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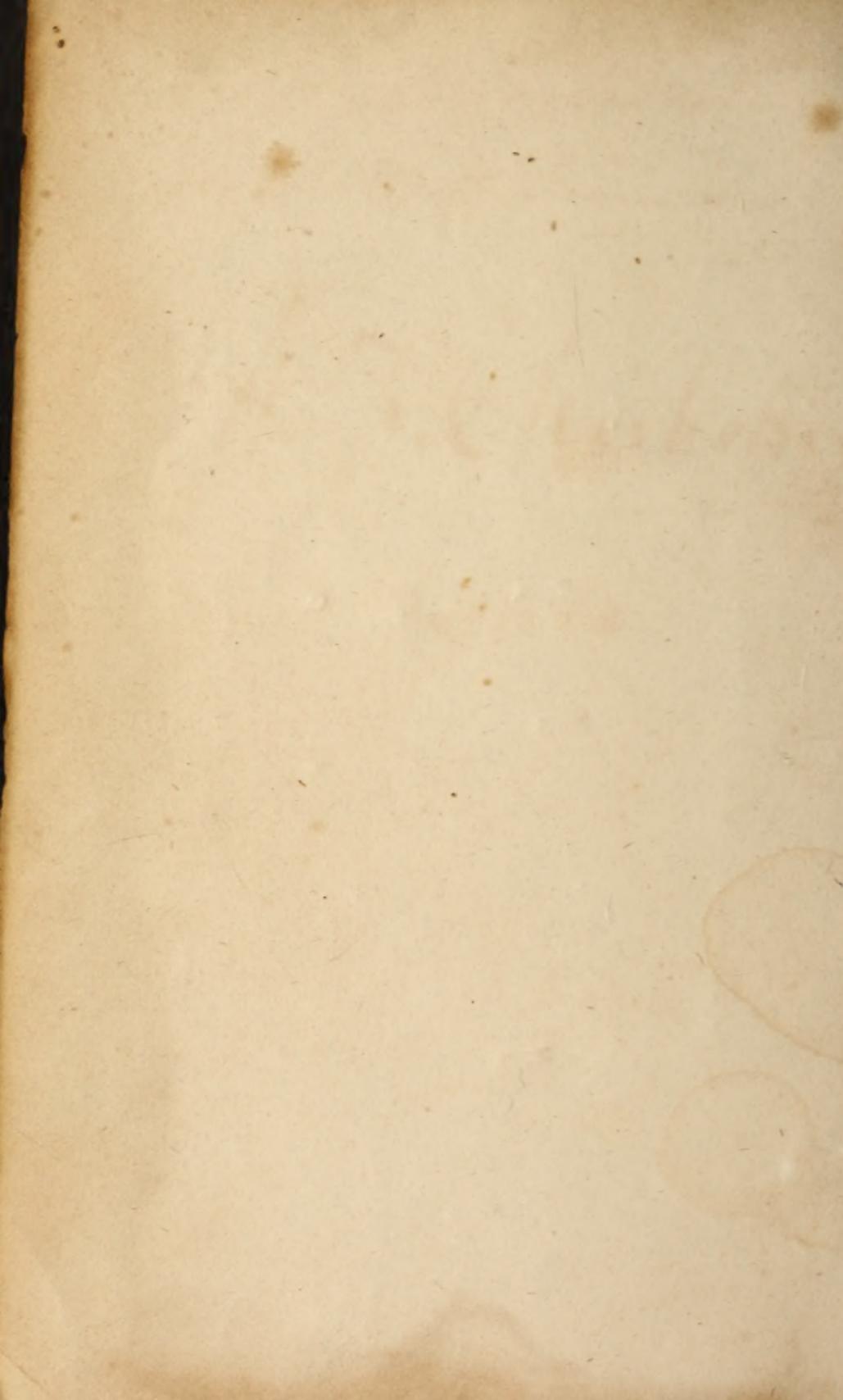
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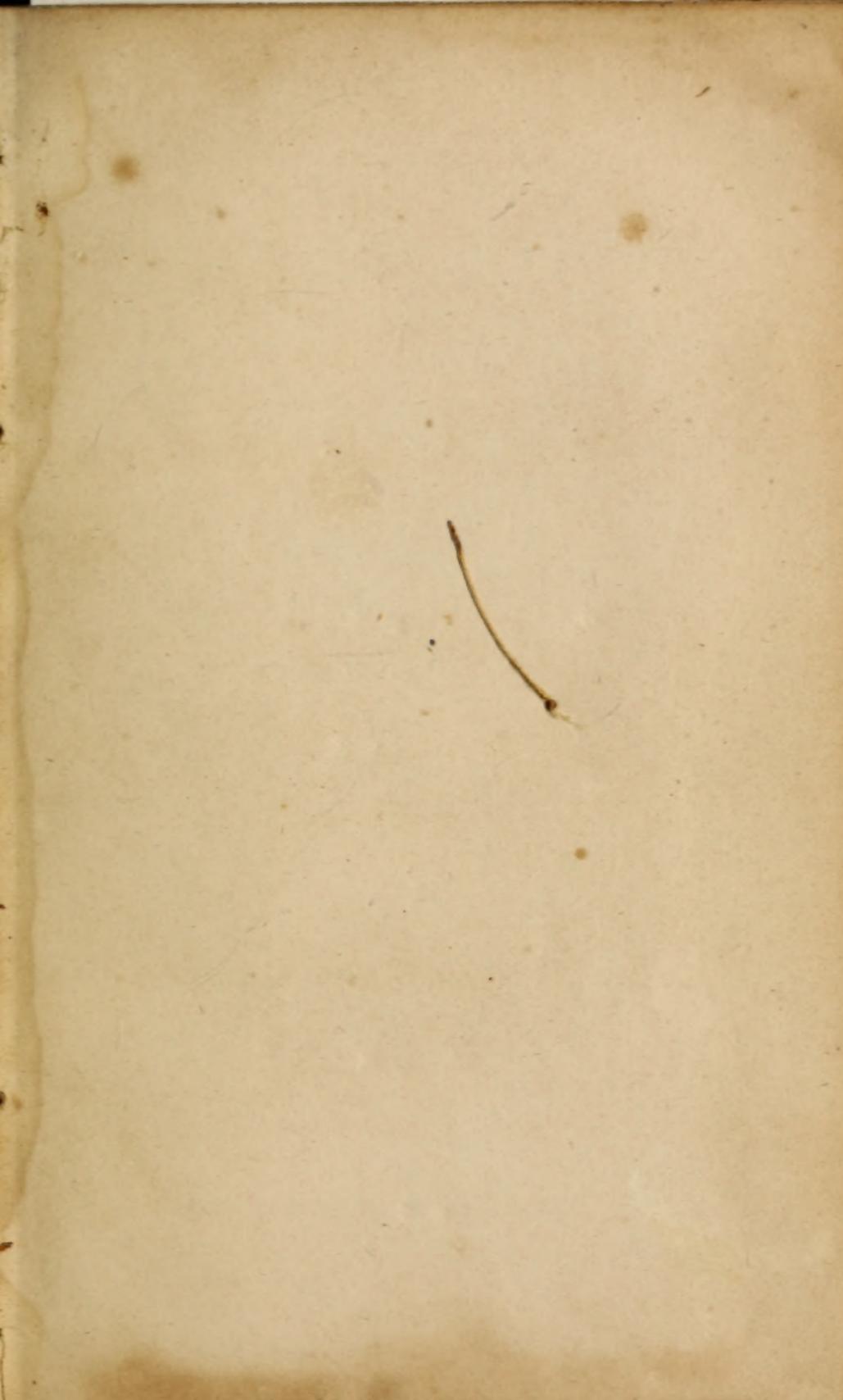
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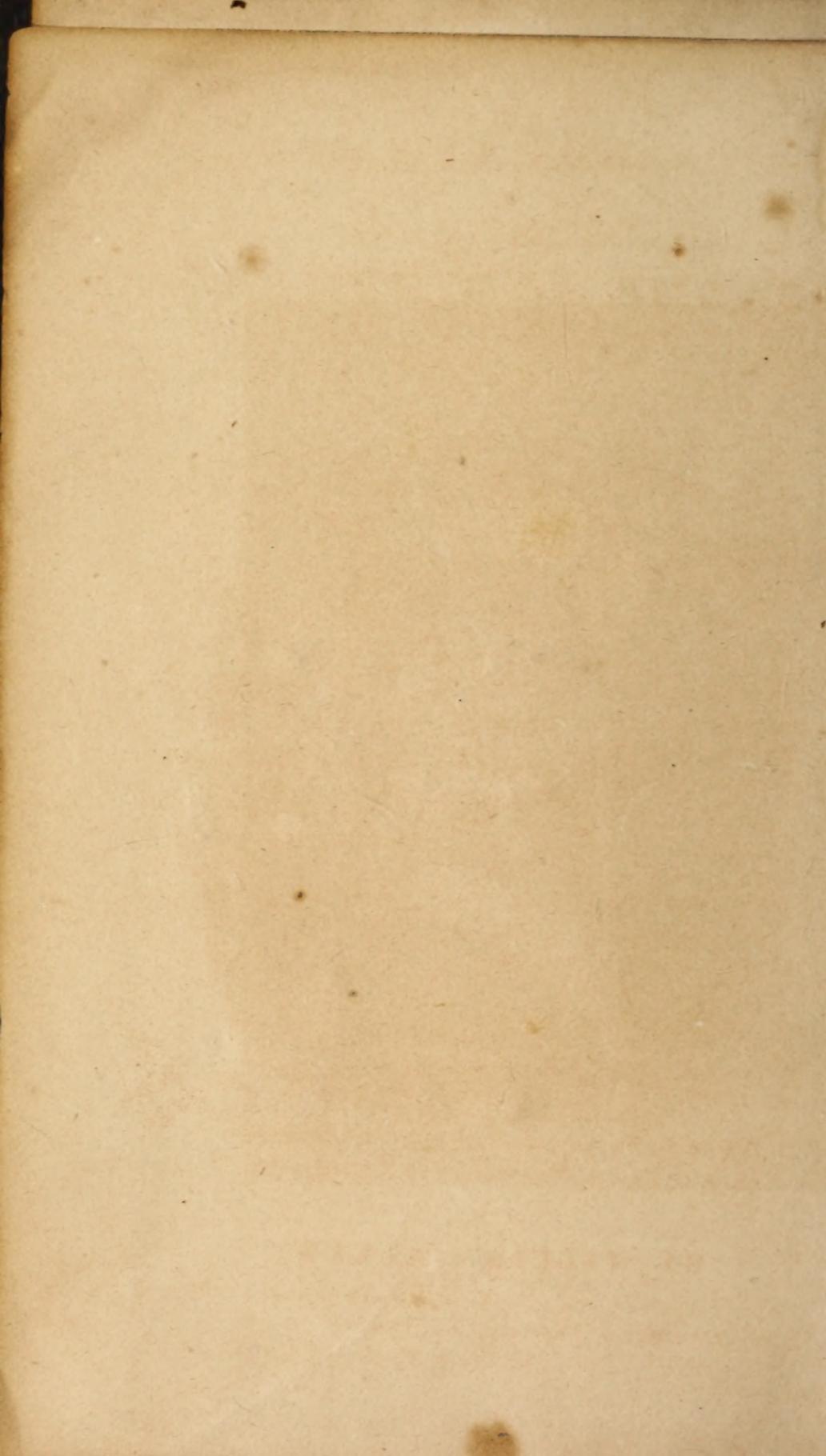
I have been told this book was  
suppressed soon after publication.

It is a very difficult matter to find  
a copy at all events.

Hymn 268 page 500 is a curiosity  
and it hardly seems possible that  
it could have been written by the  
president of Bowdoin College, or by  
one who could write the preface to  
this book.







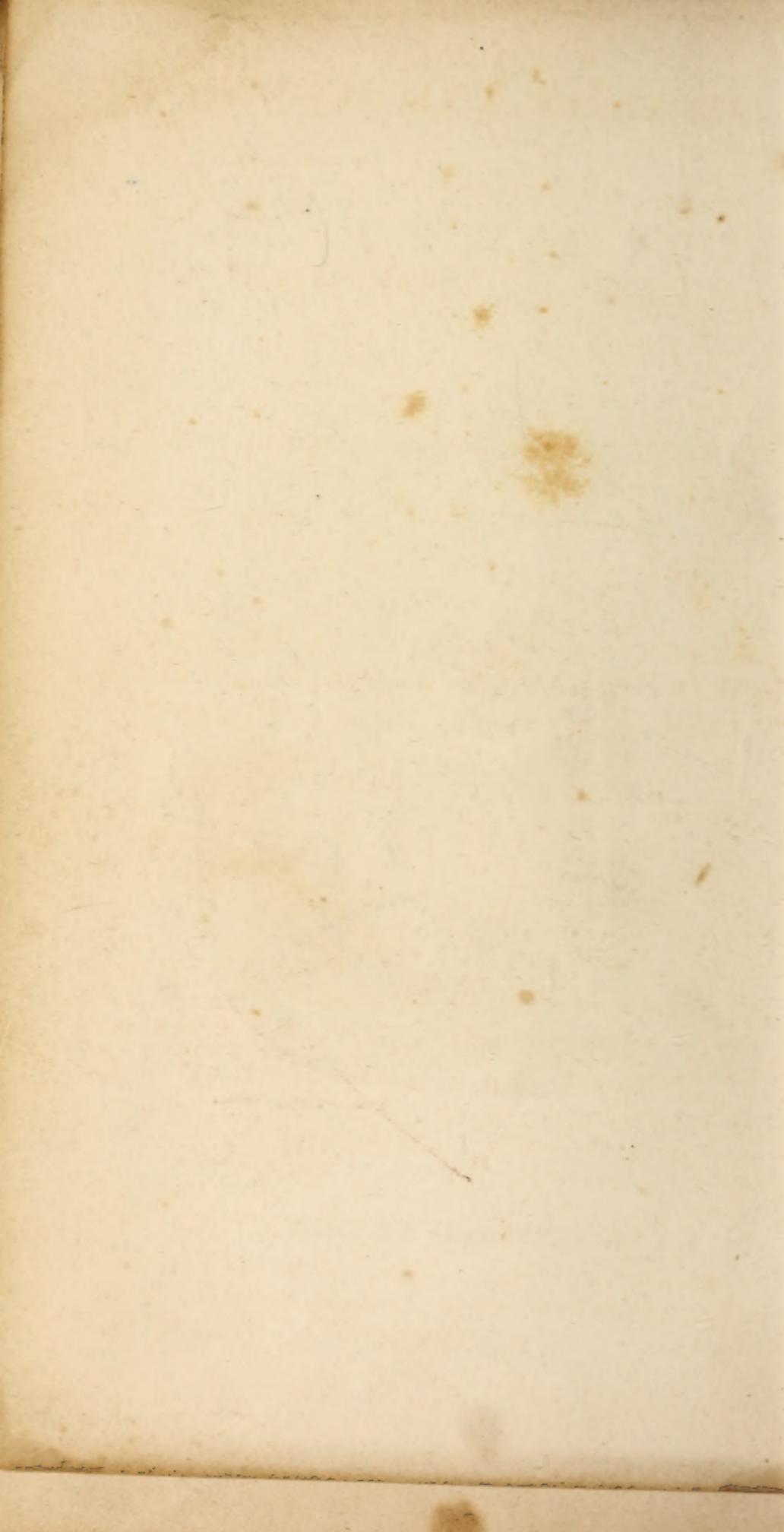
PSALMS AND HYMNS.



Wm. Croome, sc.

Bewick Press, Boston.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN.



PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP,

CONTAINING

ALL THE PSALMS AND HYMNS OF DR. WATTS,

WHICH ARE DEEMED VALUABLE,

TOGETHER WITH A

NEW VERSION OF ALL THE PSALMS,

AND MANY ORIGINAL HYMNS,

BESIDES A LARGE COLLECTION FROM OTHER WRITERS.

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BY WILLIAM ALLEN, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE ;

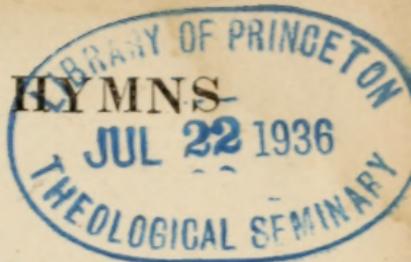
Author of the Amer. Biog. and Hist. Dictionary.

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BOSTON, WM. PEIRCE: N. YORK, LEAVITT, LORD, & CO:

HARTFORD, D. BURGESS, & CO.

1835.





Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835,  
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PRINTED BY J. GRIFFIN, BRUNSWICK.

