pursue the heavenly race,
 Trained in wisdom, led by love,
 Till we reach our rest above.

307.

7s.

STOCKER.

Influences of the Spirit.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
 Let thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove ;
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me ;
 Set the burdened sinner free ;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God ;
 Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart ;
 Dwell thyself within my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Let me never from thee stray ;
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

308.

8s & 7s.

JAY.

The Source of Consolation.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness ;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night ;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
- 2 Hear, O, hear our supplication,
Blesséd Spirit, God of peace ;
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of thy grace.
- 3 Author of our new creation,
May we all thine influence prove ;
Make our souls thy habitation ;
Shed abroad the Savior's love.
- 4 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below ;
Bless, O bless this congregation ;
On each soul thy grace bestow.

309.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit desired.

- 1 GREAT Father of our feeble race,
Behold, thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit, from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Diffuse, O God, refreshing showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

310.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Living Waters.

- 1 BLEST Spirit, Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine !
O, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing ;
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring ;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent, near my side,
Through all the desert swiftly glide ;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

311.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God working in the Soul.

- 1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will ;
'Tis he that works to do ;
The power by which we act is his,
And his the glory too.

312.

C. M.

HAWEIS.

Source of Life and Light.

- 1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower ;
Inspire our souls with love.
- 2 Hail, Source of light ! arise and shine ;
All gloom and doubt dispel ;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine ;
In us forever dwell.
- 3 With speedy flight do thou descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
Thine all-reviving wing.
- 4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

313.

L. M.

ENG. BAP. COLL.

Divine Influences compared to Rain.

- 1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Our God shall send his Spirit down :
Eternal Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing drops are thine !
- 2 That heavenly influence let us find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but poured on all mankind ;
Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise,
And Eden's beauty greet our eyes.

314.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Spirit enlightening and renewing.

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

315.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit invoked.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.
- 2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise,
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 O, let a holy flock await,
Numerous, around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.
- 4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

HOLY SPIRIT.

316.

L. M.

ANON.

Prosperous Gale desired.

- 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, " Sweet spirit, come !
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sail, and speed my way.
- 2 " Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below ;
But I can only spread my sail :
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale."

317.

S. M.

PRATT'S COLL

Prayer for the Spirit.

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race ;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

318.

8s & 7s.

NOEL'S COLL.

Source of Blessings.

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

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above ;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure —
Wisdom, holiness, and love.
- 3 Dwell within us, blesséd Spirit ;
Where thou art no ill can come ;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit ;
Reign in every heart and home.
- 4 Savior, lead us to adore thee
While thou dost prolong our days ;
Then, with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

319.

C. M.

BICKERSTETH'S COLL.

The Spirit's Power.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within ;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals ;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

320.

L. M.

BEDDCME.

The indwelling Spirit.

- 1 COME, thou eternal Spirit, come
From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-place ;
O, make my sinful heart thy home,
And consecrate it by thy grace.
- 2 There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,
And drive thy foes forever thence ;
There shed a Savior's love abroad,
And light, and life, and joy dispense.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 My wants supply, my fears suppress,
Direct my way, and hold me up ;
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

321.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Spirit of Holiness desired.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend ;
Thy people wait for thee ;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend ;
Let us thy mercy see.
- 2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes ;
Let us no more lie desolate ;
O, bid thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee ;
Let us not feel its rays alone —
Alone thy people be.
- 4 O, bring our dearest friends to God ;
Remember those we love ;
Fit them on earth for thine abode ;
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer ;
Come, — for we wait thy power divine, —
Let us thy mercy share.

322.

L. M.

WATTS.

Heaven revealed by the Spirit.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings ;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things ; —
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll ;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Savior, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?
-

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

323.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

- 4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The Holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

324.

S. M.

WESLEY.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
All glory, power, and praise receive.
For thy creating love.
- 2 O thou incarnate Word,
Let all thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For thy redeeming grace.
- 3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 4 The grace on man bestowed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!"

325.

C. M.

WATTS

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
 Repeat the joyful sound ;
 Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
 In one eternal round.

326.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 BLEST be the Father and his love,
 To which celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 All praise to thee, great Son of God,
 From whose dear, wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood —
 The fount of life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe
 Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit we adore ;
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom or a shore.

327.

H. M.

WATTS

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 WE give immortal praise
 For God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above :
- | | | |
|-----------------|--|-------------------|
| He sent his own | | To die for sins |
| Eternal Son | | That we had done. |
- 2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe :
- And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
 And now he reigns, | Of all his pains.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes | And fills the soul
The great design, | With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One :
Where Reason fails, | There Faith prevails,
With all her powers, | And Love adores.

328.

S. M.

WATTS.

Honor to the Trinity.

- 1 LET God the Father live
Forever on our tongues ;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honor to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God, the Comforter,
Reveals our pardoned sin,
O, may the blood and water bear
The record sure within !
- 5 To the great One in Three,
That seals this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal glory given.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

329.

L. M.

BICKERSTETH'S COLL.

Prayer to the Trinity.

- 1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend ;
To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend ;
To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.



HOLY SCRIPTURES.

330.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Book of Nature and the Scriptures.

- 1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God ;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice ;
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

331.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and Word.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But that blest volume thou didst write
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Around the earth, and never stand ;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

332.

C. M.

COWPER.

Light and Glory of the Word.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

333.

L. M. 6 L. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

Praise to God for his Word.

- 1 JOIN, all ye servants of the Lord,
To praise him for his sacred word —
That word, like manna, sent from heaven,
To all who seek it freely given ;
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.
- 2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers ;
Though steep and rough th' appointed way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay ;
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.
- 3 It tells who first inspired our breath,
And who redeemed our souls from death ;

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

It tells of grace, — grace freely given, —
And shows the path to God and heaven :
O, bless we, then, our gracious Lord
For all the treasures of his word.

334.

S. M.

WATTS.

Power of God's Word.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just !
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

335.

C. M.

WATTS.

Excellency of the Scriptures.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

336.

S. M.

SCOTT.

Searching the Scriptures.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But sacred truths the test invite ;
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O, may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind ;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need ;
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart
May we with firmness own,
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

337.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

- 1 I LOVE the volume of thy word ;
What light and joy its leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

But 'tis thy blesséd gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

- 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain ;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

338.

C. M.

EVAN. MAG.

Revelation welcomed.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 O, send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

339.

C. M.

WATTS.

Love of the Scriptures.

- 1 O, HOW I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 I wake before the dawn of day,
To meditate thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

And through my weary pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

340.

C. M.

STENNETT.

The Riches of God's Word.

- 1 LET worldly men, from shore to shore,
Their chosen good pursue ;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than treasures of Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are opened to our sight ;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Savior's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied ;
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

341.

C. M.

WATTS.

Comfort from the Bible.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

342.

S. M.

BEDDOM.

Superiority of the Scriptures.

- 1 O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright ;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.
- 2 Celestial light it sheds,
To cheer this vale below ;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.
- 3 True wisdom it imparts ;
Commands our hope and fear ;
O, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

343.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Bible suited to our Wants.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 'Tis here the Savior's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My study and delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

344.

C. M.

WATTS.

Value of the Scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a gleam of hope appears
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here I behold my Savior's face
In almost every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows ;
No danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My Guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

345.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

The Bible precious.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

- 3 This lamp, through all the dreary night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of an eternal day.



GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

346.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Law and the Gospel.

- 1 WHILE Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,
Jesus, thy dear, expiring breath
And Calvary speak gentler things :—
- 2 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Savior's blood ;
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Purchased by our redeeming God.
- 3 Hark ! how he prays ! the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips — “ Forgive ; ”
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, “ Father, let the rebels live.”
- 4 Go, ye that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 5 But I'll retire beneath the cross ;
Dear Savior, at thy feet I'll lie :
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

347.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe ;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been ;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once !
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law ;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives ;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

348.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Excellence of the Gospel.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live ;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

349.

S. M.

WATTS

God's Purpose of Mercy.

- 1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne :
Mercy and justice are the names
By which he will be known.
- 2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To his recovering grace.
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own
Their righteousness and strength are found
In thee, O Lord, alone.
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven ;
Thou wilt pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

350.

L. M.

WATTS.

Day of Pentecost.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles, he gave !
And power to kill, and power to save !
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north ;
Go, and assert your Savior's cause ;
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue :
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the victories of his word.

351.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Fountain of living Waters.

- 1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case
 Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds ;
 Your every burden bring ;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 This spring with living water flows,
 And heavenly joy imparts ;
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.
- 5 A host of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

352.

L. M.

WATTS.

The inward Witness to Christianity.

- 1 QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no more ;
 Let Christ and joy be all our theme ;
 His spirit seals his gospel sure
 To every soul that trusts in him.

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within ;
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.
- 3 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes, and loves his Maker's laws.
- 4 Learning and wit may cease their strife
When miracles with glory shine ;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty and divine.

353.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Power of the Gospel.

- 1 THIS is the word of truth and love
Sent to the nations from above :
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive ;
Sinners obey the voice, and live :
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

354.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Efficacy and Success of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow
And the diffusive rain ;
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

But waters earth | And calls forth all
Through every pore, | Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine :

The harvest bows | The copious seed
Its golden ears, | Of future years.

3 " So," saith the God of grace,
" My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;

Millions of souls | And bear it down
Shall feel its power, | To millions more."

355.

L. M.

WATTS.

Excellences of the Gospel.

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Savior and my Lord ;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And stored the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

356.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed ;

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abram first ;
His truth fulfils his grace ;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honors of his name
In melody and songs.

357.

C. M.

WATTS.

Rejoicing in the Gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives :
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

358.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Gospel a Savor of Life or Death.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme ;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

359.

C. M.

STEELE.

All-sufficiency of the Gospel.

- 1 THE gospel, O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode ;
While angels view with wondering eyes
And hail th' incarnate God.
- 4 How rich the depths of love divine !
Of bliss a boundless store !
Redeemer, let me call thee mine ;
Thy fulness I implore.
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all.

360.

L. M.

BOWRING.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

- 1 UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine ;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar ;

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- And, as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.
- 3 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And Wisdom's self become more wise.
- 4 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world ;—
- 5 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

361.

L. M.

BOWRING.

The Teaching of Jesus.

- 1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place !
- 2 Christ came from heaven ; of heaven he spoke ;
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest ;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust ;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay ;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

362.

S. M.

WATTS.

Ministers the Bearers of glad Tidings.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior 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 blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

363.

S. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

The Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 YE trembling captives, hear;
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heartfelt wounds.
- 2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.
- 3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the jubilee release,
With eager rapture, claims.
- 4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

364

C. M.

WATTS.

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind ;—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

365.

S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Gospel Invitations.

- 1 THE Spirit to our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, come :"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To every creature, "Come."
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come :"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so: I wait thine hour:
Jesus, my Savior, come.

366.

L. M.

STEELE.

Rest for the weary Penitent.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 3 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 4 Dear Savior, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

367.

8s, 7s, & 4.

HART.

Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able;
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
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 rising beam.

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Savior prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him ;
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies .
“ It is finished ; ”
Heaven’s atoning sacrifice.
- 4 Lo, th’ incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

368.

L. M.

WATTS.

A Remedy for Sin found in the Gospel.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
Who seeks relief for all his woe ?
Where shall the guilty sufferer find
A balm to soothe his anguished mind ?
- 2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;
’Tis there we find a sure relief,
A soothing balm for inward grief.
- 3 Be this the pillar of our hope ;
This bears the fainting spirit up ;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 4 Then let his name, who shed his blood
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung
In every land, by every tongue.

369.

C. M.

WATTS

None excluded from Hope.

- 1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow ;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come ;
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.
- 5 His doctrine is almighty love ;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

370.

H. M.

TOPLADY

The Jubilee proclaimed.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim .
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace ;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- 4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

371.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest who learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal ;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

372.

7s, 6 L.

HAWES.

Come and welcome.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Savior deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear !
"Love's redeeming work is done ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On my wounded body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid ;

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

Bow the knee, embrace the Son ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See, with richest dainties stored ;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soo't. the days of life shall end ;
Lo, I come, your Savior, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

373.

L. M.

WESLEY.

Gospel Feast.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest :
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live :
O, let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 3 His love is mighty to compel ;
His conquering love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.
- 4 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice :
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

374.

C. M.

HUNTINGDON'S COLL.

Yet there is Room.

- 1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast ;
O, come without delay ;

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS

- For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul ;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine ;
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold ;
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more :
O, come and welcome to the Lord ;
Yea, come this very hour.

375.

C. M.

STEELE

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.
- 3 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS.

- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

376.

C. M.

E. JONES.

The Invitation and the Resolve.

- 1 COME, anxious sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve : —
- 2 “ I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts ; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “ I'll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his pardoning grace.
- 4 “ I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command me touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “ Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 “ I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.”

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

377.

L. M.

WATTS

Believe and be saved.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Savior's word ;
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

378.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Exhortation to Repentance.

- 1 "REPENT," the voice celestial cries ;
No longer dare delay :
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offered Savior now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

- 5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

379.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

Sinners entreated to forsake their Ways.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
His mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sovereign word
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.
- 4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.
- 5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God :
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

380.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Broad and the Narrow Way.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

381.

C. M.

DOBELL.

The two Ways.

- 1 SINNER, behold that downward road
Which leads to endless woe ;
What multitudes of thoughtless souls
The road to ruin go !
- 2 But yonder see that narrow way
Which leads to endless bliss ;
There see a happy chosen few,
Redeemed by sovereign grace.
- 3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend ;
The Bible is their precious guide,
And God himself their Friend.
- 4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be ;
Guide thou my feet aright ;
I would not, for ten thousand worlds,
Be banished from thy sight.

382.

S. M.

WATTS.

Ingratitude to Divine Goodness.

- 1 IS this the kind return ?
Are these the thanks we owe ?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind !
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays ;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 5 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

383.

C. M.

WATTS

The Savior at the Door.

- 1 AMAZING sight ! the Savior stands
And knocks at every door ;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.
- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die,
To bring you to my rest :
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.
- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell ?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me, forever dwell ?
- 4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven ?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven ?"

384.

7s.

URWICK'S COLL.

Expostulation.

- 1 SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?
- 2 Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?
- 3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?
- 4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

385.

L. M.

HEBER.

"Why stand ye idle here?"

- 1 THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each, with awful sound,
"No longer stand ye idle here.
- 2 "Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light;
Say, now, why stand ye idle here?
- 3 "O, if the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Master's business here.
- 4 "And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?"

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

- 5 O Thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to labor here.

386.

7s.

T. SCOTT.

Danger of Delay.

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

387.

7s.

CHR. MBL.

The favored Hour.

- 1 'TIS the blest, the favored hour ;
Now to seek thy God begin ;
'Tis the Spirit's voice divine
Woos thee from the paths of sin.
- 2 'Tis the blest, the favored hour ;
Jesus offers pardon free,
Mildly pointing to the cross
Where his blood was shed for thee.
- 3 Soon the favored hour may pass ;
Soon the Spirit take its flight ;
Hasten while the Savior calls ;
O, no longer mercy slight.

388.

8s, 7s, & 4.

ANON

God invites.

- 1 SINNERS, 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 —
 Opened 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.

389.

L. M.

HYDR.

My Spirit shall not always strive.

1. SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged 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 warned thee from that wrath to flee ?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice :
 It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
 Regard in time the warning kind ;

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

- That call thou mayst not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, 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 ;
 O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

390.

8s & 7s.

GEMS.

The Wanderer addressed.

- 1 TELL me, wanderer, wildly roving
 From the path that leads to peace,
 Pleasure's false enchantments loving,
 When will thy delusion cease ?
 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
 I could kneel at pleasure's shrine :
 Then my brightest hopes were bounded
 By delights as false as thine.
- 2 But those visions never blessed me ;
 Soon their fleeting day was o'er :
 Then the world that had caressed me
 Charmed me with its smiles no more.
 Such is pleasure's transient story :
 Lasting happiness is known
 Only in the path to glory,
 In the Savior's love alone.

391.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Worth of the Soul.

- 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
 The whole creation round ?
 That which was lost in paradise,
 That which in Christ is found ; —
- 2 The soul of man, — Jehovah's breath, —
 That keeps two worlds at strife :

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-belovéd Son ;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below
In earthen vessels frail ?
Can none its utmost value know
Till flesh and spirit fail ?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain ;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

392.

11s.

CHR. MEL.

Acquaintance with God.

- ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy like the sunshine shall beam on thy road,
And peace like the dewdrops shall fall on thy head,
And sleep like an angel shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad,
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

393.

C. M.

HARBOTTLE.

The fruitless Fig Tree.

- 1 SEE how the fruitless fig tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown ;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.
- 2 " Year after year, I come," he cries,
" And still no fruit is shown ;
I see but empty leaves arise ;
Then cut the cumberer down.
- 3 " The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
Shall make my justice known ;

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down."

- 4 Sinner, beware! the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee;
A while thy Maker spares thy breath;
Beware, O barren tree!

394.

C. M.

EPIS. COLL.

The barren Fig Tree.

- 1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.
- 2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands amid the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.
- 3 But see, an Intercessor pleads
The barren tree to spare;
"Let Justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.
- 4 "Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The softening dews of heavenly grace
May life anew impart.
- 5 "But if these means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit is found,
Then Mercy shall no longer plead,
But Justice cut it down."

395.

L. M.

VIL. COLL.

Behold, I stand at the Door.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Hath waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

O, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will — the very friend you need ;
The friend of sinners ; yes, tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn ;
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

396.

12s & 11s.

J. B. HAGUE.

"The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended."

- 1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth ex-
treat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend ;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee ;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee ;
How oft still the message of mercy doth send !
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to infold thee ;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 3 Despiséd, rejected, at length he may leave thee ;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend !
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee ;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power ;
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend :
Haste, haste thee, O sinner ; prepare for that hour ;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

- 5 The Savior will call thee in judgment before him ;
 O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy Friend ;
 Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore
 him ;
 "Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

397.

S. M.

WATTS.

Voice of Wisdom.

- 1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
 And not her speech be heard ?
 The voice of God's eternal word,
 Deserves it no regard ?
- 2 "I was his chief delight,
 His everlasting Son,
 Before the first of all his works,
 Creation, was begun.
- 3 "Before the flying clouds,
 Before the solid land,
 Before the fields, before the floods,
 I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 "When he adorned the skies,
 And built them, I was there,
 To order when the sun should rise,
 And marshal every star.
- 5 "When he poured out the sea,
 And spread the flowing deep,
 I gave the flood a firm decree
 In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 "Then come, receive my grace,
 Ye children, and be wise ;
 Happy the man that keeps my ways ;
 The man that shuns them dies."

398.

8s, 7s, & 4.

ALLEN

Expostulation.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above ?

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

Every sentence, O how tender !

Every line is full of love ;

Listen to it ;

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel

News from Zion's King proclaim,

* To each rebel sinner, " Pardon,
" Free forgiveness in his name."

How important !

Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;

Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;

And with news of consolation

Chase away the falling tears ;

Tender heralds

Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believ'd ?

Who received the joyful word ?

Who embraced the news of pardon,

Offered to you by the Lord ?

Can you slight it ? —

Offered to you by the Lord.

5 O ye angels, hovering round us,

Waiting spirits, speed your way ;

Haste ye to the court of heaven ;

Tidings bear without delay :

Rebel sinners

Glad the message will obey.

399.

L. M.

WATTS.

Expostulation.

1 O SINNER, why so thoughtless grown ?

Why in such dreadful haste to die ?

Daring to leap to worlds unknown ;

Heedless against thy God to fly.

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,

Urged on by sin's delusive dreams ?

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

400.

7s.

EPIS. COLL.*

The Sinner entreated to awake.

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep ; arise from death ;
See the bright and living path ;
Watchful tread that path ; be wise ;
Leave thy folly ; seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly ; cease from crime ;
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay ;
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Jesus calls from death and night ;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

401.

7s.

WESLEY.

Why will ye die?

- 1 SINNERS, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Savior, asks you why :
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

- 4 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why —
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
O ye guilty sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die ?

402.

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

The Sinner at the Judgment.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found ?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear ?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part ?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Savior fly ;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer ;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

403.

8s, 7s, & 4.

REED.

The Sinner invited and warned.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner ! Mercy hails you ;
Now with sweetest voice she calls ;

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

Bids you haste to seek the Savior,
Ere the hand of Justice falls :
Trust in Jesus ;
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Savior !
Seek his mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life will pass away :
Haste to Jesus ;
You must perish if you stay.

404.

11s.

SPIR. SONGS.

Delay not.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not ; O sinner, draw near ;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
No price is demanded ; the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?
A fountain is opened ; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood ?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come ;
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day ;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not ; the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
fade ;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand ;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

405.

S. M.

HYDE.

Grieve not the Spirit.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Savior's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace, so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

406.

C. M.

VIL. COLL.

Grieving the Spirit.

- 1 AND does the Spirit kindly move,
To wake my drowsy heart?
And shall I slight and grieve his love,
And bid him hence depart?
- 2 Shall I the tempter's voice believe,
And still refuse to pray,
And thus the Holy Spirit grieve,
And bid him go his way?
- 3 This solemn warning, once received,
I dare no longer slight;
The Holy Spirit, often grieved,
May take his final flight.

407.

6s & 4s.

SAC. SONGS.

The Savior calls.

- 1 TO-DAY the Savior calls:
Ye wanderers, come;

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

- O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam ?
- 2 To-day the Savior calls :
O, hear him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Savior calls :
For refuge fly,
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day :
Yield to his power ;
O, grieve him not away ;
'Tis mercy's hour.

408.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

The accepted Time.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on Time's most rapid wing,
Shall Death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites ; how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

409.

C. M.

COWPER

Now is the accepted Time.

- 1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour ;
O sinners, come away ;
The Savior'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 injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?
- 4 O, could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye !
- 5 The dead, awaked, must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraigned at Christ's left hand.
- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a listening ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapped in keen despair.

410.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Exhortation to work while it is Day.

- 1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.

APPEALS TO THE IMPENITENT.

- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the heavy gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

411.

S. M.

DOBELL.

Now the accepted Time.

- 1 NOW is th' accepted time ;
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time ;
The Savior calls to-day :
To-morrow it may be too late ;
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time ;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love ;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

412.

S. M.

SELECT HYMNS.

Now the Day of Grace.

- 1 NOW is the day of grace ;
Now to the Father come ;
The Lord is calling, " Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."
- 2 The Savior bids you speed ;
O, wherefore then delay ?
He calls in love ; he sees your need ;
He bids you come to-day.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 3 To-day the prize is won ;
The promise is to save ;
Then, O, be wise ; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

413.

L. M.

HEGINBOTHAM

The Night cometh.

- 1 AWAKE, awake, my sluggish soul ;
Awake, and view the setting sun ;
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.
- 2 Death ! 'tis an awful, solemn sound ;
O, let it wake the slumbering ear ;
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,
With all his pale companions near.
- 3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be closed,
These friendly warnings heard no more ;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach ;
E'en now he stands before the door.
- 4 To-day attend his gracious voice ;
This is the summons that he sends :
"Awake ; for on this transient hour
'Thy long eternity depends."



REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

414.

C. M.

WATTS.

Conviction by the Law.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;
But since the precept came

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins revived again ;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save ;
O, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

415.

S. M.

NEWTON.

Sinfulness lamented.

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

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

3 If I attempt to pray,
And raise my soul on high,
My thoughts are hurried fast away,
For sin is ever nigh.

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

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain ;
Without desire, or love, or fear,
Hardened I still remain.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 6 And must I, then, indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

416.

C. M.

HYDE.

Conviction.

- 1 AH, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt oppressed?
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law
Does all my life condemn;
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with grief and shame.
- 3 How many precious Sabbaths gone
I never can recall!
And, O, what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimproved them all!
- 4 How long, how often, have I heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
Yet scarcely listened to his word,
Or prayed to be forgiven!
- 5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace;
For thou this flinty heart canst break,
And thine shall be the praise.

417.

L. M.

WATTS.

Returning to God.

- 1 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.
- 2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

418.

L. M.

WATTS.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

419.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.

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

420.

7s.

J. TAYLOR.

Sins confessed and mourned.

- 1 GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;—
- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain :—

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

421.

C. M.

ADDISON.

The Judgment anticipated.

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear !
- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward terror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought, —
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear !
- 4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord ;
Let mercy set me free ;
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of thee.
- 5 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure,
Since thy belovéd Son has died
To make that mercy sure.

422.

S. M.

COWPER.

Trembling Solitude.

- 1 MY former hopes are fled ;
My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar :
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom ;
But hark ! a friendly whisper says,
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”
- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way ;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

423.

C. M.

HAWELS

God our Hiding-Place.

- 1 WHEN lowering clouds deform the sky,
And darkness thickens round,
Sudden the forkéd lightnings fly,
Loud thunders rock the ground.
- 2 The howling blasts impetuous sweep
The desolated plain ;
The frightened beasts to covert creep ;
Home flies the trembling swain.
- 3 But louder thunders o'er my head
My heart with terror fill,
And storms of wrath divine I dread,
Which soul and body kill.
- 4 See on the whirlwind's rapid wing
The king of terrors ride,
And with him desolation bring ;
Myself where can I hide ?

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 5 "Haste, sinner, haste," the Savior cried ;
"Behold my wounded form ;
The cleft of my deep-piercéd side
Shall hide thee from the storm."

424.

C. M.

STEELE.

Contrition.

- 1 O LORD, thy tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.
2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A sinful wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, "Return" ?
3 O, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

425.

C. M.

S. STENNETT

Indwelling Sin lamented.

- 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy cross, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
2 O, was there e'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been —
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin ?
3 Yet I remember thy commands
Are holy, just, and true ;
I feel that what my God demands
Is his most rightful due.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 4 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel
 This warfare in my breast?
 In mercy bow this stubborn will,
 And give my spirit rest.
- 5 Break, sovereign grace, O, break the charm,
 And set the captive free;
 Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

426.

7s.

LUTH. COLL.

The penitent Inquirer.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! — can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,
 And the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hear his gracious calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 4 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament,
 Deeply my revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

427.

C. M.

MIDDLETON

Painful Recollections.

- 1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,
 Why heaves the secret sigh?
 'Tis that I mourn departed days,
 Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved
 My anxious thoughts employed;
 And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
 Presents a fearful void.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer ;
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine ;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to thee.

428.

C. M.

VILLAGE HYMNS.

The Prodigal's Return.

- 1 THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise
His heart begins to break.
- 2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.
- 3 "With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face ;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."
- 4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around ;
The angels tuned their harps anew ;
The long-lost son is found.

429.

C. M.

ALLINE

Vanity and Danger of the World.

- 1 VAIN world, vain world, I bid adieu
To your deceitful joys ;
I will not sell my soul for you,
Nor longer seek your toys.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 2 You flatter with a vain applause,
 And promise future joy,
 When all your treasures are but dross,
 Your bliss an empty toy.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, who taught my soul
 How near the gulf I stood ;
 And now, while mortal moments roll,
 I'll seek substantial good.

430.

L. M.

HART

Hardness of Heart lamented.

- 1 O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
 To chase the shades of night away ;
 To melt, with beams of love divine,
 This unrelenting heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The ocean roar, the mountain shake ;
 All nature feels, and gives the sign ;
 But not this stubborn heart of mine.
- 3 Dear Lord, the sorrows thou hast felt
 Might cause a heart of stone to melt ;
 Yet I can read each sacred line,
 And nothing melt this heart of mine.
- 4 But power supreme the soul can move,
 And purify, and melt to love ;
 Come, Holy Spirit, power divine,
 O, come, subdue this heart of mine.

431.

C. M.

WESLEY.

Prayer for Repentance.

- 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
 Which bows before the Lord,
 That owns how just and good thou art,
 And trembles at thy word !
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears
 Which from repentance flow,
 That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
 The long-suspended blow.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 3 O Lord, to me, in pity, give
 For sin, the deep distress,
 The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
 And bid me die in peace.
- 4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,
 And strength to do thy will ;
 Raise my desires and hopes above ;
 Thyself to me reveal.

432.

7s, 6 L.

HAR. SAC.

Repentance at the Cross o. Christ.

- 1 HEART of stone, relent, relent ;
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Covered with a gore of blood ;
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Crucified th' eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
 Driven the nails that fixed him there,
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
 Plunged into his side the spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful man he dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain ?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue ?
 Open all his wounds again ?
 And the shameful cross renew ?
 No ; with all my sins I'll part ;
 Break, O, break, my bleeding heart.

433.

7s.

RAFFLES.

Confession of Sin.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall ;
 Hear, O, hear my earnest cry ;
 Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
 Chief of sinners, I have been ;

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- Oft have sinned before thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy righteous dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart ;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.
- 4 But with thee is mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound ;
Soothe, O, soothe the troubled breast ;
Give the weary wanderer rest.

434.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Penitential Confession.

- 1 HEAR me, O Lord, in my distress ;
Hear me in truth and righteousness ;
For, at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.
- 2 Lord, I have foes without, within ;
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin ;
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And passions raging to devour.
- 3 Teach me thy will, subdue my own ;
Thou art my God, and thou alone ;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.
- 4 Release my soul from trouble, Lord ;
Quicken and keep me by thy word
May all its promises be mine ;
Be thou my portion — I am thine.

435.

C. M.

ANON.

Burden of Guilt.

- 1 WITH guilt oppressed, bowed down with sin,
Beneath its load I groan ;
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh,
Remove this heart of stone.
- 2 A burdened sinner, lo, I come,
In dread of death and hell ;

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- O, seal my pardon with thy blood,
And all my fears dispel.
- 3 Nor peace, nor rest, my soul can find,
Till thy dear cross I see ;
Till there in humble faith I cry,
“The Savior died for me.”
- 4 O, give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view ;
Till old things be forever past,
And all within be new.

436.

S. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Pleaing for Mercy.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted pardon find.
- 2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed ; and, though condemned,
* Must own thy judgments right.
- 3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.
- 4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

437.

C. M.

STENNETT

The Penitent.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive ;
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

438.

C. M.

BATHURST.

Prayer for Conversion.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer ;
And when we tremble at thy frown,
O, bring thy comforts near.
- 2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
O, let thy grace remove ;
And may the souls which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.
- 3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before ;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.
- 4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.
- 5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

439.

L. M. 6 L.

COLLYER.

Pleading in the Name of Christ.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
O, hear a humble suppliant's cry ;

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty :
O, deign to listen to my voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.
- 2 I urge no merits of my own,
No worth to claim thy gracious smile ;
And when I bow before the throne,
Dare to converse with God a while,
Thy name, blest Savior, is my plea —
That dearest, sweetest name to me.
- 3 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty :
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

440.

A. M.

NEWTON.

Prayer for Spiritual Healing.

- 1 THOU great Physician of the soul,
To thee I bring my case ;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Help me to state my whole complaint ;
But where shall I begin ?
Nor words nor thoughts can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.
- 3 It lies not in a single part,
But through my soul is spread ;
And all th' affections of my heart
By sin are captive led.
- 4 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast ;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 5 Thou great Physician, hear my cry,
And set my spirit free ;
Let not a trembling sinner die
Who longs to live to thee.

441.

8s & 7s.

TURNER.

Penitence.

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
Let me know thy great salvation ;
See, I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O, send me quick relief.
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to Him who comfort gives ?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives ?
- 4 Saved — the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above,
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

442.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pleading the Death of Christ.

- 1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call ;
My load of guilt remove ;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace ;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone ;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise ;
A broken and a contrite heart
Is our best sacrifice.

443.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Weeping for Sin.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see :
Be thou astonished, O my soul —
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

444.

C. M.

WATTS.

Godly Sorrow from the Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood ;
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood !
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

445.

C. M.

PERCY'S COLL.

Pleading the Merits of Christ.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee ;
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes ;
O, may I now receive that gift ;
My soul without it dies.

446.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Value of Christ's Righteousness.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

447.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Salvation by Faith.

- 1 'TIS faith that lays the sinner low
And covers him with shame ;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.
- 2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done ;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.
- 3 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness ;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.
- 4 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored ;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

448.

C. P. M.

TOPLADY.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood :
That righteousness my robe shall be ;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 3 Then save me from eternal death ;
The Spirit of adoption breathe ;
His consolations send ;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
“ Thy Maker is thy Friend.”
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away :
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

449.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Subdued by the Cross.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood ;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 O, never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt
It plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped 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 mayst live.”

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

450.

L. M.

WATTS.

Security in the Cross.

- 1 HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love —
Beneath the droppings of thy blood ;
Nor shall it, Jesus, e'er remove.
- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Unmoved and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolved, — for that's my last defence, —
If I must perish, here to die.
- 3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy justice will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim ;
Hosanna to my Savior God,
And my best honors to his name.

451.

S. M.

JERVIS.

God's Mercy to the Penitent.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace,
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal ;
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

THE CONVERT.

- 4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blessed.

THE CONVERT.

452.

C. M.

WATTS.

Conversion.

- 1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 " Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine ;
" Great is the work," my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

453.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

The Happy Day.

- 1 O, HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love !

THE CONVERT.

- Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

454.

L. M.

WATTS.

Parting with carnal Joys.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair ;
And while I listened to your song,
They almost had conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

455.

C. M.

STEELE.

Convert's Devotion to Christ.

- 1 JESUS, to thy celestial light
My dawn of hope I owe ;
Once wandering in the gloom of night,
And lost in shades of woe.
- 2 Thy gracious hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free :
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 3 Here at thy feet I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word ;
O, give me warmer love and zeal
To serve my dearest Lord.

456.

L. M.

DAVIES.

Self-Dedication to God.

- 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased alone by blood divine ;
With full consent I yield to thee,
And own thy sovereign right to me.
- 2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed 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 through all eternity.

457.

C. M.

CHRIS. PSALMIST.

Self-Consecration.

- 1 YES, I will be forever thine,
Bought at the price of blood ;
My feeble powers shall all combine
To serve the living God.

THE CONVERT.

- 2 Body and spirit, time and health,
And influence are the Lord's ;
Honor, or fame, or friends, or wealth,
All that my lot affords.
- 3 I consecrate my all to thee,
Here at thy mercy seat ;
Poor as the offering may be,
I lay it at thy feet.

458

C. M.

BOURNE'S COLL.

Self-Dedication.

- 1 O SAVIOR, welcome to my heart ;
Possess thy humble throne ;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thy own.
- 2 The world and Satan I forsake ;
To thee I all resign ;
My longing heart, O Savior, take,
And fill with love divine.
- 3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee ;
Let nothing here my heart divide ;
I give it all to thee.

459.

C. M.

WESLEY

Joys of the Convert.

- 1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place ;
I seek my place in heaven ; —
- 2 A country far from mortal sight ;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 O, what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

THE CONVERT.

- 4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

460.

L. M.

WATTS.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

461.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

The Lost found.

- 1 O, HOW divine, how sweet the joy
When but one sinner turns,
And, with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns !
- 2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
- 3 Well pleased the Father sees, and hears
The contrite sinner's moan ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire ;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

THE CONVERT.

462.

S. M.

SWAIN.

Joy in the Conversion of Sinners.

- 1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?
- 2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?
- 3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

463.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Old Things passed away.

- 1 LET carnal minds the world pursue ;
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its fading charms no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?

THE CONVERT.

464.

C. M.

DWIGHT.

Deliverance from evil Companions.

- 1 THE giddy world, with flattering tongue,
Had charmed my soul astray,
And lured my heedless feet to death
Along the flowery way.
- 2 My heart, with agonizing prayer,
Besought the Lord to save ;
Unseen he seized my trembling hand,
And brought me from the grave.
- 3 He broke the charm which drew my feet
To darkness and the dead ;
From lips profane and tongues impure
With quivering steps I fled.
- 4 Homeward I flew to find my God,
And seek his face divine,
Restored to peace, to hope, to life,
To Zion's friends and mine.

465.

S. M.

BULFINCH.

Regeneration.

- 1 THROUGH thee, O Lord, we own
A new and heavenly birth,
Kindred to spirits round thy throne,
Though sojourners of earth.
- 2 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And, through thy Spirit's quickening power,
Of the new life partake!
- 3 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair ;
Her holy light Religion throws,
Reflected every where.
- 4 Amid repentant tears
We feel sweet peace within ;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

THE CONVERT.

- 5 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share ;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

466.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Joined to God's People.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

467.

8s & 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.

THE CHURCH.

I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

3 Man may trouble and distress me —
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me —
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



THE CHURCH.

468.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood ;
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

469.

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

The Church God's chosen Residence.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
- 5 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
- 6 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

THE CHURCH.

470.

C. M.

GEMS.

The Church.

- 1 SAY who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn ;
When with her living light she paints
The dewdrops of the lawn ?
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her course she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orbed glory rides ;—
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings ;—
- 4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed, all armed,
All ardent for the foe ;—
- 5 This is the church, by heaven arrayed
With strength and grace divine ;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

471.

S. M.

WATTS.

Gospel Worship and Order.

- 1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell ;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well ;—

THE CHURCH.

- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

472.

S. M.

WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

- 1 HOW honored is the place
Where we adoring stand ! —
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.
- 2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up th' eternal gates ;
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.
- 4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

THE CHURCH.

473.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

God the Defence of Zion.

- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded ;
 Zion, kept by power divine ;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine :
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heaven and earth at last remove :
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in his sight :
 God is with thee —
 God, thine everlasting light.

474.

L. M.

WATTS.

God the Glory and Defence of Zion.

- 1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace ;
 Thy holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits ;
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
 Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage ;
 Against his throne in vain they rage :
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,
 That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
 Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell :

THE CHURCH.

His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

475.

S. M.

WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress :
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
- 3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flock has been.
- 4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

476.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

Love to the Church.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode ;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God ;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,

THE CHURCH.

- These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways ;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows
Her hymns of love and praise.

477.

C. M.

V. 1008

The General Assembly of Saints.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ; —
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light ;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

THE CHURCH.

- 6 In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest ;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

478.

11s.

ANON.

The Church victorious.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness ;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them ;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee ;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

479.

L. M.

ANON.

Zion triumphant.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion ! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glory shall the world confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
To fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer ;
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

480.

L. M.

WATTS

Church's Safety amidst Desolations.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar —
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power

481.

8s & 7s.

COWPER.

Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;

THE CHURCH.

- Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow ;
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons, no more shall see ;
But your griefs, forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me ;
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

182.

C. M.

WESLEY.

Saints above and below.

- 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne ;
We in the kingdom of thy grace :
The kingdoms are but one.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
 From thence our spirits rise ;
 And he that in thy statutes treads,
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

483.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

- 1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest ;
 Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
 Waits to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and thy Word ;
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows ;
 Here let thy praise be spread ;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine ;
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;
 And, as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

484.

H. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

God's Love to Zion.

- 1 FIXED on the sacred hills,
 Its firm foundations rest ;
 The Lord his temple fills,
 With all his glory blest :
- | | | |
|-------------------|--|---------------------|
| He waits where'er | | But loves the gates |
| His saints adore, | | Of Zion more. |
- 2 O Zion, sacred place !
 Thy name shall spread around ;

THE CHURCH.

The city of his grace,

His wonders there abound :

Thy glories will		And earth thy fame
Thy God declare,		Resound afar.

485.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Church Fellowship.

- 1 PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.
- 2 Joined in one body may we be ;
One inward life partake ;
One be our heart ; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide ;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.
- 5 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

486.

L. M.

KELLY.

Receiving Members.

- 1 COME in, ye blesséd of the Lord ;
O, come in Jesus' precious name ;
We welcome you with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.
- 2 Your names, 'tis hoped, already stand
Within the book of life above ;
And now to yours we join our hand,
In token of fraternal love.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.
- 5 Once more our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love ;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

487.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

A Welcome to Fellowship.

- 1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord ;
Stranger nor foe art thou :
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee :
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Savior's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours ;
Christians their mutual burdens bear ;
They lend their mutual powers.
- 5 Come with us ; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done ;
Stand but in him as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

THE CHURCH.

- 6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

488.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Admission of Members.

- 1 BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.
- 2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Savior's smiles ;
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.
- 3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give ;
Unite with us in sacred bands ;
The pledges of our love receive.
- 4 Do thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown ;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

489.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

The Pledge of Fidelity.

- 1 YE men and angels, witness now ;
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break, —
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply

THE CHURCH.

- 4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

490.

7s.

ANON

Future Glory of the Church.

- 1 ON thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine ;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star.
- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

491.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

The Church triumphant.

- 1 A HOST of spirits round the throne
In humble posture stand,
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.
- 2 From different regions of the globe
These happy spirits came ;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.
- 3 One glorious body now they make,
More glorious far their Head ;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake ;
Their sorrows all are fled.
- 4 Without a jarring note, they join
In ceaseless songs of praise,
And to the sacred Three in One
Loud hallelujahs raise.

BAPTISM.

BAPTISM.

492.

S. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Baptism into Christ.

- 1 WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Savior trod ;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.
- 2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.
- 3 We trust thy sacrifice ;
To thy dear cross we flee ;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

493.

L. M.

JUDSON.

Example of Christ in Baptism.

- 1 OUR Savior bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave ;
Come, see the sacred path he trod —
A path well pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine :
Let endless glories round him shine :
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

494.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Baptism of Christ.

- 1 HOW calmly wakes the hallowed morn
How tranquil earth's repose !

BAPTISM.

Meet emblem of the Sabbath morn
When, early, Jesus rose.

- 2 How fair, along the rippling wave,
The radiant light is cast! —
A symbol of the mystic grave
Through which the Savior passed.
- 3 Around this scene of sacred love
The peace of heaven is shed:
So came the Spirit, like a dove,
To rest on Jesus' head.
- 4 Lord, meet us in this path of thine;
We come thy rite to seal;
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And all thy grace reveal.

495.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Following Christ.

- 1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus do his willing saints to-day
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain, —
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

496.

L. M.

BALDWIN.

The Place where the Lord lay.

- 1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb
Who loved our race ere time began;

BAPTISM.

Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in a humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread ;
Joyful they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Immersed by John in Jordan's wave,
The Savior left his watery grave ;
God owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name ;
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him ;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

497.

L. M.

WATTS.

Command for Baptism.

1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
Go, teach the nations, and baptize :
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant, with the seals
To bless the distant Christian lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptized," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins ;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord ;
O, may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record.

498.

8s & 7s.

J. FAWCETT.

Following Christ.

- 1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation ;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you ;
Listen to his heavenly voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing ;
Lo, your Captain leads the way.

499.

L. M.

FREEMAN.

The Pleasantness of Baptism.

- 1 HITHER we come, our dearest Lord,
Obedient to thy sacred word ;
'Tis thou hast called our hearts to flee
From sense and sin, and follow thee.
- 2 Here ranged along the water's side,
Where gently rolls the silent tide,
O, what on earth can sweeter be,
Than thus to come and follow thee !
- 3 When wandering in the vale of tears,
Enslaved by sins, and doubts, and fears,
Then didst thou come, our souls to free,
And gav'st us grace to follow thee.
- 4 Thou wast immersed in Jordan's wave,
The emblem of thy future grave ;
O, while the way so plain we see,
What can we do but follow thee ?

BAPTISM.

500.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Cordial Obedience.

- 1 BLEST Savior, we thy will obey ;
Not of constraint, but with delight.
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honor thine appointed rite.
- 2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord ;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of thy love explore ;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

501.

8s, 7s, & 4.

CUTTING.

Christian Profession.

- 1 GRACIOUS Savior, we adore thee ;
Purchased by thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road :
Savior, guide us,
Guide us to our heavenly home.
- 2 Thou didst mark our path of duty ;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave ;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
From the semblance of the grave ;
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

502.

H. M.

FELLOWS.

The Holy Spirit sought

- 1 DESCEND, celestial Dove
And make thy presence known ;
Reveal our Savior's love,
And seal us for thine own :
Unblest by thee, | Nor can we e'er
Our works are vain ; | Acceptance gain.

BAPTISM.

2 When our incarnate God,
 The sovereign Prince of light,
 In Jordan's swelling flood
 Received the holy rite,
 In open view | And dove-like flew
 Thy form came down, | The King to crown.

3 Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire :
 This ordinance is thine ;
 Do thou our souls inspire :
 Thou wilt attend | " Till time shall end "
 On all thy sons ; | Thy promise runs.

503.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

The emblematic Dove.

- 1 MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
 The great Redeemer bowed ;
 Bright was the glory's sacred beam
 That hushed the wondering crowd.
- 2 Thus God descended to approve
 The deed that Christ had done ;
 Thus came the emblematic Dove,
 And hovered o'er the Son.
- 3 So, blesséd Spirit, come to-day
 To our baptismal scene :
 Let thoughts of earth be far away,
 And every mind serene.
- 4 This day we give to holy joy ;
 This day to Heaven belongs :
 Raised to new life, we will employ
 In melody our tongues.

504.

L. M.

S. P. HILL.

Invocation.

- 1 COME, saints, adore your Savior, God,
 Who led your willing footsteps here ;

BAPTISM.

Walk in the blesséd paths he trod,
Nor duty dread, nor danger fear.

- 2 Come, sacred Dove, in peace descend,
As once thou didst on Jordan's wave :
Now with this scene thine influence blend,
And hover o'er this solemn grave.

505.

L. M.

JUDSON.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause ;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
- 3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood ;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood ;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.
- 4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

506.

C. M.

ENG. BAP. COLL

Separation from the World.

- 1 O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy thy cause maintain ;
Like Jesus numbered with the dead,
Like him we rise and reign.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word ;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.

BAPTISM.

- 3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in :
O, may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin.

507.

S. M.

SIGOURNEY.

Delight in Obedience.

- 1 SAVIOR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless ;
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.
- 2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled ;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led ;—
- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

508.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Self-Consecration in Baptism.

- 1 WHILE, in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.
- 2 All glory be to Him whose life
For ours was freely given ;
Who aids us in the Spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.
- 3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers ;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.
- 4 O, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood ;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

509.

C. M.

NEWTON.

After Baptism.

- 1 "PROCLAIM," saith Christ, "my wondrous
 grace
 To all the sons of men ;
He that believes, and is baptized,
 Salvation shall obtain."
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
 Find all-sufficient grace.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

510.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betrayed him to his foes —
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and blessed, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
 What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;
 Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup, and blessed, and said,
 " 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 "In memory of your dying Friend,
Do this," he said, "till time shall end;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

511.

C. M.

B. W. NORR.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie, —
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh, —
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed! —
"Meet and remember me."
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O Memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

512.

S. M.

WATTS.

Communion with Christ and with Saints.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned sinners sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise,
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

513.

C. M.

DODRIDGE.

The Lord's Table.

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board ;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready ; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

514.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Memorials of Grace.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Savior from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

515.

S. M.

WATTS.

Christian Communion.

- 1 JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board ;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.
- 2 Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.
- 3 Here let our powers unite
His honored name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.
- 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

516.

L. M.

WATTS.

Consecration in View of the Cross.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice to Jesus' 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 ?

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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

517.

C. M.

ANON.

Coming to the Table of the Lord.

- 1 LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Savior's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.
- 2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray ;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way.
- 3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.
- 4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.
- 5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power
To keep his holy word.

518.

S. M.

FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 O FOR a prophet's fire,
O for an angel's tongue,
To speak the mighty love of Him
Who on the cross was hung.
- 2 In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Yet would we praise that love,
Beyond expression dear :
Come, gather round this table, then,
And celebrate it here.
- 4 These symbols of his death,
O, with what power they speak !
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres,
Compared with these, are weak.
- 5 And shall they plead in vain
With our forgetful souls ?
Forbid it, Lord, while through our veins
The vital current rolls.

519.

C. M.

J. STENNETT.

Humble Communion.

- 1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place —
- 2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God ;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room !
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
- 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers :
No theme is like redeeming love ;
No Savior is like ours.

520.

11s.

E. Y. KRESE.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 DO this, and remember the blood that was shed,
Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led,
When, sad and forsaken, the garden alone
Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Remember the conflict, the insult and scorn,
The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn,
The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his
side,
When, "Father, forgive them," he uttered, and died.
- 3 Remember that, Victor o'er death and the grave,
He liveth forever, his people to save :
O, take with thanksgiving this pledge of his love,
The foretaste of rapture eternal above.

521.

C. M.

WARDLAW.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 REMEMBER thee, redeeming Lord ?
While Memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life,
Who saves us by his grace ?
- 2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom on earth
He heaved his dying groan.
- 3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell ;
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.
- 4 For this he came and dwelt on earth ;
For this his life was given ;
For this he fought, and vanquished death ;
For this he pleads in heaven.
- 5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give ;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

522.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Grateful Remembrance.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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

523.

L. M.

KRISHNA PAL.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not!
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 O no ; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

524.

C. M.

WATTS

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
“ Lord, why was I a guest ? ”
- 3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in ;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 4 Pity the nations, O our God ;
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 5 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

525.

C. M.

WATTS

Christ's Compassion.

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

526.

C. M.

BIRMINGHAM.

New Commandment.

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honored name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

527.

8s & 7s.

EXETER COLL

After Communion.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

528.

H. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Christian Unity.

- 1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity!
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- 2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life forevermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love.

529.

C. M.

WATTS.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 LO, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree!—
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.
- 2 When streams of love, from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and belews the whole,—

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

- 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

530.

C. M.

WESLEY

Unity of Christians.

- 1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up ;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows
We all delight to prove ;
The grace through every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.
- 4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all through Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.
- 5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel —
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.
- 6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet !

531.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Christian Love.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

532.

S. M.

WATTS.

Union and Peace.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blessed above ;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

533.

C. M.

SWAIN.

Christian Sympathy.

- 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word ;—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart ;—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love !

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

534.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

Christian Affection.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What tender love ! what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together shall they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When dimly burns frail nature's fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

535.

L. M.

NEWTON.

Christian Converse.

- 1 KINDRED 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 earthly theme
 When Christians see each other thus ;
 We only wish to speak of Him
 Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
 And hasten on the glorious day
 When we shall meet to part no more.

536.

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 O, HERE, if ever, God of love,
 Let strife and hatred cease,
 And every heart harmonious move,
 And every thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on Him
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
 Thy life of love hath been ;
 The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
 Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 "Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait
 To hear thy cheering call,
 When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
 And God be all in all.

537.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Saints on Earth and in Heaven.

- 1 IN one fraternal bond of love,
 One fellowship of mind,
 The saints below and saints above
 Their bliss and glory find.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

- 2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song ;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole ;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

538.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

The Blessings of Friendship.

- 1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree !
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.
- 2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills,
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

539.

7s.

BURDER.

Fellowship and Praise.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet ;
Christian fellowship, how sweet,
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name !
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love ;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

- 4 Sing we, too; the Spirit's love ;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet ;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

540.

7s.

WESLEY

Christian Union and Love.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace ;
Bid all strife forever cease.
- 2 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word
Wholly like our blessed Lord.
- 3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear ;
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.
- 4 Let us, then, with joy remove
To thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly,
Showing how believers die.

541.

C. M.

WESLEY.

One Church.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream —
The narrow stream — of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 6 O God, be thou our constant Guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

542.

L. M.

WATTS.

Dependence upon Christ.

- 1 BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light —
Till he descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
And binds his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

- 4 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
 Thou art our mighty All, and we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

543.

C. P. M.

OCCEUM.

The New Birth.

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go :
 One solemn truth increased my pain —
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
 While guilt lay heavy on my soul —
 A vast, oppressive load :
 All creature aid I saw was vain ;
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or drink the wrath of God.
- 3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,
 To bring salvation near ;
 Yet still I found this truth remain —
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or sink in deep despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The bleeding Savior passed that way,
 My bondage to remove ;
 The sinner, once by justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

544.

C. M.

WATTS

A Song of Deliverance from Distress.

- 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord ;
 He bowed to hear my cry ;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay ;
And from my bonds released my feet —
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

545.

C. M.

WATTS.

Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord ; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan :
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord ; he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away :
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed ;
He bade my pains remove :
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.
- 4 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears ;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

546.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Assistance of Grace.

- 1 AMAZING grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace, hath 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.

547.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

548.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Raise the mount ; O, fix me on it —
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home. .
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee,
- 6 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.

549.

L. M.

WATTS.

Excellences of Christ described.

- 1 WHEN strangers stand, and hear me tell
What beauties in my Savior dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown ;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace, —
- 3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand ;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engrossed my warmest love ;
No earthly charms my soul can move ;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shal. make us part.

- 5 O, may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my love.

550.

S. M. .

DODDRIDGE.

Rejoicing.

- 1 NOW let our voices join
To raise a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 See, flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And loved companions sing.
- 3 See, Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 4 All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way,
To Him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

551.

7s.

BARBAULD.

Devout Joy.

- 1 "JOY to those that love the Lord!"
Saith the sure, eternal word ;
Not of earth the joy it brings,
Tempered in celestial springs.
- 2 'Tis the joy of pardoned sin
When we feel 'tis well within ;
'Tis the joy that fills the breast
When the passions sink to rest.
- 3 'Tis a joy that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh and weep ;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.

- 4 Tenderer is the form it wears,
Touched in love, dissolved in tears,
When, subdued at Jesus' feet,
Sinners clasp the mercy seat.
- 5 Joy e'en here; a budding flower,
Struggling with the storm and shower,
Till, its season to expand,
Planted in its native land.

552.

L. M.

WATTS.

Presence of Christ.

- 1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!
- 2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and soul employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

553.

C. M.

WATTS.

Spiritual and eternal Joys.

- 1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove ;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

554.

L. M.

WATTS.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

555.

C. M.

COWPER.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one —
My Savior — thou art mine.
- 4 What thanks I owe thee, and what love !
A boundless, endless store ;
Thy praise shall sound through realms above
When time shall be no more.

556.

L. M.

WATTS.

Pleasures of a good Conscience.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow !
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

557.

S. M.

WATTS.

Abba, Father.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed

- On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry.
And thou the kindred own.

558.

C. M.

WATTS.

The happy Christian.

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

559.

S. M.

WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

560.

C. M.

WATTS.

Parting with earthly Joys.

- 1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell ;
On things of sense why fix my sight ?
Why on its pleasures dwell ?
- 2 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire ;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more ;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

- 4 O for the pinions of a dove,
 T' ascend the heavenly road ;
 There shall I share my Savior's love,
 There shall I dwell with God.

561.

P. M.

WINCHELL.

The Christian's Peace.

- 1 HOW peaceful is the Christian's breast !
 Though by distressing cares oppressed,
 How bright his prospects shine !
 If comforts fly, or friends decay,
 Or clouds obstruct the cheering ray
 Which lights him on his heavenly way,
 He sees the hand divine.
- 2 He knows in heaven there dwells a Friend,
 Who lives, though life and time shall end,
 And nature's reign be o'er ;
 Whose smiles the weary soul shall share ;
 Whose love shall crown the pilgrim there ;
 Nor aught of anguish, aught of care,
 Disturb his passions more.

562.

8s, 7s, & 4.

OLIVER.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land :
 I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;

Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

563.

L. M.

CHR. MEL.

Fear of Man discarded.

- 1 SHALL I, to gain the world's applause
 Or to escape its harmless frown,
 Refuse, my Lord, to plead thy cause,
 And make thy people's lot my own?
- 2 No, let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me, if they will;
 If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still.
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile?
 The terrors of his anger what?
 Like grass he flourishes a while,
 And soon his place shall know him not.

564.

C. M.

WATTS

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 1 I'M not ashamed 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.

565.

L. M.

GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

566.

C. M.

KIRKHAM.

Bearing Shame for Christ.

- 1 DIDST thou, dear Savior, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

567.

C. M.

WATTS

Character and Happiness of the Christian.

- 1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word
And practise thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek thee, **Lord,**
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

568.

S. M.

WATT

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

- *1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways ;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place ;—
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root ;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ,
His works are heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race :
They no such blessings find ;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind

569.

L. M.

WATTS.

Repentance and free Pardon.

- 1 BLESSED is the man, forever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Savior's blood.
- 2 From guile his heart and lips are free ;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 3 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins !
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

570.

C. P. M.

STEELE.

Worldliness lamented.

- 1 THE mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things ;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold, oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.
- 2 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul : O, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to every tempting snare,
Heaven calls, and I must go.
- 3 Heaven calls, and can I yet delay ?
Can aught on earth engage my stay ?
Ah, wretched, lingering heart !
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

571. 8s & 7s. (Peculiar.) ANON

Looking to Things unseen and eternal.

- 1 O, LAY not up upon this earth
Your hope, your joy, your treasure ;
Here sorrow clouds the pilgrim's path,
And blights each opening pleasure.
- 2 Earth's joys like dewdrops fade away ;
Like clouds its visions vanish ;
Above no night can chase the day ;
Those joys no change can banish.
- 3 All, all below must fade and die ;
The dearest hopes we cherish,
Scenes touched with brightest radiancy,
Are all decreed to perish.
- 4 Then, man, be wise ; thy constant care
To purer joys be given,
Nor let delusive objects share
The place of bliss and heaven.
- 5 Let things unseen, with potent force,
Alone possessing merit,
Lead upward to its holy source
Thy pure, immortal spirit.

572. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL

They shall walk and not faint.

- 1 SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The workings of his hands.
- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the sinking heart,
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

- 4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
 The path of life divine,
 With growing ardor onward move,
 With growing brightness shine.
- 5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar ;
 Their wings are faith and love ;
 Till, past the cloudy regions here,
 They rise to heaven above.

573.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pious Resolutions.

- 1 O THAT thy statutes every hour
 Might dwell upon my mind !
 Thence I derive a quickening power,
 And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;
 Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
 If thou my heart discharge
 From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
 And set my feet at large !
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
 Thy statutes and thy name ;
 I'll speak thy word though kings should hear,
 Nor yield to sinful shame.

574.

L. M.

STEELE.

The noblest Resolution.

- 1 MAY I resolve, with all my heart,
 With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 O, be his service all my joy ;
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice —
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways :
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to love thy praise

575.

L. M.

WATTS

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior, God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

576.

S. M.

WATTS.

Daily Devotion.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

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

577.

C. M.

WATTS.

Constant Converse with God.

- 1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray ;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.
- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace ;
Thy promise bears me up ;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.
- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee ;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.
- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

578.

S. M.

WATTS.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

- 1 I LIFT my soul to God ;
My trust is in his name ;
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth ;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind ;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 5 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame ;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

579.

C. M.

WATTS

Seeking God.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise ;
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Savior's blood.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

580.

L. M.

WATTS.

Heavenly Aspirations.

- 1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts ascend on high ;
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 O, might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
How vain a thing this world would be !
How empty all its fleeting joys !
- 3 Great All in all, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

581.

C. M.

STEELE.

Prayer for Submission.

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

582.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pleading with God.

- 1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear ;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.
- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace ?
Does not my heart address thy throne ?
And yet thy love delays.
- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail ;
O, bear thy servant up ;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
That dare reproach my hope.
- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord ?
Then let thy truth appear :
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

583.

C. M.

WATTS.

The true Improvement of Life.

- 1 AND is this life prolonged to me ?
Are days and seasons given ?
O, let me, then, prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.
- 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone :
Lord, I accept thine offered grace ;
I bow before thy throne.
- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin
By my Redeemer's blood ;
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honors of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys ;
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
 The wonders of thy praise,
 And spread the savor of thy name
 Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine,
 And when I leave this state,
 May heaven receive this soul of mine
 To bliss supremely great.

584.

C. M.

WATTS.

God searching the Heart.

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

585.

S. M.

HOSKINS.

Formal.

- 1 RELIGION'S form is vain
 While we deny its power ;
 What will the hypocrite obtain
 In death's tremendous hour ?
- 2 Now he may credit gain,
 And in his affluence roll ;
 But all his profit will be pain
 When God shall take his soul.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 Then O, what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away !
- 4 Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere,
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

586.

L. M.

WATTS.

Things of good Report.

- 1 IS it a thing of good report
To squander life and time away ?
To cut the hours of duty short,
While toys and follies waste the day ?
- 2 Doth this become the Christian name,
To venture near the tempter's door ?
To sort with men of evil fame,
And yet presume to stand secure ?
- 3 Am I my own sufficient guard,
While I expose my soul to shame ?
Can the short joys of sin reward
The lasting blemish of my name ?
- 4 O, may it be my constant choice
To walk with men of grace below,
Till I arrive where heavenly joys
And never-fading honors grow.

587.

C. M.

WATTS.

Difficulty and Dependence.

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high :
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

- 3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
 Fulfil a task so hard?
 Thy grace must all the work perform,
 And give the free reward.

588.

C. M.

ANON.

In Darkness.

- 1 O, HOW can praise my tongue employ,
 While darkness reigns within?
 How can my tongue exult for joy,
 Which feels this load of sin?
- 2 If falling tears and rising sighs
 In triumph share a part,
 Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
 And search this bleeding heart.
- 3 My soul forgets to use her wings;
 My harp neglected lies;
 And sin has broken all its strings,
 And guilt shuts up my joys.
- 4 The power, the sweetness of thy voice
 Alone my heart can move;
 Make me, in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,
 And melt my soul to love.

589.

C. M.

WATTS.

Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord;
 And still how weak our faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 How cold and feeble is our love!
 How negligent our fear!
 How low our hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!
- 3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in each heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

590.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Inconstancy lamented.