## P R E F A C E .

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IN presenting to the public a new, lyrical Version of all the Psalms, as well as a collection of Hymns, adapted to the purposes of public, or congregational worship, the author may very properly explain the reasons, which have induced him to prepare these sacred songs for the churches of Christ. And, in order to do this, he would call the attention of the reader to a history of metrical Versions of the Psalms, and to a few critical remarks upon them.

1. The first metrical version of the Psalms of David seems to have been that of APOLLINARIS, about the year 470. He made an excellent paraphrase in Greek verse. It was printed at Paris in 1580.

2. The followers of JOHN HUSS and JEROM of Prague, who died in 1415 and 1416, had among them a lyrical version of the Psalms. Huss is known to have versified the 128th Psalm; and it was sung, agreeably to the music of that period, in slow notes of equal length. The Bohemian Brethren had a Psalm and Hymn Book, with musical notes, in 1538.

3. About 1535 or 1540 LUTHER made lyrical versions of several of the Psalms, and a book of Psalms and Hymns for public worship was prepared for his followers.

4. The Psalms appeared in *Flemish* verse in 1540, with music by Simon Cock. EOBANUS, who died in 1540, made a version of the whole book of Psalms in Latin verse; which was the first Latin, metrical version. Soon afterwards CAMERARIUS versified some of the Psalms in Greek; and STIGELIUS of Gotha also versified some of them.

5. CLEMENT MAROT, valet of the bed chamber to Francis I, king of France, was celebrated as a poet, and wrote pastorals, ballads, fables, and elegies. About 1540, at the suggestion of Vatablus, professor of Hebrew, he made a version of about 30 of the Psalms in French verse. He proposed to substitute divine hymns in the place of the common ditties of the times, and he expressed a hope, that by this means the golden age would return. His books were very rapidly sold. Even

in the splendid court of the king nothing was heard, but the Psalms of Marot. Each of the royal family and the nobility selected a psalm, and sung it to the ballad tune, which was preferred. Prince Henry, in going out to the chase, sung the 42d psalm, "Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire,"—"As pants the hart for water brooks." Catholics and protestants were all at first delighted with Marot's psalms. He afterwards, while he lived at Geneva, versified 20 others; and the 50 were printed at Rome in 1542. After Marot's death BEZA versified the rest of the Psalms in the same manner, and the whole 150 were published at Strasburg in 1545. Calvin, who wished to introduce general, congregational singing, approved of these Psalms, and caused them to be set to music, in a single part, in simple notes. As they were generally used by protestants, the Catholics soon interdicted them, and regarded psalm-singing as a sign of Lutheranism, or heresy. Marot's and Beza's Psalms are written in various metres and appear in good rhyme and perfectly rhymed stanzas. The circumstance, which rendered them so generally interesting and attractive, was the *rhyme*. They were religious odes, in rhyme, and in a form, adapting them to be generally sung not only by the congregation, but in families. The work, as arranged for protestant worship, is generally printed with the music accompanying every line. Some of these simple melodies are retained at the present day.

6. THOMAS STERNHOLD made a version of 51 Psalms, which were published in 1549. He was groom of the robes to Henry VIII. Soon afterwards JOHN HOPKINS, a clergyman in Suffolk, versified 58 Psalms, and, other persons having lent their aid, the whole book of Psalms versified was published in 1562. The other contributors were W. Whyttingham, dean of Durham, whose 16 Psalms are among the best; Thomas Norton, a barrister, translator of Calvin's Institutes, who versified 27 of the Psalms; W. Kethe, an exile at Frankfort, who versified 25 Psalms; and R. Wisdom and J. Pullain, who versified only one or two Psalms.

This version has much less variety of metre, than Marot's, and it is chargeable with the fault of many half-rhymed stanzas, which is not a fault of the French version. The only stanzas of this version, which are at the present day retained in any collections of the Psalms, are the following, found in the 18th Psalm, and they are never retained unaltered:—

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

On cherubs and on cherubins  
 full royally he rode;  
 And on the wings of all the winds  
 came flying all abroad.

*Cherubins* is the ancient English form of the plural of Cherub. The lameness of the second line has often been remarked, and the singularity of the two plurals of the word cherub. Some modern collections and books of music, in the attempt to correct this fault, commit a still greater, by inserting *seraphim* with cherubim. There is no authority in scripture for representing God as riding forth on *seraphim*. It may well excite our surprise, that this antiquated version, containing many passages, which cannot at the present day be read with any sobriety of thought, should still be retained in some of the episcopal churches of England.

In 1549 ROBERT CROWLEY made a metrical version of the Psalms. About this time also HENRY HOWARD, earl Surrey, and Sir THO. WYAT versified some of the Psalms.

7. About 1550 the celebrated GEORGE BUCHANAN, while imprisoned in a monastery in Portugal, made an elegant Latin version of the Psalms. Of this version the 122d Psalm bishop Horne erroneously ascribes to Zuinger, and publishes it in his Commentary with Merrick's translation. But Zuinger merely altered a few words of Buchanan's version.—DOLSCIUS made a Greek version, published at Basil in 1555.

8. About 1557 archbishop PARKER made a version, which was printed about 1570. The following is from the 18th Psalm :

“He rode on high, and did so fly  
 Upon the cherubins;  
 He came in sight, and made his flight  
 Upon the wing of winds.—  
 The Lord from heaven sent down his leven  
 And thunder'd thence in ire;  
 He thunder cast in wondrous blast  
 With hails and coals of fire.”

It seems, that in avoiding the fault of Sternhold, he made his rhymes more frequent, than a sober and correct taste would demand.

9. PETER DATHEN, minister at Frankfort, about 1560, translated Marot's and Beza's Psalms into Low-Dutch metre, adapting them to the French tunes and measure. A new Dutch translation was undertaken by Philip de Marnix, lord of Sainte Algedonda.

BERNARD WOIEWODKA printed the Psalms in Polish metre at Brescz in 1565.

**STRYC**, a Bohemian, admirably versified the Psalms in 1590; his work has this title, *Zalmowe Sw. Dawida w ryhmy Ceské uwedené*.

**SYLBURGIUS** made a version in Greek verse, which was published, with that of Apollinaris, in 1596 by Commelinus. **LOUIS CRUCIUS**, a Lisbon Jesuit, published the Psalms in metre in Latin at Madrid in 1600.

In the sixteenth century **J. B. CHASSIGNET**, a native of Besancon, published in French verse a paraphrase of all the Psalms in various measures. In that of the 92d Psalm are the following lines.

“Soit que du beau soleil la perruque empourprée  
Redore de ses rais cette basse contrée.”

If any should be disposed to tolerate **SANDYS** in speaking, in his version, of the “golden-tressed sun;” yet our English habits of thought will hardly allow us to regard the sun as endowed with a “peruke” or periwig.

10. **Sir PHILIP SIDNEY**, who fell in battle in 1586 at the age of 32, made a version of 42 Psalms; and the others were versified by his sister, Mary, the countess of Pembroke. This work, after slumbering nearly two centuries and a half, was published at the Chiswick press in 1823. It is written in a great variety of metre, and is in general well rhymed, though a few of the pieces are entirely without rhyme. The whole of each Psalm is versified. An English writer has remarked of Sir P. Sidney, that “his life is finer poetry, than his writings.” The antiquated style and complex metres of this version render it entirely useless for the purposes of psalmody. The version of the 125th is in the rare Sapphic measure;—

“As Salem braveth with her hilly bulwarks,  
Roundly enforted: so the great Jehovah  
Closeth his servants, as a hilly bulwark  
Ever abiding.”

The following is a stanza of the 139th:

“Do thou thy best, O secret night,  
In sable vail to cover me;  
Thy sable vail  
Shall vainly fail;  
With day unmask'd my night shall be,  
For night is day, and darkness light,  
O, Father of all lights, to Thee.”

11. King **JAMES I.** undertook to versify the Psalms, but accomplished his purpose only in part. His version, which was printed after his death, is “remarkable for its flat simplicity

and unmeaning expletives." The following is a stanza from the 74th Ps. ;

"Why dost thou thus withdraw thy hand,  
E'en thy right hand restrain?  
Out of thy bosom, for our good,  
Draw back the same again."

The same passage is as follows in Sternhold's version :

"Why dost Thou draw thy hand aback,  
and hide it in thy lap?  
O, pluck it out, and be not slack  
to give thy foes a rap."

J. BERTAUT, a bishop in Normandy, who died in 1611, published a version of many of the Psalms. About the year 1620 bishop MILES SMYTH made a version of the Psalms ; and about the same time another metrical version was made by Mr. DOD.

12. In 1632 GEO. WITHER published, in the Netherlands, a version, made by command of king James. He had previously published Hymns and Songs of the Church in 1623. He aimed to combine "the fulness of the sense with the relish of the scripture phrase." The following stanza is from the first Psalm :

"Like a tree, set near the springs,  
He doth always freshly flourish;  
Still his fruits he timely brings,  
And his leaf shall never perish:  
Every thing shall prosper too,  
Which he undertakes to do."

ARTHUR JOHNSON, physician to Charles I., educated at Aberdeen, who died at Oxford in 1641, published a version of the Psalms in Latin verse in 1637.

13. GEORGE SANDYS, the traveller, published in a small folio, in 1638, a Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems, containing a version of all the Psalms, with tunes in two parts. This version has in many respects high poetical excellence, though it has also many faults. It contains a great variety of metres, and has no slovenly, half-rhymed stanzas. One of his best pieces may be found in this book, Ps. 148, eighth version. It has been remarked, that his Psalms, written in the metre of this specimen,—seven-syllable trochaic,—have a peculiar beauty, while in other metres he seems to lose his lyrical powers. Indeed, a considerable part of his paraphrase is not adapted to lyrical purposes, as he has versified, and frequently in the long ten-syllable measure, the whole of all the Psalms. Mr. Milner, in his life of Watts, says, that Sandys employs "*chiefly* the trochaic couplet ;" which is a great mistake, as only 14 out of 150 Psalms are in this metre.

14. In 1640 J. ELIOT, T. WELDE, and R. MATHER, ministers near Boston, made the "New-England Version." This was revised by president DUNSTER about 1650 and was used generally by the New England churches until, at length, it was superseded by the version of Watts. The 26th edition was published in 1744. It was revised by T. Prince in 1758. This is a faithful translation from the Hebrew ; but it has no poetical merit. Most of it is written in the common half-rhymed stanza of Sternhold. The following is a specimen of the primitive edition of 1640 :—

“And he shall be like to a tree  
 planted by water-rivers:  
 That in his season yields his fruit,  
 and his leafe never withers.  
 And all he doth shall prosper well,  
 the wicked are not so:  
 But they are like unto the chaffe,  
 which winde drives to and fro.”

The same in Dunster's and Prince's revisions is thus :

“He shall be like a planted tree  
 by water brooks, which shall  
 In his due season yield his fruit,  
 whose leaf shall never fall.”

“For he is like a goodly tree  
 to rivers planted near ;  
 Which timely yields its fruit, whose leaf  
 shall ever green appear.”

A copy of this version is in the libraries of Harvard College and of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, but without the title page. A copy is in the library of the Old South church in Boston, with the title page, which is thus :—“The Whole Booke of Psalmes faithfully translated into English metre. Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfulness, but also the necessity of the heavenly ordinance of singing scripture Psalms in the churches of God.—Imprinted 1640.” The names of the authors are not mentioned.

There is one sentence in the preface, to which all the lovers of sacred music, and all our churches will do well to give heed ; it is this,—“The singing of Psalms, though it breathe forth nothing but holy harmony, and melody ; yet such is the subtilty of the enemy, and the enmity of our nature against the Lord, and his ways, that our hearts can find matter of discord in this harmony, and crotchets of division in this holy melody.” It was a quarter of a century or more after the publication of Watts' version, before the prejudice in favor of this New England version was overcome ; and in the last century the pres-

byterian church in this country found ample "matter of discord" and many "crotchets of division" in consequence of the substitution of Watts for the old Scotch version. Churches were rent asunder in the contest. Indeed the old Scots book still triumphantly retains its place in some of the presbyterian churches, and refuses to yield to the innovations of Watts, whose version was made 116 years ago.

15. A version of the Psalms by H. AINSWORTH was published at Amsterdam in 1644, with copious annotations, and tunes. The prose and metrical versions are on the same page. It has much the same rank in poetical excellence with the New England version. The following is a specimen from the 18th Psalm :

"And he did bow the heav'ns and down did pass :  
And gloomy darkness under his feet was.  
And he did ride on cherub and did fly :  
And on wings of the wind he flew swiftly."

Some of the early settlers of Plymouth, who came from Holland, introduced this version, and it held its place in the church of Plymouth against the New England version until 1692, and even in Salem until 1662. Nor would it have been wonderful, had it never yielded ; for it was equal in poetry to the N. E. version and had the superior advantage of a good prose version, musical notes, and learned and valuable annotations.

16. In 1645 the version of FRANCIS ROUSE, which the Commons of England had two years before recommended to the consideration of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, was revised and came out with the approbation of both houses of parliament. This is supposed to be what is commonly called the old Scotch version, which is still retained, I suppose, in Scotland, and in some of the presbyterian churches in this country. It is much of the same character with the New England version. The following is a specimen from the first Psalm. By comparing it with the stanza from the New England version, the same lines will be found in both ; and it may be, that the Scotch Churches are much indebted for their book of Psalms to the Independents of New England.

"He shall be like a tree, that grows  
Near planted by a river,  
Which in his season yields his fruit,  
And his leaf fadeth never :  
And all he doth shall prosper well.  
The wicked are not so :  
But like they are unto the chaff,  
Which wind drives to and fro."

About this period R. GOODRIDGE made a version of the Psalms.

17. In 1645 Wm. BARTON, a minister in London, published a version of about 30 of the Psalms, together with "choice collections of the old Psalms." An edition had been previously printed by order of parliament. This edition, having "the cream and flower of the best authors," came out with the approbation of more than 40 divines, most of them of the Assembly. Barton's entire version was published in 1682. He says, "The Scots have of late put forth a psalm book, most-what composed out of mine and Mr. Rouse's." This version is of a higher poetical character than the Scotch. The following stanzas of the 23d Ps. were in part copied by Watts :

"The living Lord my shepherd is,  
And he, that doth me feed;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What comfort can I need?

"He leads me to the tender grass,  
Where I both feed and rest;  
Then to the streams, that gently pass;  
In both I have the best."

18. About 1660 bishop H. KING, and soon afterwards SAM. WOODFORD, D. D. published metrical versions of the Psalms. Denham remarks on the latter,—“his verse is not for singing but reading.”

Bishop *Godeau*, a member of the Academy of Belles Lettres in France, who died in 1672, published a version of the Psalms in metre.

19. *John Eliot*, one of the authors of the New England version, published the book of Psalms in Indian metre in 1680. The language was that of the Naticks near Boston, or the Massachusetts' language. The unlearned reader may judge, whether he can relish the melody of the Indian, by examining the two first verses of the 97th Psalm :

"Wutassootamun God, muttaok  
weekontamoomooutch  
Munnahanash wonk monakish  
muskouantamoomooutch  
O Oweenuhkunkqun pohkenai;  
matokqs, wussittumoonk  
Wunnonwauseonk wutappue  
ne menuhkesuonk."

Mr. Eliot must be deemed excusable for putting this Indian version in the half-rhymed stanzas of his English predecessors.

20. A new and entire version was made by *Simon Ford*, D. D. in 1688. In speaking of Sternhold he says, "it were but decent to bury that former translation with honor for the service it hath done." But Sternhold's book, intrenched in

the English church, has survived that of Dr. Ford. He has various metres, and no half-rhymed stanzas ; but the work has no peculiar excellence. Some of his lines seem to have been borrowed by Watts ; as the following from Ps. 139 :—

“Asleep, awake, at home, abroad,  
Thou knowest all my ways, O God.—  
Darkness and light in this agree,  
That they are both alike to thee.”

Two other poetical versions of the Psalms were published by *Luke Milbourne*, who died in 1720, and by Mr. *Darby*. The Psalms in *Swedish* verse appeared in 1695, and perhaps much earlier.

21. The version of *Nahum Tate* and *Nicholas Brady* was published in 1696. Some of the Psalms have dignity and excellence ; yet the general character of the work is that of diffuseness and dulness. The measure is heavy, and many of the pieces are only half rhymed. The plan was radically defective ; for the whole of every Psalm is versified ; of course much of the book is totally unsuitable for lyrical purposes, and cannot be employed in Psalmody. Yet this is the only authorized version of the episcopal churches of this country, and is commonly used by the episcopalians of England, yet by them often with other versions. Until recently the whole of Tate and Brady was retained by the American episcopalians ; but in Dec. 1832 a selection was made from Tate's book and Psalms and parts of Psalms omitted, so that the present authorized version has only 124 Psalms ; and as the whole book is reduced, it is odd enough, that the pieces have lost their old names. For instance, David's 119th Psalm is called the 97th, to the confusion of those, who wish to call things by their right names. After all the abridgement, and reduction, and patch-work, employed upon Tate and Brady, the version is not worthy of the good taste of the episcopal churches.