- 1 THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Are emblems of the fickle mind ;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Only a faint resemblance bear ;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.
- 3 Our outward walk and inward frame
Are scarcely through an hour the same ;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.
- 4 With contrite hearts, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness :
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee ?

591.

L. M.

OBERLIN

Christian Stability.

- 1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

592.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Secret Self-Examination.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

593.

S. M.

WATTS.

Safety in God.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To Heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head ;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

594.

C. M.

WATTS.

Desertion and Hope.

- 1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look ;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again ?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days ;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
- 4 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load ?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God ?
- 5 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove ;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

595.

L. M.

CHR. MEL.

Desiring the Presence of Christ.

- 1 WHEN, O my Savior, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart,
But live around that hallowed place ?
- 2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there ;
All earthly joys, compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 O, could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,
No fond allurements should beguile
A heart so privileged, so blest.
- 4 Come, then, my Savior, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove ;
Recall me to thine arms again,
And bind me there with cords of love.

596.

L. M.

FAWCETT.

The Christian Pilgrim.

- 1 THROUGH this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 2 My soul, with various tempests tossed,
Her fairest hopes and projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?
- 4 'Tis even so ; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

597.

8s & 7s.

TOPLADY.

Prayer for Light.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, of life and light Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scatter all the night of nature ;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart ;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 4 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou God of peace and love ;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

598.

L. M.

WATTS.

Trusting in God in Times of Despondency.

- 1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord ;
But I will call thy grace to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove ;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low ;
Why should my soul indulge in grief ?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;
He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 4 O God, thou art my hope, my joy ;
Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill.

599.

C. M.

STEELE.

Trusting God in Darkness.

- 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan ;
To thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the mournful night be gone ?
And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God, O, could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend,
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend, —

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 By every name of power and love
I would thy grace entreat ;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here I would rest till light returns ;
Thy presence makes my day.

600.

8s, 7s, & 4.

FAWCETT.

Hope encouraged.

- 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness ?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness ;
Bid thy restless fears be gone ;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin ;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee ;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

601.

C. M.

STEELE.

Thirsting after God.

- 1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream.
- 2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

3 O, may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire ;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
My mourning voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

602.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Panting after God.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine !

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To hymns of grateful joy.

603.

L. M.

WESLEY.

Enjoyment of Christ's Love.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray !
All pain before its presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 O, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind ;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

Diffuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace ;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

604.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Mourning over departed Comforts.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Savior's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail ;
O, make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail ;
Let me that mercy share.

605.

7s.

WESLEY.

Fleeing to Christ.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
- 2 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

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 stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

606.

C. M.

STERLE.

Comfort in God.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

607.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

- 1 MY 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 ;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To meet my gracious Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

608.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

Prayer for indwelling Grace.

- 1 O, MAY my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.
- 2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve me safe from every sin,
Through my remaining days,
And let each virtue in me shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

609.

C. M.

AVELING.

Fear not.

- 1 WHENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll,
And trials whelm the mind,

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul
No joys on earth can find,
Then lift thy voice to God on high,
Dry up the trembling tear,
And hush the low, complaining sigh :
“Fear not ;” thy God is near.

2 When dark temptations spread their snares,
And earth with charms allures,
And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
The world’s assault endures,
Then let thy Father’s friendly voice
Thy fainting spirit cheer,
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice :
“Fear not ;” thy God is near.

3 And when the final hour shall come,
That calls thee to thy rest,
To dwell within thy heavenly home,
A welcome, joyful guest,
Be calm ; though Jordan’s waves may roll,
No ills shall meet thee there ;
Angels shall whisper to thy soul,
“Fear not ;” thy God is near.

610.

C. M.

WATTS.

Strength and Protection from God.

- 1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where’s our courage fled ?
Has restless sin or raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot th’ almighty name
That formed the earth and sea ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?
- 3 Almighty strength and boundless grace
In our Jehovah dwell ;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And dooms their foes to hell.

- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
 And youthfu' vigor cease ;
 But we, that wait upon the Lord,
 Shall feel our strength increase.

611.

L. M. 6 L.

BOWRING.

Trust in God.

- 1 O, LET my trembling soul be still,
 While darkness veils this mortal eye,
 And wait thy wise, thy holy will :
 Wrapped yet in fears and mystery,
 I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see ;
 Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.
- 2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
 Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
 I can discern thy light afar,
 Thy light, sweet beaming through thy frown ;
 And, should I faint a moment, then
 I think of thee, and smile again.
- 3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
 The narrow path of duty on :
 What though some cherished joys are fled,
 What though some flattering dreams are gone ?
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain :
 Why should my spirit, then, complain ?

612.

C. M.

COWPER.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

613.

C. M.

SAB. RECREATIONS.

Resignation.

- 1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

614.

L. M.

NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

- 1 MY God, I thank thee ; may no thought
E'er deem a Father's hand severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a thro' of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let humble faith adore thy will.

615.

C. M.

ANON.

Trust in the Lord.

- 1 MY soul, why sink when griefs oppress,
Or start when fears alarm ?
Trust in the Lord in thy distress ;
Thy refuge is his arm.
- 2 Though hope and joy have from thee flown
And left thee to despair,
Trust in the Lord ; in him alone
Repose thine every care.
- 3 What though the floods may near thee roll,
The sky grow darker still ?
Trust in the Lord ; he keeps thy soul,
And storms obey his will.
- 4 How oft, when pressed by mighty foes,
Did no escape appear !
Trust in the Lord thou didst repose,
And came off conqueror.

616.

L. M.

STEELE.

Faith in God in Time of Distress.

- 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the ripening grain ; —
- 2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famished master die,
And hope itself, expiring, weep,
Whilst life deplores its last supply ; —
- 3 Amidst the dark, the deathful scene,
If I can say, The Lord is mine,

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

- 4 The God of my salvation lives ;
My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my hope or trust be vain.

617.

C. M.

LOGAN.

Rejoicing in Adversity.

- 1 WHAT though no flowers the fig tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply ; —
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see ;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be ; —
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love ;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.
- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy ;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

618.

L. M.

WATTS.

Deriving Strength from Christ.

- 1 LET me but hear my Savior say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

- 3 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
 When I am weak, then am I strong ;
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

619.

C. M.

WATTS.

Protection and Safety.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
 And fixed as mountains be,
 Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
 That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love
 That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gates of paradise,
 Where Christ their Lord is gone.

620.

S. M.

WESLEY

Committing our Ways unto the Lord.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy ways
 And troubles to his hands —
 To his sure truth and tender care
 Who earth and heaven commands ; —
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey :
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God ;
 In duty's path go on ;
 Fix on his word thy steadfast eye ;
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care :
 To him commend thy cause ; his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

- 5 Give to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismayed :
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 6 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way :
 Wait thou his time — thy darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.

621.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Security in God.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliverance he affords to all
 Who make his name their trust.
- 3 O, make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

622.

L. M.

GRMS

The Presence of God.

- 1 O THOU by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide,
 My Lord, how full of sweet content
 I pass my years of banishment !
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
 To souls impressed with sacred love ;
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee —
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

- 3 To me remains nor place nor time ;
 My country is in every clime :
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none ;
 But with my God to guide my way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

623.

C. M.

STEELE.

Seeking all in God.

- 1 SOURCE of eternal joys divine,
 To thee my soul aspires ;
 O, could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
 'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
 Assure me of thy love ;
 O, speak the kind, transporting word,
 And bid my fears remove.
- 3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
 And triumph in my God,
 Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
 To spread thy praise abroad.

624.

L. M.

WATTS.

Security in God.

- 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee, my God !
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

625.

C. M.

BEDDOMR.

Security and Comfort in God.

- 1 THIS world would be a wilderness
If banished, Lord, from thee ;
And heaven, without thy smiling face,
Would be no heaven to me.
- 2 My Friend art thou where'er I go,
The object of my love,
My kind Protector here below,
And my reward above.
- 3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
Thou art my sure relief ;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And tell thee all my grief.
- 4 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
I find in thee a hiding-place,
And there securely rest.

626.

C. M.

WATTS.

God resorted to in Trouble.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires ;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

627.

S. M.

TOPLADY.

Encouragement.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

628.

S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Ark of Safety.

- 1 O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God ;
Behold the open door ;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

629.

C. M. PHILLIPS'S SERV. BOON

Thunder Storm.

- 1 THE thunder bursts ; its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake ;
And, in terrific splendor bright,
The gathered lightnings break.
- 2 Yet doth not God behold thee still
With all-surveying eye ?
Doth not his power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high ?
- 3 Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast ;
Why should we tremble e'en to die,
And be with him at last ?

630.

L. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Love to Christ.

- 1 THERE'S not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.
- 2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile ;
I see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 3 I see him, in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek ;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to seek.
- 4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid ;
I hear him in the frequent sigh
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

- 5 I meet him at the lowly tomb ;
 I weep where Jesus wept before ;
 And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
 I see him rise, and weep no more.

631.

C. M.

EXETER COLL.

The Influence of habitual Piety.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord ;
 His well-established mind,
 In every varying scene of life,
 Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
 His heavenward footsteps lie ;
 But on a glorious world beyond
 His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,
 And sorrows round him dwell,
 Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
 That all shall issue well.

632.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Dead to the World.

- 1 BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
 I hold my frail abode,
 Still would my spirit rest on thee,
 My Savior and my God.
- 2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
 Then raise them to thy seat,
 Till love dissolves my inmost soul
 At my Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms ;
 Be dead to every sin ;
 And tell the boldest foe without
 That Jesus reigns within.

633.

L. M.

ROSCOE.

The Solace of Faith.

- 1 WHEN human hopes and joys depart,
I give thee, Lord, a contrite heart ;
And on my weary spirit steal
The thoughts that pass all earthly weal.
- 2 I cast above my tearful eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies,
And think that He who governs there
Still keeps me in his guardian care.
- 3 I gaze upon the opening flower,
Just moistened with the evening shower,
And bless the love which made it bloom
To chase away my transient gloom.
- 4 I think, whene'er this mortal frame
Returns again to whence it came,
My soul shall wing its happy flight
To regions of eternal light.

634.

C. M.

BROWN.

God a Refuge.

- 1 THOU art my refuge, O my God ;
In thee I safely trust :
Sweet comforts flow from thy blest word,
The solace of the just.
- 2 When waves of trouble near me roll,
And tempests round me roar,
In thy pavilion hide my soul,
Until the storm be o'er.
- 3 At thy command did waves subside,
When, on the stormy sea,
His bark the pilot could not guide,
And none could save but thee.
- 4 While tossed by winds far from the shore,
By waves and tempests driven,
Pilot my bark the surges o'er,
And give me rest in heaven.

635.

6s & 4s.

R PALMER.

Christ our Confidence.

- 1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary :
Savior divine,
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

636.

S. M.

WATTS.

Preserving Grace.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom, with power, belongs ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

637.

L. M.

J. E. SMITH.

"It is I; be not afraid."

- 1 WHEN Power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."
- 2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove —
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 God calms the tumult and the storm ;
He rules the seraph and the worm ;
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know or know him not.
- 4 And when the last, dread hour shall come,
While trembling Nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead —
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

638.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Fear not.

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears ;
Be mercy all your theme ;
For mercy like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell ;
God will those powers restrain ;
His arm will all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good ;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.
- 4 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Nor death's relentless sting :
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

639.

C. M.

WATTS.

Following departed Worthies.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod ;
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

640.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Following departed Worthies.

- 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod ;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe ;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
That led them safe to heaven.

641.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Sitting at the Cross.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 3 Truly blesséd is this station ;
Low before his cross I lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 4 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

642.

C. M.

J. RYLAND.

Delight in God.

- 1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee ;
I triumph and adore ;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please thee more.

643.

L. M.

GIBBONS.

Rising to God.

- 1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

644.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

Living to Christ.

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

645.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Self-Denial for Christ.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 4 Savior of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

646.

C. M.

ANON.

Religion a Comforter and Guide.

- 1 RELIGION'S dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul ;
And every fear shall cease to rage
At her divine control.
- 2 Through life's bewildered, darksome way
Her hand unerring leads,
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.
- 3 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
This blest supporter of the mind
Affords a powerful aid.
- 4 O, may our hearts confess her power,
And find a sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

647.

C. M.

WESLEY.

New Heart desired.

- 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 resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne!
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

648.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Desires for Holiness.

- 1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

649.

S. M.

MASON.

Purity of Heart.

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

650.

S. M.

ANON.

Consecration to God.

- 1 LORD, help me to resign
My doubting heart to thee,
And whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.
- 2 My only aim be this —
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.
- 3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care ;
Thy great compassion never fails ;
Thou hear'st my humble prayer.
- 4 So will I firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

651.

C. M.

WESLEY.

Believers' Rest.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone ; —
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

- 5 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 And seal me thine abode ;
 Let all I am in thee be lost ;
 Let all be lost in God.

652.

C. M.

BARTON.

*Walk in the Light.**

- 1 WALK in the light ; so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ; and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly his
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light ; and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light ; and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear ;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light ; thy path shall be
 Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is light.

653.

6s & 10s.

MARTINEAU'S COLL.

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 THOU, who didst stoop below,
 To drain the cup of woe,
 And wear the form of frail mortality,
 Thy blesséd labors done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
 Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high.
- 2 It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,

Belovéd of the Father, thou didst tread ;
 And shall we, in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife ;
 Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed ;
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Savior, which doth lead to thee.

654.

7s & 6s.

GEMS.

Looking forward.

- 1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
 From every transient joy,
 From every mortal treasure,
 That soon will fade and die,
 No longer these desiring,
 Upward our wishes tend,
 To nobler bliss aspiring,
 And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow
 That heaves our breast to-day,
 Or threatens us to-morrow,
 Hope turns our eyes away ;
 On wings of faith ascending,
 We see the land of light,
 And feel our sorrows ending
 In infinite delight.
- 3 'Tis true, we are but strangers
 And pilgrims here below ;

And countless snares and dangers
 Surround the path we go ;
 Though painful and distressing,
 Yet there's a rest above ;
 And onward still we're pressing,
 To reach that land of love.

655. 7s & 6s. (Peculiar.) CENNICK.

The Christian Pilgrimage.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Savior will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

656. C. M. BARBAULD.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground
 We seek that promised soil ;

- The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears ;
 Yet nought but Heaven our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod ;
 We bear the cross he bore ;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet
 His temples pierced before.
- 4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
 In ecstasies of love ;
 And while our bodies wander here,
 Our souls are fixed above.
- 5 We purge our mortal dross away,
 Refining as we run ;
 But while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heaven is here begun.

657.

L. M.

KELLY.

Pilgrim's future Home.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here :"
 This may distress the worldly mind,
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here :"
 Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer —
 "We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here :"
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here :"
 We seek a city out of sight ;
 Zion its name ; the Lord is there ;
 It shines with everlasting light.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

658.

C. M.

WATTS.

This Life a Pilgrimage.

- 1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply —
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy !
- 2 Our journey is a thorny maze ;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.
- 3 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come ;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travellers home.
- 4 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.
- 5 Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

659.

C. M.

DODDGE

Divine Guidance

- 1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace —
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With such a sinful race.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight :
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.
- 3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam ;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Will soon convey me home.
- 4 With joy my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the messenger of death,
That bids it rise to God.

660.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Following after God.

- 1 O GOD, thou art my God alone ;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God ;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways ;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.
- 3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember, on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee ?
- 5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy, I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

661.

8s, 7s, & 4.

ANON

Pleading the Promises.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O, gently lead us
 Through this lowly vale of tears ;
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears :
 O, refresh us —
 O, refresh us with thy grace.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us
 From without and from within,
 Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
 But will save from every sin :
 Therefore praise him —
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee —
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God :
 Therefore praise him —
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 O that I could now adore him
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who forever bow before him,
 And, unceasing, sing his love !
 Happy songsters,
 When shall I your chorus join ?

662.

L. M.

ENG. BAP. COLL-

God the Guardian of his Children.

- 1 MY God, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide me safe through every storm ;
 Defend me from each threatening ill,
 Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."
- 2 Through all this life's tempestuous sea,
 Still let my soul repose on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Protect thy children from despair.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 4 Yet is their lot most blest and fair ;
Each is of heaven the happy heir ;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such blessedness to boast.

663.

C. M.

WATTS.

Earthly Pleasures dangerous.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood, —
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

664.

L. M.

STEELE.

Sufficiency of Grace.

- 1 IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind ;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?
- 3 Arise, my thoughts ; my heart, arise ;
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies ;
There purest joys forever last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.
- 4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart ;
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasure perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wing of time.

665.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Vanity of the World.

- 1 BE thou, O Lord, my treasure here,
And fix my thoughts above ;
Unveil thy glories to my view,
And bid me taste thy love.
- 2 The world how mean, with all its store,
Compared with thee, my Lord !
Its vain and fleeting joys how few !
How little they afford !
- 3 The goods of earth are empty things,
And pleasures soon decay ;
Its honors are but noisy breath,
And sceptres pass away.
- 4 Ye vain and glittering toys, begone ;
Ye false delights, adieu ;
My glorious Lord fills all the space,
And leaves no room for you.

666.

C. M.

J. RYLAND.

Hinder me not.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue ;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I mus' go with you.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 Through floods and flames if Jesus lead,
I'd follow where he goes ;
"Hinder me not" shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
"Hinder me not ;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be —
"Hinder me not ;" come, welcome, death ;
I'll gladly go with thee.

667.

L. M.

WATTS. -

The heavenly Race.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint ;—
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

668. .

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye ; —
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

669.

C. M.

WATTS

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross ?
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst 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 vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they lie ;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

670.

L. M.

WATIS.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Savior nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

671.

C. M.

ANON.

The whole Armor.

- 1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling ;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw ;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road ;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.
- 5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne ;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

672.

S. M.

WESLEY.

The Christian's Warfare.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on ;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

673.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Encouragement to Faithfulness.

- 1 OUR Captain leads us on ;
He beckons from the skies ;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."
3 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive ;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God will freely give.

674

6s & 5s.

ANON.

Be firm and be faithful.

- 1 BE firm and be faithful ;
Desert not the right ;
The brave become bolder
The darker the night :
Then up and be doing,
Though cowards may fail ;
Thy duty pursuing,
Dare all, and prevail.
2 If scorn be thy portion,
If hatred and loss,
If stripes and if prisons,
Remember the cross :
Desert life or treasure,
But never the right ;
The pain shall give pleasure,
And God shall requite.

675.

S. M.

BULFINCH.

The Use of present Opportunities.

- 1 CHILDREN of light, awake ;
At Jesus' call arise,
Forth with your Leader to partake
His toils, his victories.
2 Ye must not idly stand,
His sacred voice who hear,
Arm for the strife the feeble hand,
The holy standard rear.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

3 Nought doth the world afford,
But toil must be the price;
Wilt thou not, servant of the Lord,
Then toil for paradise?

4 Awake, ye sons of light;
Strive till the prize be won;
Far spent already is the night;
The day comes brightening on.

676.

L. M.

WATTS.

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine.

2 But O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

677.

L. M.

E. PLACB

Christ's Lamentation over Jerusalem.

1 IN robes of spring was nature dressed,
When Jesus to Mount Zion came;
The multitude his praise confessed,
And sung hosannas to his name.

2 Full well he knew the sinful state
Of those who had refused his call;
Full well he knew the dreadful fate
That soon must on that city fall.

3 Thus he laments their awful doom:
"O, hadst thou known, in this thy day,
The things that to thy peace belong—
But now from thee have passed away."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 4 Thus let each saint most deeply feel
For all who slight the gospel now,
Till Christ shall his free grace reveal,
And nations to his sceptre bow.

678.

L. M.

KELLY

The Remembrance of Zion.

- 1 O ZION, when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh :
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see the Savior eye to eye.
- 3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are like myself with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But we shall yet behold the day
When Zion's children shall return ;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captives' portion sweet ;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

679.

L. M. 6 L.

MONTGOMERY.

Zion in Captivity.

- 1 WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sat down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys, in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled forever from our eyes.
- 2 Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

The chords, untuned and trembling, rung,
With mournful music, on the wind,
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, "Sing us one of Zion's songs."

- 3 How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land?
If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem, forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

680.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

Weeping over Sinners.

- 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
Dissolve in grief, my streaming eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandal poured on Jesus' name ;
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone.
- 3 My God, I feel the mournful scene,
And yearn with grief o'er dying men ;
My soul in travail deep shall strive,
Till sinners turn to Christ and live.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
And melt those stony hearts with love ;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

681.

C. M.

V. G. RAMSEY

Sorrow for Sinners.

- 1 DEAR Lord, I see how sinful men
Thy proffered grace abuse ;
And O, the wages of their guilt
My soul with anguish views.
- 2 Thou, thou alone hast seen my tears,
And heard my constant prayer,

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

For those whose feet, with rapid steps,
Are hastening to despair.

3 They spurn thy love, defy thy law,
And live devoid of fear :

I would that they were wise to see
Destruction drawing near.

4 Teach thou my lips such words of power
As shall their spirits move ;
Help me to tell how just thou art,
And yet how full of love.

5 And, as they view th' avenging sword,
Help them, O Lord, to flee,
And, in the shadow of thy cross,
To make their peace with thee.

682.

L. M.

V. G. RAMSEY.

Sorrow for Zion.

1 SIT thou in sackcloth, O my soul ;
Before thy God in sorrow bow ;
For captive Zion mourns in chains,
With ashes on her crownless brow.

2 They tell me that her fallen walls
And broken gates in ruin lie ;
Her holy temple, burned with fire,
The scorn of every passer by.

3 Before their foes her children fly,
A vanquished, a divided band ;
On every wind they pour their sighs ;
They drop their tears in every land.

4 For Zion's sake, O God, arise ;
Redeem us from our shame and fear :
Then shall our foes no longer say,
" Where is their God ? " when thou appear.

683.

8s, 7s, & 4.

V. G. RAMSEY.

Zion's captive Daughters.

1 O THAT floods of bitter waters
From my weeping eyes might flow.

Mourning o'er the captive daughters
 Of my people, fallen low !
 Fallen, fallen ;
 Now the scorn of every foe.

2 Garments radiant as the morning,
 Pure, she wore with angel grace ;
 Love and truth the bright adorning
 Of her fair and glorious face :
 O, how fallen,
 That her beauties leave no trace !

3 Self-destroyed and Heaven-forsaken,
 Ye who love her, weep and pray ;
 It may be that God will hearken
 To our crying night and day,
 And restore her,
 Washing all her guilt away.

684.

S. M.

V. G. RAMSEY.

Anxiety for Kindred and Friends.

1 AN awful day draws near ;
 A storm of wrath must fall :
 O, how shall those I love appear
 Before the Judge of all !

2 The path of death they choose,
 And boldly walk therein ;
 My soul with deepest sorrow views
 Their danger and their sin.

3 Careless they press the brink
 Of infinite despair ;
 Can I endure to see them sink
 In hopeless ruin there ?

4 I pour unceasing tears ;
 By day and night I cry ;
 Almighty Father, hear my prayers,
 Nor let these sinners die.

685.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Kindness to Christ's Brethren.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties how complete !
How shall we count the matchless sum !
How pay the mighty debt !
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress
Our Savior's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see ;
O, rather let us beg our bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

686.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Sympathy with the Distressed.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies ;
And, 'midst th' embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Savior flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

687.

C. M.

WATTS.

Kindness to the Poor.

- 1 HOW blest is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands ;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands !
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.
- 4 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord ;
Sweet peace on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

688.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Tender Regard for the Poor.

- 1 HAPPY, forever happy he
Whose heart is cleansed from sin ;
His life is from reproaches free,
His conscience is serene.
- 2 Remote from anger, noise, and strife,
Submissive and resigned,
He leads a holy, peaceful life,
Is loved of all mankind.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 With tender pity for the poor,
He hears their plaintive cries,
And, out of his increasing store,
Their urgent want supplies.
- 4 In sickness God will soothe his grief,
And be his constant Friend ;
At death will yield him kind relief,
And crown his journey's end.

689.

L. M.

WATTS.

Blessedness of the Righteous.

- 1 BLEST are the men whose mercies move
To acts of kindness and of love ;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
Who never tread the ways of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God — the God of peace.
- 4 Blest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Eternal life is their reward.

690.

L. M.

WATTS.

Active Obedience.

- 1 AWAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Savior here below,
In works which perfect saints above
And holy angels cannot do.
- 2 Awake, my charity, and feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor ;
In heaven are found no sons of need ;
There all these duties are no more.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- 3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul ;
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue ;
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.
- 4 The land of triumph lies on high ;
There are no foes t' encounter there :
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.
- 5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown,
And when my life and labors cease,
May I possess the promised crown.

691.

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Heavenly Treasures.

- 1 WITH mines of wealth are sinners poor,
Unblessing and unbled ;
But rich the man, whate'er his store,
Of inward peace possessed.
- 2 At tender pity's urgent call,
His mite is gladly given ;
Though poor the gift, the offering small,
Its record stands in heaven.
- 3 Ne'er shall he be in life bereft
Of God's protecting care,
Nor yet his duteous offspring left
Unsolaced ills to bear.
- 4 And mark the Christian's dying hour—
No fears, no doubts annoy ;
His trust is in his Father's power,
His end is peace and joy.

692.

8s & 7s. (Peculiar.)

ANON

Leaving a Portion for the Poor.

- 1 WHEN thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scattered ears behind :

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

- 2 When thine olive plants, increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er the plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the boughs again :
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.
- 3 When thy favored vintage, flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But the vines the poor shall glean :
So thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

693.

C. M.

W. CROSWELL.

Imitation of Christ's Kindness.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Savior went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill ;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the offerings we can make ;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Savior's sake,
They lose not their reward.

694.

L. M.

STEELE.

Example of the Savior.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
So let our conversation be ;

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

- The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes —
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O, how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humanity and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
If, then, we love our Savior's name,
Then let us our relation prove.

695.

L. M. ENG. BAP. COLL.

"Who went about doing good."

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
His constant works from day to day
Were miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race.
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 He to no noble purpose lives
Who much receives, but nothing gives ;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Savior trod —
The path to glory and to God.

696.

L. M.

ANON.

Liberality rewarded.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose generous heart
Glows with the living flame of love,
Who freely with his wealth can part,
To honor Him who reigns above.
- 2 Ten thousand blessings on his head
From heaven shall fall as gentle dew,
And living water, living bread,
Sustain him all life's journey through.
- 3 "Give," saith the Lord, "I will repay :
The silver and the gold are mine ;
Such measure as ye mete to-day
I'll measure out to thee and thine."

697.

S. M.

SIGOURNEY.

Active Piety.

- 1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil ;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore ;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.
- 4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.
- 5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

698.

C. M.

BOWDEN.

Active Benevolence.

- 1 WHAT shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness man can yield
Extendeth not to thee.
- 2 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair,
And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.
- 3 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad;
The hungry soul we'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.
- 4 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
May our example shine,
Till others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

699.

7s.

AVON.

Seeking the Lost.

- 1 WHERE the lost and wretched are,
Where they stray from duty far,
Where they tread the brink of woe,
There our willing footsteps go.
- 2 There we pray, and plead, and weep,
While, alas! the guilty sleep;
When awakened spirits move,
Then we speak of Jesus' love.
- 3 Lord, our help on thee is laid
All our hope is from thy aid:
Crown our works with grace divine.
All the glory will be thine.

700.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Active Effort to do Good.

- 1 SOW in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broadcast it o'er the land ;—
- 2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home !"

701.

8s & 7s.

CHR. PSALMIST.

Sowing and Reaping.

- 1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.
- 2 Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine ;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed ; be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou mayst reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening !
See the rising grain appear ;
Look again ; the fields are whitening
Sure the harvest time is near.

702.

L. M.

WATTS.

Who shall dwell with God?

- 1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below;—
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;
And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 4 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

703.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Gratitude and Hope.

- 1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by thy God.
- 2 Through every winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And in his long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of time,
Thy courts on earth I love;
But O, I burn with strong desire
To dwell with thee above.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

- 5 There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore,
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.



PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

704.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

705.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 2 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

4 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

706.

C. M.

BEDDOME

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast,
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

707.

11s & 10s.

SPIR. SONGS.

Invitation to the Mercy Seat.

1 COME, 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 Heaven cannot heal.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

708.

C. H. M

ANON.

Come, let us pray.

- 1 COME, let us pray ; 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near ;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear :
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace ; let us pray.
- 2 Come, let us pray ; the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer :
Jesus will smile our griefs away ;
O, glorious thought ; come, let us pray.
- 3 Come, let us pray ; the sin-sick soul
Her weight of guilt must feel ;
But hark ! the glorious tidings roll,
Whilst here we humbly kneel :
Jesus will wash that guilt away,
And pardon grant ; then let us pray
- 4 Come, let us pray ; the mercy seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there :
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From Him who loves us ; let us pray.

709.

C. M.

COBBIN.

A Throne of Grace.

- 1 A THRONE of grace ! then let us go
And offer up our prayer ;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.
- 2 A throne of grace ! O, at that throne
Our knees have often bent ;
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.
- 3 A throne of grace ! rejoice, ye saints ;
That throne is open still ;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.
- 4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath,
A Savior, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.
- 5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

710.

S. M.

NEWTON.

Coming boldly to the Throne of Grace.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls us near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
We ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

- 4 Teach us to live by faith ;
Conform our will to thine ;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 5 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll cheerful leave,
And find our heaven in thee.

711.

C. M.

ANON.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

712.

L. M.

STEELE.

Breathing after God.

- 1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 He hears the breathings of desire ;
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
And hope to reach his gracious ear.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye ;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan ;
He recommends each broken prayer ;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

713:

S. M.

SAC. LYRICS

Morning Prayer Meeting.

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer !
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light ;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

714.

7s & 6s.

EDIN. LIT. REV.

Pray without ceasing.

- 1 GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare —
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer :
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall ;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

715.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near ;
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

716.

C. M.

JUDSON.

Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name ;
Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.
- 2 Give us this day our daily bread ;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not ;
From evil set us free ;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

717.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O, let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

718.

C. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

Watch and pray.

- 1 THE Savior bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.
- 2 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife ;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day ;
Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Savior bids us watch and pray ;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.
- 4 O Savior, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

719.

S. M.

HEATH.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down :

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

720.

L. M. 6 L.

WESLEY

Circumspection.

- 1 WATCHED by the world's malignant eye
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart ;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

721.

C. M.

STEELE

Succor implored in spiritual Conflicts.

- 1 ALAS ! what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To Heaven, O, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

- 4 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and peace.

722.

C. M.

WATTS.

Guarding our Speech.

- 1 **THUS** I resolved before the Lord —
“ Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbor wrong.”
- 2 If I am e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel ;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overawed,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

723.

S. M.

WESLEY

Prayer and Watchfulness.

- 1 **A CHARGE** to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
To serve the present age ;
My calling to fulfil :
O, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 2 **Arm** me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give ;

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die. .

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

724.

C. M.

WATTS.

Faith the Evidence of Things not seen.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight ;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word ;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.
- 4 Abra'am obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven ;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye ;
By faith we walk the narrow way
That leads to joy on high.

725.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Office of Faith.

- 1 FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed ;

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;
Its claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

726

S. H. M. CHR. WATCHMAN.

Excellency of Faith.

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean ;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen ;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.
- 2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day ;
It points the course, where'er he roams,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.
- 3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given ;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

727.

S. M.

NOEL'S COLL.

Living by Faith.

- 1 IF on a quiet sea
Towards heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control ;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

728.

C. M.

BATH COLL.

Prayer for strong Faith.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe ;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ; —
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ; —
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ; —
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile ; —
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed !

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

729.

C. M.

STEELE.

Faith in Joys unseen.

- 1 O, COULD our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal, in the skies.

730.

L. M.

WATTS.

Walking by Faith.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 4 So Abra'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

731.

C. M.

WATTS.

A living Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 How vain are 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 purifies the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

732.

C. M.

TURNER.

Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 4 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood ;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

733.

C. M.

HAWLEY.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

- 1 THERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, " God is love."
- 4 That voice aloud from Calvary's height
Proclaims the soul forgiven ;
That star is revelation's light ;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

734.

C. M.

SIDNEY.

Hope.

- 1 BORNE o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The beacon's light appears,
When yawns the seaman's watery grave,
And his lone bosom cheers.
- 2 Then, should the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach, secure, his cherished home,
The haven of his love.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 3 So, when the soul is wrapped in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest Hope, beyond the tomb,
Illuminate the pilgrim's way.
- 4 O, still, though sorrow's rayless night
O'ershade our worldly way,
May pure Religion's holy light
Shine with o'erpowering ray.

735.

C. M.

ANON.

Hope of Reunion above.

- 1 WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven.
- 2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm ;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.
- 3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom ;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.
- 4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.
- 5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice :
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

736.

L. M.

WATTS

Love to God and our Neighbor.

- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command :
" Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigor and delight.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 2 "Then shall thy neighbor next in place
Share thine affections and esteem ;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke ;
This did the prophets preach and prove
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.
- 4 But O, how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

737.

L. M.

BROWNE.

Love to all Mankind.

- 1 O GOD, my Father and my King,
Of all I have or hope the Spring,
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And fill my heart with heavenly love.
- 2 May I from every act abstain
That hurts or gives another pain,
And bear a sympathizing part
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 3 And let my neighbor's prosperous state
A mutual joy in me create ;
His virtuous triumph let me join ;
His peace and happiness be mine.
- 4 And though my neighbor's hate I prove,
Still let me vanquish hate with love,
And every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.
- 5 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine ;
Thus let me his disciple prove
Who came to manifest thy love.

738.

C. M.

WATTS.

Charity.

- 1 LET Pharisees, of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare ;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who climb.
- 4 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good :
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 5 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

739.

L. M.

WATTS.

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name, —

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

740.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Importance and Influence of Love.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too ;
But they can never love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

741.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

Sympathy with the Afflicted.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain ; —
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warm
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through Mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found,
Free mercy from above ;
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

742.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Christian Graces.

- 1 FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity ;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.
- 2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.
- 3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.
- 4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

743.

C. M.

CHR. PSALMIST.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

- 1 FAITH, hope, and love now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest ;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.
- 2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above ;
These are the means, but this the end,
For saints forever love.

744.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Resignation.

- 1 ONE prayer I have, all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine ;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back, in gratitude from me,
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

745.

8s & 6. (Peculiar.) ANON.

"Thy Will be done."

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will, my God, be done."
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh ;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield thee what is thine ;
“Thy will, my God, be done.”
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
“Thy will, my God, be done.”
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will, my God, be done.”

746.

C. M.

PERCY CHAPEL.

“Thy Will be done.”

- 1 FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown ;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, “Thy will be done.”
- 2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, “Thy will be done.”
- 3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own ;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, “Thy will be done.”
- 4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning every thing to cry,
“My Father's will be done.”

747.

C. M.

BEDDOME

Submission in Trials.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine ;
 Before they were possessed by me,
 They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
 Though all the world were gone,
 But seek enduring happiness
 In thee, and thee alone.

748.

L. M.

GIBBONS.

Patience.

- 1 PATIENCE, O, 'tis a grace divine,
 Sent from the God of power and love,
 That leans upon its Father's hand,
 As through the wilderness we move
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state,
 And wait, contented, our discharge,
 Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
 The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
 We smile amid our heaviest woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid us on,
 And arm with fortitude the breast,
 Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
 We reach the shores of endless rest.
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign ;
 Hope shall in full fruition die ;
 And patience in possession end,
 In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

749.

C. M.

NEWTON

Zeal, true and false.

- 1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
 The fire of love supplies ;
 While that which often bears the name
 Is self in a disguise.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Savior's name ;
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
" Come, see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

750.

L. M.

BROWN.

Meekness and Zeal.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, rouse every power,
Thy new-born dignity display ;
Let lust and passion reign no more ;
No longer own their lawless sway.
- 2 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleased with every state ;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.
- 3 Confine thy roving appetites ;
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes ;
Fix them on those divine delights
Reserved for saints above the skies.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 4 With eager zeal pursue the prize ;
 Each fleeting hour of life improve ;
 This course will speak thee truly wise,
 Raise thee through Christ to realms above.

751.

L. M.

ENFIELD.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day,
 O, why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found ;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
 A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way
 How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span ;
 How ill, alas ! does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life ; Father divine ;
 Give me a meek and lowly mind :
 In modest worth, O, let me shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find.

752.

S. M.

CHR. MEL.

The Blessing of Meekness.

- 1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
 Whose doctrine is divine ;
 The humble-minded earth possess,
 And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,
 Calm peace with them shall dwell ;
 And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
 Beyond what tongue can tell.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 3 The God of peace is theirs ;
 They own his gracious sway ;
 And yielding all their wills to him,
 His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move,
 No envy fires the breast ;
 The prospect of eternal peace
 Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O, gracious Father, grant
 That we this influence feel ;
 That all we hope, or wish, may be
 Subjected to thy will.

753.

8s & 7s.

PRATT'S COLL.

Prayer for Humility.

- 1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
 Humble all my swelling pride ;
 Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
 Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.
- 2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
 Not at earthly honors aim,
 No ambitious heights desiring,
 Far above my humble claim.
- 3 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
 In thy love I'll seek for mine ;
 Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
 Earth I quietly resign.
- 4 Thus the transient world despising,
 On the Lord my hopes rely ;
 Thus my joys, from him arising,
 Like himself, shall never die.

754.

L. M.

SPIR. OF THE PSALMS

Lowliness of Heart.

- 1 "O, LEARN of me," the Savior cried,
 "O, learn of me, ye sons of pride ;
 For I am lowly, humble, meek ;
 No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak."

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 2 Yes, blest Immanuel, thou wast mild,
Patient, and gentle as a child ;
And they who would thy kingdom see
Must meek and lowly be, like thee.

755.

L. M.

SCOTT.

The Blessing of Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart nò broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath th' almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

756.

L. M.

WATTS.

Justice and Equity.

- 1 BLESSÉD Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
"Never to deal with others worse
Than we would have them deal with us" !
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain,
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tenderest wishes rest ;
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss ?
Call in self-love to judge the cause ;
Let our own fondest passion show
How we should treat our neighbor too.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 5 How blest would every nation prove,
Thus ruled by equity and love !
All would be friends, without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

757.

C. M.

WATTS.

Justice and Equity.

- 1 COME, let us search our ways and see ;
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbor do,
Have we still done the same ?
From others ne'er withheld the due
Which we from others claim ?
- 3 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turned from another's woe ?
The scorn which wrings the poor man's breast
Have we abhorred to show ?
- 4 Do we, in all we sell or buy,
Integrity maintain,
And knowing God is always nigh,
Renounce unrighteous gain ?
- 5 Then may we raise our modest prayer
To God, the just and kind ;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

758.

C. M.

WATTS

Prudence.

- 1 O, 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin,
In fierce, contentious souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their anger rise ;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mixed with love
Good works employ their day ;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

759.

L. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Peace of Conscience.

- 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast ;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
O, make these sacred pleasures mine ;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then, should mine eyes, without a tear,
See Death, with all his terrors, near,
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

760.

C. M.

ADTISON.

Gratitude.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

MEETING AND PARTING.

- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise



MEETING AND PARTING.

761.

S. M.

WESLEY

Meeting of Christians.

- 1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace :
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we passed !
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last ;

MEETING AND PARTING.

But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

- 3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more :
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

762.

C. M.

REED.

Gratitude for Preservation.

- 1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.
- 2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain a while to part ;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare,
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.
- 4 O, may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love
Our talents to employ.
- 5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
Then with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

763.

C. M.

CHR. MEL.

Parting Blessing invoked.

- 1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O, may thy special presence still
With every one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.

764.

S. M.

FAWCETT

Union of Heart.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

MEETING AND PARTING.

- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

765.

C. M.

WESLEY.

United, though separated.

- 1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love
That will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove ;
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.
- 4 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

766.

C. M.

SUTTON.

Hope of future Meeting.

- 1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one ;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace hath given ;

MEETING AND PARTING.

The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

- 2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot?
What though beneath an Eastern sky
Be cast our distant lot?
- 3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
- 4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal glows.

767.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

Divine Protection.

- 1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us, O Lord, within thy house
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
O, may we meet around thy throne.

768.

7s.

NEWTON.

Parting of Christians.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend

MEETING AND PARTING.

To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer :
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
And our wasting lives prolong
Till we meet on earth again.

769. 8s & 7s. (Peculiar.) PARTING GIFT
Hope of Meeting.

- 1 WHEN forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We still a painful anguish prove —
We feel a pang of sorrow.
- 2 But who can e'er describe the tears
We shed when thus we sever,
If doomed to part for months, for years —
To part, perhaps, forever ?
- 3 Yet, if our aims are fixed aright,
A sacred hope is given,
Though here our prospects end in night,
We'll meet again in heaven.
- 4 Then let us form those bonds above
Which time can ne'er dis sever,
Since, parting in a Savior's love,
We part to meet forever.

770. H. M. WESLEY'S COLL.
Parting to meet again.

- 1 NOW, Lord, we part a while ;
But, still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned ;
And while we do thy blesséd will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

MEETING AND PARTING.

- 2 O, let us then go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race :
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 3 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more —
In the new earth and heaven above,
The world of righteousness and love.

771.

7s.

ANON.

When shall we meet?

- 1 WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls ;
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid, —
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

772.

6s & 5s. (Peculiar.)

SEL. HYMNS

Reunion in Heaven.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever ?

MEETING AND PARTING.

- When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever ?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes —
Never — no, never.
- 2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever ?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never — no, never.
- 3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior ;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever :
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never — no, never.
- 4 Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever :
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes :
Our songs of praise shall close
Never — no, never.

BACKSLIDING.

773.

L. M.

STEELE

Inconstant Heart lamented.

- 1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart!
Thus, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Savior's love.
- 2 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And, at thy feet repenting, mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.
- 3 O, let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every earthly charm depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

774.

C. M.

VILL. COLL

Backsliding confessed.

- 1 HOW far, alas! in sinful ways,
How far from God I've gone!
And now I mourn in painful lays;
Ah, Lord, what have I done?
- 2 To sin and Satan's bold demand
I was a willing prey;
He was not readier to command
Than I was to obey.
- 3 Savior, almighty and divine,
I've slighted all thy charms;
Restore me from this sad decline,
Nor thrust me from thy arms.

775.

6s, 8s, & 4s. URWICK'S COLL.

The Warning.

- 1 THE awful message came;
The Lord of spirits said,

BACKSLIDING.

- “I know thou hast a living name,
But thou art dead.
Thy dying gifts revive,
And strengthen what remain ;
Repent, remember, watch, and strive
To live again.
- 2 “But if thou wilt not hear
This warning of my grace,
Nor bow, with penitential fear,
Before my face,
Lo, as a thief I come —
The hour thou canst not tell —
To drive thee from thy peaceful home
In flames to dwell.
- 3 “The undefiled shall see
My promise fixed and sure,
And he who conquers walk with me
In garments pure ;
Recorded by my love,
His name I will declare
Before my Father’s throne above,
And angels there.”

776.

C. M.

WESLEY.

Backsliding mourned.

- 1 O THAT I were as heretofore,
When, warm in my first love,
I only lived my God t’ adore,
And seek the things above.
- 2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveiled his face.
- 3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode ;
I soared to heaven on eagles’ wings,
And found and talked with God.

BACKSLIDING.

- 4 Where am I now? from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallowed up in night,
And faded is the crown.
- 5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain;
How shall I 'scape into thy breast?
My Eden how regain?

777.

L. M.

KELLY.

Backsliding and returning.

- 1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Savior's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

778.

H. M.

WINCHELL'S SER

Seeking Restoration.

- 1 WHERE is my Savior now,
Whose smiles I once possessed?
Till he return, I bow,
By heavy grief oppressed;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.
- 2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?

BACKSLIDING.

Ah, who can soothe his woe,
And give him sweet relief?
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled sinner rest.
3 Jesus, thy smiles impart ;
My gracious Lord, return,
And ease my wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn :
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

779. *

C. M.

STEELE.

Pardoning Love.

- 1 HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return ;"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Savior, I adore ;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

780.

S. M.

WESLEY.

Restore my Peace.

- 1 O JESUS, full of grace,
To thee I make my moan :
Let me again behold thy face ;
Call home thy banished one.
- 2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,

BACKSLIDING.

And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

- 3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive,— my troubled spirit cries,—
In mercy, Lord, forgive.
- 4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

781.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Backsliders entreated.

- 1 BACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice
Of thy forgiving God;
Nor force such goodness to exert
The terrors of the rod.
- 2 Thus saith the Lord, "My mercy flows
An unexhausted stream;
And after all the millions saved,
My power is still supreme.
- 3 "Own but the follies thou hast done,
And mourn thy sins in dust,
And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
To hope, and love, and trust."
- 4 All-glorious God, thy voice we own,
And prostrate at thy feet
Our souls in humble silence wait,
A pardon there to meet.

782.

L. M.

COLLYER.

The Wanderer called.

- 1 RETURN, O wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.
- 2 Return, O wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;

BACKSLIDING.

His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

- 3 Return, O wandering soul, return ;
Thy dying Savior bids thee live ;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wandering soul, return ;
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn ;"
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

783.

C. M.

COWPER.

Lamenting the Absence of the Spirit.

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

784.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Backslider's Supplication.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

785.

S. M.

NEWTON.

Rejoicing in Christ's restoring Love.

- 1 O, SPEAK that word again ;
It cheers my drooping heart ;
How sweetly doth it soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart !
- 2 And dost thou deign to own
A worm so vile as I ?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry ?
- 3 My Savior, by his word,
Hath turned my night to day,
And all those heavenly joys restored
Which I had sinned away.
- 4 I wonder and adore ;
The grace is all divine ;
Lord, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

THE MINISTRY.

786.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Ministry instituted.

- 1 THE Savior, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below;
And still his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang th' apostles' honored name;
Brief was their day, but wide their fame;
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.
- 3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live;
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise
Through the long round of endless days.

787.

L. M.

WATTS.

The great Commission.

- 1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He shall be damned who don'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.

THE MINISTRY.

- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands ;
I'm with you till the world shall end ;
All power is trusted in my hands ;
I can destroy, and I defend."
- 4 He spake — and light shone round his head ;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

788.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Watching for Souls.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

789.

H. M.

NEWTON.

Trials of the Ministry.

- 1 WHAT contradictions meet
In ministers' employ !
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy ;
No other post affords a place
For equal honor or disgrace.
- 2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,

THE MINISTRY.

Constrained to speak in vain
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

- 3 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceived;
Then how their inmost souls are grieved!
- 4 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

790.

L. M.

WESLEY.

Comfort and Encouragement.

- 1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O, lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.
- 2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent; the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 4 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

THE MINISTRY.

- 5 The glory of the Lord, displayed,
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

791.

8s & 6s. (Peculiar.) S. F. SMITH.

Benefits of the Ministry.

- 1 BLEST is the hour when cares depart,
And earthly scenes are far —
When tears of woe forget to start,
And gently dawns upon the heart
Devotion's holy star.
- 2 Blest is the place where angels bend
To hear our worship rise,
Where kindred thoughts their musings blend,
And all the soul's affections tend
Beyond the veiling skies.
- 3 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
Man to his work of love —
Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
Console the weeping, lead the blind,
And guide to joys above.
- 4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
Spirit divine, to thee,
When they, whose work is finished well,
In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
Blest through eternity.

792.

7s.

HAMMOND.

Winning Souls to Christ.

- 1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Savior's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.
- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned; —

THE MINISTRY.

- 3 How he yielded up his breath ;
How he agonized in death ;
How he lives to intercede —
Christ our Advocate and Head.
- 4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.
- 5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free ;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven —
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

793.

S. M.

WESLEY.

An Increase of Ministers desired.

- 1 LORD 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 Raise up, and send forth more
Into the world abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 O, let them spread thy name ;
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

794.

L. M.

ANON.

The Commission.

- 1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound,
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

THE MINISTRY.

- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

795.

L. M.

ANON

Fearlessness and Faithfulness.

- 1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain ?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord ?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High ?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear ?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue —
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee ?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread ?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?
A man, an heir of death, a slave
To sin, a bubble on the wave.
- 5 Yea, let men rage ; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head ;
Since, in all pain, thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

796.

7s.

PRABODY.

Ordination.

- 1 LIFT aloud the voice of praise ;
God, our Father and our Friend,
Hear the prayer and song we raise ;
Weak, yet trusting, we would bend.
- 2 Lo, another servant brought
To the heritage of God !
May he teach as Christ hath taught,
Tread the path his Savior trod.
- 3 To the vineyard may he come
Girded with celestial might,
Skilled to draw thy children home,
Taught to give the darkened light.
- 4 Unto thee a people bend ;
Bind us heart to heart in love ;
Flock and pastor, we would tend
Ever towards our home above.

797.

L. M.

WARE.

Ordination or Installation.

- 1 O THOU, who on thy chosen Son
Didst send thy Spirit like a dove,
To mark the long-expected One,
And seal the Messenger of love ; —
- 2 And when the heralds of his name
Went forth, his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame
To hallow each devoted head ; —
- 3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above ;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.
- 4 Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day ;
Accept our work, our souls possess ;
'Tis ours to labor, watch, and pray ;
Be thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

798.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A Pastor welcomed.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head ;
Come as a servant ; so he came ;
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a watchman ; take thy stand
Upon thy tower on Zion's height ;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.
- 3 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way ;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.
- 4 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 5 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love ;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

799.

L. M.

S. F. SMITH.

A Blessing sought upon a Pastor.

- 1 AND now the solemn deed is done ;
The vow is pledged, the toil begun
Seal thou, O God, the oath above,
And ratify the pledge of love.
- 2 The shepherd of thy people bless ;
Gird him with thy own holiness ;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.
- 3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And myriads to the Savior led.

4 Come, Spirit, here consent to dwell ;
The mists of earth and sin dispel ;
Blest Savior, thy own rights maintain ;
Supreme in every bosom reign.

5 O, let our humble worship be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee ;
And may these hallowed scenes of love
Fit us for purer joys above.

800.

L. M.

S. F. SMITH.

A Blessing sought upon a Pastor.

- 1 'TIS done — th' important act is done ;
Heaven, earth, its solemn purport know ;
Its fruits, when time its race has run,
Shall through eternal ages flow.
- 2 The covenants of this sacred hour,
Great Shepherd of thy people, seal ;
Spirit of grace, diffuse thy power,
Our vows accept, thy might reveal.
- 3 Behold our guide, and deign to crown
His toils, O Lamb of God, with love ;
His lips inspire ; each effort own ;
Breathe, dwell within him, heavenly Dove.
- 4 Behold his charge ; what wealth shall dare
With its most priceless worth to vie ?
Suns, systems, worlds, how mean they are,
Compared with souls, that cannot die !
- 5 The sun may set in endless gloom,
The planets from their stations flee,
Creation fill oblivion's tomb,
But souls can never cease to be.
- 6 O, when, before the judgment seat,
The wicked quake in dread despair,
May we, all reverent at thy feet,
Pastor and flock, find mercy there.

801.

L. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

On the dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief;
In mercy then, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength and thou his stay,
Through death's dark vale to endless day.

802.

L. M.

S. F. SMITH

Recognition of a Pastor.

- 1 SPIRIT of peace and holiness,
This new-created union bless;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.
- 2 Savior, who carest for thy sheep,
The shepherd of thy people keep;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.
- 3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine,
Faithful in all things may he be,
Dead to the world, alive to thee.

- 4 O thou, whose love doth never fail,
 Breathe on this dry and thirsty vale;
 And may it, from this hour, appear
 That thy reviving power is here.
- 5 Lord of the Sabbath, unto thee
 Our spirits rise in harmony;
 Accept our praise, our sins remove,
 And fit us for thy courts above.

803.

6s & 4s.

J. YOUNG.

Prayer for a Pastor's Success.

- 1 O HOLY Lord, our God,
 By heavenly hosts adored,
 Hear us, we pray;
 To thee the cherubim,
 Angels, and seraphim
 Unceasing praises bring,
 And homage pay.
- 2 Here give thy word success,
 And this thy servant bless,
 His labors own;
 And while the sinner's Friend
 His life and words commend,
 Thy Holy Spirit send,
 And make him known.
- 3 May every passing year
 More happy still appear
 Than this glad day;
 With numbers fill the place,
 Adorn thy saints with grace;
 Thy truth may all embrace,
 O Lord, we pray.
- 4 O Lord, our God, arise;
 And now, before our eyes,
 Thy arm make bare;

Unite our hearts in love,
Till, raised to heaven above,
We all its goodness prove,
And praise thee there.

804.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Prayer for the Success of Ministers.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for thee ;
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 How great their work ! how vast their charge !
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;
Their best endowments are our gain ;
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 O, clothe with energy divine
Their words ; and let those words be thine ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal ;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed :
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And thus reward their toil and pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

DEDICATION.

DEDICATION.

805.

L. M.

WILLIS

The Temple of Nature.

- 1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God ;
His fiat laid the corner stone ;
He spake, and lo, the work was done.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky ;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky ; and all was good ;
And when its first pure praises rung,
The morning stars together sung.
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee ;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humble temple, built with hands.

806.

L. M.

WATTS

A House for God.

- 1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God ?
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still ;
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread ;
Here sinners, waiting at his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

DEDICATION.

- 4 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
 And reign forever," saith the Lord;
 "Here shall my power and love be known,
 And blessings shall attend my word."

807.

C. M.

SHEPHERD'S COLL.

Divine Condescension.

- 1 WILL God in very deed descend,
 And dwell with men below?
 An ear to mortal worship lend?
 To us his glory show?
- 2 While heaven's exalted spheres resound
 With hymns which angels sing,
 Will God in mercy so abound,
 T' accept the praise we bring?
- 3 Allowed within thy courts to meet,
 Thy presence we implore;
 Smile on us from thy mercy seat,
 And we desire no more.
- 4 Here let thy gospel be declared;
 Here may thy power be known;
 May every heart, by grace prepared,
 Be the Redeemer's throne.
- 5 Here make thyself a glorious name,
 And form us for thy praise;
 Thy promised presence, Lord, we claim,
 And supplicate thy grace.

808.

7s.

MONTGOMERY

The House of Prayer and Praise.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise;
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread;
 Here, in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.

DEDICATION.

- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah ! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah ! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

809.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Condescension.

- 1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode ?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honor raise ;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train ;
While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

810.

H. M.

FRANCIS.

Prayer for God's Presence and Blessing.

- 1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own :

DEDICATION.

Beneath this roof, O, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

- 2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies :
Here may thy word melodious sound
And spread celestial joys around.
- 3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days :
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.
- 4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above ;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

811.

C. M.

J. R. SCOTT.

Divine Blessing besought.

- 1 TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God ;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise ;
O, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord ;
Here, pardoned, sing a Savior's love,
And here his vows record.
- 4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,

DEDICATION.

Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

- 5 Peace be within these sacred walls ;
Prosperity be here ;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

812.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A Blessing implored.

- 1 **HERE**, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee ;
O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong ;
Hosanna ! let the angels sing.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 Thy glory never hence depart ;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart ;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

813.

C. M.

KNOWLES.

A Blessing supplicated.

- 1 **C GOD**, though countless worlds of light
Thy power and glory show,

DEDICATION.

- Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow,—
- 2 Yet oft to men of ancient time
Thy glorious presence came,
And in Moriah's fane sublime
Thou didst record thy name.
- 3 And now, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.
- 4 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee ;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.
- 5 Here, Savior, deign thy saints to meet,
With peace their hearts to fill ;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.
- 6 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win :
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart, now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

814.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Dedication of a House of Worship.

- 1 O, BOW thine ear, eternal One ;
On thee our heart adoring calls ;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised and now devote these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

DEDICATION.

- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others' may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

815.

L. M. 6 L.

V. G. RAMSEY.

Consecrating Prayer.

- 1 WITHIN thy courts, O God, to-day
We come with songs of joy and praise ;
Accept our homage, here, we pray,
The humble tribute which we raise ;
And let the blessings of thy grace
Descend, and consecrate this place.
- 2 Thou, who of old didst condescend
Between the cherubim to dwell,
Such tokens of thy presence send,
That future ages yet may tell
The wonders of thy matchless grace,
Displayed within this holy place.
- 3 We build this house with toil and care ;
But vain the labor of our hands ;
Unless thy presence meet us here,
An empty monument it stands :
O, let the visions of thy face
Adorn and sanctify this place.
- 4 Here, by thy Spirit's mighty power,
O, may our souls be often stirred ;
And many a pentecostal shower
Attend the preaching of thy word ;
While listening throngs, with wonder, trace
Thy glories in this sacred place.

REVIVALS.

816.

C. M.

REED.

The Spirit's Presence desired.

- 1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
O, come, great Spirit, come.
- 2 Come as the light : to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love,
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.
- 5 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
O, come, great Spirit, come.



REVIVALS.

817.

S. M.

SAC. SONGS.

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.
- 2 O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer ;

REVIVALS.

Their solemn vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry :
O, come and bring salvation near ;
Our souls on thee rely.

818.

8s, 7s, & 4.

NEWTON.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOR, 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 Surely once thy garden flourished ;
Every part looked gay and green ;
All its plants by thee were nourished ;
Then how cheering was the scene !
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Dearest Savior, hasten hither ;
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
O, permit them not to wither ;
Let not all our hopes be vain :
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

REVIVALS.

- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent ;
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares ·
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.
- 6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh :
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.

819.

L. M.

KINGSBURY.

A Revival desired.

- 1 REVIVE thy churches, Lord, with grace ;
 Heal every breach, and grant us peace ;
 Rouse us from sloth ; our hearts inflame
 With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 2 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.
- 3 May aged saints, matured with grace,
 Abound in fruits of holiness,
 And, when transplanted to the skies,
 May younger in their stead arise.
- 4 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
 And, weeping, sow the seeds of praise,
 In humble hope that thou wilt hear
 Our songs of praise and fervent prayer.

820.

L. M.

T. SCOTT

Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.

- 1 O LORD, and shall our fainting souls
 Thy just displeasure ever mourn ?
 Thy Spirit grieved, and long withdrawn,
 Will he no more to us return ?

REVIVALS.

- 2 Great Source of light and peace, return,
 Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain ;
 Come, repossess our longing hearts
 With all the graces of thy train.
- 3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
 Once more be with thy presence blest ;
 Here be thy grace anew displayed ;
 Be this thine everlasting rest.

821.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for Revival.

- 1 RETURN, O God of love, return ;
 Earth is a tiresome place :
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn
 Our absence from thy face ?
- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
 Let sin and sorrow cease ;
 And in proportion to our tears,
 So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show ;
 Make thine own work complete ;
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
 In all thy beauty, Lord ;
 And the poor service we have done
 Meet a divine reward.

822.

C. M.

N. COLVER.

Converting Grace implored.

- 1 COME, Lord, in mercy come again,
 With thy converting power ;
 The fields of Zion thirst for rain ;
 O, send a gracious shower.
- 2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
 While sinners all around
 Are pressing on to endless death,
 And no relief is found.

REVIVALS.

- 3 Dear Savior, come with quickening power,
 Thy mourning people cry ;
 Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
 Nor let the sinner die.
- 4 Once more let converts throng thy house,
 And shouts of victory raise ;
 Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
 And sighs to songs of praise.

823.

C. M.

RYLAND.

The Church revived.

- 1 NOW let the slumbering church awake,
 And shine in bright array ;
 Thy chains, O captive daughter, break,
 And cast thy bonds away.
- 2 Long hast thou been in dust supine,
 Insulted by thy foes ;
 "Where is," they cried, "that God of thine?
 And who regards thy woes?"
- 3 Thy God incarnate on his hands
 Beholds thy name engraved ;
 Still unrevoked his promise stands,
 And Zion shall be saved.
- 4 Through prayer is brought the fitting time
 His mercy to display ;
 And now he rides on clouds sublime —
 Salvation wins the day.

824.

C. M.

WATTS.

Zion rebuilt.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice ;
 Behold the promised hour ;
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
 And now exalts his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins, that remain
 Are precious in his eyes ;
 Those ruins shall be built again,
 And all that dust shall rise.

REVIVALS.

- 3 He frees the soul condemned to death ;
 Nor, when his saints complain,
 Shall it be said that praying breath
 Was ever spent in vain.

825.

7s.

WESLEY.

The little Cloud.

- 1 SAW ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
- 2 Lo, the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the blessings of his love.
- 3 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was its day ;
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way.
- 4 Sons of God, your Savior praise ;
 He the door hath opened wide ;
 He hath given the word of grace ;
 Jesus' word is glorified.

826.

C. M.

MILLER.

The Cloud increasing.

- 1 THE little cloud increases still ;
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain.
- 2 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows :
 Lord, pour a mighty flood ;
 O, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.

REVIVALS.

827.

7s.

PALMER.

Praise for Revival.

- 1 FOUNT of everlasting love,
Rich thy streams of mercy are ;
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.
- 2 Lo, thy church, thy garden, now
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow :
Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.
- 3 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring ;
Thine the glory — thine alone ;
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
- 4 Hear, O, hear our grateful song ;
Let thy Spirit still descend ;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

828.

C. M.

HOSKINS.

Joy in a Revival.