An episcopal writer in England said in 1825, “Sternhold and Hopkins retain possession of only a few cathedral or collegiate churches ; and even Tate and Brady have, to a very great extent, given way before the practice of introducing private selections of Psalms and Hymns for public worship.”

Versions of the Psalms were made by Sir *J. Denham* in 1714, and by Dr. *J. Patrick* in 1715. Dr. *Basil Kennet*, who died in 1714, also published a version. Patrick's version was much used by the dissenters.

22. In 1718 Dr. *Cotton Mather* of Boston published the book of Psalms in Blank Verse, fitted to the tunes in common use. It was designed to be an exact copy of the original “without the fetters of rhyme ;” and the author hoped, that

it would be more acceptable to those, who revered the words of inspiration, than if it departed from the original “for the sake of a little jingle at the end of the line!” However, he mistook the public taste; and his work, if it was ever sung in any church, is now forgotten. The jingle of Watts was preferred to it. This version was printed, so that what is called the Long metre might be converted into Common metre by omitting the words in black letter between the brackets. The following is a specimen from Ps. 23d. :—

“My shepherd is th’ eternal God ; || I shall not be in [any] want : || In pastures of a tender grass || He [e~~ver~~] makes me to lie down : || To waters of tranquillities || He gently carries me, [along.] || ”

23. Dr. WATTS’ Psalms introduced a new era in the history of church psalmody. His Hymns were published in 1707, when he was only 23 years of age; but his Psalms, though partly written in 1712, were not finished and published till 1719. The excellent plan of Dr. Watts, in which he followed Barton, was this;—not to make an entire version of every Psalm, but to select the most lyrical portions of the book of Psalms. He proposed to give an “*Imitation* of the Psalms in Christian language.”

There are two very different principles, on which a metrical version of the Psalms may be made.

The first is to give as beautiful, and complete, and perfect a representation, as possible, in English poetry of the Hebrew original. But in this case, the version will not be well adapted to the purposes of public psalmody, however interesting to the reader, and however valuable in the character of devotional poetry.

The second principle, on which a version may be made, is to render it a strictly *lyrical version*, or one, which is to be sung by a religious assembly. Of course the long Psalms must be abridged;—the historical Jewish narratives and allusions, so far as they cannot be accommodated to the circumstances of the Christian church, are to be omitted;—and Psalms, merely doctrinal or didactic, are either to be overlooked, or to be drawn somewhat into a lyrical character.

By the first method the whole sentiment of the Psalm is transferred without omission into metre. By the second method a version is made only of select parts. The first method was adopted by Sternhold and Hopkins, by Sidney, by Sandys, by the New England fathers, by the Scotch churches, by Tate and Brady, and indeed by almost all the writers enumerated and by others yet to be mentioned. The second method was adopted by Dr. Watts; and he made a truly lyrical version,

fitted to be sung in Christian worship. Yet there are great imperfections in his version, which will be adverted to, after this brief historical account of metrical versions is brought to a close.

24. Sir *Richard Blackmore* published in 1721 a version, which is even inferior to that of Tate and Brady. A version by *Jonathan Harle* was published in 1730.

In 1752 *John Barnard*, minister of Marblehead, Massachusetts, at the age of 70 years, published a version of the Psalms, with tunes. He freely borrowed from the labors of his predecessors, and produced a patch-work, equal indeed to many of the English versions in point of poetry, yet without any peculiar excellence. It is imperfectly rhymed. Being an entire version, it is poorly adapted to lyrical purposes. Perhaps it never was sung out of the bounds of Marblehead.

25. In 1754 *S. Wheatland* and *T. Silvester* published at London a close translation of the Psalms of David in heroic verse. In the same measure a version was published in 1756 by *Thomas Cradock*, an episcopal clergyman in Baltimore county, Maryland.

26. *Thomas Prince*, the distinguished minister of the Old South church in Boston, published in 1758 a revision of the New England Psalms, made with much labor and great care. It is valuable as a translation of the original Hebrew; but as a poetical and lyrical version it has not much merit.

27. *James Merrick*, educated at Oxford, and who died at Reading in 1769, aged 51, published the 2d edition of his Psalms paraphrased in English verse in 1766. A specimen may be found in this book; Ps. 136; version 7th.—This work has much poetic excellence; but, besides being an entire version, it is diffuse, and of the nature of a paraphrase, and destitute of the lyrical energy of the original. Indeed it was not adapted for the purposes of the singer in the church; it is rather for the devout and poetic reader. In 1792 Mr. Tattersall published an edition of Merrick, divided for singing.

In Italy *Savinio Matti* made a fine poetical translation of the Psalms.

28. In 1811 *William Goode*, an episcopal minister in London, published an entire version of the Psalms, in 2 vols. 8vo., which in poetic excellence and lyrical power is superior to any preceding version, unless it be that of Watts. Some of his excellencies and his faults will be pointed out. Regarding it as a fault of Watts, that his Psalms are “more frequently Hymns upon the *subjects* of the Psalms, than a regular version of the Psalms themselves,” more frequently “imitations,” than copies of the Psalms of David, Mr. G. resolved to keep as near,

as possible, to the originals in sentiment and language ; to preserve the utmost simplicity of language ; and to express clearly the typical intent, making the Psalms Christian, as they should be rendered at the present day. He has accordingly given a more perfect and beautiful copy of the original, adapted to Christian purposes, than was ever given to the public. He has often several versions of the same Psalm, dwelling on the same subject ; the first versions being in the more simple measures, beginning with short metre, for the use of general congregations, and the last versions in more complex measures, so chosen as to prevent introduction into common use, designed for the churches, in which less simple and more extensive singing is introduced. In his more simple metres he pays more regard to simplicity of language, than in the others, in which he takes greater liberty too in departing from the original. In the longer Psalms instead of different versions of the same, he has given each succeeding part of the Psalm in a different metre.

Mr. G. has admirably executed his plan ; but it was a mistake to attempt an *entire* version of the Psalms, with reference to lyrical purposes. He admitted, that it was “impossible to render the whole so as to be suitable for Christian worship.” His work is more valuable to the devout and poetic reader, than to the singer ; yet many of his pieces have a high lyrical character. Had he confined himself to the method of Watts, selecting only parts of the Psalms, and had he excluded many of his complex measures, and written only for general congregations, he might have produced a work, which would have superseded Tate and Brady in the episcopal churches of England. Specimens of his more simple metres and several of his best pieces are given in this book.

Yet with all the spirit and excellence of the work of Mr. G. it has some prominent defects. Though it has very few half-rhymed pieces, not more perhaps than half a dozen ; yet the author is often careless in his rhymes, bringing together words, which can hardly walk together with much concord, as may be judged from the following pairs ;—“compassion, salvation ; Savior, favor ; possess, increase ; dwell, conceal ; trust, burst ; consume, dome ; blaspheme, name ; believe him, griev’d him ; allotted, devoted ; rebuke, stroke ; appeal, fail ; stores, adore ; comes, resumes ; man, gain : forsake, speak ; completes, forgets ; raise, seize ; glory, before thee ; sit, delight.” The introduction of the name of Britain in several of the Psalms seems sufficiently odd ; as in Ps. 104.

“There go the navies, BRITAIN’S boast !  
They spread their sails from coast to coast,  
And ride the pathless way.”

29. In 1824 *Richard Mant*, bishop of Down and Connor, published a metrical version of the Psalms, with notes. The metres are various, designed to be accommodated to the subject or the nature of the Psalm ; but it being an entire version, it is not adapted for church psalmody. Many of his rhymes also are not to be tolerated ; as “foot, not ; bird, spared ; brute, wrought ; art, subvert ; come, fume ; ages, blazes ; sun, moon ; prest, feast ; ruling, controlling ; ceas’d, cast ; debt, seat ; swell, peal ; rear, war ; feet, set ; hear them, fear him.” He sometimes fails in adapting the metre to the subject ; as he employs the rapid anapestic measure in the sublime 29th Psalm,—

“O give to the Lord, ye kings of mankind, &c.”

30. In 1832 two metrical versions of the Psalms were published in England. One by Mr. *E. G. Marsh*, which may be ranked with that of bishop Mant. The other version was by *W. Gahagan*, barrister, being a version of the “Liturgy” Psalms, and is scarcely superior to Sternhold and Hopkins.

In 1833 Mr. *Joseph P. Bartrum* of Cambridge, Massachusetts, published a metrical paraphrase of all the Psalms, but not of the whole of each Psalm. He complains of Watts, although having “the inspiration of poetry and piety,” as chargeable with coarseness of diction, harsh elisions, and general negligence, and as introducing much from the Psalms, which is worthless, being seldom, if ever used in public worship. Mr. B. aims to introduce modern, poetic diction, and to fit his version for musical expression. He introduces marks of expression and annexes the names of tunes.

With the high poetical powers of the author he has fallen into some inexcusable errors of rhyme, instances of which are the following :—“chaff, blast ; sprung, Son ; sacrifice, lives ; profane, name ; groan, home ; drag on, come ; atone, comb ; proclaims, reigns ; gloom, noon ; strain, fame ; form, adorn ; bliss, wish ; sublime, divine ; blaze, waves ; esteem, mean ; reproof, truth ; beam, seen ; fetters, banners.” This version is not replete with the christian doctrines, embraced by Watts ; it is also greatly deficient in simplicity, and the diction, though rich, is often too far removed from the habits of ordinary minds to be generally acceptable.

The author has thus mentioned more than fifty metrical versions of the Psalms, being all, that have come within his knowledge, and about thirty of them being entire versions in the English language.

Besides these, there have been other versions of a few or a part of the Psalms. *W. Hunnis*, *L. Shepherd*, and *J. Hall*, about 1550, versified several ; at the same period *J. Mardi-*

*Iey* versified 24 Psalms; *F. Seagar* 19; *Sir W. Forrest*, 50; *Sir F. Bacon* 7; bishop *Hall* 10; *J. B. Rousseau*, and *Herbert*, and *Donne* a few; *Milton* 19 Psalms. *Addison* and *Pitt* versified a few; *C. Wesley*, and *Doddridge*, several; *Mrs. Steele*, about 1780, 47 Psalms; *J. Barlow* versified 12 or 15; *Dr. Dwight* as many or more; *Mr. Wrangham* a considerable number; and in 1822 *Montgomery* published a version of 55 Psalms, which are found in collections of his Poems.

Having thus finished the proposed historical account of metrical versions of the Psalms of David, the author will now return to the consideration of that of *Dr. Watts*.

Of the excellences of many of his admirable versifications of the Psalms, which are now and have been for ages written in the hearts of the pious, the author need not speak. He has endeavored to preserve in this book all those unequalled pieces, with little alteration. The question is, whether many of his Psalms also are not unsuitable for lyrical purposes, and unfit to be retained; and whether there is not occasion for a new, entire, lyrical version, suited for public worship, not indeed to exclude what is valuable in *Watts*, but to be used in connexion with it?

Let it then be considered, that *Dr. Watts* has entirely omitted twelve of the Psalms; nor can it be pretended, that it was, because they are unsuitable for lyrical purposes, for most of them were addressed by David to the chief musician, and one of them, *Ps. 137*, is one of the most beautiful and lyrical in the book of David.

In the next place, a considerable number of *Watts'* Psalms are so destitute of poetical beauty and so chargeable with poetical deformity, that at the present day, in the present improved state of the public taste, they ought not to be retained in a book of Psalms for public worship. If he sometimes fell into vulgarity of language, and if his images and illustrations were sometimes of a humble nature; if some of his pieces do not present any claims to consideration for dignity, and purity, and elevation of style; yet he himself was not unconscious of his faults. He says in his Preface to his Psalms, "I am sensible, I have often subdued my style below the esteem of the critics, because I would neither indulge any bold metaphors, nor admit of hard words, nor tempt any ignorant worshipper to sing without understanding." In his Preface to his Hymns he also says,—"the metaphors are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities.—Some of the beauties of poetry are neglected and some wilfully defaced.—I have given an alloy to my verse, lest a more exalted turn of thought or language should disturb the devotion." In this *Dr. Watts* fell into a great error, for devo-

tion is not promoted by grovelling thoughts, low images, or vulgarity of language. It is true, that when he wrote,—more than a hundred years ago,—the common people among the English were far less enlightened and refined, than the great body of American citizens now are ; but even then, among the English, he would have done better for the honor of God, had he imitated more the purity, dignity, and sublimity of the original ; and this could have been done without obscuring the sense even to the comprehension of the illiterate.

In the author's judgment there is a beauty and glory in the Psalms of David, requiring the utmost efforts of the first of poets to versify them in a style most honorable to God, and most useful to man. He has thought, that if a book of English metrical Psalms should come to us in the same pure, lofty, lyrical form, in which the Psalms of David were written by inspiration of Jehovah ; if such a book should bring to us the most beautiful and delightful strains of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, his thrilling out-bursts of emotion, his sublime anthems of praise to God, his rapturous joys, his glorious hopes ;—if we could have a just transcript of his odes, which, as a mirror, reflect upon the eye all the beautiful and sublime scenery of Judea and the wonders of creation, and which hold up to view the astonishing works and providences of God towards his chosen people, all emblematical of his present works of power and love towards his saints ;—if his songs, soft as the flowing waters, sweet as the stores, which the bee lays up in his cell, richer than treasured gems and gold, more melodious, than the voice of the lute or the harp, bursting out, at times, like lightning, with sudden brightness, and deep-toned and awful, like the voice, speaking from the dark cloud ;—he has thought, that if the Psalms of David were given to us, in English, in the same elevated style of poetry, in which they were given to the Hebrews, there would be no occasion to imagine, that the book would be made more useful and more subservient to the purposes of devotion by wilfully defacing its beauty and degrading its sublimity.

Fixing their attention on the prominent faults of Watts, some writers seem unwilling to assign him his just rank as a poet, which is the first rank among religious, lyrical poets. Dr. V. Knox speaks of “the humble poetry of the good Watts ;” and says,—“that saint often sung sweetly ; but there was something wanting to make his songs generally acceptable to the lovers of classical poetry.” Another English writer says,—“Watts was an excellent man, a strong reasoner, of undoubted piety, and, perhaps a rarer virtue, of true Christian charity ; but in our opinion he labored under an irreparable deficiency”

for the task, he undertook,—he was no poet. He had a great command of scriptural language, and an extraordinary facility of versification ; but, though his piety may induce us to make excuses for his poetry, his poetry will do little to excite dormant piety. Yet, if we are dissatisfied with the rude, homely, and unequal strains of Watts, we have still less taste for the trim and smooth-dressed stanzas, into which Merrick has softened down all the daring, the grandeur, the lyric luxuriance of the Hebrew poets.”—Dr. Johnson also says of Watts, “his devotional poetry, like that of others, is unsatisfactory.”

It were an irksome task to produce specimens of the humbler poetry of Dr. Watts. If among his productions there are whole Psalms, and many stanzas and lines, written in a tame and homely manner, which the improved taste of the present age cannot tolerate ; then unquestionably they ought to be omitted in every book of Psalms, designed for public worship.

In respect to *Rhyme*, which is an essential part of modern lyrical poetry, Watts was inexcusably careless. Dr. Johnson remarked concerning his poetry generally, “his rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent.” Besides introducing bad rhymes, Watts also often neglected them altogether in parts of his stanzas, for which by way of apology he inserts the following note in his 2d book of Hymns, “from the 70th to the 108th Hymn I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanza.” Besides these Hymns, other Hymns and Psalms, and some of them in Long metre, have the same fault. In thus rhyming only half the lines of a stanza in Common metre Watts followed the slovenly manner, in which much of Sternhold’s and Tate’s versions were written. Were such stanzas printed properly, they should be in two lines, instead of four, which was the case with some editions of the New England Psalms.

Still more unsatisfactory are the irregularly rhymed Psalms of Watts, in which, in some of the stanzas of the same piece, all the lines rhyme, and in others only two of the lines. Thus his 2d Ps., Short metre, is perfectly rhymed in 4 stanzas, and only half-rhymed in 6 stanzas. Such pieces have the appearance of an elegant structure, half-built and left unfinished. It were better to abolish *altogether* the occasional, interrupted rhyming of the first and third lines, and thus leave a structure of verse, rude indeed in plan, but complete, like the old measure of Sternhold.