- 1 O, HOW the joyful hearts revive
Of those who fear the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive,
And homeward brought to God !
- 2 The parent views with joyful eyes
His now returning son,
And, lost in grateful rapture, cries,
What hath the Savior done !
- 3 The ministers of Christ rejoice
When souls the word receive ;
When sinners hear the Savior's voice,
And in his name believe.
- 4 The church of God their praises join
And his salvation sing ;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

REVIVALS.

- 5 But greater joy must they possess
Who feel this glorious change ;
Their laboring tongues can but express
How true, and yet how strange.

829.

L. M.

VILL. HYMNS.

Gospel Harvest.

- 1 LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light ;
Behold the fields already white ;
The glorious harvest now is come ;
See ransomed sinners flocking home.
- 2 Moved by the Spirit's softest wind,
Their hearts are all as one inclined ;
Their former sins and follies mourn ;
They bow, and to their God return.
- 3 Improve the harvest, fleeing fast,
E'er yet the shining season's past,
When all the work of life shall end,
The last, the long, dark night descend.

830.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Effects of a Revival.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide,
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed on every side :
Balmy and rich the odors rise,
And fill the earth and reach the skies.
- 2 Poor, sinful, dying souls
Its influence feel, and live ;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive :
They breathe anew, and rise, and sing
Jesus, the Lord, their conquering King.
- 3 But they who scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh,

MISSIONS.

And turn away their face,
 Must faint, and fall, and die :
 So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore ;
 For O, they fall to rise no more.

831.

S. M.

VILL. HYMNS.

A brighter Day in Prospect.

- 1 THE day is drawing nigh,
 Still brighter far than this,
 When converts like a cloud shall fly
 To seek the realms of bliss.
- 2 What joys our hearts shall fill !
 What glories strike our sight !
 When sinners up to Zion's hill
 Like doves shall speed their flight !
- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
 O Sun of righteousness,
 These happy souls shall sit and sing
 The wonders of thy grace.

MISSIONS.

832.

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down ;
 His grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,

Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

833.

L. M.

BEMAN.

Prayer for the Spirit of the Gospel.

- 1 JESUS, we bow before thy throne ;
We lift our eyes to seek thy face :
To bleeding hearts thy love make known ;
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.
- 2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears,
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.
- 3 Lord, arm thy truth with power divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore ;
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.
- 4 O, rise, ye ransomed captives, rise ;
Peal the loud anthem here below ;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow

834.

8s, 7s, & 4.

WILLIAMS

Desiring the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace :
Blesséd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :

MISSIONS.

- Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night :
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

835.

L. M.

SHRUBSOLE

Divine Power supplicated.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake ;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
Now 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 Let Zion's time of favor come ;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home :
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

836.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;

MISSIONS.

- His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

837.

H. M.

E. SCOTT.

Prayer for Christ's Victory.

- 1 ALL hail, incarnate God !
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold :
Still doth thine arm | And monuments
New trophies wear, | Of glory rear.
- 2 O, haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway :
O, may it bless | And bear our shouts
Our longing eyes, | Beyond the skies.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Eternal be thy reign :

MISSIONS.

Behold, the nations wait
 To wear thy gentle chain :
 When earth and time | Thy throne shall stand
 Are known no more, | Forever sure.

838.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Reign of Christ.

- 1 ASCEND 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,
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O, let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name ;
 Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

839.

L. M.

VOKE.

Missions to the Heathen.

- 1 BEHOLD, the heathen wait to know
 The joy the gospel will bestow ;
 The exiled captive to receive
 The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
 In this blest labor share a part ;
 Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
 To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
 That we have seen these latter days,
 When our Redeemer shall be known
 Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
 Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
 And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
 By sovereign grace be formed anew.

840.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for the Spirit.

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold ·
A world by sin destroyed :
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give thou the word : that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew !—
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Savior's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Savior came !
- 5 Lo, every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

841.

L. M.

VILL COLL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power ;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour :
Bid the bright Morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,
And be the universe thine own.
- 3 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.

Home Missions.

- 1 OUR country's voice is pleading ;
 Ye men of God, arise ;
 His providence is leading ;
 The land before you lies :
 Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
 And promise clothes the soil ;
 Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
 Invite the reaper's toil.

- 2 Go where the waves are breaking
 On California's shore,
 Christ's precious gospel taking,
 More rich than golden ore ;
 On Alleghany's mountains,
 Through all the Western vale,
 Beside Missouri's fountains,
 Rehearse the wondrous tale.

- 3 Where prairie flowers are blooming
 Plant Sharon's fairer rose ;
 The farthest wilds illuming
 With light that ever glows ;
 To each lone forest ranger
 The word of life unseal ;
 To every exile stranger
 Its saving truths reveal.

- 4 The love of Christ unfolding,
 Speed on from east to west,
 Till all, his cross beholding,
 In him are fully blest.
 Great Author of salvation,
 Haste, haste the glorious day,
 When we, a ransomed nation,
 Thy sceptre shall obey.

843.

8s & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

Extension of the Gospel.

- 1 WHERE the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God.
- 2 Westward, till the church be kneeling,
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wildwood's arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.
- 3 Westward, still, O Lord, in glory,
Be thy bannered cross unfurled,
Till from vale and mountain hoary
Rolls the anthem round the world.
- 4 Reign, O, reign o'er every nation ;
Reign, Redeemer, Father, King ;
And with songs of thy salvation
Let the wide creation ring.

844.

C. M.

S. W. LIVERMORE.

The Western Churches.

- 1 OUR pilgrim brethren dwelling far —
O God of truth and love,
Light thou their path with thine own star,
Bright beaming from above.
- 2 Wide as their mighty rivers flow,
Let thine own truth extend ;
Where prairies spread and forests grow,
O Lord, thy gospel send.
- 3 Then will a mighty nation own
A union firm and strong ;
The sceptre of th' eternal throne
Shall rule its councils long.

845.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on this our land,
With beams of heavenly grace ;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Savior and their God ?
- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands ;
Sing loud, with joyful voice ;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

846.

7s & 6s.

HEBER

Condition of the Heathen.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand, —
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand, —
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain, —
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown :
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny ?

MISSIONS.

Salvation, O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

847.

7s & 5.

SUTTON.

Appeal of the Heathen.

- 1 HARK! what cry arrests my ear?
 Hark! what accents of despair?
 'Tis the heathen's dying prayer;
 Friends of Jesus, hear.
- 2 Men of God, to you we cry;
 Rests on you our tearful eye;
 Help us, Christians, or we die —
 Die in dark despair.
- 3 Hasten, Christians, haste to save;
 O'er the land and o'er the wave,
 Dangers, death, and distance brave;
 Hark! for help they call.
- 4 Afric bends her suppliant knee,
 Asia spreads her hands to thee;
 Hark! they urge the heaven-born plea,
 Jesus died for all.
- 5 Haste, then, spread the Savior's name,
 Snatch the firebrands from the flame,
 Deck his glorious diadem
 With their ransomed souls.

- 6 See, the pagan altars fall ;
 See, the Savior reigns o'er all ;
 Crown him, crown him Lord of all,
 Echoes round the pole.

848.

8s & 7s.

CAWOOD.

Voice from the Heathen.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those lamentations,
 Rolling sadly through the sky ?
 'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
 " Come and help us, or we die."
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining ;
 Christians, hear their dying cry ;
 And, the love of Christ constraining,
 Haste to help them, e'er they die.

849.

L. M.

COLLYER.

Missionary Meeting.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, dread King, we stand ;
 The voice that marshalled every star
 Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
 The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
 Along the line — to either pole —
 The anthem of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist ; accept our praise ;
 Our hopes revive ; our courage raise ;
 Our counsels aid ; to each impart
 The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come ;
 Recall the wandering spirits home :
 From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
 To spread the spacious earth around.

Prayer to the Trinity.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light."
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Almighty, everlasting King;
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 In one vast symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And unbelief no longer reign,
But sink in shades of endless night.
- 3 Then Afric's liberated sons
Shall chant to Asia's rapturous song;
Europe resound her Savior's fame,
And western climes the notes prolong.

MISSIONS.

- 4 To every land beneath the sun
 Immanuel's kingdom shall extend ;
 And every man in every clime
 Shall meet a brother and a friend.

852.

C. M.

GIBBONS

Success of Missions.

- 1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
 Armed with thy Spirit's power ;
 Ten thousands 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 arrayed,
 A blooming paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root
 In each regenerate heart ;
 Shall in a growth divine arise,
 And heavenly fruits impart.
- 4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
 Her wings from shore to shore ;
 No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
 Nor murderous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord, for those days we wait ; those days
 Are in thy word foretold ;
 Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
 This promised age of gold.
- 6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
 Unnumbered myriads cry ;
 "Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's
 Unnumbered choirs reply.

853.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Heralds of Mercy.

- 1 MOST gracious to fulfil thy word,
 Almighty to defend, —
 To reap thy ripened harvest, Lord,
 Thy chosen servants send.

MISSIONS.

- 2 Send to the east the valiant band ;
 Send to each distant pole ;
 Send to the west ; o'er every land
 Salvation's current roll.
- 3 O Zion, spread more wide thy tent ;
 Stretch forth thy straining cords ;
 The promise dawns ; the clouds are rent ;
 Earth, thou shalt be the Lord's.
- 4 Haste, haste, ye years of toil and woe ;
 Heaven, earth, break forth and sing,
 "The kingdoms of the world are now
 Thy conquest, peerless King."
- 5 Amen, amen ; let echoing praise
 Swell like the sounding sea ;
 To God, to God, those rapturous lays,
 That tide of praise, shall be.

854.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

Cry aloud.

- 1 MEN of God, go, take your stations ;
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
 Go, proclaim among the nations
 Joyful news of heavenly birth ;
 Bear the tidings
 Of the Savior's matchless worth.
- 2 What though earth and hell, united,
 Should oppose the Savior's plan ?
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted :
 Fear ye not the face of man ;
 Vain their tumult ;
 Stop his work they never can.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend ;
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your Friend ;
 And his presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

MISSIONS.

855.

L. M.

A. BALFOUR.

The Missionary charged and encouraged.

- 1 GO, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night ;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the rose of Sharon bloom ;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.
- 3 Go to the hungry — food impart ;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.
- 4 Go, bid the bright and Morning Star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.
- 5 O, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.
- 6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high ;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

856.

L. M.

WINCHELL'S SEL.

Christian Herald.

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire ;
With holy zeal your hearts inspire ;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

MISSIONS.

- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more ;
Meet with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown our Savior Lord of all.

857.

7s.

MARSDEN.

The Messengers of God.

- 1 GO, ye messengers of God ;
Like the beams of morning fly ;
Take the wonder-working rod ;
Wave the banner cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.
- 3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven ;
Chase away his wild despair ;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
High the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

858.

8s & 7s.

SIGOURNEY.

Missionaries charged.

- 1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven ;
Bear the gospel banner high ;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky :
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray ;
Bid the hardy forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.
- 2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow :

MISSIONS.

India marks its lustre stealing ;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays ;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

- 3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free :
Lo, they haste to every nation ;
Host on host the ranks supply :
Onward ! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

859.

C. M.

MORELL

Missionaries commended to God.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before them set an open door ;
Their various efforts bless ;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.
- 3 Endow them with a heavenly mind ;
Supply their every need ;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power
Till they shall end their race.
- 5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

860.

8s, 7s, & 4.

S. F. SMITH.

The Missionary's Farewell.

- 1 YES, my native land, I love thee ;
 All thy scenes, I love them well :
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell ?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely —
 Joys no stranger heart can tell :
 Happy home, indeed I love thee ;
 Can I, can I say, "Farewell" ?
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
 Can I say a last farewell ?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I loved so well ;
 Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
 Lovely, native land, farewell :
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor ;
 On the mountains let me tell
 How he died — the blesséd Savior —
 To redeem a world from hell :
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
 Let the winds my canvas swell ;
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell ;
 Glad I bid thee,
 Native land, farewell, farewell.

861.

7s & 6s.

NOEL'S COLL.

Departure of Missionaries.

- 1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean ;
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
- 2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.
- 3 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.
- 4 O, be thy presence with them,
Wherever they may be ;
Though far from us who love them,
O, be they still with thee.

862.

7s & 5s.

S. F. SMITH.

The Missionary Angel.

- 1 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight ;
Angel, onward speed ;
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede ;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the gospel's holy trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.
- 2 Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
Angel, onward haste ;
Quickly on each mountain's height
Be thy standard placed ;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

MISSIONS.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
Angel, onward fly ;
Long has been the reign of night ;
Bring the morning nigh :
'Tis to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail ;
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,
Ere their courage fail.

4 Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
Angel, onward speed :
Morning bursts upon our sight ;
'Tis the time decreed :
Jesus now his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
" God is all in all."

863.

7s & 6s.

PRATT'S COLL.

Christ's joyful Reign.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign ?

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply ;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound.

864.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY

Dominion of Christ prayed for.

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies —
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee ;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 O, let that glorious anthem swell ;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns.

865.

7s.

BOWRING.

Report of the Watchman.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are :
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
- 2 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller, yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends :
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
- 4 Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller, ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 5 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn :
Traveller, darkness takes its flight ;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

MISSIONS.

- 6 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home :
 Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come.

866.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

Encouraging Prospects.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the day is breaking
 Joyful times are near at hand ;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking,
 By his word, in every land :
 Day advances ;
 Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Savior, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad
 Every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
 To our hearts, to hear, each day
 Joyful news, from far arriving,
 How the gospel wins its way,
 Those enlightening
 Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand ;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world, in every land ;
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

867.

11s & 10s.

SAC. SONGS.

The glad Morning.

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning ;
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain ;
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning ;
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

MISSIONS.

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold ;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning ;
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
 Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion ;
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

868.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

" The Morning cometh."

- 1 THE morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears :
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :
 Each cry to heaven going
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,

MISSIONS.

And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

- 4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

866,

8s, 7s, & 4. J. W. BARKER.

The Gospel spreading.

- 1 JOYFUL tidings, free salvation ;
Let it float o'er every sea ;
Sound the gospel proclamation,
Till the world from sin is free :
Joyful tidings ;
Let the winds thy heralds be.
- 2 Where the darkened Hindoo boweth
At his consecrated shrine,
Where the far-famed Ganges floweth,
Let the glorious gospel shine :
Glorious gospel,
Lighten every heathen clime.
- 3 In the distant ocean island
Let the Savior's name be sung,
And the theme of man's redemption
Sweetly flow from every tongue :
Great redemption ;
Let it sound to old and young.
- 4 O'er the Caffree land resounding,
May the gracious message fly ;
Like an embassy of glory
Dropping sweetly from the sky :
Gracious message,
With the glorious morning fly.

870.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY

Zion encouraged.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning ;
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;
All thy warfare now be past ;
God thy Savior will defend thee ;
Victory is thine at last ;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

871.

C. M.

CHR. MEL.

Zion exalted above the Hills.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise —
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.

MISSIONS.

- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King, who reigns in Salem's towers,
 Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years :
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning hooks their spears.
- 6 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
 And worship at his shrine ;
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

872.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Returning to Zion.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head ;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust ;
 He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake ; put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array ;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth ;
 Say to the south, " Give up thy charge,"
 And, " Keep not back, O north."
- 4 They come ; they come ; thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.

MISSIONS.

- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God his works destroy,
 With songs thy ransomed shall return,
 And everlasting joy.

873.

7s & 6s.

LYTE.

The Salvation of Israel.

- 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home !
- 2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane ?
 Return, O Lord, in pity ;
 Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall thy rod of terror ;
 Thy saving grace impart ;
 Roll back the veil of error ;
 Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see ;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy church to thee.

874.

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Israel returning from Captivity.

- 1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
 O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful string ?
 Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
 And Zion's song declines to sing ?
- 2 Awake ; thy sweetest raptures raise ;
 Let harp and voice unite their strains ;
 Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;
 And Jesus, thy Messiah, reigns.
- 3 No taunting foes the song require ;
 No strangers mock thy captive chain ;
 But friends invite the silent lyre,
 And brethren ask the holy strain.

MISSIONS.

- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
 If other lands thy triumph share :
 A heavenly city claims thy song ;
 A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam ;
 Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood :
 In every clime behold a home ;
 In every temple see thy God.

875.

C. M.

MOORE.

Spiritual Restoration of the Jews.

- 1 BUT who shall see the glorious day,
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which blinds the nations now ?
- 2 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie, —
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye, —
- 3 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain ;
 Thy days of splendor shall return,
 And all be new again.
- 4 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
 In peace by all who come,
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

876.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Jubilee Song.

- 1 HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 See Jehovah's banner furled ;
 Sheathed his sword : he speaks — 'tis done ;
 Now the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdom of his Son.

MISSIONS.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
- 1 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign :
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

877.

7s.

PRATT'S COLL.

Jesus reigns.

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee ;
Let it echo o'er the sea ;
Now is come the promised hour :
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ, of lords and kings, is King ;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forevermore.
- 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice ;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.

878.

7s.

KELLEY

Triumphs of the Gospel.

- 1 WHO are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star ?
Strangers now to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.
- 2 Lo, they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd :
Zion wonders at the sight,
Zion feels a strange delight.
- 3 Zion now no more shall sigh ;
God will raise her glory high ;
He will send a large increase ;
He will give his people peace.

MISSIONS.

- 4 Sons of Zion, sing aloud ;
See her sun without a cloud ;
God will make her joy complete ;
Zion's sun shall never set.

879.

H. M.

ANON.

Millennium Hymn.

- 1 ISLES of the south, awake ;
The song of triumph sing ;
Let mount, and hill, and vale
With hallelujahs ring :
Shout, for the idol's overthrown,
And Israel's God is God alone.
- 2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout ;
Your shackled sons are free ;
No mother wails her child
'Neath the banana tree :
No slave ship dashes on thy shore ;
The clank of chains is heard no more.
- 3 Shout, vales of India, shout ;
No funeral fires blaze high ;
No idol song rings loud,
As rolls the death car by :
The banner of the cross now waves
Where Christian heralds made their graves.
- 4 Shout, rocky hills of Greece ;
The crescent head lies low ;
No Moslem flings his chain
Around the Christian now ;
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Savior, God the Son.
- 5 Shout, hills of Palestine ;
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The wine press trod alone,
The dying prayer that rose from thee,
Thou garden of Gethsemane ?

MISSIONS.

6 Hail, glad millennial day !
 O, shout, ye heavens above ;
 To-day the nations sing
 The song, redeeming love :
 Redeeming love the song shall be :
 Hail, blessed year of jubilee !

880

C. M.

WATTS.

Kingdom of Christ among Men

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes !
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heavens, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And heavenly armies sing,
 "Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blest abode —
 His saints the objects of his grace,
 And he their faithful God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 And death itself, shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Savior, O, how long
 Shall this bright hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

881.

8s & 7s.

ANON.

Going to Sabbath School.

- 1 WHEN the morning bells are ringing,
To our school room we repair,
Where our voices join in singing,
And our hearts unite in prayer.
- 2 Let us all, with firm endeavor,
In our duties now engage ;
We shall gain our Father's favor,
Bending o'er his sacred page.
- 3 There the lessons he has taught us
Will our hearts and minds improve,
And the blessings he has brought us
Wake a strong and filial love.

882.

L. M.

UNION COLL.

The assembled School.

- 1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray ;
Be with us, then, through this thy day.
- 2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.
- 3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

883.

S. M.

GREENWOOD'S COLL

Peace and Love invoked.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace ;
Love through our borders found

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

In all our little palaces,
Prosperity abound.

- 2 God scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught
From glory be cast down,
But all, through faith and patience, brought
To an immortal crown.

884.

C. M.

KENNADAY.

The Sabbath School.

- 1 SWEET Sabbath school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.
- 2 Within thy courts of Him I've heard
Whose birth the angels sung,
When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear,
The star of glory hung.
- 3 O holy place, where first we shed
The penitential tear,
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.
- 4 When all our wanderings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

885

7s.

GRAJ

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo, thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now ;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
We are weak ; almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teachers blest ;

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

In our lives, and in our hearts,
 Father, be thy laws impressed.

- 8 Shed abroad in every mind
 Light and pardon from above,
 Charity for all our kind,
 Trusting faith, and holy love.

886

H. M.

THURBER.

Prayer for the Sabbath School.

- 1 COME down, celestial Dove,
 From heaven's unspotted height,
 And fill our hearts with love,
 And fill our minds with light,
 To guide and rule | And highest skill,
 With heartiest will, | The Sabbath school.
- 2 Here may that living tide,
 From God's bright throne that runs,
 Send some pure rill to glide
 Among these little ones,
 And age and youth | O, may they drink
 Upon its brink — | Sweet draughts of truth.
- 3 Lord, send some quickening ray,
 That life and warmth imparts,
 That we may bear away,
 To light up other hearts ;
 That zeal may rule, | Till all shall love
 And duty move, | The Sabbath school.

887.

C. M.

ANON.

Christ blessing Children.

- 1 ON, through Judea's palmy plain,
 By Jordan's silvery shore,
 The Savior leads the thronging train,
 Who follow to adore.
- 2 'Midst youth, and sire, and blooming maid,
 He marked the listening child ;
 His hand upon its head he laid,
 And blest in accents mild.

- 3 Lord, though no more thy hallowed form
 Can greet our children's sight,
 Grant that, whilst life their breasts shall ~~vouch~~,
 Thy word may guide them right.
- 4 They may not feel thine earthly touch ;
 But be thy Spirit given
 To make them holy ; " for of such
 The kingdom is of heaven."

888.

C. M.

PRATT'S COLL

Pleasure of instructing the Young.

- 1 BLEST work, the youthful mind to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim ;
 And God will well approve
 When infants learn to lisp his name,
 And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
 To guide untutored youth,
 And show the mind which went astray
 The way, the life, the truth.
- 4 Thy Spirit, Father, on us shed,
 And bless this good design :
 The honors of thy name be spread ;
 Be all the glory thine.

889.

C. M.

ANON.

The Parent or Teacher's Prayer.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord, we earnest pray ;
 Let grace to us be given
 To point our rising charge the way
 To happiness and heaven.
- 2 O that with wisdom from above
 Our minds may be imbued,
 With patience, tenderness, and love,
 And zeal in doing good !

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

- 3 The Savior's mind may we possess,
And in his strength be strong ;
Through disappointment and success
Pass steadily along.
- 4 And in that day when worlds shall stand
Before thy judgment throne,
Smile, Savior, on this youthful band,
And claim them for thine own.

890.

L. M.

WATTS.

Religious Education.

- 1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue ;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from sinful ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints ;
His ears are open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

891.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Hosanna of Children.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise ;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

892.

S. M.

ANON.

Children's Praise.

- 1 TO praise the Savior's name
Let little children try,
While saints and angels do the same
In the bright world on high.
- 2 His love in heaven is sung ;
His name is there adored ;
And children here, however young,
May learn to praise the Lord.

893.

L. M.

ANON.

Children's Song.

- 1 WE are but young ; yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King ;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.
- 2 We are but young ; yet we must die ;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh ;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.
- 3 We are but young ; we need a guide ;
Jesus, in thee we would confide ;
O, lead us in the path of truth ;
Protect and bless us, helpless youth.
- 4 We are but young ; yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head ;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

894.

S. M.

SHIRLAND

Praise to God for learning to read.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learned so young
To read his holy word.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

- 2 Dear Lord, this word of thine
 Informs me where to go
 For grace, to pardon all my sins,
 And make me holy too.
- 3 O, may thy Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receive,
 Those truths which all thy servants preach,
 And all thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord
 In a more cheerful strain,
 That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learned in vain.

895.

L. M.

ANON.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 RETIRING from our school once more,
 Thy blessing, Father, we implore ;
 Still may we keep the heavenly way,
 And serve and please thee through the day.
- 2 As in thy temple we appear ;
 Help us to worship in thy fear ;
 Thy truth impart, thy love instil,
 That we may know and do thy will.

896.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath School Anniversary.

- 1 FROM year to year in love we meet ;
 From year to year in peace we part ;
 The tongues of children uttering sweet
 The thrilling joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away ;
 Not twice the same assembly here
 Have hailed the children's festal day.
- 3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
 Some in our number marked to fall :
 Be young and old prepared alike ;
 The warning is to each, to all.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

- 4 Oft broke, our failing ranks renew ;
Send teachers, children, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

897. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Anniversary ; the Children's Jubilee.

- 1 HOSANNA, be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King ;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.
- 2 From little ones, to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard ;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.
- 3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.
- 4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.
- 5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King ;
This is the children's jubilee ;
Let all the children sing.

898. 7s. MRS. MAXWELL.

Sabbath School Festival.

- 1 WELCOME to our festival,
Parents, teachers, children, all ;
God has spared us through the year,
And in mercy brings us here.
- 2 All unite to praise our God,
For his grace on us bestowed ;
Hallowed be the songs we raise,
Happy songs of grateful praise.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

- 3 God, who dwells beyond the sky,
Turns on us a gracious eye ;
Still prolongs our day of grace ;
Gives us time to seek his face.
- 4 But while thus our hearts rejoice,
We must hear his warning voice —
Seek the way of peace and truth
In the early days of youth.

899.

C. M.

ANON.

Death of a Teacher.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friend, a long farewell ;
For we shall meet no more
Till we are raised with thee to dwell
On Zion's happy shore.
- 2 Our friend and brother, lo, is dead ;
The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust its silent bed,
And there it must decay.
- 3 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell ;
Soon we shall rise to thee ;
And when we meet, no tongue can tell
How great our joys shall be.
- 4 No more we'll mourn thee, parted friend,
But lift our ardent prayer,
And every thought and effort bend
To rise and join thee there.

900.

C. M.

ANON.

Death of a Scholar.

- 1 WE come our Sabbath hymn to raise,
Our humble prayer to pour ;
One voice is hushed — its notes of praise
Shall mingle here no more.
- 2 The lips are still ; the eye is dim
That beamed with joy and love ;
The spirit — it hath gone to Him
Who gave it from above.

- 3 We will not weep, — for Jesus said,
 “ Let little children come,” —
 But pray that our young hearts be led
 To seek that better home.

901.

C. M.

HEMANS.

Death of a Pupil.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Young spirit, rest thee now ;
 E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath ;
 Soul, to its place on high ;
 They that have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
 Since thy meek spirit's gone ;
 But O, a brighter home than ours,
 In heaven, is now thine own.

902.

8s, 7s, & 4.

CHR. MEL.

Close of School.

- 1 NOW is done the time of teaching ;
 Ended is the hour we love ;
 Still the voice of friends beseeching
 Bids us seek the joys above :
 Precious Sabbaths —
 Swiftly, O, they swiftly move.
- 2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
 Ere from school we go away ;
 Savior, come, thy grace revealing ;
 Every troubled thought allay ;
 Make us holy
 On the sacred Sabbath day.
- 3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
 All our Sabbath schools be past,
 Like the leaf, to earth descended,
 Withered in the autumn blast :

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

- Life is passing ;
We must see the grave at last.
4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright,
And with millions, saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

903.

C. M.

ANON.

Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land above,
All beautiful and bright ;
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.
2 There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care ;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

904.

C. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Songs of Children in Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.
3 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey ;
That is the place where we shall go
If found in wisdom's way.
4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern ;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

- 5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
 Our mortal frame decay ;
 Children and teachers, one by one,
 Must pass from earth away.
- 6 Great God, impress the serious thought,
 This day, on every breast,
 That both the teachers and the taught
 May enter to thy rest.



MORAL ENTERPRISES.

905. 6s & 10s. { MILTON, GARDNER,
 AND DWIGHT.

Peace.

- 1 NO war nor battle's sound
 Was heard the earth around ;
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
 But peaceful was the night
 In which the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 No conqueror's sword he bore,
 Nor warlike armor wore,
 Nor haughty passions roused to contest wild ;
 In peace and love he came,
 And gentle was the reign
 Which o'er the earth he spread by influence mild.
- 3 Unwilling kings obeyed,
 And sheathed the battle blade,
 And called their bloody legions from the field ;
 In silent awe they wait,
 And close the warrior's gate,
 Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.
- 4 The peaceful conqueror goes,
 And triumphs o'er his foes,

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

His weapons drawn from armories above ;
Behold the vanquished sit
Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and love.

906.

L. M.

STEELE.

Thanksgiving for National Peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain, —
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power ;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wings ;
Reviving commerce spreads her sails ;
The fields are green, and plenty sings,
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.
- 5 To thee we pay our grateful songs ;
Thy kind protection still implore :
O, may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

907.

L. M.

AIRIN.

In Time of War.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.
- 2 Thou who hast stamped on humankind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race, —

- 3 Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O, bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.
- 4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above —
"My creatures, live in mutual love."

908.

7s.

LYID

Christ's universal Reign.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own ;
Heathen tribes his name adore ;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease ;
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord ;
Ever praise his glorious name ;
All his mighty acts record ;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

909.

C. M.

H. MARTINEAU.

All Men are equal.

- 1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies ;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.
- 2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

- 3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.
- 4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love ;
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.
- 5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low, your shame and fear ;
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
Your brotherhood revere.

910.

C. M.

ANON.

Picture of Slavery.

- 1 O, HEAR the wailing cry ;
The wretched slave complains ;
His brother's hand deep wrong inflicts,
And binds in galling chains.
- 2 With scoffs that brother sees
Those chains his body bind,
And draws the more debasing cords
Around th' immortal mind.
- 3 O, melt those flinty hearts,
Strong prejudice remove,
And teach thy paler children, Lord,
Thy sable sons to love.

911.

C. M.

FOLLEN.

Appeal to the Slaveholder.

- 1 WHAT mean ye that ye bruise and bind
My people, saith the Lord,
And starve your craving brother's mind,
That asks to hear my word ?
- 2 What mean ye that ye make them toil
Through long and dreary years,
And shed like rain upon your soil
Their blood and bitter tears ?

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

- 3 What mean ye that ye dare to rend
The tender mother's heart?
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,
How dare you bid them part?
- 4 What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand
To you so much has given,
That from the slave who tills your land
You keep both earth and heaven?
- 5 When at the judgment God shall call,
Where is thy brother? say,
What mean ye, to the Judge of all,
To answer on that day?

912.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Warning to wicked Magistrates.

- 1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When one oppressed before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.
- 3 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;
Your grandeur melts, your titles die;
Your power is crumbled to the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
Your hopes shall be forever lost.
- 4 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

And all who hear shall join and say,
 "Sure there's a God who rules on high;
 A God who hears his children cry,
 And will their sufferings well repay."

913.

8s, 7c, & 4.

ANON.

Remembering those in Bonds.

- 1 HARK! the wail — the voice of anguish,
 In our highly-favored land;
 Brethren, doomed in chains to languish,
 Lift to heaven the fettered hand;
 In their sadness,
 They our sympathies demand.
- 2 Let us raise our supplication
 For the scourged and fettered slave;
 All whose life is desolation,
 All whose hope is in the grave.
 God of mercy,
 From thy throne, O, hear and save.
- 3 Those in bonds we would remember;
 Lord, our hands with theirs are bound;
 With each helpless, suffering member
 Let our sympathies be found,
 Till our labors
 Spread the smile of freedom round.

914.

L. M.

WHITTIER.

Prayer for the Slave.

- 1 THOU God, who hast, since time began,
 The Helper of the helpless been,
 Who will correct the tyrant, man,
 That dares against thy mercy sin, —
- 2 We pray for slaves, to whom thy word
 Of light and love is never given;
 For those whose ears have never heard
 The promise and the hope of heaven.
- 3 For broken heart, and darkened mind,
 Whereon no human mercies fall,

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

O, be thy gracious love inclined,
Who, as a father, pitiest all.

- 4 And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near ;
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of thy love shall hear ; —
- 5 When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall melt in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

915.

S. M.

ANON.

Emancipation desired.

- 1 HOW long shall Afric's sons
Be sons of grief and pain?
How long shall slavery curse the earth,
And mercy plead in vain?
- 2 Lift up your voice to-day
In freedom's holy cause,
Till all the world in love obey
Their Maker's righteous laws.
- 3 Then in your blissful songs .
Shall bond and free unite,
His praise to spread, to whom belongs
All majesty and might.

916.

L. M.

ANON.

Equality of Men.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, thou hast made
A numerous family thy care ;
Nor sable hue, nor caste, nor grade,
Excludes the meanest from his share.
- 2 Of kindred blood and flesh the same ;
In thy pure sight of equal worth ;
Then why should one the sceptre claim,
And crush his brother to the earth ?
- 3 Why should the sighing bondman grope
A cheerless journey to the tomb,

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

No star to guide, no ray of hope
To shine upon the darksome gloom ?

- 4 Wilt thou not hear, and set them free,
The downcast slaves, for whom we plead,
And make our land, as it should be,
A free and happy land indeed ?

917.

C. M.

ANON.

The Plagues of Egypt.

- 1 WHEN Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
And thus provoked their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Armed with his dreadful rod.
- 2 He called for darkness ; darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood ;
He made each lake and every stream
A lake, a stream of blood.
- 3 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread,
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.
- 4 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew ;
Locusts, in swarms, devoured their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.
- 5 Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt died ;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.
- 6 Ye modern Pharaohs, God commands,
" Let all my people go ;
Break off their chains, unbind their hands,
Or I will lay you low."

918.

L. M.

ANON.

The Slave made free.

- 1 I SAW him kneel in calm despair,
And lift his fettered hands to heaven ;

No hope was blended in his prayer
That slavery's chains would e'er be riven.

- 2 I wept in anguish thus to see
A man, a brother, doomed a slave ;
My native land, I blushed for thee,
And prayed indulgent Heaven to save.
- 3 I turned me to that slave again ;
No longer lay he prostrate there ;
He'd heard the word, "Thou'rt free," and then
He bounded light in freedom's air.
- 4 He wakes to new existence now ;
Assumes the rank his Maker gave ;
The marks of slavery leave his brow ;
The boon is his he feared to crave.

919.

C. M.

ANON.

Slave pleading for Freedom.

- 1 STRIKE off my galling fetters, strike,
My shackles rend in twain,
Unloose the yoke from off my neck,
And break my heavy chain ;
O, let the breath of liberty
My burning temples fan ;
For has not God created me
A brother and a man ?
- 2 And let the Sun of righteousness,
Whence every blessing springs,
Arise upon my darkened mind,
With healing in his wings :
O, ask me not if liberty
Would youthful fires renew,
Or if I'd feel one single pang
To bid my chains adieu.
- 3 Tear off my bonds, release my limbs,
And set my spirit free ;
And let me revel in the sweets
Of new-born liberty ;

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

Then shall thy righteousness shine forth,
Bright as the dawn of day ;
God's glory shall be thy reward,
If thou wilt thus obey.

920.

C. M.

ANON.

The Gospel against Slavery.

- 1 "BREAK every yoke," the gospel cries,
"And let th' oppressed go free ;"
Let every captive taste the joys
Of peace and liberty.
- 2 Lord, when shall man thy voice obey,
And rend each iron chain ?
O, when shall love its golden sway
O'er all the earth maintain ?
- 3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
And melt th' oppressor's heart ;
Send sweet deliverance to the slave,
And bid his woes depart.
- 4 With freedom's blessings crown his day ;
O'erflow his heart with love ;
Teach him that strait and narrow way
Which leads to rest above.

921.

8s, 7s, & 4.

ANON.

Encouraging Prospects for the Slave.

- 1 HARK ! a voice from heaven proclaiming
Comfort to the mourning slave ;
God has heard him long complaining,
And extends his arm to save ;
Proud oppression
Soon shall find a shameful grave.
- 2 See, the light of truth is breaking
Full and clear on every hand,
And the voice of mercy speaking
Now is heard through all the land ;
Firm and fearless
See the friends of freedom stand.

- 3 **L**, the nation is arousing
 From its slumber long and deep,
 And the friends of God are waking,
 Never, nevermore to sleep
 While a bondman
 In his chains remains to weep.
- 4 Long, too long, have we been dreaming
 O'er our country's sin and shame ;
 Let us now, the time redeeming,
 Press the helpless captive's claim,
 Till, exulting,
 He shall cast aside his chain.

922.

6s & 4s. (Peculiar.)

DUNCAN.

Universal Freedom.

- 1 **ROLL** on, thou joyful day,
 When tyranny's proud sway,
 Stern as the grave,
 Shall to the ground be hurled,
 And freedom's flag, unfurled,
 Shall wave throughout the world
 O'er every slave.
- 2 Trump of glad jubilee,
 Echo o'er land and sea,
 Freedom for all ;
 Let the glad tidings fly,
 And every tribe reply,
 Glory to God on high,
 At slavery's fall.
- 3 Free, too, the captive mind,
 By darkness long confined
 In slavery's night ;
 The Savior's reign extend,
 Virtue with freedom blend,
 And full salvation send,
 With freedom's light.

923.

P. M.

WARR.

The Progress of Freedom.

- 1 OPPRESSION shall not always reign
 There comes a brighter day,
 When freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant way.
 Then right shall over might prevail,
 And truth, like hero armed in mail,
 The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
 And hold eternal sway.
- 2 What voice shall bid the progress stay
 Of truth's victorious car?
 What arm arrest the growing day,
 Or quench the solar star?
 What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
 Oppression's guilty night prolong,
 And freedom's morning bar?
- 3 The hour of triumph comes apace,
 The fated, promised hour,
 When Earth upon a ransomed race
 Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell;
 Bid high thy sacred banner swell;
 Let trump on trump the triumph tell
 Of Heaven's redeeming power.

924.

C. M.

ANON.

Reign of Intemperance.

- 1 INTEMPERANCE, like a raging flood,
 Is sweeping o'er the land;
 Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
 Are traced on every hand.
- 2 It still flows on, and bears away
 Ten thousands to their doom;
 Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
 And disappoint the tomb?

MORAL ENTERPRISES.

- 3 Almighty God, no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide ;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.
- 4 Dry up the source from whence it flows ;
Destroy its fountain head ;
That dire intemperance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

925.

S. M.

ANON

Ravages of Intemperance.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong ;
Mourn for the wine cup's fatal reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem —
For reason's light divine —
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruined soul —
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost ; but call,
Call to the strong, the free ;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost ; but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

926.

L. M.

ANON.

Progress of Temperance.

- 1 GOD of our fathers, 'tis thy hand
Hath turned the tide of death away,
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled thy people with dismay.

- 2 Thy voice awaked us from our dream ;
 Thy Spirit taught our hearts to feel ;
 'Twas thy own light whose radiant beam
 Came down our duty to reveal.
- 3 Almighty Parent, still in thee
 Our spirits trust for strength divine ;
 Gird us with Heaven's own energy,
 And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.
- 4 The work of man's destruction stay ;
 The tide of fire still backward press ;
 Drive each delusive mist away,
 And every humble effort bless.

927

S. M.

M. W. HARRIS

Temperance Anniversary.

- 1 PRAISE for the glorious light
 Which crowns this joyous day,
 Whose beams dispel the shades of night,
 And wake our grateful lay.
- 2 Praise for the mighty band,
 Redeemed from error's chain,
 Whose echoing voices, through our land,
 Join our triumphant strain.
- 3 Ours is no conquest gained
 Upon the tented field ;
 Nor hath the flowing lifeblood stained
 The victor's helm and shield.
- 4 But the strong might of love,
 And truth's all-pleading voice,
 As angels bending from above,
 Have made our hearts rejoice.
- 5 Lord, upward to thy throne
 Th' imploring voice we raise ;
 The might, the strength, are thine alone ;
 Thine be our loftiest praise.

SEAMEN.

928.

L. M.

WATTS

The Seaman's Song.

- 1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.
- 5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

929.

8s & 7s.

LYRB.

Sailor's Protection.

- 1 TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

SEAMEN.

- 2 And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
 Darkly through the storm clouds scowling
 O'er the sailor's anxious head ;
 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still,
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of thy will.
- 3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
 While to thee I lift mine eye ;
 Thou wilt save me, ere I perish ;
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
 And though mast and sail be riven,
 Life's short voyage will soon be o'er ;
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

930.

S. M.

BALL.

Prayer for Seamen.

- 1 DEAR Savior, teach our hearts
 To feel for those whose home
 Is on the stormy ocean cast,
 Amid the tempest's foam.
- 2 When thunder peals around,
 And lightnings flash on high,
 O, cover them — beneath thy wing
 Protected may they lie.
- 3 So shall they sing of thee,
 And, 'midst the calm, rehearse
 The great deliverance of thy hands
 In humble, grateful verse.

931.

C. M.

ANON.

Prayer for Mariners.

- 1 WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
 And with united pleas,
 We meet to pray for those who roam
 Far off upon the seas.

SEAMEN.

2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rainedrops in the sea.

3 Then may a Savior's dying love
Pour balm into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

932.

12s.

HEBER.

"Save, Lord, or we perish."

1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is
streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleam-
ing,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker — "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer — "Save, Lord, or we perish."

933.

6s & 4s.

COLVER.

Prayer for Sailors.

1 GREAT God, in safety keep
The sailor on the deep;
In dread dismay,
When skill avails no more,
And storms around him pour,
And angry billows roar,
Thy power display.

2 O, let thy mighty voice
Be heard above the noise

SEAMEN.

Of wind and storm,
 In accents sweet and clear —
 “Dismiss thy trembling fear ;
 ’Tis I, myself, am near,
 To shield from harm.”

3 Great God, the sailor save,
 When, from the rolling wave,
 He seeks the land ;
 Where Pleasure spreads her sail,
 And Passion blows a gale,
 Where soon his dying wail
 His voyage may end.

4 O, let thy grace divine
 Upon the sailor shine
 With saving power ;
 With cable strong and fast,
 With hope, his anchor, cast
 Beyond the stormy blast,
 His bark secure.

934.

L. M.

WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner’s wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Savior speaks —
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
 The storm was loud, the night was dark
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose —
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

SEAMEN

- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 5 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The Star — the Star of Bethlehem.

935.

C. M.

ANON.

The Preservation of Seamen.

- 1 WHEN o'er the mighty deep we rode,
 By winds and storms assailed,
 We called upon the ocean's God,
 Whose mercy never failed.
- 2 The raging tempest heard thy voice,
 The winds obeyed thy will,
 The elements withheld their noise,
 And all the floods were still.
- 3 With joy we hailed the distant shore,
 And safe the vessel moored ;
 With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
 We praised the ocean's Lord.
- 4 Thus, while o'er floods and seas we roam,
 Thy goodness still we see ;
 Though distant from our native home,
 We are not far from thee.

936.

S. M.

S. GRAHAM.

A Home every where.

- 1 HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave,
 And blow, thou boisterous wind ;
 Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
 Our home and friends behind.
- 2 Away, away, we steer,
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 And dim the distant heights appear,
 Like clouds along the west.

SEAMEN.

- 3 There is a loneliness
 Upon the mighty deep,
 And hurried thoughts upon us press,
 As onwardly we sweep.
- 4 But there is hope and joy
 Wherever we may be ;
 Danger nor death can e'er destroy
 Our trust, O God, in thee.
- 5 Then wherefore should we grieve,
 Or what have we to fear ?
 Though home, and friends, and life we leave,
 Our God is ever near.
- 6 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep ;
 Ye winds, blow foul or fair ;
 Our God is with us on the deep,
 Our home is every where.

937.

L. M.

SIGOURNEY.

Prayer at Sea.

- 1 PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,
 Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
 While through the open casement nigh
 The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.
- 2 Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
 Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
 And upward to th' eternal throne
 The hymn of praise melodious sent.
- 3 But he who fain would know how warm
 The soul's appeal to God may be,
 From friends and native land should turn,
 A wanderer on the faithless sea ; —
- 4 Should hear its deep, imploring tone
 Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
 When billows toss the fragile bark,
 And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

- 5 Nought, nought appears but sea and sky ,
 No refuge where the foot may flee :
 How will he cast, O Rock divine,
 The anchor of his soul on thee !

938.

C. M.

MADAN'S COLL.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.

- 1 OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,
 By cruel tempests tossed,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Expecting to be lost, —
- 2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
 Breathed out our sad distress ;
 Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
 We begged return of peace.
- 3 Then ceased the stormy winds to blow ;
 The surges ceased to roll ;
 And soon again a placid sea
 Spoke comfort to the soul.
- 4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
 Their hallelujahs sing
 To Him who hath our lives preserved,
 Our Savior and our King.

939.

C. M.

SEAMEN'S HYMNS.

Song of Seamen.

- 1 HOW sweet the songs of Zion sound,
 When seamen tune their voice
 In praise to Him who reigns on high
 And bids the world rejoice !
- 2 These tongues, which once their God blasphemed,
 Now sound his praises high,
 For that sweet word of gospel grace
 Which brings a Savior nigh.
- 3 They sing, to tell how God has given
 Deliverance from the storm,
 And brought them to their port in peace
 By his almighty arm.

- 4 Sing on, dear seamen, sing and tell
 Of all Immanuel's love ;
 And may you rise and sit on high,
 And reign with him above.

940. 11s & 12s. SEAMEN'S HYMNS.
Christian Affection.

- 1 IN lands strange and distant, how sweetly the sound
 Of the tongue of a countryman falls on the ear !
 The strangeness of all that is passing around
 Makes the words seem more sweet, and the ac-
 cents more dear.
- 2 It reminds us of home, of the land of our birth,
 Of the friends we have left, and the kin that we
 love ;
 Of all that is dearest to man upon earth —
 All his comfort below, and his solace above.
- 3 It is thus to the Christian, when, passing along
 This world to the home of the Father, on high,
 Some brother he finds, in the midst of the throng,
 With the accent of heaven, the tongue of the sky.
- 4 The communion of saints brightens many a day,
 Enlivens the faith that was drooping and low,
 Stirs up the remembrance of God on our way,
 And bids all the sweetest affections to glow.

941. C. M. HEMANS.
The Seaman's Hymn of Praise.

- 1 O GOD, thy name they well may praise,
 Who to the deep go down,
 And trace the wonders of thy ways,
 When rocks and billows frown.
- 2 If glorious be that awful deep
 No human power can bind,
 What then art thou, who bidd'st it keep
 Within its bounds confined !

SEAMEN.

- 3 Let heaven and earth in praise unite,
Eternal praise to thee,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might,
Or still the raging sea.

942.

C. M.

ADDISON.

The Christian Mariner safe.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is thy defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid ; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

943.

C. M.

ANON.

The Sailor's Grave.

- 1 NOT in the churchyard shall he sleep,
Amid the silent gloom ;
His home was on the mighty deep,
And there shall be his tomb.
- 2 He loved his own bright, deep-blue sea ;
O'er it he loved to roam ;
And now his winding sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.

THE SEASONS.

- 3 No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, solemn dirge ;
The winds shall chant a requiem
To him beneath the surge.
- 4 For him break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the dewy sod ;
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His spirit with its God.

THE SEASONS.

944.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

The Providence of God in the Season.

- 1 THE rolling year, almighty Lord,
Obeys thy powerful nod ;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present God.
- 2 Waked by thy voice blooms forth the spring
In living verdure dressed ;
On hills, in vales, through fields and groves,
Thy beauties stand confessed.
- 3 The sun calls forth the summer months,
Nor do the hours delay ;
The fruits with varied colors glow
Beneath his ripening ray.
- 4 Thy bounty, Lord, in autumn shines,
And spreads a general feast,
In which thy creatures all partake,
The greatest and the least.
- 5 When winter rears her hoary head,
And shows her furrowed brow,
In storms and tempests, frosts and snows,
How awful, Lord, art thou !

945.

C. M.

TRUMBULL.

Spring.

- 1 WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
 Proclaim the opening year,
 What various sounds of joy arise,
 What prospects bright appear !
- 2 Earth and her thousand voices give
 Their thousand notes of praise ;
 And all that by his mercy live
 To God their offering raise.
- 3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
 Reflect the morning sky ;
 And there, with music in his flight,
 The wild bird soars on high.
- 4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear
 That saw the Savior rise,
 The spring of heaven's eternal year
 Shall dawn on earth and skies.
- 5 No winter there, no shades of night
 Obscure those mansions blest,
 Where, in the happy fields of light,
 The weary are at rest.

946.

H. M.

DWIGHT

Spring.

- 1 HOW pleasing is the voice
 Of God, our heavenly King,
 Who bids the frosts retire,
 And wakes the lovely spring !
 Bright suns arise, | And beauty glows
 The mild wind blows, | Through earth and skies
- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,
 His hand arrays in smiles ;
 He bids the eve decline,
 Rejoicing o'er the hills :
 The evening breeze | His beauty blooms
 His breath perfumes ; | In flowers and trees

THE SEASONS.

3 With life he clothes the spring,
 The earth with summer warms,
 He spreads th' autumnal feast,
 And rides on wintry storms:

His gifts divine		And round the year
Through all appear;		His glories shine.

947.

8s.

HAWES

Spring.

THE winter is over and gone,
 The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
 The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
 The lark mounts and warbles away.

2 Shall all of God's creatures around
 Their voices in concert unite,
 And I, the most favored, be found
 In praising to take less delight?

3 Awake, then, my harp and my lute;
 Sweet organs, your notes softly swell;
 No longer my lips shall be mute,
 The Savior's high praises to tell.

4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
 My graces shall bloom as the spring;
 This temple, his Spirit's abode;
 My joy as my duty to sing.

948.

C. M.

STEELE.

Spring.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
 And blossoms deck the spray,
 And fragrance breathes in every gale,
 How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
 'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
 Soft music hails the lovely spring,
 And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart

THE SEASONS.

Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

949.

S. M.

ANON.

The Seasons. — Summer.

- 1 GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise :
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air !
How warm the sun's bright beams !
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn
Adorn and bless the land.
- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thy beloved Son ;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy
Through endless ages run.

950.

C. M.

RIPPON

Summer : a Harvest Hymn.

- 1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers :
He calls — and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with earth he keeps ;
My tongue, his goodness sing ;
Summer and winter know their time ;
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop ;

THE SEASONS.

With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness ;
Smile on, my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop ;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sowed in hope.

951.

L. M.

SIGOURNEY.

Harvest.

- 1 GOD of the year, with songs of praise
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.
- 2 In early spring time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming ;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.
- 3 God of the seasons, thou hast blessed
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours.
- 4 Praise, praise to thee ; our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

952.

C. M.

CHR. PSALMIST

Thanks for an abundant Harvest.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,

THE SEASONS.

- Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

953.

8s & 7s.

HORNÉ.

Autumn Warnings.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound, —
- 2 “ Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 4 “ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
O, receive our kindly warning ;
Heaven and earth shall pass away.”
- 5 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed :
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Autumn.

- 1 THE leaves around me falling
 Are preaching of decay ;
 The hollow winds are calling,
 " Come, pilgrim, come away :"
 The day, in night declining,
 Says I must, too, decline ;
 The year its bloom resigning,
 Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing, —
 All, all, like stars at even,
 Just gleam and shoot away,
 Pass on before to heaven,
 And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends gone there before me
 Are calling from on high,
 And happy angels o'er me
 Tempt sweetly to the sky :
 " Why wait," they say, " and wither,
 'Mid scenes of death and sin ?
 O, rise to glory, hither,
 And find true life begin."
- 4 I hear the invitation,
 And fain would rise and come,
 A sinner, to salvation,
 An exile, to his home :
 But while I here must linger,
 Thus, thus let all I see
 Point on, with faithful finger,
 To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

955.

C. M.

HELE.

Winter.

- 1 STERN Winter throws his icy chain
Encircling nature round ;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned !
- 2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray ;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.
- 4 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains !
- 5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

956.

C. M.

WATTS.

Winter.

- 1 THE hoary frost, the fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground
The liquid streams forbear to flow
In icy fetters bound.
- 2 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
God pours the sounding hail,
The man that does his power defy
Shall find his courage fail.
- 3 God sends his word, and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

THE SEASONS.

4 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word ;
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

957.

H. M.

FREEMAN.

Hymn on the Seasons.

1 LORD of the worlds below
 On earth thy glories shine ;
 The changing seasons show
 Thy skill and power divine.
 The rolling years | In all we see
 Are full of thee ; | A God appears.

2 Forth in the flowery spring
 We see thy beauty move ;
 The birds on branches sing
 Thy tenderness and love ;
 Wide flush the hills ; | Devotion's calm
 The air is balm ; | Our bosom fills.

3 Then come, in robes of light,
 The summer's flaming days ;
 The sun, thine image bright,
 Thy majesty displays ;
 And oft thy voice | But still our souls
 In thunder rolls ; | In thee rejoice.

4 In autumn, a rich feast
 Thy common bounty gives
 To man, and bird, and beast,
 And every thing that lives :
 Thy liberal care | And harvest moon,
 At morn and noon, | Our lips declare.

5 In winter, awful thou,
 With storms around thee cast ;
 The leafless forests bow
 Beneath thy northern blast :
 While tempests lower | We homage bring,
 To thee, dread King, | And own thy power

958.

C. M.

WATTS.

Blessings of God in the Seasons.

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still ;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

959.

L. M.

ENFIELD'S SEL.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons.

- 1 GREAT God, at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise ;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.
- 3 O, how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed !
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy bright perfections shine confessed.

THE SEASONS.

- 4 Indulgent God, from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see, we taste ; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

960.

C. M.

WATTS.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

- 1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out at his command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor laborers sing.
- 4 The little hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers ;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop ;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

961.

C. M.

WATTS.

Song of Praise for the Seasons.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding lowl,
Address the Lord on high ;
O'er all the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

THE SEASONS.

- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays ;
O, may our lips and lives make known
His goodness and his praise.

962.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

The Year crowned with Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer suns with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores ;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.
- 5 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade ;
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise.

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

963.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

New Year. — Providential Goodness.

- 1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound ;
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend,
Whose constant mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see ;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God :
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

964.

C. M.

NEWTON.

New Year. — Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 NOW, 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.

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

965.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Song for the opening Year.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

966.

7s.

NEWTON.

New Year's Day.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here :

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view ;
Bless thy word to old and young ;
Fill us with a Savior's love :
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

967.

7s.

NEWTON.

Uncertainty of Life. — New Year.

- 1 SEE, another year is gone ;
Quickly have the seasons passed ;
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove their last.
Mercy hitherto has spared ;
But have mercies been improved
Let us ask, Am I prepared,
Should I be this year removed ?
- 2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.
Some -- but who God only knows --
That are here assembled now,

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

- 3 If from guilt and sin set free
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see thy face.
To thy saints, while here below,
With new years new mercies come ;
But the happiest year they know
Is the last, that leads them home.

968.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Swiftness of Time. — New Year.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks complete their round !
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift-revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

969.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

Close of the Year.

- 1 OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same ;

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand,
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led us on ;
Thus far we make his mercy known ;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

970.

C. M.

ANON.

Reflections at the End of the Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run —
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul ; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn :
What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
What is thy great concern ?
- 4 Behold, another year begins ;
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

971.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near :
Then welcome each declining day ;
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

972.

S. M.

DRUMMOND

An appropriate Fast.

- 1 " IS this a fast for me ? " —
Thus saith the Lord our God ; —
" A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod ? —
- 2 " Like bulrush low to bow
His sorrow-stricken head,
With sackcloth for his inner vest,
And ashes round him spread ?
- 3 " Shall day like this have power
To stay th' avenging hand,
Efface transgression, or avert
My judgments from the land ?
- 4 " No ; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose —
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose ? —

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 5 "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?"
- 6 "Then like the morning ray
Shall spring your health and light ;
Before you, righteousness shall shine ;
Behind, my glory bright."

973.

C. M.

HART.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.
- 2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.
- 3 And should the dread decree be passed,
And we must feel the rod,
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

974.

C. M.

BREVIARY

An acceptable Fast.

- 1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee ;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.
- 3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

975.

L. M.

·DAVIES.

National Distresses.

- 1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword,
O, whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?
- 3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
O, spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 4 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 5 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

976.

C. M.

RIPPON'S & CO.

Judgments for national Sins deprecated.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 4 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord ;
Convert us by thy grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid
When thou, O God, art near.

977.

C. M.

WATTS.

Relief from national Judgments implored.

- 1 LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land ;
Behold, thy people mourn ;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand ;
O, heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.
- 3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God,
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

978.

8s & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

Pardon implored for national Sins.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 Let that love veil our transgression ;
Let that blood our guilt efface ;
Save thy people from oppression ;
Save from spoil thy holy place.
- 4 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

979.

7s.

SACRED LYRICS.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land ;
Kept by him, no foes annoy ;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey ;
Never feel oppression's rod ;
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

980.

6s & 4s.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise to the God of Harvest.

- 1 THE God of harvest praise ;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice ;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth ;
To glory in your lot
Is duty ; but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves 'along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

981.

L. P. M.

KIPPIS.

Thanksgiving for national Prosperity.

- 1 HOW rich thy gifts, almighty King !
From thee our public blessings spring ;
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
Which pours from every foreign shore ;
Science and art their charms display ;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs :
Here still may God in mercy reign ;
Crown our just counsels with success ;
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

982.

L. M.

PRESB. COLL.

God acknowledged in national Blessings.

- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the Pilgrims trod —
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear ;
In dangers still our Guardian be ;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here ;
Let all the people worship thee.

983.

6s & 4s.

ANON.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 GOD bless our native land ;
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night :
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies ;

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

On him we wait ;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh :
God save the state.

984.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God our Deliverer.

- 1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.
- 2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave ;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save ; —
- 3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored ;
Thy providence protected them
Who thy great name adored.
- 4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King ;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.
- 5 To thee the glory we'll ascribe
From whom salvation came ;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

935.

L. M.

LUNT.

Our Forefathers.

- 1 WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.
- 2 Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared ;

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their precious hopes were reared.

- 3 Arméd with intelligence and zeal,
Their sons shook off the tyrant's chain,
The rights of freemen quick to feel,
And nobly daring to maintain.
- 4 The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust ;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.
- 5 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer ;
For thou who wast our fathers' Friend
Wilt make our offspring still thy care.

986.

C. M.

ANON.

God's Kindness to our Forefathers.

- 1 TO Him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.
- * 2 'Twas he who led the Pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea ;
'Twas he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
And set our country free.
- 3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone
To save, protect, and bless.
- 4 Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
In manhood as in youth ;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth.

987.

P. M.

WASHBURN.

The Goodness of God to our Country celebrated.

- 1 LET every heart rejoice and sing ;
Let choral anthems rise ;

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Ye reverend men, and children, bring
To God your sacrifice ;
For he is good ; the Lord is good ;
And kind are all his ways :
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise :
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

- 2 He bids the sun to rise and set ;
In heaven his power is known ;
And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
Bow low before his throne ;
For he is good ; the Lord is good ;
And kind are all his ways :
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise :
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

988.

C. M.

WREFORD.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land —
The land we love the most.
- 2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion pure and mild
Smile on our Sabbath hours,
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend ;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

989.

H. M.

WESLEY.

Birthday.

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise ;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days ;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O, let me live ;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give ;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee ;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

4 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven ;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven :
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

990.

C. M.

ANON.

Birthday.

- 1 LORD of my life, whose word of power
Did first inspire my breath,
'Tis thou hast kept me, to this hour,
From danger and from death.
- 2 Spared to commence another year,
The past I now review :
How numerous do my sins appear !
How great thy mercies, too !
- 3 I thank thee for thy tender care
Through all my infant days,
And for each privilege I share,
That still thy love displays.
- 4 For Jesus' sake, my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace,
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.
- 5 How long or short my course may be,
'Tis not for me to know ;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favor grow.

991.

7s & 6s.

HEBER.

Marriage.

- 1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed ;
When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was dressed,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest ; —
- 2 No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good ;

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- Yet in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known ;
A wish, the heart distressing,
For Adam was alone.
- 3 O God of pure affection,
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board ;
May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dis sever
Whom thou hast linked in one.
- 4 Their heart and hand combining
To live forever thine,
May grace, upon them shining,
Create their joys divine ;
O, may they always serve thee,
Their counsels ever one,
And ne'er forget to love thee
Till time on earth is done.

992.

C. M.

SIGOURNEY.

Marriage Hymn.

- 1 NOT for the summer's hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join, —
- 2 But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear.
- 3 Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flowers of grass
Just blossom, droop, and die, —

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 4 But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take ;
Grant us, O God, one home at last, *
For thy great mercy's sake.



MORNING AND EVENING.

993.

L. M.

WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies, —
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

994.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats ;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 How many priceless souls have fled
Since the last setting sun !
And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

995.

L. M.

KENN.

A Morning Invocation.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I to thee my vows renew ;
Dispel my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite.

996.

L. M.

ALLINE.

A Morning Song.

- 1 O, COULD my soul this morning rise,
And feel that life that never dies,
I'd praise that hand with all my powers
That guarded my unguarded hours.
- 2 'Tis he who gives me life divine ;
In him eternal joys are mine ;
Then rouse, my soul, bid sloth adieu ;
Thy Jesus love, and him pursue.
- 3 Haste on to that immortal shore,
Where night and sleep are known no more ;
There shall I soon in glory rise,
With seraphs, in a sweet surprise.
- 4 Then shall I raise a morning song,
With all the vast angelic throng ;
Singing in everlasting peace,
My morning song shall never cease.

997.

C. M.

SACRED OFFERING.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

- 1 AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn ;
Again my waking eyes unclose,
To view the smiling morn.
- 2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing ;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.
- 3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord ;
O, teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 4 Let every thought and word accord
With thy most holy will ;
Each deed the precepts of thy word
With pious aim fulfil.
- 5 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant Guardian prove ;
O, sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

998.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Morning Acknowledgment.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'Tis thine, my God — the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath th' Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis thine — my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.
- 5 May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

999.

C. M.

STEELE.