Mr. *Montgomery*, the first lyrical and devotional poet of the age, and whose rhymes and rhythm have an unequalled excellence, will be heard with deference on a subject, on which he is perfectly qualified to judge. In speaking of Watts’ Psalms

and Hymns, he says, "The faults are principally prosaic phraseology, rhymes worse than none, and none where good ones are absolutely wanted to raise the verse upon its feet, and make it go, according to the saying, "on all-fours;" though the metre is generally free and natural, when his lines want every other qualification of poetry." He adds, "these blemishes were far less offensive, when he flourished, than they are in the present more fastidious age, which requires exacter versification, with *pure, perfect* rhymes;—for bad rhymes are much more obtrusive, than good ones;—these form a running harmony through the verse, which is felt without being remarked, and yet so essential to the music of the whole, that the occasional flatness or absence of one is instantly recognized, and produces a sense of wrong.—It is a great temptation to the indolence of hymn-writers, that the quartain measures have been so often used by Dr. Watts without rhyme in the first and third lines."

Rev. *Tho. Milner*, in his recently published valuable *Life of Dr. Watts*, says, in speaking of his Hymns,—and his remarks will apply to the Psalms,—“His most frequent failings are defective rhythm and prosaic phraseology; the want of rhymes between the first and third lines in the quartain measure is sensibly perceived, and occasions the hymn sometimes to halt and stumble.”—“The period, when he flourished, was not so nicely critical as the present; pure and perfect harmony was not so rigidly required; what would now be regarded as false versification was practised by the mighty masters of the lyre.”

Rhyme is indeed not essential to metre, or rhythm, and consequently not essential to music. If we regard the ode or sacred song in reference only to its being sung, or to the music, the rhyme is of no consequence whatever. Anthems do not lose their musical power by the absence of rhyme. Dr. Mather, as has been seen, wrote the whole book of Psalms in blank verse, adapted to be sung. Music might be adapted to our prose translation of the Psalms. We may take any stanzas of Watts and destroy the rhymes, and still leave them with all the other characters of lyrical poetry. For instance we might read his 92d Psalm thus,—

Sweet is the work, O Lord, my God,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk at eve of all thy truth.

Why then did not Dr. Watts write his Psalms in this way, especially as, some will conceive, he could thus, unshackled,

best copy the original? Why do we require rhymes? It is because the Ode,—and a Psalm or Hymn is designed to be an Ode,—is a composition, having other characters, besides metre, or its relation to music. The *laws of English poetical composition require rhyme*; and, when these laws are regarded, the pleasure of the musician is not impaired, and a new pleasure is created for the reader, who may be destitute of skill in music or of a relish for song. Mr. MONTGOMERY says,—“By universal usage rhyme seems to be almost indispensable in lesser metres to distinguish the lines in recitation, and give a certain finish to the cadence of each; as though the strain were set to some kind of music, which played during the delivery, but called not off the attention from the subject, the thoughts, nor the language.”—An older authority is Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his *Defence of Poesy*, says of modern versifying,—“the *chief life* of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call *rhyme*.”

The absence of rhyme is then inexcusable in the regular English Ode; and a barbarous rhyme, to an ear attuned to poetry, is as intolerable, as a discord in the ear of a musician. They, who insist upon a perfect uniformity of long and short syllables in the different stanzas of an ode, for the sake of the tune, but who are contented with bad rhymes or the absence of rhyme, betray a want of a correct taste and of a poetical ear.

Sacred poetry must necessarily,—if it would retain a place as poetry,—be accommodated to the prevailing taste of the age. At one period images and allusions may be acceptable, which at another would not be tolerated. Mr. Milner, in his *Life of Watts*, has thus alluded to one fault of his poetry,—“It would be an unprofitable task to particularise his luscious phrases; phrases, which might easily be altered to advantage, and which assuredly *ought* to have been long ago; which to a mind like Watts’, will bespeak only the triumph of holy love, but which are apt to convey to unhallowed imaginations a licentious image, and thus degrade the christian’s fellowship with his Redeemer, by an association with terms, indicative of human fondness and familiarity.”

These remarks may be applied as well to the Psalms as the Hymns. “Another defect,” as expressed by Mr. M., “is the occurrence of harsh expressions,—phraseology, which seems to appeal to angry and vindictive passions,—and to give utterance to feelings, incongruous with the pure and heavenly emotions, which influence the spiritual worshipper.”

In consequence of a defect in his plan many of Watts’ Psalms are of such an excessive length, extending to 10 or 14 stanzas, as to be impossible to be sung. The expedient of

selecting a few of the stanzas for the singers often leads to confusion, besides making sometimes strange combinations of the sentiment.

From these considerations the reader may acquiesce in the remark of Mr. Milner,—“The productions of C. Wesley have been revised, and expurgated, and re-revised; and the memory and claims of WATTS *imperatively demand* a similar service.”

For these reasons the author has prepared this revision of Watts' Psalms; and, after the necessary abridgements and omissions, it seemed to him, that there were so many chasms left in the parts of the Psalms of David, which might be adapted to Christian worship, as to furnish an opportunity for a new version of all the Psalms, made by one hand, and of a uniform character. It will be found, however, that, retaining 114 of the Psalms of Watts, he has often versified a portion of the Psalm, which was omitted by Watts, so that the two or more versions are but different *parts* of the same Psalm of David.

Perhaps, it may be asked, whether this labor has not been rendered unnecessary by editions of Watts, revised and abridged, which have been already published in this country? In answering this question it may be necessary to take a survey of what has been done in this respect.

In 1785, at the request of the General Association of Connecticut, Mr. JOEL BARLOW, who was afterwards known as ambassador to France, published an edition of Watts, containing versions of the 12 Psalms, omitted by Watts, with considerable alterations in 6 other Psalms, and various verbal changes. Some of these are imperfectly rhymed; and none of them have any peculiar excellence. The two best of them, the 88th and the 137th, are said to have been written by Dr. Hopkins. This work had 70 Hymns annexed to it. There are omitted about thirty entire pieces of Watts, besides many stanzas. A few stanzas are interpolated, which WATTS never wrote, and changes are made much to the injury of the poetry. For instance the phrase, in 46th Psalm, in reference to a *stream*, “Our grief *allays*,” is changed to “*supports* our faith;”—“Through all her palaces,” in Ps. 48th, is changed to “How fair his heavenly grace;”—in Ps. 72, “barbarous nations” is changed to “western empires,” and “leaps to loose his chains” to “bursts his chains;” in Ps. 94, “when will the *fools* to be wise,” the word “fools” to “*vain* ;” in Ps. 145, “tottering days,” descriptive of infancy, to “*sinking* days;” in Ps. 31, “how wondrous is thy grace” to the strange line, “how sweet thy smiling face!” But few changes are made

for the sake of the rhyme ; and the worst rhymes of WATTS are retained.

Yet this is the edition of Watts, which in 1830 was adopted,—with eight or ten Psalms from Dwight and others,—by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian churches in this country. Were Barlow's new Psalms extremely beautiful and his alterations of Watts real improvements, there would still remain the unpleasant recollection, that the Presbyterian churches were indebted for their book of christian songs to one, who died an unbeliever in the truth of the christian religion.

In 1795 Dr. BELKNAP published a selection of Psalms and Hymns from Watts, Tate, Doddridge, Mrs. Steele, &c. Though he altered Watts at pleasure, it was not with reference to the errors of the poetry or the improprieties of the rhyme.

In 1800 Dr. DWIGHT published his edition of Watts,—in which he proposed to accommodate it to our republican institutions; also to versify what WATTS had omitted, and to enlarge the number of proper, or heroic metres. A writer in the Spirit of the Pilgrims has remarked on this work, "There is evidence enough, that it was no part of his conception to improve the *lyric* character" of our psalms. Indeed his 10 versions in proper metre, most of them extending from 6 to 10 stanzas of 6 long lines each, are entirely unsuitable for public worship. His 18th Psalm has 60 hexameter lines.

Besides retaining the bad rhymes of Watts, the following are some of the rhymes in the pieces, which are original; "arrayed, fed; showed, God; sway, free; beam, name; sin, decline; o'erthrown, runs; smiles, hills; power, cure; force, doors; prevail, tell; crew, now; presents, wants; will, smiles; moon, sun."

Dr. SAMUEL WORCESTER was so aware of the imperfections of Dr. Watts' version, that in 1814 he abridged it, being persuaded that by an abridgement "redundancies would be retrenched and passages of little merit would be excluded." He omitted Parts and stanzas of Psalms and many Hymns; but there was no attempt to improve the passages, which were retained, and the work was not satisfactory to the public. Indeed some of Watts' pieces, which are deemed peculiarly excellent, were struck out. In 1819 Dr. Worcester published Watts *entire*, with all his faults, adding 237 select Hymns. In 1834 his son added 240 to these, making 474 Hymns. Arbitrary marks for musical expression were invented by Dr. W., being certain consonants, and vowels, not the established symbols, used in the books of music.

In 1818 Rev. J. M. WINCHELL, a Baptist minister in Boston, published Watts *entire*, unaltered, except that the

Psalms and Hymns are intermingled, being arranged promiscuously according to subjects. To this was added a selection of 327 Hymns, among which are nearly 80 of Watts' Hymns, from his *Lyrics &c.*, which Watts himself did not think worthy of being inserted in his Book for public worship. It is a sufficient objection to the plan of Mr. W. that the Psalms are too interesting and important, and too familiar to the reader, to allow their order to be broken up and destroyed.

In 1832 the "Church Psalmody" was published at Boston, by Mr. L. MASON & Rev. D. GREENE, containing Select Psalms and Hymns, in number 1185; of which 421 are from Watts, omitting 300 of his pieces and many stanzas, so that on the whole about one half of Watts' book is omitted. There are added 150 pieces in the Psalms from Tate and Brady and 20 other writers. Except in a few instances there is no attempt to correct the bad rhymes of WATTS or of other writers, as may be concluded from the following pairs of words, designed to rhyme together:—"secure, more; peace, days; feet, straight; laws, foes; joy, day; thoughts, faults; deserts, hearts; light, wait; those, laws; commands, chains; heart, guard; stars, years; seeks, breaks; theme, Lamb; endured, Lord; earth, breath; condescend, stand; declares, heir; change, strains; man, concern; God, thought; far, appear; glory, adore thee; unheard, barred; station, compassion; exert, heart; hour, secure;" and hundreds of others but little more harmonious.

This work, by a misnomer, is entitled "Psalmody," which word implies actual singing, and not merely a book of odes. It is understood, that it was chiefly compiled by Mr. Mason, an eminent professor of music; and the alterations, made in the Psalms and Hymns, seem to be made, not for the improvement of the poetry, but in fact in many instances to its defacement, for the sake of accommodating the lines to the *music*. But the sentiment, and the beauty of poetry should never be sacrificed to the tune. It is easy to prepare Hymns with a dull, weary uniformity of accent, like the fall of a hammer or the beat of a drum; and this may accommodate the singers, and perhaps may be pleasing, so far as the mere music is concerned. But surely sense is superior to sound; and there is a beauty in poetry, which cannot exist without ease and variety.

Watts' line, in his 84th Psalm, "Around thy throne of majesty," is changed to "Around thy throne above the sky," obviously for the sake of the music, to avoid the slender, closing syllable of the word *majesty*, substituting for it the full sound of *sky*. Music is gratified; but poetry is offended. The sentiment is enfeebled, and a needless repetition comes instead of a new and sublime thought; for "above the sky" is synonymous

with "on high" in the preceding line, and we lose the conception of the "Majesty" of Jehovah, seated on the throne. The poetic diction is also impaired by the substitution of monosyllables for the word majesty. If to promote and express a spirit of devotion be the design of a Hymn; then the sentiment and language are more important than any difference between a slender and a full sound of a particular syllable.

The last line of the same Psalm, 2d part, of Watts is this, "Blest is the man, who trusts in Thee." And these are the exact closing words of the Psalmist. This is the inspired sentiment; the important principle, taught by the whole Psalm. But we have, instead of it, the sonorous lines,—

"Display thy grace—exert thy power,  
Till all on earth thy name adore!"

An unpleasant poetic effect is also produced by the recurrence of the word, *display*, immediately after the word, *obey*, which ends the preceding line.

In Watts' 90th Ps. is this line. "Nor will our minutes stay;" which is changed to "Our feeble powers decay;" diverting the thought from the rapid flight of time; and then the phrase, "Just like a flood" is changed to "Swift as a flood," when the reference of the Psalmist and of Watts is to the impetuous *power*, rather than to the *swiftness* of the flood. The word "powers," may be sung better than Watts' slender word, "minutes;" but the change impairs the sentiment.

For the same musical reasons the following changes in Watts are made to the injury of the sense or the poetry; Ps. 90.

"Till a wise care of piety,"                   to  
"Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be;"

Ps. 144; "And mountains tremble at his frown,"           to  
"While terrors wait his awful frown."

In this last case the slender sound, *at*, is avoided; but the sublime sentiment of the Psalmist, "touch the *mountains*, and they shall smoke," is obliterated, and changed into the unimpressive abstraction of "terrors waiting upon a frown."

Ps. 19. Watts says, "Bless the dark world," which is changed to "Oh, bless the world." *Bless* may sound better than *the*, in the accented place; but here again the sense and the poetry are sacrificed to the music. In a similar spirit is the following change made in Ps. 25; "Through the wide earth thy name is spread," to "Through *all* the earth thy name is spread"—substituting the general epithet *all* for the descriptive one *wide*, and restoring the dull uniformity for the sake of the singers. Thus too, in Watts' 100th Ps. "And earth with her ten thousand tongues," is, for the sake of the music, de-

prived of its rapid poetical movement and changed into the strange line, "and earth with *all* her thousand tongues." The phrase "ten thousand" is indefinite, meaning a great multitude, or innumerable, but "*all* her thousand" means a definite number.

For the sake of the music the plural form of Watts is often changed to the singular to the injury of the sentiment; as "honors" to "honor" in Ps. 95th; and as in 98th Ps. "No more let sins and sorrows grow," changed to "sin and sorrow,"—whereas the plural is required in order to correspond with the plural *thorns* in the next line. Sin and sorrow are not each a single plant or tree, but a wilderness of weeds, or a forest. Moreover, euphony requires the plural, to prevent the meeting of the same sounds, *sorrow grow*.

Ps. 19th, "the soul" is changed to "my soul," and "sweet surprise" to "glad surprise;" but as flesh and soul are contrasted, the phrase "*the* soul" is to be preferred to "*my* soul;" and the other change seems no improvement of Watts' admirable stanza. Ps. 119, 8th part, Watts' line, "'Tis a broad land,—of wealth unknown," is changed to "'Tis *like* a land," and despoiled of its beauty, reducing the metaphor to a simile, for the sake of the musical accent on *like*.

Similar injurious changes are made in Watts' *Hymns* for the sake of musical effect. Bk. I. H. 3. the Rhyme, "appears, bears," is destroyed by the words, "appears, near." The beautiful verse in H. 97,

"Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
The methods of thy chastening love,"

is changed to

"Then shall our grateful voice declare  
How free thy tender mercies are!"

And this to the injury of the sense and the poetic diction, obviously for the sake of avoiding the slender sounds of *better, methods of*. In H. 102 the sentiment is injured by substituting "faithful" for "sufferers," and by changing the noble line, "Glory and joy are their reward," to "Eternal life is their reward," all for the sake of the music. In II. 108 a beautiful stanza, ending with "And heaven begins below," is destroyed for the sake of the music. In II. 140 "our fancies,—airy flights," is changed, by misapprehension of the meaning, to "fancy's airy flights."

In Book II. H. 3, erroneously ascribed to *Doddridge*, *Watts* had said, "Up to the Lord our *flesh* shall fly," relating to the resurrection of the body. This is altered to *saints*. II. 4. the rhymes, made by the words, "my dying God,—the

droppings of thy blood," are destroyed by the substituted phrases, "my gracious Lord,—with atoning blood;" for although "God and blood" may be tolerated as rhymes, yet "Lord and blood" cannot be.

Sometimes there is a bad transposition of Watts' stanzas, as in H. 10. By omissions in H. 15 two stanzas are brought together, whose last two lines have the same rhyme, "above, love." In H. 23, for the sake of the music the word *sit* is changed to *echo*, and angels are made to sing and echo. In H. 64. "his throne," the throne of God, is changed to "thy throne," the throne of the church. In H. 66 "the whole race" is changed to "all the race," for the sake of the good sounding word, "all," which in many other places is introduced solely for the sake of its sound. As in H. 104, "Let the wide earth," changed to, "Let *all* the earth." In H. 129, "faith *supplies* a heavenly ray" is changed to *inspires*, much to the disaster of the sense, for we cannot conceive of inspiring a ray. In B. III. H. 13, beginning with, "How sweet and awful," Watts has these lines,

"While all our hearts and all our songs,—  
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues."