Gratitude and Supplication. — Morning.

- 1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise ;
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.
- 4 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

1000.

C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Goodness of God. — Morning.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL is the task to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our heavenly King,
And grateful homage pay.
- 2 The countless worlds which, bathed in light,
Through fields of azure move,
Proclaim his wisdom and his might ;
But O, how great his love !
- 3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind ;
And comfort, hope, and grace impart
To heal the wounded mind.
- 4 All creatures, with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food ;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 5 Delightful is the task, O Lord,
With each returning day
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

1001.

C. M.

WATTS.

A Morning Hosanna.

- 1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand !
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word ;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.
- 4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law ;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.
- 5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his guardian wings.

1002.

L. M.

WATTS.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood !
My peace they daily discompose ;
But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry ;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
 I laid me down, and slept secure ;
 Not death should make my heart afraid,
 Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustained me all the night ;
 Salvation doth to God belong ;
 He raised my head to see the light,
 And make his praise my morning song.

1003.

L. M.

ANON.

Evening Reflections.

- 1 STILL evening comes, with gentle shade,
 Sweet harbinger of balmy rest
 From toilsome hours and anxious thoughts
 Revolving in the pensive breast.
- 2 Refulgent day in darkness sets ;
 The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep ;
 Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
 As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.
- 3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease ;
 The scene obscured inspires my eye,
 And darkness marks the loved retreat
 Where pleasures live and sorrows die.
- 4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,
 And undisturbed by human voice,
 Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
 And bids my soul in God rejoice.

1004.

7s & 6s.

SAC. SONGS.

Reflections at Sunset.

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding
 Serenely down the west ;
 So, every care subsiding,
 My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing
 The daylight's gentle close ;
 May angels, round me singing,
 Thus hymn my last repose.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high ;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.
- 4 In golden splendor dawning
The morrow's light shall break ;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake.

1005.

C. M.

MRS. BROWN.

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

1006.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard ;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around ;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found !
- 4 What have I done for Him who died
To save my guilty soul ?
Alas ! my sins are multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll.
- 5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

1007.

C. M.

ANON.

Evening Prayer and Praise.

- 1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O, let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.
- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed !
How largely hast thou blest !
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free ;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.
- 4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er ;
And then, to realms of endless light,
O, let my spirit soar.

1008.

L. M.

STEELE.

An Evening Sacrifice.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 Thy love and power, celestial Guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm :
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm ?
- 4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

1009.

C. M.

WATTS

Evening Devotion.

- 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am forever thine :
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head
From care and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope, relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

1010.

S. M.

CONDER

Saturday Evening.

- 1 THE hours of evening close ;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care,
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep,
And, safe from violence and fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

1011.

C. M.

CHR. MEL

Evening before the Sabbath.

- 1 BEGONE, my earthly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight ;
Let me begin th' ensuing day
Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of prayer 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 Jesus — how pleasing is the sound !
How worthy of my love !
Why is my heart so lifeless found ?
Why placed no more above ?
- 5 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my powers ;
Prepare me to attend thy word,
T' improve the sacred hours.

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 6 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend :
I long to welcome in the morn,
The day with thee to spend.

1012.

S. M.

CURTIS'S COLL.

Flight of Time.

- 1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep ;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blesséd, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed !
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

1013.

S. M.

FREEMAN'S COLL.

Evening Supplication.

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

MORNING AND EVENING.

- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

1014.

8s & 7s.

EDMESTON.

Confidence in God's Protection.

- 1 FATHER, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

1015.

C. M.

MORAVIAN COLL.

Evening. — Cheerful Confidence.

- 1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove :
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.
- 3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

1016.

L. M.

WATTS.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past ;
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

1017.

L. M.

CHR. MEL.

The Family Altar.

- 1 WHERE'ER the Lord shall build my house,
An altar to his name I'll raise ;
There, morn and evening, shall ascend
The sacrifice of prayer and praise.
- 2 With duteous mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law ;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence, love, and awe.
- 3 If numerous blessings of the earth
Our gracious God to us afford,
With warm, united hearts we'll pay
Our grateful tribute to the Lord.
- 4 Here fix, dear Lord, thy sacred rest,
And spread the banner of thy love,
Till, ripened for the heavenly world,
We rise and join the church above.

1018.

L. M.

WATTS.

Morning or Evening Prayer.

- 1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house ;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way ;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to Heaven for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

1019.

P. M.

WARE.

Prayer at Morning and Evening.

- 1 TO prayer, to prayer ; for the morning breaks,
And Earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;
His light is on all below and above —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.
- 2 To prayer ; for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on ;
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

1020.

L. M.

WATTS.

Morning or Evening Song.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

1021.

C. M.

KIPPIS

Morning and Evening Praise.

- 1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

1022.

C. M.

ANON.

"I will be glad in the Lord."

- 1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dew away, —
Bright teardrops of the night, —
- 2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.
- 3 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father and my Friend
My wishes are addressed.
- 4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.
- 5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be ;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

1023.

L. M.

BOWRING.

Perpetual Praise.

- 1 WHEN, wakened by thy voice of power,
The hour of morning beams in light,
My voice shall sing that morning hour,
And thee, who mad'st that hour so bright.
- 2 The morning strengthens into noon ;
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair ;
And noon and morning shall attune
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.
- 3 When 'neath the evening western gate
The sun's retiring rays are hid,
My joy shall be to meditate,
E'en as the pious patriarch did.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

- 4 As twilight wears a darker hue,
And gathering night creation dims,
The twilight and the midnight, too,
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.
- 5 So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
My constant inspirations be,
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

1024.

8s.

Hogg.

Praise to God.

- 1 BLESSÉD be thy name forever,
Thou of life the glorious Giver :
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping ;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
- 2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
Thou of every good the Giver,
Blesséd be thy name forever.



YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

1025.

C. M.

TAYLOR.

Youth.

- 1 COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die ;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high ?
- 2 Our pleasures here will soon be passed,
Our brightest joys decay ;
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

- 3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
 With many cares distressed ;
 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 youthful powers,
 And we shall gain this great reward,
 This glory shall be ours.

1026.

L. M.

CAWOOD.

Samuel called.

- 1 IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
 The lamp of God was burning bright ;
 And there, by viewless angels kept,
 Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke ;
 "Samuel," it called, and thrice it spoke ;
 He rose ; he asked whence came the word :
 From Eli ? No — it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early called to serve his God,
 In paths of righteousness he trod ;
 Prophetic visions fired his breast,
 And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord ; and, from our earliest days,
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;
 Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear ;
 Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.

1027.

C. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

Early Piety.

- 1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
 With vital ardor glows,
 And shines in all the fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose, —

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
 Are yet by vice enslaved,
 Be thy Creator's glorious name
 And character engraved ; —
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
 The sunshine of thy days,
 And cares and toils, in endless round,
 Encompass all thy ways ; —
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
 With vain regret, deplore,
 And sadly muse on former joys,
 That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
 In age will give thee rest ;
 O, then improve the morn of life,
 To make its evening blest.

1028.

C. M.

WATTS.

Early Piety.

- 1 WHEN children give their hearts to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 It saves us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young ;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtues strong.
- 3 To thee, almighty God, to thee
 May we our hearts resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

1029.

C. M.

COWPER.

Youthful Piety.

- 1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace,
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root,
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love ;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 For you the public prayer is made ;
O, join the public prayer :
For you the secret tear is shed ;
O, shed yourselves a tear.
- 5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

1030.

C. M.

HEBER.

Early Piety.

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

- 5 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

1031.

C. M.

LOGAN.

Early Instruction.

- 1 HOW happy is the child who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial Wisdom makes
 His early, only choice !
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold ;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

1032.

C. M.

WATTS.

Scriptures a Guide for Youth.

- 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day ;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

1033.

S. M.

VILL. COLL.

Youth entreated.

- 1 MY son, know thou the Lord ;
Thy father's God obey ;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near ;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry ;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

1034.

8s, 7s, & 4.

UNION MINSTREL.

Children exhorted.

- 1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain ;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory ;
Shall he plead with you in vain ?
O, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.
- 2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight ;
Jesus loves the pure and holy ;
They alone are his delight :
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

- 3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Savior's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe :
He is waiting ;
Will you not his grace receive ?

1035.

C. M.

FAWCETT

Importance of Religion.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
* 'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.
- 3 O, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne ;
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be joined with godly fear,
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.
- 5 Let lively hope our souls inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may we wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

1036.

C. M.

SALISBURY COLL.

Remember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth.

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and, trembling, wait
Its summons to the tomb, —
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend, and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth ;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

1037.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Young Persons invited to seek and love Christ.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near ;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.

3 The soul that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain ;
And they who early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind ;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

1038.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

Remember thy Creator.

1 "REMEMBER thy Creator"
While youth's fair spring is bright,

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

- 2 "Remember thy Creator"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust ;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear :
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

1039.

L. M.

WATTS.

Youth and Judgment.

- 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue ;
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine ;
Enjoy the day of mirth — but know,
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God, from on high, beholds your thoughts ;
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through :
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace ?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities ;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

1040.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Regard for little Children.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee ;
With humble trust that we are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

1041.

S. M.

FELLOWS.

Prayer for Offspring.

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race ;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.
- 2 O, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see !
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify ;
Remember now thy gracious word
Our hopes on thee rely.
- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh ;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

1042.

C. M. MOTHERS' HYMNS.

Prayer for Children's Conversion.

- 1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band ;
As suppliants round thy mercy seat,
We come at thy command.
- 2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given ;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven ?
- 3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife ;
But in the all-prevailing name,
We ask eternal life.
- 4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

1043.

S. M.

WATTS.

Prayer of a Youth.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
O, make me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

1044.

C. M.

ANON.

The Orphan's Hymn.

- 1 WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.
- 2 What friend have I in heaven or earth,
What friend to trust but thee?
My father's dead; my mother's dead;
My God, remember me.
- 3 Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
And bid my trouble cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace, and peace.
- 4 I've not a secret care or pain
But he that secret knows;
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

1045.

C. M.

WATTS.

Old Age.

- 1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

1046.

C. M.

GREENWOOD'S COIL

Old Age anticipated.

- 1 WHEN in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led, —
- 2 How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold!
What countless dangers will be past!
What tales of sorrow told!
- 3 But yet, my soul, if thou canst say,
I've seen my God in all;
In every blessing owned his hand,
In every loss his call; —
- 4 If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned; —
- 5 If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God,
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread th' appointed road.
- 6 This scene will all my labors end;
This road conduct on high;
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph though I die.

1047.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sustaining Grace in old Age implored.

- 1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove ;
O, may these poor remains of breath
 Teach all the world thy love.

1048.

L. M.

ANON

Memory of the Past.

- 1 HOW blest is he whose tranquil mind,
 When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
 And reaps delight from toil and pain !
- 2 So, when the transient storm is past,
 The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last ;
 The loveliest is the evening hour.



TIME AND ETERNITY.

1049.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Flight of Time.

- 1 GOD of eternity, from thee
 Did infant Time his being draw ;
Moments, and days, and months, and years
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
 Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea —
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
 Upon the rapid streams are borne

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

- 4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

1050.

C. M.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Swiftness of Time.

- 1 HOW swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by —
The burden of a song.
- 2 See childhood, youth, and manhood pass
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was — time shall be — but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?
- 3 Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.
- 4 Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.
- 5 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and cares
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.
- 6 To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

1051.

C. M.

WATTS.

Life short, and Man frail.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast ;
How short the fleeting time !
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And soon are seen no more.
- 4 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures — earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 5 Now I resign my earthly hope,
My fond desire recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

1052.

7s & 6s. (Peculiar.)

BARTON.

Life a Winter's Day.

- 1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day —
A journey to the tomb :
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in Death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day —
A journey to the tomb ;

TIME AND ETERNITY.

But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

1053.

C. H. M.

J. TAYLOR.

What is your Life?

- 1 O, WHAT is life? — 'tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone ;
It flourisheth its little hour,
With all its beauty on :
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.
- 2 O, what is life? — 'tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky :
We love to see its colors glow ;
But while we look, they die :
Life fails as soon : to-day 'tis here ;
To-morrow it may disappear.
- 3 Lord, what is life? — if spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care :
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

1054.

L. M.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Brevity of Life.

- 1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.
- 2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day ;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,

TIME AND ETERNITY.

That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

1055.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

Life rapidly passing away.

- 1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.
- 2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave ;
And death is just before us ;
God takes the life he gave.
- 3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above ?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love ?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

1056.

L. M.

STEELE.

The Shortness of Time, and Frailty of Man.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days ;

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears ;
How frail, at best, is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O, be a nobler portion mine ;
My God, I bow before thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

1057.

C. M.

WATTS.

Shortness of Life, and Goodness of God.

- 1 TIME, what an empty vapor 'tis !
And days, how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 3 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share ;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 4 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 5 His goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name adored.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 6 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time, till nature dies.

1058.

C. M.

WATTS.

Brevity and Frailty of Life.

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life !
How vast our soul's affairs !
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay ;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home ;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

1059.

S. M.

WATTS.

Man hastening to the Grave.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas ! 'twas brittle clay
That formed our body first ;
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace ;
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 4 Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

1060.

L. M.

WATTS.

Life the Day of Grace.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

1061.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE

Importance of To-Day.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O, be that still pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

1062.

8s & 4s.

ANON.

Vanity of the World.

- 1 ALAS ! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here !
Dreams of a sleep that death must break :
Alas ! before it bids us wake,
They disappear.
- 2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone ?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.
- 3 Our birth is but a starting-place ;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal :
There all those glittering toys are brought ;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 4 O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

1063.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Earthly and heavenly Good compared.

- 1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.
- 2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost
We fondly call our own;
We scarcely can possession boast,
Before we find them gone.
- 3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.
- 4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In fair and fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

1064.

C. P. M.

WESLEY

Serious Prospect of Eternity.

- 1 LO, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late ;
Wake me to righteousness.

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

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure :
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Savior, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

1065.

C. M.

WATTS.

Time the Period to prepare for Eternity.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.
- 2 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
The final state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 4 Eternal joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;

TIME AND ETERNITY.

And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death !

- 5 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
- 6 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

1066.

C. M.

WATTS.

Support in God.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home, —
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTION.

1067.

C. M.

COTTON.

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.
- 2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our Guide.
- 3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace ;
For he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more to us than all the world —
Our health, our life, our God.

1068.

L. M.

WATTS.

Prayer in Affliction.

- 1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succor from thy throne ;
O, make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me ;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.
- 3 My thoughts, in musing silence, trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace ;
Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up.

AFFLICTION.

- 4 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
 When will thy smiling face return ?
 Shall all my joys on earth remove,
 And God forever hide his love ?
- 5 Release my soul from trouble, Lord ;
 Quicken and keep me by thy word ;
 May all its promises be mine ;
 Be thou my portion — I am thine.

1069.

C. M.

ANON

The Benefit of Affliction.

- 1 O GOD, to thee my sinking soul
 In deep distress doth fly ;
 Thy love can all my griefs control,
 And all my wants supply.
- 2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band
 Around their victim stood,
 The seeming ill, at thy command,
 Hath changed to real good !
- 3 The tempest that obscured the sky
 Hath set my bosom free
 From earthly care and sensual joy,
 And turned my thoughts to thee.
- 4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
 To feel for others' woe,
 And humbly seek, with deep concern,
 My own defects to know.
- 5 Then rage, ye storms ; ye billows, roar ;
 My heart defies your shock ;
 Ye make me cling to God the more —
 To God, my sheltering Rock.

1070.

C. M.

WATTS.

Benefit of Affliction.

- 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
 And thy deliverance send ;
 My soul for thy salvation faints ;
 When will my troubles end ?

AFFLICTION.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
 To bear my Father's rod ;
 Affliction made me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.
- 3 Had not thy word been my delight,
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
 Had sunk among the dead.
- 4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
 My feet were apt to stray ;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

1071.

7s.

COWPER.

Benefit of Affliction.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Savior's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all —
 This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer,
 Bring me to my Savior's feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

1072.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Afflictions needful.

- 1 BREAK through the clouds, dear Lord, and
 shine ;
 Let us perceive thee nigh ;
 And to each mourning child of thine
 These gracious words apply :—
- 2 “ Let not my children slight the stroke
 I for chastisement send,

AFFLICTION.

Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke ;
For I am still their Friend.

3 "The wicked I perhaps may leave
A while, and not reprove ;
But all the children I receive
I scourge, because I love.

4 "I see your hearts at present filled
With grief and deep distress ;
But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
The fruits of righteousness."

1073.

L. M.

WATTS.

Sanctified Afflictions.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;
I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

1074.

C. M.

STEELE

Desiring the Presence of God in Affliction.

1 THOU only Centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While, with protracted pain oppressed,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains ;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

3 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light ;

AFFLICTION.

This is the sunshine of the soul ;
Without it, all is night.

- 4 My Lord, my life, O, cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.

1075.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

- 1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each phantom pleasure flies ;
Vain hopes of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.
- 2 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint ; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.
- 3 The man whose pious heart is fixed
Securely on his God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.
- 4 Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On Heaven his soul relies ;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

1076.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Into thy hands, my Savior God,
Did I my soul resign,

AFFLICTION.

In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

- 4 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come ;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 5 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

1077.

C. M.

ANON.

The Widow's Prayer.

- 1 **THOUGH**, faint and sick, and worn away
With poverty and woe,
My widowed feet are doomed to stray
'Mid thorny paths below, —
- 2 Be thou, O Lord, my Father still,
My confidence and guide ;
I know that perfect is thy will,
Whate'er that will decide.
- 3 I know the soul that trusts in thee
Thou never wilt forsake ;
And though a bruised reed I be,
That reed thou wilt not break.
- 4 Then keep me, Lord, where'er I go ;
Support me on my way,
Though, worn with poverty and woe,
My widowed footsteps stray.
- 5 To give my weakness strength, O God,
Thy staff shall yet avail ;
And, though thou chasten with thy rod,
That staff shall never fail.

1078.

C. M.

MOORE.

Light in Darkness.

- 1 O **THOU** who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,

AFFLICTION.

- If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
 We could not fly to thee
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give
 Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace branch from above !
- 4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray,
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

1079.

L. M.

BRYANT.

Blessed are they that mourn.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone
 Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The God who loves our race has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears,
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 O, there are days of hope and rest
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide, an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
 Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny ;
 Though with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.

AFFLICTION.

- 6 For God hath marked each anguished day,
 And numbered every secret tear;
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

1080.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

Sweetness of Submission.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
 And long to fly away; —
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love;
 Sweet to look upward, to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above; —
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own; —
- 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on the promise of his grace
 For all things to depend; —
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Directly, Lord, from thee!

1081.

C. M.

HAWEIS.

Submission.

- 1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
 I all to thee resign,
 And bow before thy chastening rod;
 I mourn, but not repine.

AFFLICTION.

- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
 When wisdom, truth, and love
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
 And point to joys above ?
- 3 How short are all my sufferings here !
 How needful every cross !
 Away, my unbelieving fear,
 Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Then give, O Lord, or take away,
 I'll bless thy sacred name :
 Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
 And ever, is the same.

1082.

C. H. M.

CONDER.

Blessedness of Submission in Trials.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
 Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power,
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though trials fix me there,
 Is still a privilege most sweet,
 For he will hear my prayer ;
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 The Lord is nigh to answer me.
- 3 O, blesséd be the hand that gave ;
 Still blesséd when it takes ;
 Blesséd be he who smites to save,
 Who heals the heart he breaks :
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

1083.

8s.

BATH COLL.

Our Salvation in Trouble.

- 1 O THOU whose compassionate care
 Forbids my sad heart to complain,

AFFLICTION.

- Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.
- 2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites !
- 3 A tender Physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.
- 4 O, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design ;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

1084.

C. M.

T. GREEN.

Holy Resignation.

- 1 IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 3 It is the Lord, my faithful God, —
Thrice blesséd be his name, —
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless or repine ?
No, gracious God ; take what thou please ;
To thee I all resign.

DEATH.

DEATH.

1085.

C. M.

HEBER.

Man's Mortality.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze ;
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
• Its peril every hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ; thy danger know ;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

1086.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Death and Judgment appointed to All.

- 1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die ;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

DEATH.

- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
 Where you must shortly dwell ;
 Hark ! how the awful summons sounds
 In every funeral knell !
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all ;
 The solemn purport weigh ;
 For know that heaven or hell depends
 On that important day.

1087.

C. M.

WATTS.

Meditation on the Tomb.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a warning sound ;
 My ears, attend the cry ;
 “ Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers ;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

1088.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Preparation for Death.

- 1 IF I must die, O, let me die
 With hope in Jesus' blood,
 The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
 And reconciles to God.
- 2 If I must die, O, let me die
 In peace with all mankind,
 And change these fleeting joys below
 For pleasures more refined.

DEATH.

- 3 If I must die, — and die I must, —
 Let some kind seraph come,
 And bear me on his friendly wing
 To my celestial home
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
 May I but have a view,
 Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
 I'll boldly venture through.

1089.

7s & 4.

MRS. GILBERT.

Prayer for Support in Death.

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
 Faint and cold this mortal clay,
 Blest Redeemer, soothe my fears,
 Light me through the gloomy way ;
 Break the shadows,
 Usher in eternal day.
- 2 Upward from this dying state
 Bid my waiting soul aspire ;
 Open thou the crystal gate ;
 To thy praise attune my lyre ;
 Then, triumphant,
 I will join th' immortal choir.

1090.

C. M.

COLLYER

Prayer for Support in Death.

- 1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
 My trembling soul shall stand,
 And wait to pass death's awful flood,
 Great God, at thy command, —
- 2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
 Whose arm alone can save,
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds
 The entrance to the grave.
- 3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
 Beneath my sinking head,
 And let a beam of light divine
 Illume my dying bed.

1091.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for Victory over Death.

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death
And all his frightful powers.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure ;
Death has no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

1092.

8s.

COWPER

Longing to be with Christ.

- 1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Savior, whom, absent, I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power, —
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline, —

DEATH.

- 5 O, then shall the veil be removed,
 And round me thy brightness be poured;
 I'll see Him whom, absent, I loved,
 Whom, not having seen, I adored.

1093.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
 If God be with us there;
 We may walk through its darkest shade,
 And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
 If my Redeemer bid;
 And run, if I were called to go,
 And die, as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
 And view the promised land,
 My flesh itself would long to drop,
 And welcome the command.
- 4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
 I would forget my breath,
 And lose my life among the charms
 Of so divine a death.

1094.

L. M.

WATTS.

Death disarmed.

- 1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What timorous 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 would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

DEATH.

- 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.

1095.

C. M.

WATTS.

Death, in Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay ;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 My great Redeemer ever lives,
 My God, my Savior, comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
 High on a royal seat,
 And Death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong, immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thy wondrous grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

1096.

L. M.

BATHURST.

The Christian's parting Hour.

- 1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
 Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
 So peacefully he sinks to rest,
 When faith, endued from heaven with power,
 Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
 That smile upon his wasted cheek ;
 They tell us of his glory nigh,
 In language that no tongue can speak.

DEATH.

- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
 And angels are attending near,
 To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those
 Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
 To sink into that soft repose,
 Then wake to perfect happiness?

1097.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light ;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Will there his beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness blend
 With that unvaried day.

1098.

8s & 4s. (Peculiar.)

ANON.

Weep not for me.

- 1 WHEN the spark of life is waning,
 Weep not for me :
 When the languid eye is streaming,
 Weep not for me :
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
 Start not at its swift decreasing ;
 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing ;
 Weep not for me.

DEATH.

- 2 When the pangs of death assail me,
 Weep not for me :
 Christ is mine ; he cannot fail me ;
 Weep not for me :
 Yea, though sin and death endeavor
 From his love my soul to sever,
 Jesus is my strength forever ;
 Weep not for me.

1099.

C. P. M.

W. BOSTON COLL.

The dying Christian.

- 1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who lived averse from sin !
 Such peace on virtue's paths attends,
 That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 The Christian's joys begin.
- 2 See smiling Patience smooth his brow ;
 See bending angels downward bow,
 To cheer his way on high ;
 While, eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God
 Who taught him how to die.
- 3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes ;
 No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
 As from the sinner's breast ;
 His God, the God of peace and love,
 Pours kindly solace from above,
 And soothes his soul to rest.
- 4 O, grant, my Father and my Friend,
 Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
 So calm my evening close ;
 While, loosed from every earthly tie,
 With steady confidence I fly
 To thee, from whom I rose.

1100.

C. M.

PRABODY.

Peaceful Death of the Pious.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low ; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And lo, above the dews of night
The vesper star appears ;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore ;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

1101.

7s.

MONTGOMERY

The Summons.

- 1 "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay ;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath ;
Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death :"
Thus the mighty Savior speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies ;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

DEATH.

- 2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
 Welcome from a world of woe;
 Welcome to a land of rest:"
 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high,
 While with hallelujahs ring
 All the regions of the sky.
- 3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
 Grave, the treasury of the skies,
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise:
 Hark! the judgment trumpet calls—
 "Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day.'

1102.

C. M.

WATTS.

The happy Vision.

- 1 JESUS, the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 2 Then while ye hear my heartstrings break,
 How sweet my minutes roll!
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.

1103.

P. M.

POPE.

The dying Christian.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O, quit this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away."

DEATH.

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ; I mount ; I fly :
O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ?

1104.

L. M.

MACKAY.

Asleep in Jesus.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet !
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venoméd sting !
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest :
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place :
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

1105.

L. M.

J. N. BROWN.

Address to the dying Christian.

- 1 GO, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed-for, happy home :

DEATH.

- The tears of man are o'er thee shed
 The voice of angels bids thee come
- 2 If life be not in length of days,
 In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
 But living to the Savior's praise,
 How few have lived so long as thou!
- 3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
 May not e'en heaven the richer be?
 And myriads on thy footsteps press,
 To share thy blest eternity.

1106.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.

- 1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest!
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And nought disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

1107.

C. M.

ANON.

Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

- 1 I LOOKED upon the righteous man,
 And saw his parting breath,

DEATH.

- Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death :
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye :
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.
- 2 I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above that breathless form,
To soothe the mourners' care,
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave —
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.
- 3 I looked upon the righteous man,
And all our earthly trust
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
Seemed lighter than the dust,
Compared with his celestial gain —
A home above the sky :
O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,
That we like him may die.

1108.

C. M.

WATTS.

Those blessed who die in the Lord.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead :
“Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 “They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.
- 3 “Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.”

DEATH.

1109.

S. H. M.

MONTGOMERY

The Christian's tranquil Death.

- 1 THIS place is holy ground ;
 World, with its cares, away ;
 A holy, solemn stillness round
 This lifeless, mouldering clay ;
 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.
- 2 Behold the bed of death,
 The pale and mortal clay ;
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Marked ye the eye's last ray ?
 No ; life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality.
- 3 Why mourn the pious dead ?
 Why sorrows swell our eyes ?
 Can sighs recall the spirit fled ?
 Shall vain regrets arise ?
 Though death has caused this altered mien,
 In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.
- 4 Bury the dead, and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss :
 Bury the dead ; in Christ they sleep
 Who bore on earth his cross ;
 And from the grave their dust shall rise,
 In his own image, to the skies.

1110.

C. M.

DALE.

Death of a Christian.

- 1 DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
 We will not weep for thee :
 One thought shall check the starting tear —
 It is, that thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
 The tears of love restrain :
 O, who that saw thy parting hour
 Could wish thee here again ?

DEATH.

- 3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
 The hope of glory shone;
 Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
 To think the race was run.
- 4 The passing spirit gently fled,
 Sustained by grace divine;
 O, may such grace on us be shed,
 And make our end like thine.

1111.

7s & 8s. (Peculiar.)

DOANE

Weep not.

- 1 LIFT not thou the wailing voice;
 Weep not; 'tis a Christian dieth:
 Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
 Ransomed now, the spirit flieth:
 High in Heaven's own light she dwelleth;
 Full the song of triumph swelleth:
 Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
 Lift for her no voice of wailing.
- 2 They who die in Christ are blest:
 Ours be, then, no thought of grieving:
 Sweetly with their God they rest,
 All their toils and troubles leaving:
 So be ours the faith that saveth,
 Hope that every trial braveth,
 Love that to the end endureth,
 And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

1112.

C. M.

WATTS.

Death of Christian Friends.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our Love.

DEATH.

- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise :
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1113.

8s & 7s.

COLLYER

Comfort in the Death of the Christian.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come ;
There no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

1114.

L. M.

WATTS.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust ; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

1115.

L. M.

VILL. COLL.

The Grave.

- 1 THE grave is now a favored spot,
To saints who sleep in Jesus blest ;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.
- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms ;
At rest as in a peaceful bed ;
Secure from all the dreadful storms
Which round this sinful world are spread
- 3 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before
To that inheritance divine ;
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.
- 4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow ;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

1116.

8s & 4. (Peculiar.)

MONTGOMERY

The Rest of the Grave.

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.
- 3 Then, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.
- 4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

1117.

12s & 11s.

HEBER

Farewell to a Friend departed.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not de-
plore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the
gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to infold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion for-
saking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;

DEATH.

But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's
song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not de-
plore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy
Guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Savior hath died

1118.

7s.

J. H. BANCROFT.

The Christian's Burial.

- 1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.
- 2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.
- 3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death,
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.
- 4 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust:
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.
- 5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
With thy Savior thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

1119.

8s & 7s. BAP. MEMORIAL

Burial of a Christian.

- 1 BROTHER, rest from sin and sorrow;
Death is o'er, and life is won;

DEATH.

- On thy slumber dawns no morrow ;
Rest ; thine earthly race is run.
- 2 Brother, wake ; the night is waning ;
Endless day is round thee poured ;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.
- 3 Brother, wake ; for He who loved thee —
He who died that thou mightst live —
He who graciously approved thee —
Waits thy crown of joy to give.
- 4 Fare thee well ; though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

1120.

7s, 6s, & 8. NOEL'S COLA.

The Land of Rest.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone to rest ;
We will not weep for thee ;
For thou art now where oft on earth
Thy spirit longed to be.
- 2 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thine is an early tomb ;
But Jesus summoned thee away ;
Thy Savior called thee home.
- 3 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thy toils and cares are o'er ;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.
- 4 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thy sins are all forgiven ;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.
- 5 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
And this shall be our prayer,
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

1121

8s & 7s.

S F. SMITH.

Interment of a pious young Female.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber —
Peaceful in the grave so low :
Thou no more wilt join our number ;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us ;
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

1122.

C. M.

STEELE.

Death of a Child.

- 1 LIFE is a span — a fleeting hour ;
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And Nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease, then, fond Nature, cease thy tears ;
Thy Savior dwells on high ;
There everlasting spring appears ;
There joys shall never die.

1123.

L. M.

STEELE.

Death of an Infant.

- 1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart ?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh :
Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

1124.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Death of an Infant.