The last line is changed to

"Each of us cries with thankful tongue;"

this may seem better logic, as each man has only a tongue; yet the rhyme and the poetry are gone.

These specimens of the changes made in Watts will show the principles, on which the changes are made in the "Church Psalmody." The design is to render the Psalms and Hymns more easy to be *sung*; the effect is often to obscure the vigor and sublimity of the sense and to deface the beauty of the poetry.

It is impossible, that a book of genuine poetry can be written, all the stanzas of which shall be broken down to the dull uniformity of musical accent.

Rev. *Wm. Mason*, precentor of York, England, skilled both in poetry and music, in his Treatise on "Parochial Psalmody," remarks, that no musical "Strain, Air, or Melody can unite itself so well with the succeeding stanzas" of the poetry as it did with the first, for which it was composed. In reference to music, he says, "as the accent or rhythm of the verse varies, so also should the rhythm and accent of the music." He then adds what is of great weight, "But it is not to be expected, that a poet of any Rhythmical ear, even though a mere versifier of the Psalms, could bear the *monotony*, which would result in recitation from arranging his lines to a perfectly similar flow

or cadence, in order to adapt them to those of the first four or six lines, to which the music perfectly suits."

There is a just medium to be sought. There must be metre, rhythm, a general regular flow of poetical accent; yet every line is not to be placed on the bed of the tyrant. Mr. Bartrum has well observed, that it is not right to sacrifice "the music of an idea to an intonation of voice." He insists, very properly, that the music must bend to "the just license of Iambic verse,—the intervention of a dactyle, and commencing with a trochee,—a license, which ought not to be abandoned, if it could, but which *cannot* be abandoned."

It ought to be remembered, that one excellence, one essential beauty in an ode, is a little *variety* of accent and cadence, especially when there is a change in the sentiment. Let any one read the two last stanzas of Watts' 100th Ps. 2d part, and observe the poetic beauty arising from this change.

We'll crowd thy gates | with thankful songs;  
 High as the heav'ns | our voices raise,  
 And earth, | with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts | with sounding praise.

The first and fourth lines have a uniform accent. In the second and third lines there is a beautiful change of accent, and in the third a change of pause, adapted to rapid, vehement emotion. Yet this beauty is destroyed in the Church Psalmody by the line, "And earth with *all* her thousand tongues." To complete the work, the second line should have been altered thus,

"As high as heaven our voices raise;"

then there would have been one uniform fall of the accent from the beginning to the end.

It may be further remarked, that the "Church Psalmody" has no version of 17 whole Psalms; and omits also stanzas of Watts, which have poetical excellence and with the omission of which one can hardly be content; and that besides the multitude of intolerable, uncorrected rhymes, which it retains, it has also more than two hundred Psalms and Hymns, which are only half rhymed, the first and third lines being left without any attempt at rhyme.

After this survey of the editions of Watts, with which the author is acquainted, he may be permitted to say, that he deems a new Psalm and Hymn book necessary, in the present

improved state of the public taste, for the purposes of congregational worship. He has endeavored to meet the claims of the public taste and the wants of the churches.

In regard to rhyme, which is the lowest, yet an essential quality of an English ode, he has proposed not to insert a single piece, which is not entirely rhymed. And in this respect his book, so far as his knowledge extends, is the first English Psalm and Hymn Book of this character, which has ever been published. And as to the rhymes in the 600 pieces of his own composition, he flatters himself, that they will all be found allowable if not unexceptionable. He must confess, however, that from a reluctance to alter the lines of Watts, which are recorded in the hearts of Christians, he has retained many of his questionable but more tolerable rhymes,—such, as would hardly be allowable in a modern writer. He has in fact, from this cause, abandoned many alterations, which he had made in Watts, and preserved his lines, as far as possible, unaltered.

For the changes made he deems no apology necessary. Dr. *Watts* Hymns were published in 1707. The next year, in preparing a second edition, he requested a friend to point out to him “those lines, which are offensive to the weak and pious, shocking and disgusting to the polite, or obscure to the vulgar capacity.” He accordingly added a hundred and fifty new Hymns, and altered nearly “half a hundred lines.” He says, “Some, that were less offensive, were let pass; for the bookseller desired I would not change too much.” About this time he sold his copy right; and this circumstance, though he lived 40 years afterwards, deprived him of the power of amending and improving his own Hymns. He said in his old age to Mr. Grove, who suggested a particular change, “that he should be glad to do it, but it was out of his power; for he had parted with the copy-right and the bookseller would not suffer any such alteration.” It must be a strange prejudice, which Dr. Watts would have condemned, that, after the lapse of 128 years, deems his Hymns too perfect or too sacred to be altered.

A deceased friend has said, that in Dr. Watts’ book “are hundreds of verses, which he would readily part with;” notwithstanding this, he would retain the whole, unabridged, unaltered,—all, that is repugnant to the sense of propriety and the refined taste of the present age,—all, that is barbarous in poetry and unfit to be sung,—because he could not trust any person “to cross and blot for him.” If, however, the memory of Watts and the claims of devotion require the thing to be done; some one must do it; and he, who should do the work with tolerable skill, may be regarded as having done a public

service. Nor does such a work seem to require "a greater lyric poet than Watts himself."

The principles, by which the author has endeavored to be governed, are the following :

1. As a Hymn or a religious Ode was originally designed to be an address to God, commemorative of his mercies and attributes, most of the pieces for public worship should contain such an address.

2. Yet as the religious Ode may be confined to the object of awakening in the heart benevolent and pious emotions, some pieces may be merely hortatory, or addressed only to Christians, or sinners ; as Heber's missionary Hymn, No. 384.

3. Religious Odes for public worship should be general or congregational ; yet the first person singular may often be properly used, the piece being supposed to be sung by each one.

4. The religious Ode must be founded in true, important sentiment ; yet the design is not so much to *teach*, as to excite, or to awaken and express holy emotions of soul.

5. There should be, for the most part, a single important sentiment, and the ode, having a beginning, middle, and end, should close with emphasis, or with the sublimest thought and expression.

6. The religious Ode must be distinguished from prose, by something besides rhyme and metre, which, although indispensable accompaniments, do not constitute poetry. A perfect measure, an uniform succession of accented syllables, and perfect mellifluousness of sound may present only the form of poetry, while its spirit is wanting. Two things are essential ; first, the thought or conception must be sublime or new, interesting, and affecting ; and, next, the language must be select, pure, and beautiful. Often, too, illustrative imagery will be required. The best theology, with a poverty of imagination and vulgarity of language, though in good rhyme, can hardly be called poetry. There should be combined, as far as possible, new and lofty thought, deep feeling, beautiful images, beautiful language, with good metre, and good rhyme.

If the author has studied the laws of poetical melody, and paid all proper respect also to musical accent,—even writing many of his pieces with the music before him, to which they are adapted,—he has at the same time been anxious not to suffer the study of grace ever to break down the strength of the sentiment. In his version of the Psalms he uniformly studied the Psalm and endeavored to catch its spirit, without any reference to other versions. Nor does he recollect that, except in

one or two instances, he has borrowed a line from any other author; though, doubtless, in writing about ten thousand lines his memory may have unconsciously furnished him with a few lines, borrowed from others. Never, in a Psalm or Hymn, has he been willing to sacrifice sense to sound; nor does he conceive, that the necessity of rhyme has impaired the sentiment.

The reasons of a multitude of changes cannot be given in detail; they may be comprised in a regard to rhyme, poetry, musical accent, sense, and devotion. In Watts, Book II, H, 55; st. 5, the phrase "Good God;" and in Church Psalmody, p. 509 and 520, the phrase "Great God," have been altered, because, as no address to God followed, and they seemed to be mere rhetorical exclamations, it was not easy to discriminate between them and profane expressions.

In the 2d stanza of Heber's missionary Hymn, the sense is imperfect, and on this account, perhaps, Montgomery, in his Church Psalmist, has omitted the whole stanza. The author has ventured to correct the stanza: and, in all pieces, has made the changes, which seemed to be required.

This book has a greater variety of metres, than any other book of Psalms and Hymns: and an attempt has been made to adapt the metres to the subject. In the seven syllable trochaic measure there are 183 pieces; in the 6 and 4 measure it has 31. The Church Psalmody has, of the first, 108 pieces and, of the last, 5; and has in metres, *other* than the Long, Common, and Short, 230 or 240 pieces. This book has 368.

In the selected Hymns it will be seen, that many changes have been made, either to give rhymes to unrhymed lines, or to correct bad ones, or to produce a greater uniformity of accent, for the sake of the music, when it could be done without impairing an excellence more important.

To all his pieces the author has endeavored to give a lyrical character: he has endeavored to make them, in sentiment and form, suitable to be sung, and suitable for public worship. The emotions, expressed in an ode or lyrical piece, may be strong, however, without the utterance of "alas," "hark," and "oh," and without any address to God. There is no address to God in 65 of the 212 Episcopal Hymns. In fact as many as 40 of the Psalms of David contain no direct address to God: while yet they are lyrical, and indicative of pious emotions, some of them being inscribed to the chief musician. The soul in its deep affections dwells on the truths, or facts, which relate to God; and the consideration of these truths may occupy the greater part of an ode, while the out-burst of praise to God may be found only in the closing lines:—or these truths may occupy the whole of the piece without destroying its lyrical character. There may be deep emotion, which is not noisy. We must look to the sentiment, to the diction, to the imagery, to the structure of the piece, in order to determine its lyrical character.

Some writers have maintained, that the 119th Psalm, being di-

daictic, was not lyrical: yet if poetical structure, beautiful sentiment, fervent feeling, and constant address to God constitute an ode, that Psalm is an admirable lyrical composition. The author has given an entire version of it in the trochaic measure, as best adapted to express its character.

In versifying the Psalms generally he has endeavored to avoid the two extremes of being too literal and too paraphrastic in his version; but the latter error he deems more inexcusable, than the former. God, in his infinite wisdom, knows what truths to communicate, and in what manner; with what illustrations and accompaniments. If, then, the author should take a Psalm, and in what he calls a version should bring together solemn and interesting truths, derived, not from that Psalm, but from other sources; how could this be called a version of that Psalm? As, however, parts of some of the Psalms are historical and contain narratives of events, not adapted for Christian psalmody, or are otherwise not adapted to the purposes of lyrical composition; in these cases only the spirit of the Psalm can be given, or some one event may be selected and modified to Christian use. But where the Psalm is suitable for present use, the version should adhere closely to the original. By these views the author has been governed. He has endeavored to give rather copies than imitations of the Psalms.

Besides his own Hymns, he has made an ample selection of Hymns from the most interesting and valuable collections in the English language, and has endeavored to arrange them in a clear, well studied method, which is indicated at the top of each page. In respect to the adaptation of the music to the pieces of this book a Notice is annexed of Mr. NOYES, a Teacher of music. This book contains 1243 lyrical pieces; of these 660 are Psalms and 583 are Hymns. Of the Psalms 400 are original; of the Hymns 200; all of which have been written with a double regard to the laws of poetical and of musical composition; but with what harmony of these and with what melody and inspiration of song it is for the public ear to judge. Most happy must be that sacred minstrel, of whom it may be said, through the blessing of God upon his harping, as archbishop Parker said of David,

“With golden stringes such harmonie  
His harpe so sweete did wrest,  
That he relievd his phrenesie,  
Whom wicked sprites possesst.”

BRUNSWICK, Maine, June 3, 1835.

EXPLANATION OF THE MARKS OF MUSICAL  
EXPRESSION.

## ITALIAN.

m	<i>mezzo,</i>	middle, neither loud nor soft. In this way are to be sung the passages, which have no mark.
p	<i>piano,</i>	soft.
mp	<i>mezzo piano,</i>	middle soft, or a little soft.
pp	<i>pianissimo,</i>	very soft.
f	<i>forte,</i>	loud.
mf	<i>mezzo forte,</i>	middle loud, or a little loud.
ff	<i>fortissimo,</i>	very loud.
dol	<i>dolce,</i>	in a gentle, smooth, gliding manner.
Aff	<i>affettuoso,</i>	with deep and tender feeling.
len	<i>lentando,</i>	gradually becoming slower and softer to the end.
<	<i>crescendo,</i>	increasing louder and louder.
or cres.		
>	<i>diminuendo,</i>	diminishing, softer and softer.
or dim.		
◇	- -	increasing, then diminishing.
∞	- -	diminishing, then increasing.
"	<i>staccato,</i>	short, distinct, articulate.
-	- -	at the beginning of a line contradicts or counteracts the preceding mark. In the middle, or at the close, it denotes a pause, which may be longer or shorter, as the occasion may require.

## NOTICE TO SINGERS.

The subscriber, in superintending the adapting of the music to this book of Psalms and Hymns, has had occasion to examine every stanza with reference to its being fitted to be sung. The tunes named need not always be used;—they are designed to express the general character of the tunes, which would be adapted to the piece. In respect to the *Psalms*, of the two tunes, which are mentioned, the first is taken from the "Choir," of Mr. Lowell Mason, and the second from the "Boston Academy's Collection," prepared by the same author. In the *Hymns* the first of the two tunes is taken from the "Boston Academy's Collection," and the second from the "Ancient Lyre" by Mr. Charles Zeuner:—which works, and especially the two last, are recommended to singers, where this book may be introduced. Yet many of the tunes, referred to, are found also in the Handel and Haydn Collection and in Mr. Gould's National Church Harmony.

CHARLES J. NOYES.  
BRUNSWICK, June, 1835.

A TABLE of the HYMNS OF WATTS, as referred to  
Hymns in this book.

## BOOK I.

W.	A.	W.	A.	W.	A.
1	185	79	403	113	303
2	80	81	404	115	261
3	83	82	15	116	335
5	466	83	467	117	27
6	486	87	288	118	231
7	284	88	454	119	140
8	353	89	242	120	315
9	283	91	243	122	329
10	51	92	82	125	128
14	131	93	232	127	132
16	81	94	304	128	372
17	487	95	199	129	302
18	492	97	139	132	336
32	364	98	143	134	333
41	509	100	310	135	119
48	323	101	265	136	332
51	33	102	295	137	118
57	209	103	293	139	328
58	387	105	512	140	316
61	126	108	160	142	114
62	187	109	311	143	297
63	106	110	490	144	208
64	317	111	290	145	123
65	386	112	133	149	124
				150	116

## BOOK II.

W.	A.	W.	A.	W.	A.
3	483	35	359	67	9
4	150	38	334	72	74
5	165	39	457	74	274
10	271	41	43	76	100
11	272	47	91	77	320
14	70	48	455	79	88
15	166	52	477	86	522
18	353	54	40	88	149
19	459	55	453	89	104
23	523	58	456	90	110
25	331	59	157	91	183
28	478	60	479	93	42
30	63	63	484	94	41
31	482	64	357	95	113
32	458	65	488	103	89
34	190	66	491	104	90

105	-	-	278	130	-	-	200	151	-	-	47
106	-	-	280	131	-	-	48	152	-	-	50
107	-	-	337	133	-	-	198	153	-	-	211
108	-	-	109	136	-	-	139	158	-	-	213
110	-	-	485	137	-	-	95	159	-	-	210
112	-	-	352	138	-	-	52	160	-	-	214
113	-	-	354	139	-	-	136	161	-	-	296
114	-	-	96	140	-	-	138	164	-	-	462
118	-	-	134	142	-	-	125	165	-	-	330
120	-	-	45	144	-	-	373	166	-	-	14
122	-	-	346	146	-	-	461	168	-	-	10
125	-	-	309	148	-	-	122	169	-	-	16
129	-	-	313	150	-	-	261	170	-	-	17

## BOOK III,

W.	A.	W.	A.	W.	A.						
1	-	-	546	5	-	-	550	19	-	-	557
2	-	-	553	6	-	-	551	22	-	-	554
3	-	-	548	7	-	-	558	23	-	-	555

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	Page.		page.
A bitter cup we drink	596	As truth reproves	510
Affliction comes not from	538	A temple hast Thou	593
A film impervious to the	472	At God's right hand, behold	251
Ah, how can man, with guilt	521	Attend, O Lord, unto my cry	32
Ah, lovely appearance	625	Attend while God's	465
Ah, lovely appearance,	627	Awake and sing a song	455
All-glorious God, thy	363	Awake, my soul, and with	571
All hail the pow'r of Jesus'	417	Awake, my soul, stretch	530
Allur'd by pleasure's	504	Awake, my tongue	376
All ye, who love the Lord,	354	Awake, our souls, our	529
Almighty God, eternal Lord	395	Awake, ye saints, to praise	311
Almighty ruler of the skies	13	A zeal, not kindled	473
Almighty Savior, here	647	BACKWARD with humble	469
Almighty Spirit, now	466	Baptiz'd into our Savior's	647
Although the fig tree fail	542	Beautiful is Zion's hill	118
Although thy people oft	141	Before Jehovah's awful throne	226
Amaz'd, what do I see	632	Begin my soul th' exalted	348
Amazing grief,	420	Behold a countless throng	636
Am I a soldier of	529	Behold, a stranger at	493
Amidst the bloom of youth	587	Behold, bless ye the Lord	309
Amidst thy wrath remember	91	Behold, bless ye the Lord	310
And live we, wretches,	506	Behold, how Zion's mountain	119
And must this body die	615	Behold, O how pleasant	309
And now another week	399	Behold, O Lord, our guilty	580
And will the great	195	Behold th' amazing sight	413
Angels, roll the rock	415	Behold, the blind	411
Are all the foes of Zion	132	Behold the heav'ns and see	373
Are sinners now so	25	Behold the lofty sky	41
Arise, my gracious God	32	Behold the love, the	84
Arise, O King of grace,	302	Behold the man,	435
Arm of the Lord, awake,	567	Behold the morning sun	41
As flow'ry grass, cut	87	Behold the sure foundation	264
As for the water brook	101	Behold the works of God	248
Asham'd be all the boast	410	Behold thy suff'ring Zion,	187
Asham'd of Jesus,	514	Behold what wondrous grace	526
Asham'd to lift her	506	Behold yon waterfall,	374
As ocean-trav'lers free	246	Be kind to us, O Lord,	158
As pants the hart	99	Be merciful in my distress	139
As pants the hart	101	Beneath our feet and o'er	609
As the benighted	299	Bestow, blest Lord	587
As the hart for water	102		

	page.		page.
Bethesda's pool, through	419	Come, glorious Lord	424
Be thou my fortress, Lord	167	Come, gracious Spirit,	462
Be thou my refuge, God	136	Come, hearken unto me	83
Be Thou, O God of might	137	Come, Holy Ghost, all	460
Blessing, glory, wisdom	661	Come, Holy Ghost, my heart	468
Bless, O my soul, the living	231	Come, Holy Spirit, come	462
Bless, O my soul, the Lord	235	Come, Holy Spirit,	460
Blest angels, while we	572	Come, Holy Spirit,	647
Blest are men, of lives	271	Come, let our voices	214
Blest are the humble souls,	514	Come, let our voices sing	586
Blest are the sons of peace	306	Come, let us awake	531
Blest are the souls,	202	Come, let us join	458
Blest be the Lord,	334	Come, let us lift our	418
Blest is he, that feareth	297	Come now, ye sinners,	495
Blest is he, whose prudent	4	Come, O come, and let	216
Blest is he, whose sin's	77	Come on, my partners	547
Blest is the man, forever	74	Come, O Thou traveller	452
Blest is the man, that	2	Come, sinners, attend	493
Blest is the man, who fears	128	Come, sound his praise abroad	216
Blest is the man, who loves	98	Come, trembling sinner,	498
Blest is the man, whose feet	1	Come we, who love the Lord	390
Blest is the man, whose heart	97	Come, ye saints,	223
Blest is the nation, which	80	Come ye with us,	552
Blest Jesus, who didst leave	527	DAUGHTER of Zion, hear	108
Blest morning, whose first	409	David rejoic'd in God,	46
Blest Savior, may I never be	645	Deal with me in mercy,	271
Blood hath a voice	432	Dearest of all the names	425
Boast not in mischief	131	Death has struck his fatal	624
Broad is the way, that leads	471	Death, 'tis a melancholy	611
Buried in shadows	434	Deep in our hearts let	164
By day, by night,	382	Delightful is the task	345
By th' apostle thrice denied	513	Design throughout the world	377
CAN aught beneath a pew'r	465	Didst Thou, blest Savior,	527
Can creatures to perfection	371	Didst Thou not plant	184
Captives, in distant land	321	Dismiss us with thy	397
Captives, we sat by Babel's	322	Disown'd of heav'n,	564
Cease, ye mourners,	608	Distress'd, on God I call	282
Cheer'd by the orb of day	475	Does conscience all thy	437
Children, in years and	81	Does the pris'ner,	480
Children of Zion, praise	355	Do I not love Thee,	428
Christ and his cross is all	435	Do we not hear that	532
Christ doth his saints	651	Down to the earth	562
Christ, my Shepherd,	54	Dwells love to Christ	591
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n	65	Dying, full of joy,	626
Clap your hands, and loud	114	EARLY, my God, without	147
Cleaving to the dust,	272	Earth and all its stores	58
Come, all ye weary	431	Earth's foundations God	236
Come and make a joyful	227	Earth thy treasures, Lord,	238
Come and the works of God	110	Earth with her ten thousand	383
Come, children, learn	82	Earth with joy and	157

	page.		page.
Ere the blue heav'ns	403	Glorious things of Thee	196
Ere the mountains lifted	205	Glory, honor, pow'r,	661
Eternal Spirit, source	459	Glory to Thee, my God,	572
Eternal Spirit, we adore	464	Go and preach to ev'ry	553
Ever, Lord, in heav'n	276	God for sun hath pitch'd	43
Exalt the Lord and bless	224	God from out the whirlwind	372
FAIR shines the morning	430	God hath said to Zion's	252
Faith is the brightest	525	God in his earthly temple	195
Far as thy name is known	116	God is a Spirit, just	533
Farewell, thou friend of God,	621	God is the refuge of his saints	109
Far from my thoughts,	447	God look'd from heav'n	132
Far from the world, O Lord,	517	God loveth Zion well	177
Father, I sing thy wondrous	164	God moves in a mysterious	539
Father of glory,	392	God, my strength, and	37
Fear not, Jehovah cries	376	God, my supporter,	173
Firm and unmov'd	291	God of love, behold	103
Firm was my health,	71	God of my childhood	166
Floating on the inland	437	God of my life, look	93
Fools in their hearts	24	God of the morning,	570
Fools in their hearts have	25	God, our Father, whom	394
Forever blessed be the Lord	335	God, our strength,	111
For salvation, Lord,	275	God reigns, let all the earth	221
For Thee, O Lord,	146	God spake, and from chaotic	363
For Thee with strong desire	149	God's my shepherd,	54
For weary souls there is	643	God's praise ever shall	238
For Zion, Lord, arise	229	God, the horn of my salvation	38
Frail, dying man,	479	God, the Lord, is thron'd on	162
From all, who dwell below	262	God, the Lord of hosts	112
From darkness and	71	God, the mighty God,	124
From Greenland's icy	560	Good, according to thy word	274
From Jesse's root a branch	565	Good is the Lord,	153
GAY youth, do hope's	577	Go, preach my gospel,	553
Gently, Lord, O gently	451	Go to dark Gethsemane	433
Gird now thy sword	107	Go, ye messengers of	555
Gird on thy sword,	109	Grace, like an uncorrupted	516
Give ear, O Lord, unto	333	Gracious Lord, our children	586
Give thanks to God above	242	Great God, attend, while	188
Give thanks to God beyond	316	Great God, enthron'd	365
Give thanks to God,	243	Great God, how glorious	367
Give thanks to God most	317	Great God, indulge my	145
Give thanks to God,	315	Great God, I own the	616
Give thanks to God,	314	Great God, the heav'n's	38
Give thanks to the Lord,	320	Great God, the nations	566
Give thanks unto the Lord	266	Great God, thy judgments	522
Give to our God	314	Great God, to what a glorious	543
Give to the Lord, ye sons	68	Great God, whose universal	167
Give to the Lord, ye sons	68	Great is God, and great	118
Give, ye mighty,	68	Great is our God,	310
Gladly I heard them say	288	Great is the Lord,	254
Glorious God, though now	397	Great is the Lord, our God	116

	page.		page.
Great is thy pow'r,	229	He reigns, the Lord,	220
Great King of glory and	469	Her shorn and mitred	563
Great King of glory, come	583	He's blest, who stands in awe	256
Great King of Zion,	569	He, who hath made	206
Great shepherd of	182	He, who with his God	207
Guard me, for in Thee	30	High in the heav'ns,	84
Guilt, Lord, deep guilt	521	High on a hill of dazzling	544
HAD I the tongues of Greeks	534	Holy, anointed King	45
Had not God been on our side	290	Holy Ghost, with light divine	463
Hail, my Jesus ever blessed	441	Holy Lamb, who Thee	446
Hail, Thou once despised	455	Home, the scene of love	556
Happy is he, who fears	255	Hosanna to our conqu'ring	416
Happy is the man, whose	98	Hosanna to the Prince	414
Happy the church,	546	Hosanna to the royal Son	403
Happy the heart,	534	How beauteous are	389
Happy the man, to whom	75	How beautiful the seat	117
Happy the man, whose	1	How beautiful the sight	308
Hark, a voice awaking	413	How blest is this day	551
Hark a voice of countless	655	How blest the holy hill	196
Hark, from the tombs	615	How calm this day of rest	209
Hark, that shriek	564	How did my heart rejoice	285
Hark, the archangel's	640	How heavy is the night	436
Hark, the final trump	639	How high in honor	546
Hark, the trump sounding,	641	How large the promise	519
Hark, we hear a voice	554	How long, O Lord, shall I	22
Hark, what celestial notes	405	How long shall wicked	213
Hark, what mean those	406	How long wilt Thou	23
Hark, the glad sound,	407	How lovely is thy dwelling	191
Hark, the herald angels	416	How lovely is thy house,	188
Hark, the wastes have	568	How oft, alas, this	503
Hasten, sinner, to be wise	484	How oft have sin and	532
Hast thou an arm like God	374	How passion all our reason	419
Have mercy, God of love	129	How pleasant, how	187
Have mercy, O my God,	127	How pleasant is the love	307
Have mercy on my soul	130	How pleasant 'tis to see	307
Have mercy on thy people,	175	How pleas'd and blest was I	286
Heard ye not ring a shout	499	How shall the young	267
Hear me, O my God	11	How shall we praise	370
Hear, O Lord, my mournful	64	How shall young man	271
Hear, O my God, my	150	How soon the wicked	140
Hear, O sinner,	476	How sweet I find thy word	281
Hear what the voice	619	How sweet the sabbath bell	286
Hearts of stone, relent,	478	How the word my soul	288
He comes. He comes,	633	How vain are all things	599
He dies, the friend of sinners	652	How vain is all below	602
He is ris'n, then why,	415	How wide the torrent	7
Help, Lord, for men of	22	How will the soul abide	476
Help, Lord, the godly man	21	I AM hated, Lord, by those	141
Here at thy cross,	439	I bear the pillars	176
Here in Zion dwell forever	303	If Christ be truly	644

	page.		page.
If God succeed not,	294	I would not live alway,	605
If God to build the house	295	<b>JEHOVAH</b> is my light	64
If, sinners, ye in heav'n	471	Jehovah is my light	66
I know, that my Redeemer	446	Jehovah reigns as King	371
I lift my soul, O Lord	59	Jehovah reigns, exalted high	211
I lift my soul to God	66	Jehovah reigns, He dwells	211
I'll bless the Lord from	81	Jehovah reigns, his throne	368
I'll praise my Maker	341	Jehovah reigns on high	224
I'll speak the honors	107	Jehovah, to my words	10
I lov'd them, but my life	250	Jerusalem, my happy home	642
I'm banish'd from	146	Jesus, all-atoning Lamb	445
I'm not ashamed	513	Jesus, blest be 'Thou	655
In all my straits	331	Jesus, in Thee our eyes	426
In all my vast concerns	327	Jesus is gone above	650
Incarnate Word, who,	471	Jesus is standing at the door	438
In christian land must	595	Jesus, Lord, how excellent	16
In God, most high,	227	Jesus now dwells in	424
In God most holy,	137	Jesus o'er the grave	608
In God's own house	357	Jesus, our Lord, ascend	251
In goodness and love	212	Jesus, Redeemer, Savior,	451
In Judah God, the Lord,	177	Jesus reigns from sea to sea	171
In justice, Lord, we own	580	Jesus, save me, or I perish	450
In mercy help me, Lord	165	Jesus, Savior, Thee I love	447
In mercy, Lord, and love	159	Jesus, Savior, who didst die	657
In silence of the night	541	Jesus shall reign,	169
In Thee, O Lord, I put	21	Jesus shall reign, where'er	168
In Thee, O Lord, I put	72	Jesus the mount ascends	410
In Thee our fathers	518	Jesus, Thou dost reign	449
In the lands, which seem	567	Jesus, thy great salvation	171
In the Lord I put	21	Jesus, when the floods	654
In thy house, when now	394	Join all the names	426
Into thy house I bring	157	Join ev'ry glorious name	422
In trouble, Lord, to Thee	73	Joyful spring again is here	578
In truth, O my soul	145	Joy to the world,	222
In vain our transient	508	Judge me, O Lord,	61
In yon blue heav'ns	85	Judge me, O Lord, maintain	103
I saw a throne uplifted	368	Judge me, O Lord,	62
I see the mighty Judge,	638	Just are thy ways,	33
I send the joys of earth	503	Justice, Lord, dwells	279
I sing my Savior's	412	Justly have I walk'd,	278
I sought the Lord in	282	<b>KINGDOMS</b> and thrones	161
Israel in ancient day	440	<b>LET</b> all the earth	218
Israel's Shepherd, O give ear	184	Let all the heathen	268
Is there ambition	301	Let blessing, honor,	661
Is this the kind return	504	Let children hear	180
It is the Lord, our	228	Let children hear	180
I waited patient	94	Let earth rejoice,	222
I was blind, but now	438	Let everlasting glories	387
I will extol Thee, Lord,	70	Let ev'ry creature join	347
I will extol Thee,	337		

	page.		page.
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend	509	Lord, in troublous day	45
Let ev'ry tongue	338	Lord, I will bless Thee	80
Let God arise in all	160	Lord, I would spread my	128
Let God, the Father	660	Lord, my conscience	497
Let heathens to their idols	29	Lord, my eyes are	61
Let my cry to Thee	281	Lord, my soul on Thee	144
Let not an envious	89	Lord of hosts, to Thee	584
Let not of Christ and man	396	Lord of the worlds	190
Let others boast, how	601	Lord, once my eyes	497
Let sinners choose	135	Lord, our present help	112
Let songs of praise now	467	Lord, our songs we lift	578
Let the harp your hands	223	Lord, shall the wicked	19
Let the sev'nth angel	562	Lord, supreme in	235
Let the wild leopards	472	Lord, take my heart,	448
Let thy mercies	273	Lord, the God of my	199
Let us adore th'eternal Word	649	Lord, the heav'ns	43
Let us awake our joys	458	Lord, the King of Zion	47
Let us with a gladsome mind	318	Lord, thou hast search'd	326
Let Zion and her sons	230	Lord, thou hast seen my soul	34
Life and immortal joys	522	Lord, Thou searchest	329
Life is the time to	599	Lord, Thou wilt hear me,	8
Lift your voice,	319	Lord, thy judgments,	278
Lift up your heads,	57	Lord, thy mercy far	87
Like sheep we went astray	421	Lord, to Thee I lift	285
Lo, before the throne	456	Lord, to Thee I rais'd	332
Lo, He comes, with clouds	633	Lord, to Thee, we lift	289
Lo, in yon glorious world,	660	Lord, we adore thy vast	539
Long as I live,	337	Lord, we have heard	104
Long have we sat	532	Lord, we mourn thy	621
Lo, on a narrow	604	Lord, what a feeble piece	205
Lo, on the mountains,	555	Lord, what a thoughtless	172
Lo, on Zicu's glorious	637	Lord, what is feeble	335
Lo, the creeping worm,	629	Lord, what is man,	335
Lo, the earth, array'd	570	Lord, what was man,	14
Lo, the pris'ner now	620	Lord, when I cry to Thee,	331
Lord, as this sabbath's	402	Lord, when my thoughts	447
Lord, behold the slave,	596	Lord, when Thou didst	161
Lord, dismiss us	397	Lord, when we bow	395
Lord, have mercy on my	130	Loud hallelujahs	347
Lord, hearken to my	9	Love divine, all love	450
Lord, I am thine,	31	Lo, what a glorious	264
Lord, I am thine,	502	Lo, what a pleasant,	306
Lord, I am thine, thine	648	Lo, what tumult rises	5
Lord, I am vile,	126	MAKE me, O Lord, mine end	92
Lord, I have a ready tongue	250	Man has a soul of vast	602
Lord, I have made thy	269	Man is the child of wo	613
Lord, I lift my eyes to Thee	192	Many there be, that say	8
Lord, in dark, afflictive	179	Master of slaves am I	595
Lord, in the day	382	May not the sovereign Lord	377
Lord, in the morning	10	Mercy and truth now meet	193