- 1 AS vernal flowers perfume the morn,
But wither in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died before its infant soul
Had ever burned with wrong desires —
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin ; it died to care ;
But for a moment felt the rod ;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings, and soared to God.
- 4 This blesséd theme now cheers my voice ;
The grave is not the loved one's prison ;
The "stone" that covered half my joys
Is "rolled away," and, lo ! "he's risen."

DEATH.

1125.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Death of a young Person.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By Death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the opening tomb ;
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 O, let us fly — to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power ;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

1126.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Death of a Minister.

- 1 WHAT though the arm of conquering Death
Does God's own house invade ?
What though our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead ? —
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ?
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructive tongue ? —
- 3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart :
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

DEATH.

- 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives
 We have a boundless store,
 And shall be fed with what He gives
 Who lives forevermore.

1127.

8s & 7s.

L. H. SIGOURNEY

Death of a Pastor.

- 1 PASTOR, thou art from us taken
 In the glory of thy years,
 As the oak, by tempests shaken,
 Falls ere time its verdure sears.
- 2 Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us
 Of the Lamb who died to save, —
 Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
 To the deep, baptismal wave, —
- 3 Pale and cold we see thee lying
 In God's temple, once so dear,
 And the mourners' bitter sighing
 Falls unheeded on thine ear.
- 4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
 Where immortal fountains flow,
 And on living bread to feed us,
 In our fond remembrance glow.
- 5 May the conquering faith that cheered thee
 When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
 Guide our spirits while we leave thee
 In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

1128.

10s.

MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Minister in his Prime.

- 1 GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power ;
 A Christian cannot die before his time ;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;
 Rest on thy sheaves ; thy harvest task is done ;
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

DEATH.

- 3 Go to the grave ; for there thy Savior lay
 In death's embrace, ere he arose on high ;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave : no ; take thy seat above ;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

1129.

7s.

WASHBURN.

The Pastor's Funeral.

- 1 FATHER, gathered round the bier,
 Aid thy weeping children here ;
 All our stricken hearts deplore
 Loss of him we meet no more.
- 2 Tender are the rites we pay,
 Pastor, o'er thy sleeping clay ;
 We, who late the welcome gave,
 Must we bear thee to thy grave ?
- 3 Earth, unto thy faithful trust
 We commit this precious dust ;
 There, by pain no more oppressed,
 Brother, thou wilt sweetly rest.
- 4 Glorious will that morning break,
 When the dead in Christ shall wake ;
 Joy and grief our bosoms swell ;
 Brother, pastor, guide, farewell.

1130.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Death of an aged Minister.

- 1 "SERVANT of God, well done :
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy."
- 2 The voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear ;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
 He fell, but felt no fear.

DEATH.

- 3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 The pains of death are past ;
Labor and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done ;
Praise be thy new employ ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

1131.

8s & 9s.

BACON.

Death of a Missionary.

- 1 WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky ;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high ;
Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given ;
O, weep not for him : he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.
- 2 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave ;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave ;
And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lord is unknown.

RESURRECTION.

1132.

C. M.

LOGAN.

The Creation an Emblem of the Resurrection.

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again ;
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield, —
- 2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O, may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest.

1133.

S. M.

WATTS.

Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 AND must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay ?
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

RESURRECTION.

- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till strains of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1134.

C. M.

Hope of Heaven by Christ.

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

RESURRECTION.

1135.

C. M.

ANON.

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised.

- 1 WHY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around th' expiring just?
- 2 Did not the Lord, our Savior, die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with loud complaints?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun
Burst through each sable cloud;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit raised my Savior up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

1136.

C. M.

SCOTCH COLL.

Death vanquished.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake, —
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immorta^l in the skies.

RESURRECTION.

- 3 Behold what heavenly prophets sung
 Is now at last fulfilled,
 That Death should yield his ancient reign,
 And, vanquished, quit the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
 And thus begin to sing :
 " O Grave, where is thy triumph now ?
 And where, O Death, thy sting ? "

1137.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

Day dawns on the Night of the Grave.

- 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
 Forever moulder in the grave ?
 Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
 Thy promise and thy power to save ?
- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night
 Shall peace and hope no more arise ?
 No future morning light the tomb,
 Nor daystar gild the darksome skies ?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears ;
 When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
 Death, the last foe, was captive led,
 And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
 Unfold, to make his children way ;
 They shall be clothed with endless life,
 And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound, the dead shall wake ;
 From the cold tomb the slumberers spring ;
 Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
 And hail their Savior and their King.

1138.

C. M.

WATTS

Scenes of the Resurrection.

- 1 HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
 And triumph o'er the just ?
 How long the blood of martyrs slain
 Life mingled with the dust ?

RESURRECTION.

- 2 Lo, I behold the scattered shades ;
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise ;"
And lo, the graves obey ;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 O, may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white ;
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.
- 6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing !

1139.

C. M.

WHITE.

Journeying through Death to Life.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

RESURRECTION.

- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie ;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Until the final trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And our long-silent dust shall rise,
With shouts of endless praise.

1140.

L. M.

WATTS.

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong ;
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
To yonder throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

THE JUDGMENT.

1141.

C. M.

WATTS.

Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice.
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!
- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
- 5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

1142.

7s.

HEBER.

The last Judgment.

- 1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

THE JUDGMENT.

- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear ;
And amid the thunder cloud
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race ;
Your redemption draweth nigh.

1143.

L. M.

HEBER.

The Lord will come.

- 1 THE Lord will come ; the earth shall quake ;
The hills their ancient seats forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A quiet Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of humankind.
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
O God, is this the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;
Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

1144.

C. M.

HEBER.

The last Harvest.

- 1 THE angel comes ; he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord ;
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

THE JUDGMENT.

- 2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide
The fire of vengeance, bound ?
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they, reserved in store,
God's treasure house to fill ?
The wheat a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy, grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee ;
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O, gather us to thee.

1145.

8s & 7s.

VILL. COLL.

Sinners warned of the Judgment.

- 1 SINNERS, take the friendly warning ;
Soon that awful day shall break,
And the trumpet, with its dawning,
All the slumbering millions wake.
- 2 See assembled every nation ;
Lofty cities, temples, towers,
Wrapped in dreadful conflagration ;
Earth and sea the flame devours.
- 3 Ye who to the world dissemble,
While you practise deeds of night,
Sinners, now behold and tremble ;
All your crimes are brought to light.
- 4 Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,
Sporting on the burning brink,
Now, you say, you have no leisure,
You can find no time to think.
- 5 Ye who now, conviction stifling,
Waste your time, the loss deplore ;
Hear the angel ; cease your trifling ;
"Time," he cries, "shall be no more !"

THE JUDGMENT.

- 6 Pause, and hear the voice of reason ;
Catch the moments as they fly ;
You who lose the present season,
You must all find time to die.

1146.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Preparation for the Judgment.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

1147.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

The Day approaches.

- 1 THE day approaches, O my soul,
The great, decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful dawns,
And lo, the Judge appears ;
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,
One precious hour, remain ;
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

1148.

7s.

KELLY.

Christ coming to save his People.

- 1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice;
Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See, the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly:
Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.
- 4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest,
Happy in the Savior's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

1149.

8s, 7s, & 4.

OLIVER.

Christ coming to Judgment.

- 1 LO, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day —

THE JUDGMENT.

“ Come to judgment —

Come to judgment — come away.”

- 4 Now the Savior, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear ;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear.

1150.

L. M.

WATTS.

Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge.

- 1 HE reigns — the Lord, the Savior, reigns :
Sing to his name in lofty strains ;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne :
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs ;
Before him burns devouring fire ;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

1151.

C. M.

WATTS.

Jehovah coming to Judgment.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids all the earth draw nigh ;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“ Judgment will ne'er begin,”
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

THE JUDGMENT.

- 3 Throned on a cloud, our God shall come ;
Bright flames prepare his way ;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven, from above, his call shall hear ;
Attending angels come ;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

1152.

8s, 7s, & 4. RIPPON'S COLL.

The Judgment welcomed.

- 1 LO, He cometh : countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead ;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head :
Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear ;
Truth and justice go before him ;
Now the joyful sentence hear :
Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.
- 3 " Come, ye blessed of my Father ;
Enter into life and joy ;
Banish all your fears and sorrows ;
Endless praise be your employ :"
Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

1153.

8s, 7s, & 4.

VILL. COLL.

The Sinner in Judgment.

- 1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending ;
View him seated on his throne ;
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom :
Trumpets call thee ;
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

THE JUDGMENT.

- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled 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 Savior,
With the marks of dying love ;
O 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."

1154.

S. M.

BEDDOMB

The Lord cometh to Judgment.

- 1 BEHOLD, the day is come ;
The righteous Judge is near ;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.
- 2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies ;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.
- 3 How awful is the sight !
How loud the thunders roar !
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.
- 4 The whole creation groans ;
But saints arise and sing :
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

1155.

11 & 12s.

MILMAN.

The final Scene.

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
bowed.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm wreaths of victory
wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
stirred;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from
the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all
set
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 In mercy, in mercy, look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

1156.

C. P. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Pleading for Acceptance.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?

THE JUDGMENT.

- Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all ;
And can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call ?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place
In that expected day ;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face :
Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of boundless grace.

1157.

C. M.

WESLEY.

Reflections on the Judgment.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say ?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live !
With what religious fear !
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow ;

HEAVEN.

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.

HEAVEN.

1158.

L. M.

TUCK

The Dwelling-Place of God.

- 1 THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.
- 2 It is not fanned by summer's gale ;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers ;
It never needs the moonbeam pale —
For there are known no evening hours.
- 3 No ; for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eter. throne.
- 4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose ;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene ;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.
- 5 In vain the curious, searching eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the starry sky :
It is the dwelling-place of God

1159.

L. M.

WATT

Heaven.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

1160.

S. M.

R. PALMER

Heavenly Rest.

- 1 AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find ?
- 2 Is there a blissful home
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat ?
- 3 Forever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away
Amid that glorious land.
- 4 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given ;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

My Father's House.

- 1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
 Far, far beyond the skies,
 Where beauty smiles eternally,
 And pleasure never dies —
 My Father's house, my heavenly home,
 Where "many mansions" stand,
 Prepared, by hands divine, for all
 Who seek the better land.
- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
 With fear on every side, —
 When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
 And foams the angry tide, —
 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
 Breaks forth the light of morn,
 Bright beaming from my Father's house,
 To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 Yes, even at that fearful hour
 When death shall seize its prey,
 And from the place that knows us now
 Shall hurry us away,
 The vision of that heavenly home
 Shall cheer the parting soul,
 And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
 A tide of rapture roll.
- 4 In that pure home of tearless joy
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete :
 There, there adieus are sounds unknown ;
 Death frowns not on that scene,
 But life and glorious beauty shine,
 Untroubled and serene

1162.

C. M. MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

Jerusalem.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er-break up,
And Sabbaths never end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

1163.

L. M.

ANON.

The better Land.

- 1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

HEAVEN.

- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
 There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;
 There those who meet shall part no more,
 And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
 With varying hues of shade and light ;
 It hath no need of suns to rise,
 To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
 Across that calm, serene abode ;
 The wanderer there a home may find,
 Within the paradise of God.

1164.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Home in Heaven

- 1 MY Father's house on high !
 Home of my soul ! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear !
- 2 I hear at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
 The choral harmonies of heaven
 Seraphic music pour.
- 3 O, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 My glorious home above.

1165.

C. M.

VILLAGE HYMNS.

Celestial Prospects.

- 1 BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,
 And charm my wondering eyes —
 The regions of immortal light,
 The beauties of the skies.
- 2 All hail, ye fair, celestial shores,
 Ye lands of endless day ;
 A rich delight your prospect pours,
 And drives my griefs away.

- 3 There's a delightful clearness now ;
 My clouds of doubt are gone ;
 Fled is my former darkness too ;
 My fears are all withdrawn.
- 4 Short is the passage, short the space,
 Between my home and me ;
 There, there behold the radiant place ;
 How near the mansions be !
- 5 Immortal wonders ! boundless things
 In those dear worlds appear ;
 Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
 And in those glories share.

1166.

8s & 6s. (Peculiar.)

TAPPAN.

Heaven anticipated.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast ;
 'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven,
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear — 'tis heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart no longer riven,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

1167.

C. M.

TAPPAN.

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

- 1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.
- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy ;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.
- 4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

1168.

C. M.

WATTS.

The heavenly Mansion.

- 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

HEAVEN.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

1169.

11s.

MUHLENBURG.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes — full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb ;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God —
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ? —
- 4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul ?

1170.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Desiring to depart and be with Christ.

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.
- 3 The blissful interview, how sweet
To fall transported at his feet !
Raised in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace !

HEAVEN.

- 4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;
For while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

1171.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven.

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

1172.

C. M.

STEELE.

Heaven anticipated.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.
- 3 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

HEAVEN.

- 4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love ;
 Our feeble notes inspire,
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,
 We join the heavenly choir.

1173.

C. M.

WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-fading flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unclouded eyes, —
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

1174.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

Heaven in Prospect.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

HEAVEN.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

1175.

8s & 7s. (Peculiar.)

KELLY.

Close of the Christian Warfare.

- 1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war forever,
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.
- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant;
O, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
All endear repose at last.
- 3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore, —

HEAVEN.

Blesséd thought! — no hostile legions
 Can alarm or trouble more :
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.

- 4 O that hope! how bright! how glorious!
 'Tis his people's blest reward ;
 In the Savior's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord :
 In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

1176.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

The final Adieu.

- 1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
 Above the starry skies ;
 Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
 I thither lift my eyes.
- 2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
 And all is peace within ;
 The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
 Is tranquil and serene.
- 3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
 Distrust and slavish fear ;
 No more we hear the pensive sigh,
 Nor see the falling tear.
- 4 Farewell to earth and earthly things ;
 In vain they tempt my stay :
 Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
 And bear my soul away.

1177.

C. M.

WATTS.

Rest from Sin and Trouble in Heaven.

- 1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!
 And, like a raging flood,
 They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
 And force us from our God.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
 How loud the tempests roar!

HEAVEN.

But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil his high commands,
Our cheerful feet shall move ;
No sin shall clog our active zeal,
Nor cool our burning love.

4 We there shall ever sing and tell
The wonders of his grace,
While heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

1178.

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Heaven alone unfading.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies !
How transient every earthly bliss !
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this !

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true —
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

1179.

C. M.

STEELE.

Glories of Heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,

HEAVEN.

And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

1180.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 WHO are these in bright array,
Thine exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

HEAVEN.

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

1181.

L. M.

SAC. LYRICS.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

- 1 LO, round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand,
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame :
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore :
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Savior face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace :
Him day and night they ceaseless praise ;
To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

1182.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Martyrs glorified.

- 1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they
shine !
Whence all their white array ?

HEAVEN.

How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

- 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
These robes, which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every lip to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Their thirst and hunger ever flee ;
Their joys forever last :
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise ;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

1183.

7s.

MONTGOMERY

The Victory of the Saints.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns which never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light ;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom ; it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

HEAVEN.

- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
With their robes made white as snow,
'Twas their Savior's righteousness,
And his blood, which made them so.
- 5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us;
And when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

1184.

C. M.

WATTS.

Holiness of Heaven.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

1185.

7s.

RAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory.

- 1 HIGH in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
- 3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find,
 Lulled to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose ;
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows.
- 5 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark ! their songs melodious rise —
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

1186.

L. M.

BERRIDGE.

Perfect Felicity in Heaven.

- 1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
 And walk with Jesus, clothed in white,
 Safe landed on that peaceful shore
 Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Released from sorrow, toil, and strife,
 And welcomed to an endless life,
 Their souls have now begun to prove
 The height and depth of Jesus' love.
- 3 There, gazing on his beauteous face,
 They tell the wonders of his grace,
 And, while they sing with rapture sweet,
 They bow, adoring, at his feet.

1187.

L. M.

STEELE

The Worship of Heaven.

- 1 O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day —
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze ;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.



MISCELLANEOUS.

1188.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

One Thing needful.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue ;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1189.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

Come to-day.

- 1 YE sinners, fear the Lord
While yet 'tis called to-day ;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.
- 2 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er ;
O sinners, then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.
- 3 Then, while 'tis called to-day,
O, hear the gospel's sound ;
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While pardon may be found.

1190.

L. M.

WESLEY.

Blessings of Wisdom.

- 1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Savior died for me,"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price.
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise ;
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.
- 5 Happy the man who wisdom gains :
Thrice happy who his guest retains :
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

1191.

C. M.

HOSKINS

Shortness of Time.

- 1 THE time is short ; the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short ; sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away ;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is 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 ; the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

1192.

S. M.

STEELE.

God's Absence deprecated.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;—
- 2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, Return ?
- 3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O, let not this last refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 4 Absent from thee, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!
- 5 On this benighted heart
 With beams of mercy shine,
 And let thy voice again impart
 A taste of joy divine.

1193

C. M.

WATTS.

Inconstancy lamented.

- 1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
 My God, my chief delight?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee — no more by night?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
 Where can such sweetness be,
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
 The savor of thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
 The flattering world employs
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Then I repent and vex my soul,
 That I should leave thee so;
 Where will those wild affections roll,
 That let a Savior go?
- 6 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
 In chase of false delight!
 O, let me sit beneath thy cross,
 And never lose the sight.

1194.

L. M.

STENNETT.

Presence of Christ promised.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their blesséd Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise, —
- 2 “There,” saith the Savior, “will I be
Amid this 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 ;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

1195.

C. M.

WATTS.

Obedience better than Sacrifice.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, “The spacious fields,
And flocks, and herds are mine ;
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.
- 2 “I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burned with fire ;
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.
- 3 “Call upon me when trouble's near ;
My hand shall set thee free ;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honors due to me.
- 4 “The man who offers humble praise,
He glorifies me best ;
And those who tread my holy ways
Shall my salvation taste.”

1196.

C. M.

BROWNE.

Acceptable Worship.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne ?
O, how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone ?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend ?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my Friend ?
- 3 O, no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all ;
Such offerings are vain ;
No fatlings, from the field or stall,
His favor can obtain.
- 4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give ;
To God with humble reverence bow,
And to his glory live.

1197.

L. M.

HASTINGS.

Forgiveness sought.

- 1 FORGIVE us, Lord ; to thee we cry ;
Forgive us through thy matchless grace ;
On thee alone our souls rely ;
Be thou our strength and righteousness.
- 2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive
The ills we suffer from our foes ;
Restore us, Lord, and bid us live ;
O, let us in thine arms repose.
- 3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great ;
Our wretched souls no merit claim ;
For sovereign mercy still we wait,
And ask but in the Savior's name.
- 4 Forgive us, O thou bleeding Lamb !
Thou risen, thou exalted Lord !
Thou great High Priest, our souls redeem,
And speak the pardon-sealing word.

1198.

C. M.

BODEN'S COLL.

Forgiveness of Enemies.

- 1 "FATHER, forgive," the Savior cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.
- 2 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing, admire ;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.
- 3 By thine example ever swayed,
We for our foes will pray ;
With love their hatred, and their curse
With blessings, will repay.

1199.

C. M.

WATTS.

The brazen Serpent, or looking to Jesus.

- 1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forebore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When Faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Savior hung,
High in the heavens he reigns ;
Here sinners, by the serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jews behold the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

1200.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

The converted Thief.

- 1 AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed,
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:—
- 3 “Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.
- 4 “Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
- 5 “Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death
Let me a sharer be.”
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
“To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.”

1201.

C. M.

KELLY.

King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is to our Jesus given ;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven ;—

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom he manifests his love,
 And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given ;
 Their name an everlasting name,
 Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with him above ;
 Their everlasting joy to know
 The mystery of his love. •

1202.

C. M.

WATTS.

God in Christ.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Savior and my God,
 Who can resist thy heavenly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find ;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begin ;
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sin.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

1203.

L. M.

STEELE.

Trusting Christ the only Refuge.

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

1204.

C. M.

SWAIN.

Christ a Friend.

- 1 A FRIEND there is; your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name,
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 And if our dearest comforts fall
 Before his sovereign will,
 He never takes away our all ;
 Himself he gives us still.
- 5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains :
 The wildest storm his will obeys,
 His word its rage restrains.

1205.

S. M.

PERCY CHAPEL COLL.

Christ our All.

- 1 MY Savior, fill my soul
 With holiness and peace ;
 Arise with healing in thy wings ;
 Bid sin and doubting cease.
- 2 May things beneath the sky
 Engross my heart no more ;
 Be thou my first, my chief delight,
 My soul's unbounded store.
- 3 In thee all treasures lie :
 From thee all blessings flow ;
 Thou art the bliss of saints above,
 The joy of saints below.
- 4 O, come and make me thine,
 A sinner saved by grace ;
 Then shall I sing, with loudest strains,
 In heaven, thy dwelling-place.

1206.

L. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

A Savior seen in the Scriptures.

- 1 NOW let my soul, eternal King,
 To thee its grateful tribute bring ;
 My knee with humble homage bow,
 My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
 In worlds below, and worlds above ;
 But in thy blessed word I trace
 Diviner wonders of thy grace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Savior bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
There lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

1207.

L. M.

WATTS.

Divine Authority of the Bible.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On all the pages of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

1208.

C. M.

SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Works of Piety rewarded.

- 1 HOW blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight!
- 2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay,
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 For them that heavenly light shall spread
 Whose cheering rays illumine
 The darkest hours of life, and shed
 A halo round the tomb.
- 4 Their works of piety and love,
 Performed through Christ, their Lord,
 Forever registered above,
 Shall meet a sure reward.

1209.

C. M.

WATTS.

Justification by Faith, not by Works.

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

1210.

L. M.

HARROD'S COLL.

The true Christian.

- 1 THE Christian has a faith divine,
 And does to faith obedience join ;
 Believes the truth, the truth obeys,
 And constant walks in holy ways.
- 2 The Christian is a man of God ;
 He takes the pure, the heavenly road
 All his affections rise above,
 And all his heart is full of love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 The Christian shines with lustre bright ;
His understanding's full of light ;
To Jesus Christ he's wholly given,
And is, indeed, a form of heaven.
- 4 To thee, O Lord, my soul aspires,
And kindles with seraphic fires ;
The real Christian I would be,
And live for Him who died for me.

1211.

S. M.

WESLEY.

Household Consecration.

- 1 THE power to bless my house
Belongs to God alone ;
Yet rendering him my constant vows,
He sends his blessings down.
- 2 Shall I not, then, engage
My house to serve the Lord ;
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon his word ; —
- 3 To ask, with faith and hope,
The grace which he supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice ?
- 4 Let each his sin eschew,
Through thy restraining grace,
Our father Abrah'm's steps pursue,
And walk in all thy ways.
- 5 Savior of men, incline
The hearts which thou hast made,
Which thou hast bought with blood divine,
To ask thy promised aid.
- 6 Me and my house receive,
Thy household to increase ;
And let us in thy favor live,
And let us die in peace.

1212.

C. M.

WATTS.

Delight in God and his Word.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine ;
O, save thy servant, Lord ;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place ;
My hope is in thy word.

1213.

C. M.

SEL. HYMNS.

Prayer for Salvation of Children.

- 1 GREAT God, we would to thee make known
Each fond, parental care ;
For this we gather round thy throne,
And bring our children there.
- 2 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
Or aught the world can give ;
May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.
- 3 This is the burden of our prayer :
When from our bosoms riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs, at last, of heaven.

1214.

C. M.

CH. PSALMIST.

Parental Solicitude.

- 1 HOW can we see the children, Lord,
In love that thou hast given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven ?
- 2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath
With every moment's breath ?
- 3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear ;
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.
- 4 O, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein ;
Their hearts to new obedience draw ;
Save them from every sin.

1215.

L. M.

STOWELL.

The Mercy Seat.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found before the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads —
A place of all on earth most sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

1216.

L. M.

WATTS.

Waiting at the Throne of Grace.

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries ;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Dispensing pardons freely there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate :
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 His love is great, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son ;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

1217.

C. M.

WATTS.

A Prayer for the Afflicted.

- 1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face ;
But answer, lest I die ;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry ?
- 2 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.
- 3 But thou forever art the same,
O my eternal God ;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
 Nor will my Lord delay
 Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
 That long-expected day.
- 5 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
 And, by mysterious ways,
 Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
 And fills their tongues with praise.

1218.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Nearness to the Lord.

- 1 WHEN sorrows round us roll,
 And comforts we have none,
 Dear Savior, say that thou art ours,
 And all our griefs are gone.
- 2 Is there no friend to cheer
 In times of deep distress?
 A smile from thee will help to bear,
 Or make the burden less.
- 3 Though in the gloomy vale
 Of death, we fear no harm,
 Supported by thy powerful grace,
 Reclining on thine arm.
- 4 This is our utmost wish,
 O Lord — that thou wouldst be
 Forever, ever near to us,
 And keep us near to thee.

1219..

L. M.

WATTS.

Abraham offering his Son.

- 1 SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
 Give up your comforts to the Lord;
 He shall restore what you resign,
 Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abrah'm, with obedient hand,
 Led forth his son at God's command;
 The wood, the fire, the knife, he took;
 His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

- 3 "Abraham, forbear," the angel cried;
 "Thy faith is known; thy love is tried;
 Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
 Shall the whole earth be blest indeed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour,
 The Lord displays delivering power;
 The mount of danger is the place
 Where we shall see surprising grace.

1220.

L. M.

STEELE.

Happy Poverty.

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more;
 Let faith survey your future store;
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
 And pours the penitential tear,
 Hope points to your dejected eyes
 The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
 In vain they boast their little stores;
 Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours;—
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
 Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
 Where undeclining pleasures rise,
 And every want hath full supplies.

1221.

S. M.

HASTINGS.

Afflictions blessed.

- 1 HOW tender is thy hand,
 O thou most gracious Lord!
 Afflictions came at thy command,
 And left us at thy word.
- 2 How gentle was the rod
 That chastened us for sin!
 How soon we found a smiling God
 Where deep distress had been!

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 A Father's hand we felt,
 A Father's love we knew ;
 'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
 And found his promise true.

4 Now will we bless the Lord,
 And in his strength confide :
 Jehovah ever be adored ;
 There is no God beside.

1222.

C. M.

B. BARTON.

At Evening Time it shall be light.

1 WE journey through a vale of tears,
 By many a cloud o'ercast,
 And worldly cares and worldly fears
 Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last : thy word hath said, —
 Could we but read aright, —
 Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head ;
 At eve it shall be light.

3 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
 Thy thorny path a while,
 God's blessed word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
 His love and power divine,
 And ere thy sun shall set in death,
 His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and peace
 Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky —
 A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
 By faith, and not by sight,
 And thou shalt own his word fulfilled —
 At eve it shall be light.

1223.

C. M.

COWPER.

The Instability of worldly Enjoyments.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The grounds from which we look for fruit
Have often yielded pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has filled the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die,
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

1224.

C. M.

NEEDHAM

Sufficiency of Grace.

- 1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks,
To cheer the drooping saint:
"My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.
- 2 "My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."
- 3 What though my griefs are not removed?
Yet why should I despair?
For if my Savior's arm support,
I can the burden bear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 O thou, my Savior and my Lord,
 'Tis good to trust thy name ;
 Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love
 Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
 I all things can perform,
 And, smiling, triumph in thy name
 Amid the raging storm.

1225.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine ;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way
 They work thy sovereign will ;
 And awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
 To them that seek thy face,
 And mingles with the tempest's roar
 The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
 Till all the tumult cease ;
 And gales of paradise shall lull
 My weary soul to peace.

1226.

L. M.

WATTS.

God reigns in Zion.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
 Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise
 He utters his almighty voice —
 The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
 He makes the noise of battle cease ;
 When from on high his thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling world to peace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 "Be still, and learn that I am God ;
 I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;
 I will be known and feared abroad ;
 But still my throne in Zion stands."
 4 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
 While we so near thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the gates of hell.

1227.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Panoply of Truth.

- 1 BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
 In all the armor of his God ;
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand ;
 His feet are with the gospel shod.
 2 In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head,
 With righteousness a breastplate meet,
 And faith's broad shield before him spread,—
 3 Undaunted to the field he goes ;
 Yet vain were skill and valor there,
 Unless, to foil his legion foes,
 He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
 4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,
 Fights the good fight, and wins, at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

1228.

S. M.

V. A. SEL.

Love to the Saints.

- 1 I LOVE the sons of grace,
 The heirs of bliss divine,
 Who walk in paths of righteousness,
 And fly from every sin.
 2 They will my faults reprove
 When heedlessly I err :
 How do I prize their faithful love,
 Their kind and tender care !

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 They Jesus' image bear :
How lovely is the sight !
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.
- 4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will ;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.
- 5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.
- 6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here ;
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there !

1229.

L. M.

WESLEY

The final Conflagration.

- 1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The raging deep shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal ;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness —
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 By faith we now transcend the skies,
 And on that ruined world look down ;
 By love above all height we rise,
 And share the everlasting throne.

1230.

C. M.

WESLEY.

The Prospect joyous.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high ;
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest —
 That only bliss for which it pants —
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain ;
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliverer come
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O, what hath Jesus bought for me ?
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise ;
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there :
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet !

MISCELLANEOUS.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But give me life and friends again
 In that eternal day.

1231.

L. M.

NEWTON.

Heaven seen by Faith.

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

1232.

C. M.

WATTS.

The everlasting Song.

- 1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long ;
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upwards, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Savior, sits, —
 The God, how bright he shines ! —
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around,
 And move and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.

DOXOLOGIES.

- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing ;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Now let me mount, and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
- 6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise ;
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !



DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3. C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

DOXOLOGIES.

4.

C. M.

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

5.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne
 And saints that dwell below,
 Adore the Father, love the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

6.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise ;
 Glory to God the Son ;
 To God the Spirit praise.

With all our powers,	Thy name we sing,
Eternal King,	While faith adores.

7.

7s.

SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love :
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host --
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8.

8s & 7s, 6 L.

GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Everlasting three in one :
 Thee let heaven and earth adore
 Now, henceforth, and evermore.

9.

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation ;
 Praise the Father's boundless love ;

DOXOLOGIES.

Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King, enthroned above ;
Praise the Fountain of salvation —
Him by whom our spirits live ;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

10. 8s, 7s, & 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne :
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

11. L. P. M. ~

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

12. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below ;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blest the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

13. C. M.

IN hope to join th' angelic host
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
We raise the grateful song.

DOXOLOGIES.

14.

6s & 4s.

TO God — the Father, Son,
And Spirit — three in one —

All praise be given :

Crown him in every song ;
To him your hearts belong ;
And all his praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

15.

7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings ;

Thy wondrous love and favor

Each ransomed spirit sings :

We'll celebrate thy glory,

With all thy saints above,

And shout the joyful story

Of thy redeeming love.

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