	page.		page.
Mercy, descending from above	585	No more, my God, I boast	523
My enemies have laid	330	None can preserve his	120
Mistaken souls, that dream	526	No revellers are here	630
Mourner, wert thou one,	609	Nor eye hath seen, nor	630
Mourning souls, dry up	440	Not a freckle or a stain	366
Most firm is thy good	37	Not all the blood of beasts	427
Mount Zion, the city of God,	119	Not all the outward	464
My days, like shadows	230	Not from the dust affliction	606
My dear Redeemer	433	Not to condemn our guilty	523
My God, accept my early	330	Not to the terrors	388
My God, how lasting is	571	Not unto us be praise	259
My God, in whom are	138	Now be my heart inspir'd	105
My God, my Father,	47	Now from the roaring lion's	49
My God, my God, my sorrows	48	Now go, thou little book	585
My God, my King, thy	336	Now in the heat of youthful	487
My God, my life, my love	385	Now let me die, 'twas	617
My God, of all my joy	384	Now let our mournful	47
My God, my portion, and	384	Now may the God	44
My God, permit me not	540	Now on the gladden'd sight	597
My God, permit	148	Now shall my solemn vows	156
My God, the steps of	89	Now tell me, who has wo	592
My gracious Redeemer	444	Now throw away thy rod	607
My heart, O Lord, is dark	178	Now to the Lord a noble	409
My heart rejoices in	73	Now to the Lord, who makes	427
My joyful heart exults	249	Now to the pow'r of God	424
My life 's a shade, my days	631	O BLESSED day, when all	589
My refuge is the God of love	20	O, blessed souls	76
My Savior and my King	108	O bless the Lord,	235
My Savior and my King	658	O blest indeed is he	77
My Savior, hanging	421	O clap ye your hands,	115
My Savior, my almighty	166	O come and let us sing	217
My Shepherd is the living	50	O come and praise	82
My Shepherd is the Lord,	53	O come and praise the Lord	357
My Shepherd, my soul He	55	O come, Jehovah praise	262
My Shepherd will supply	52	O come, loud anthems	215
My sins oppress my soul	96	O come, ye nations,	262
My soul, come, meditate	612	O day most calm,	401
My soul, extol his name	233	O day of rapture sweet	287
My soul forsakes her	502	O day of wrath, O dreadful	642
My soul, how lovely is	189	O dreadful God,	375
My soul, inspir'd with	507	O'er mountain tops	568
My soul, thy God forever	512	O'erwhelm'd, to God	36
My soul, why art thou	533	Of mercy, O my heav'nly	228
My spirit looks to God	143	O for a closer walk	541
My spirit, Lord, Thou wilt	29	O for a heart to praise	441
My spirit sinks within	99	O for an overcoming	616
NAKED as from the earth	605	O for a shout of sacred joy	113
Never doth the sun arise	366	O for a sight, a pleasant	635
No eagle on his pinions	365	O for the death of those	620
No man, who dwells in dust	333	O for the happy end	619

	page.		page.
Of pure delights what	456	O Lord, to Thee I cry	67
Oft his silent spirit	517	O Lord, why standest	18
Of Thee I'll say, O Lord	207	O Love, how cheering	452
O give thanks	248	O make a glad noise	227
O give thanks unto	240	O my God, to Thee on high	49
O God, be merciful	139	O my soul, what means	442
O God, how doth	86	Once on the raging	439
O God, in Zion	151	Once slain, thou Lamb of God	662
O God, my God,	148	Once the Savior	582
O God, my refuge,	134	One pray'r I have,	538
O God, my sins are manifold	509	On thy church, O pow'r	159
O God of hosts,	201	On Zion's hill my stand	550
O God of mercy,	129	On Zion's holy hill	6
O God of mercy,	142	O praise ye the Lord	354
O God of my salvation	199	O praise ye the Lord	353
O God, why hast Thou	175	O praise ye the Lord	359
O had I but wings	136	O praise ye the Lord on high	352
O happy day, that fix'd	501	O praise ye the Lord	356
O hear me in distress	9	O praise ye the Lord	263
O Holy Spirit, come	466	O render thanks to God	241
O how cheating, O how	603	O righteous Lord, for me	83
O how good and excellent	209	O shall God's house lie waste	584
O how great thy	73	O Spirit of the living God	461
O how I love thy	268	O stop, poor sinner,	484
O how I love thy holy	606	O suff'rer on the cross	432
O how I love thy law,	267	O that fire, before	639
O how lovely and	191	O that the Lord would	269
O how much I love	276	O that thy statutes	270
O how pleasant	308	O Thou, from whom	454
O how sweet in heav'n	459	O thou loving Savior,	597
O, if my soul was form'd	507	O Thou, my God and King	339
O, Lamb, O Lamb, could I	442	O Thou, my heav'nly King	325
O Lord, bow down	194	O Thou, that hearest prayer	463
O Lord, enthron'd above	592	O Thou, who art the hope	155
O Lord, have pity	91	O Thou, who hear'st,	126
O Lord, how many	7	O time, how few thy value	483
O Lord, I'm ever	327	O 'tis a fearful thing	486
O Lord, in thy love	160	Our blest Redeemer,	467
O Lord, in thy regardless	24	Our children Thou dost	644
O Lord, I trust in Thee	30	Our days, alas, our mortal	600
O Lord, my heart once	300	Our ears have heard,	104
O Lord, my Rock!	66	Our God above	379
O Lord, now hear	231	Our God, our help	204
O Lord, on darkness shed	466	Our griefs He sure	423
O Lord, our fathers	105	Our heav'nly Father near	393
O Lord, our King	15	Our life, how transient,	601
O Lord, our Lord,	15	Our nation trembles	142
O Lord, rebuke me not	12	Our refuge is the God	110
O Lord, supreme in might	239	Our Savior's praise	651
O Lord, the glorious King	552	Our sins, alas, like raging	635

	page.		page.
Our sword no blood-drop	589	Saints, at your heav'nly	519
Out of love, O Savior dear	588	Salvation is forever nigh	192
Out of the depths, O Lord,	299	Salvation, it is near	193
Out of the depths	300	Salvation, O the joyful	439
O well of love, O flow'r	425	Salvation to our God	661
O what a lovely flow'r,	624	Save me, God of might	133
O, where shall rest	613	Save me, Lord, by thy	133
O ye gates, be open'd	58	Save me, my God,	165
O Zion, now awake	561	Savior, bless thy word	396
O Zion, praise thy God	346	Savior when in dust	449
O Zion, sacred seat	303	Savior, who didst die	654
O Zion, sacred seat	305	Savior, who thy flock	644
PEACEFUL is the sabbath	402	Scorn, O sinners, will you	490
People of the living God	498	Seamen, who plough the	245
Persecutors wake my fears	280	Seasons and times obey	151
Pilgrim, do clouds of grief	540	See me, pierc'd with	280
Plung'd in a gulf	409	Seest thou that glist'ning	505
Poor captives, sitting down	323	Seest thou that worldly	513
Praise. everlasting praise	381	See the Lord of life	414
Praise God, all ye,	49	See what a glorious stone	266
Praise God in joyful	234	See what a living stone	265
Praise Jehovah,	343	Shall blood still flow	590
Praise the Lord, for He	244	Shall man, O God of life	197
Praise the Lord, ye holy	358	Shall the sleepers sleep	640
Praise the Lord, ye saints	359	Shall the vile race	370
Praise to God, ye righteous,	313	Shall wisdom loudly cry	404
Praise waits in Zion,	152	She has pass'd through	298
Praise ye the Lord, extol	312	Shepherd of Israel,	183
Praise ye the Lord,	356	Shine, glorious God,	158
Praise ye the Lord,	341	Shout, ye people, unto God	114
Praise ye the Lord of	357	Show pity, Lord,	125
Praise ye the Lord on high	312	Sing, all ye nations	156
Praise ye the Lord,	344	Sing, all ye ransom'd	454
Preserve me, Lord,	28	Sing aloud to God,	185
Pris'ners, Jesus now	495	Sing a new	219
Pris'ners of hope, arise	429	Sing to God, to God	163
Promis'd blessings let me see	272	Sing to God with joy	186
Pure the stream of life	659	Sing to the Lord Jehovah's	215
REJOICE, ye righteous	78	Sing to the Lord,	219
Rejoice, ye righteous,	79	Sing, ye nations,	263
Rejoice, ye shining	56	Sin has a thousand	496
Remember, Lord, our	200	Sin, like a venomous	470
Return, O God of love,	204	Sinner, art thou still	475
Return, O wanderer,	510	Sinners, hear you not	486
Return, O wand'rer to thy	492	Sinners, lo the message	494
Rise, O my soul,	525	Sinners, now listen	475
Rise, sun of glory	566	Sinners, turn, why will	491
Rivers into a wilderness	244	Sinners, will ye scorn	488
Roll on, thou mighty ocean	557	Sinners, will ye scorn	475
SAFELY through another	401	Sinners, you're in the path	493
	H	Sinner, wilt thou still delay	479

	page.		page.
Sitting around the Savior's	652	The evening sky was bright	406
Sitting down by Babel's	323	The glories of the Lamb	457
Solemn is the message	492	The glorious universe	548
So let our lives and lips	535	The God and Father of	378
Songs of immortal praise	253	The God of gods, Jehovah,	122
Songs of praise the angels	390	The God of nature	364
Soon as I heard my Father	63	The good man's steps	90
Soon through all the jarring	590	The great command has	535
So strange, so boundless	408	The great Redeemer we adore	646
Sow in the morn thy	560	The guilty man is blest	76
Spirit of truth to Thee	461	The heathen feet have stood	181
Stand up, my soul, for manly	528	The heavens declare	39
Stoop down, my thoughts,	612	The heavy night hung	581
Strait is the way	515	The Hebrew prophet	431
Strangers and pilgrims	545	The idol gods of yellow	311
Sure there's a righteous	173	The King of saints	106
Sweet as angel's notes in	508	The law by Moses came	481
Sweet is the dawn	399	The Lord declares his will	386
Sweet is the day	398	The Lord descended from	36
Sweet is the mem'ry	338	The Lord did Israel save	241
Sweet is the time,	392	The Lord hath heard my voice	260
Sweet is the work,	208	The Lord himself chose	239
Sweet, lovely Peace,	591	The Lord, how wondrous	232
Swell the anthem, raise	579	The Lord is come, the heav'ns	220
		The Lord is great,	263
TEACH, Lord, the measure	94	The Lord is merciful and	232
Teach me, my God and King	393	The Lord is my salvation	65
Teach me the measure	93	The Lord is my Shepherd,	55
Teach thy statutes,	272	The Lord, Jehovah, reigns	212
Tempted, oppress'd	102	The Lord, Jehovah, reigns	225
Th' accepted time	482	The Lord, my God, I love	261
The act of baptism done	643	The Lord my pasture shall	51
Th' Almighty reigns,	221	The Lord my Shepherd is	53
That awful day is	536	The Lord, my Shepherd, is on	51
That man is blest alway	3	The Lord of glory is	63
That man is blest indeed	296	The Lord, our God, is great	111
That man is blest indeed	98	The Lord, our God, is Lord	373
That man is blest,	255	The Lord, the everlasting	386
The angel comes, he comes	632	The Lord, the Judge,	123
The angel hosts appear	404	The Lord, the sov'reign,	121
The angel lifted high	562	The man is ever blest	3
The anger of the Lord	13	The man, who fears the Lord	297
The anxious search was	500	The mighty God	124
The christian warrior,	528	The mighty God, Jehovah,	122
The day of wrath, that	634	The moment a sinner	524
The dry and barren ground	154	The monarch on his throne	658
The earth Thou dost visit	155	The morning flowers	627
Thee I praise, my God,	340	The nations Thou hast made	194
Thee we adore, eternal	598	The night is far spent,	530
Thee will I love,	34	The orbs celestial,	40

	page.		page.
The praise of Zion waits	150	Though fig-tree cease	543
The promise of my	64	Though holy, holy,	380
The prosp'rous nation	24	Though I deserve thy	11
There is a calm for those,	628	Though oft our griefs	298
There is a fountain,	420	Though with our mortal	445
There is a house, not made	618	Thou'rt my portion,	274
There is a land of pure	618	Thou, the Lord, my fount	64
There is an hour of peaceful	634	Thou the moon didst	237
There, that parting breath	62	Thou, to whom revenge	214
There was joy, great joy	500	Thou, who didst wear	653
The sacrifice, which	594	Thrice happy man	255
The saints above, once	434	Through ev'ry age	203
The saints on earth	548	Thus I resolv'd before	92
The Savior lives,	418	Thus saith the high,	511
These glorious minds, how	628	Thus saith the Lord,	95
These glorious spirits	659	Thus saith the wisdom	481
The spacious firmament	40	Thus th' eternal Father	251
The Spirit breathes	387	Thy face why dost Thou	19
The Spirit's voice doth	436	Thy God, O Zion, reigns	170
The sun withdraws	575	Thy hand, O Lord, hath	367
The time is short, how	483	Thy justice shall maintain	86
The voice of free grace cries,	545	Thy light ten thousand	369
The wicked bend their	20	Thy name, O God,	656
The wicked thou wilt	328	Thy perfect law, O Lord,	42
The winter is past,	577	Thy rushing wing,	537
The works of God are great	254	Thy servants in their zeal	302
The wrathful angel's sword	656	Thy word is to my feet	270
The year is well nigh fled	581	Thy word, O Lord, is light	388
The year, that is fled	576	Thy works how wonderful	95
They seek their father-country	594	Time is winging us	482
They, who in God do trust	291	Time, 'tis a gliding meteor's	600
They, who in Zion's God	290	'T is by the faith of joys	524
They, who in riches put	120	'T is by thy strength	153
They, who in riches trust	121	'T is finish'd, so the Savior	412
They who ocean's path-way	247	'T is finish'd, the conflict	623
Thine earthly sabbaths,	400	'T is good our course	542
Thine eye, intent on	505	'T is good to give thanks	210
Think mighty God,	200	'T is well, She has enter'd	623
This at length I know	174	To anger God is slow	375
This do, remembering	650	To Christ, our heav'nly,	544
This do, said Christ,	649	To day, if you will hear	485
This is the day, the Lord	264	To day the Savior calls	490
This is the word of truth	389	To God I lift mine eyes	284
This spacious earth,	56	To God, our Savior,	661
Thou art gone to the grave,	629	To God, the Father,	660
Thou art, Lord, my God	149	To God, the great,	240
Thou are our moveless rock,	203	To God the only wise	380
Thou hast built my	275	To God, who rides the storm	245
Thou hast heard my cry,	72	To honor those, who gave	518
Though chosen friend	135	To morrow, Lord is thine	531

	page.		page.
To my paths thy word's	277	What must it be to dwell	550
To pass through death	610	What shall I render	260
To spend one sacred day	190	When awake at noon	575
To Thee, Lord, Zion's King	170	When Christ to judgment	123
To Thee, O God, I call	488	When Christ with all	443
To Thee, O Lamb,	661	When conscience to the	512
To Thee, O Lord, I cried	332	When earthly comforts die	383
To Thee, O Lord, my rock	67	When from Egypt	258
To thine almighty arm	35	When gloomy clouds spread	496
To thy house, O Lord,	304	When God is nigh,	28
To vain thoughts my heart	277	When God out pour'd	292
To you the Savior calls	488	When heav'n's wide arch	14
Triumphant from the dead	252	When I can read my title	617
Triumphant songs raise	408	When Israel march'd	257
Turn Thee, in mercy turn	182	When I survey the	653
'T was by an order from	387	When Jesus pray'd,	46
'T was dreadful,	537	When, Lord, Thou didst	292
'T was in the watches	147	When man grows bold	86
'T was on that dark,	648	When overwhelm'd	143
Tyrants, do ye judge	140	When overwhelm'd	143
UNLESS the Lord the house	295	When rising floods my	448
Unto God ye sons of might	70	When shall the voice	565
Unto my pray'r, O God,	134	When the great Judge,	18
Unto the house of God	217	When the Lord set	294
Uprais'd on Zion's holy hill	6	When the sun with	576
Up to the fields	385	When thou shalt pass	536
Up to the hills	288	When to God the Suff'rer	50
Up to the hills,	288	When to my God	33
Upward I lift mine eyes	284	When wild confusion wrecks	636
VAIN are the hopes,	520	When Zion was restored	293
Vain man, thy fond pursuits	477	Where flows in silence	324
Valleys Thou didst fill	230	Where from Thee can I,	328
WAITING for the Lord	97	Where once the temple's	563
Wake, my soul, and as	578	Where shall the man be found	60
Wash'd is the crimson	655	Where shall we go	301
We bless the Lord,	161	Where 's your God,	259
We bring these children,	588	While I keep silence	74
Welcome is the evening	574	While life prolongs	198
Welcome, sweet day	398	Who are these, mine eyes	637
We lift our eyes	289	Who can count God's	181
Well arm'd, Christ sent	554	Who can describe the joys,	499
Well met, dear friends,	395	Who his errors can survey	44
We love Thee, Lord,	35	Who in his hollow hand	369
We meet, O Lord,	553	Who is this, that comes	411
We praise for his	378	Who shall ascend thy	26
We raise our shouts,	547	Who shall dwell in	57
We've no abiding	549	Who shall dwell, O Lord	27
We wept by proud	321	Who shall inhabit in thy hill	27
We wept, where Babel's	320	Who shall the Lord's	430
What equal honors	417	Who shall within thy	26
		Who will arise	213

	page.		page.
Why did the nations	5	YE angels round the throne	66 1
Why do God's enemies	4	Ye angel hosts above	657
Why do the wealthy,	88	Ye boundless realms of joy	349
Why o'er the sun	657	Ye gates, lift up your head	57
Why, O my soul, art	190	Ye golden lamps of heav'n,	610
Why, O sinner, dost	132	Ye holy angels bright	391
Why, O sinner, wilt thou die	478	Ye holy souls, in God rejoice	78
Why should the children	468	Ye isles of the West,	559
Why should this earth	603	Ye judges of the earth	186
Why should we start and fear	614	Ye messengers of God	556
Why these desponding	549	Ye mountain heights,	162
Why weep we for departing	614	Ye nations of the earth	226
Why, ye mourners,	607	Ye nations, once in darkest	262
Wise men have measur'd	443	Ye people, be ye glad	113
With all my pow'rs	325	Ye people, praise the Lord	256
With earnest longings	100	Ye saw the scoffer's pride	480
With full heart to Thee	279	Ye see, that the Lord	551
Within thy holy temple's	325	Ye servants of the Lord	90
Within thy house with songs	326	Ye servants of the Lord	257
With joy praise ye	342	Ye sinful dying thralls	489
With joy we meditate	429	Yes, my native land,	557
With mournful voice	178	Ye sons of Adam,	487
With my whole heart	17	Ye sons of men, a feeble	206
With my whole heart	16	Ye sons of men, with	383
With radiant beams	477	Ye tribes of Adam, join	350
With rev'rence should	202	Ye wide-spread realms	351
With songs and honors	345	Yield to me now,	453
With stately tow'rs	115	Your arduous work	622
Wouldst thou with God	520	You, who dwell above	352
Would you win a soul	456	Zion, extol thy God	344
		Zion, O how blest	197

## ERRATA.

- p. 113. for L. M. read S. M.  
 124. instead of line 2d., second st., 7th version, read  
 "while on dark cloud He doth ride."  
 136. last line, some copies, for "man" read "men."  
 169. stanza at the bottom, transpose 2d & 3d lines.  
 286. Sec. version, 4th st. line 1st, strike out "holy."  
 289. First version, 4th stanza, for "deride" read "revile."  
 387. For (ii. 15.) read (ii. 151.)  
 509. line 4th insert (i. 7.)  
 513. for (ii. 103.) read (i. 103.)  
 515. for (ii. 106.) read (ii. 161.)  
 535. for (i. 166.) read (i. 116.)  
 562. l. 3, for "seventh" read sev'nth."  
 565. l. 21, for "shadows" read "shadow."



# PSALMS.

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## 1. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Appleton. Uxbridge.*

*Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.*

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet  
Shun the broad way, that sinners go,  
Who hates the place, where atheists meet,  
And fears to talk, as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light  
Among the statutes of the Lord,  
And spends the wakeful hours of night,  
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.

p 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
r Shall flourish in immortal green,  
v And heav'n will shine, with kindest beams,  
— On every work, his hands begin.

p 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd ;—  
mf As chaff before the tempest flies,  
v So shall their hopes be blown and lost,  
p When the last trumpet shakes the skies. WATTS.

## SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Eaton.*

*Happiness of the Good : Doom of the Wicked.*

1 BLEST is the man, whose feet ne'er stray,  
Misguided by advice unmeet,  
Who stands not in the sinners' way,  
Nor sits in daring scoffer's seat.

2 To him God's laws give pure delight,  
And ev'ry day his thoughts employ,  
Or, pond'ring heav'nly truth at night,  
p Sweet visions wrap his soul in joy.

- f 3 This man is like the wide-spread tree,  
That strikes its root by river's side ;  
His leaves, all green, no frost shall see,  
His fruit and honors shall abide.
- 4 Th' ungodly are not so, but like  
The thresher's chaff or stubble light,  
f Which strong winds in their fury strike,  
v And bear off quickly out of sight.
- 5 They cannot meet the Judge's eye:—  
In heav'n above they have no home,  
But, while the righteous dwell on high,  
p In dark abyss they find their doom. ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham, Winter.*

*End of the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 BLEST is the man, that shuns the place,  
Where sinners love to meet,  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat.
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord  
Has plac'd his chief delight;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
- mf 3 He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,  
By living waters' side,  
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,  
Shall spread his branches wide.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and fair and clear  
Shall his profession shine,  
While fruits of holiness appear,  
Like clusters on the vine.
- mp 5 Not so the impious and unjust ;—  
What vain designs they form?  
Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff, before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
Among the sons of grace,  
mf When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand  
Appoints his saints a place.

- 7 His eye beholds the path, they tread,  
 His heart approves it well ;  
 mp But crooked ways of sinners lead  
 > Down to the gates of hell.

WATTS.

FOURTH VER.—S. M. *Bladensburg. Olmutz.**The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.*

- 1 THE man is ever blest,  
 Who shuns the sinners' ways,  
 Who in their counsels doth not rest,  
 Nor takes the scorner's place:  
 2 But doth God's law survey  
 And study with delight,  
 Amidst the labors of the day,  
 And watches of the night.  
 mf 3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,  
 With waters near the root:  
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,  
 His works are heav'nly fruit.  
 mp 4 Not so th' ungodly race ;  
 They no such blessings find:  
 < Their hopes, like chaff from threshing-place,  
 > Shall fly before the wind.

WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Dover.**Blessedness of the Holy Man.*

- 1 THAT man is blest alway,  
 Who shuns advice unmeet,  
 Who stands not in the sinner's way,  
 Nor sits in scorners' seat.  
 2 He reads God's word with awe,  
 And yet with pure delight;  
 Each day he meditates the law,  
 And ponders it at night.  
 mf 3 He's like the wide-branch'd tree,  
 That grows by river's side ;  
 His green leaf fadeless you may see,  
 His fruit comes in its tide.  
 mp 4 But sinners' doom deplore:—  
 In the great judgment day  
 They'll be like chaff of threshing floor,  
 > By tempest borne away!

ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Enfield. Wilson.**God's Servants blessed.*

- 1 BLEST is he, whose prudent feet  
Sinners' by-paths ne'er have known,  
Blest, who in the scorner's seat  
Ne'er with blasphemy sits down.
- 2 But who eagerly doth look,  
With a pure and sweet delight,  
Into God's most holy book,  
Pond'ring truth both day and night.
- mf 3 He is like a spreading tree,  
Planted by the river's side;  
Ever green his leaf shall be,  
And his fruit comes in its tide.
- 4 But God's foes shall feel his power:—  
They are fruitless, fire-doom'd trees,  
Or like chaff of threshing floor,  
Borne away by swift-wing'd breeze.
- p 5 When the sleepers in the ground  
Rise to judgment from the dust,  
Sinners then shall not be found  
Glad companions of the just.

ALLEN.

2. FIRST VERSION.—L.M. *Sherburne. Rockingham.**Christ triumphing over his Enemies.*

- 1 WHY do God's enemies arise,  
His holy kingdom to depress?  
Why take proud counsel, and devise  
Malignant plots of foolishness?
- 2 They say,—“Come, let us break his bands,  
And his anointed Son oppose;”—  
But He, who heav'n and earth commands,  
Holds in derision all his foes.
- 3 The King on Zion's holy hill,  
Unless they bow, will smite them down;  
Their souls with anguish He will fill,  
And meet them with terrific frown.
- f 4 Jesus shall reign, till all the world  
Shall feel his blest and righteous sway,  
Till tyrants from their seats are hurl'd,  
And pagans cast their gods away.

- p 5 Be wise now, therefore, O ye Kings;—  
 Ye Chiefs and Judges, serve the Lord,  
 Lest, when the judgment-trumpet rings,  
 “Depart!” shall be your dooming word! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. Marlow. Lutzen.  
*Christ exalted.*

- 1 WHY did the nations join to slay  
 The Lord's anointed Son?  
 Why did they cast his laws away  
 And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord, who sits above the skies,  
 Derides their rage below;  
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,  
 And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 “I call Him my eternal Son,  
 And raise Him from the dead;  
 I make my holy hill his throne,  
 And wide his kingdom spread.”
- 4 Be wise, ye Rulers of the earth,  
 Obey th' anointed Lord;  
 Adore the King of heav'nly birth,  
 And tremble at his word.
- 5 With humble love address his throne,  
 For, if He frown, ye die;—  
 Those are secure, and those alone,  
 Who on his grace rely.

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. Palmer. Rutland.  
*Vain Resistance to Christ.*

- 1 LO, what tumult rises high!  
 Why do foolish nations rage?  
 Why do kings God's wrath defy?  
 Vain the contest, which they wage:—  
 mf “Quick his bands we'll break,” they say,  
 “Quick his fetters cast away!”
- 2 God doth smile, as He looks down;  
 God their projects doth deride:  
 Soon their forces are o'erthrown,  
 By his wrath they're scatter'd wide:—  
 mf “Lo, my King a crown doth wear  
 On my hill of Zion fair!”

- 3 “ This is my divine decree:—  
Thee, my Son, at my right hand  
I have plac'd in majesty!  
Ask of Me; at my command  
Thou shalt have for heritage  
All earth's tribes from age to age!”
- 4 Kings below! submit, be wise;—  
Judges of the earth! attend;—  
Him, who came down from the skies,  
Rev'rence now; before Him bend;  
p Lest He soon his wrath display,  
And ye perish from the way! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—8 & 4. *Palestine.*

*Christ's universal Kingdom.*

- 1 UPRAIS'D on Zion's holy hill,  
Jesus is high enthron'd in light;  
His Kingdom all the earth shall fill,  
His beams on heathen lands shine bright,  
From Mercy's throne.
- 2 Be wise now, therefore, O ye Kings!  
Be warn'd, ye Judges of the earth!  
To God present pure offerings,  
Extol his name with rev'rent mirth,  
With songs bow down.
- 3 The Gospel of his Son obey,  
Lest soon his flaming wrath arise,  
p And so ye perish from the way,  
And lose the honors of the wise,—  
A heav'nly Crown! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—H. M. *Mandell. Stow.*

*Jesus the King of Zion.*

- 1 ON Zion's holy hill  
Jesus now reigneth King;  
^ His truth the earth shall fill,  
^ His praise through earth shall ring;  
— For such is God's unchang'd decree,  
And what He says will surely be!
- 2 Why then do foes combine  
His rightful bands to burst?  
Though Kings and Judges join,  
These foes shall die accurst;—

The Lord their vain designs controls,  
And in his wrath will vex their souls.

- p 3 Be wise, ye high and low,  
And serve the Lord with fear;  
Humbly to Jesus bow,  
While mercy's call ye hear ;—  
mf Blest are the men, in Him who trust,  
A crown awaits them with the just! ALLEN.

3. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *St. Pauls. Alfreton.*

*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.
- p 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,  
To Thee I rais'd an evening cry:  
Thou heard'st, when I began to pray,  
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thy heav'nly aid,  
I slept, defended by thy pow'r ;  
Not death shall make my heart afraid,  
> Though I should wake and rise no more.
- mf 4 But God sustain'd me all the night:  
< Salvation doth to God belong:  
f He rais'd my head to see the light,  
And make his praise my morning song. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. Nazareth.*

*God our Defence.*

- mp 1 HOW wide the torrent of my woes?  
How bold and num'rous, Lord, my foes?  
With taunting, impious words they say,  
“ 'Tis vain to hope in God and pray.”
- mf 2 Yet art Thou my secure defence,  
My Shield, and Rock, and Confidence:—  
p I sought Thee in my sore distress,  
And Thou didst hear, and love, and bless.
- 3 I laid me down in peril's path,  
Nor fear'd my foes' revengeful wrath ;

In peace I slept, and morning's light  
Prov'd thy sustaining hand by night.

- 4 Though thousands, then, in thick array  
Shall press me, 'twill not bring dismay ;  
f Thou wilt appear my Savior God,  
And scatter all my foes abroad! ALLEN.

4. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *Corinth. Woodstock.*

*An Evening Psalm.*

- aff 1 LORD, Thou wilt hear me, when I pray,  
Thy face on me shall shine,  
I fear before Thee all the day,  
< I am forever thine !
- p 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and Thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice:  
And when my work is done,  
mf Great God, my faith, my hope relies  
Upon thy grace alone.
- < 4 My peaceful thoughts to Thee I raise,  
> Then give mine eyes to sleep ;  
mf Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—6s. *Chaplin.*

[Repeat the first 2 lines of the tune.]

*God our Portion.*

- 1 MANY there be, that say,  
"Who yet will show us good?"  
Talking like this world's brood ;  
But, Lord, thus let me pray,  
mf "On us lift up the light  
Of thy blest count'nance bright!"
- 2 Into my heart more joy  
And gladness hast Thou put,  
Than when a year of glut  
Their stores doth over-cloy,  
And from their plenteous grounds  
Their corn and wine abounds.

3 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep,  
 For Thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe, where'er I lie ;  
 mf As in a rocky cell  
 Thou mak'st me safely dwell. MILTON.

THIRD VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dalston.*

*God a Refuge.*

Aff 1 OH, hear me in distress,  
 God of my righteousness,  
 And give enlargement from my grief ;  
 My erring ways I mourn,—  
 In thy great mercy turn,  
 And cheer me with the glad relief.

2 Ye Sinners, meditate  
 On your sad, ruin'd state  
 In silence on your midnight-bed ;  
 And, as ye stand in awe  
 Of God's most holy law,  
 Oh, seek His grace, who for you bled!

3 While many say with fear,  
 "Our darkness who can cheer,  
 And plenteous, earthly good bestow?"—  
 mf Say ye, "Give us the light,  
 Lord, of thy face most bright,  
 < Then we the bliss of heav'n shall know!"  
 ALLEN.

5. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. Nazareth.*

*Prayer to God.*

Aff 1 LORD, hearken to my mournful cry,  
 And let thy saving power be nigh ;  
 With every morning's light I'll bring  
 My pray'r to Thee, my God and King.

2 Thy temple will I rev'rent seek,  
 And bow in worship with the meek,  
 Pleading the wonders of thy love,  
 And asking mercies from above.

— 3 Never shall evil dwell with Thee,  
 And from thy presence sinners flee ;

- But, though the wicked Thou destroy,  
 < Let good men ever shout for joy.
- 4 On righteous men, whom Thou dost know,  
 mf Salvation, Lord, wilt Thou bestow,  
 To them thy grace wilt freely yield,  
 And compass them as with a shield. ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Downs.*

*For the Lord's Day Morning.*

- 1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high ;  
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To Thee lift up mine eye:—
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at his Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.
- mp 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.
- mf 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
 To taste thy mercies there ;  
 I will frequent thy holy court,  
 And worship in thy fear.
- mp 5 My feet O may thy Spirit guide  
 In righteous, holy ways,  
 That from thy paths I ne'er may slide,  
 Nor sink in dread amaze.
- mf 6 The men, who love and fear Thee, Lord,  
 Shall see thy face reveal'd,  
 Protected by thy mighty word,  
 As compass'd with a shield. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *St. Anns. London.*

*Worship of God.*

- 1 JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
 My meditation weigh ;—  
 My King, my God, my voice O hear,  
 For I to Thee will pray.

- 2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;  
 Lord, in the morning I  
 Will unto Thee direct my prayer,  
 And will look up on high.
- 3 For thou art not a God, that will  
 In wickedness delight,  
 Nor shall with Thee dwell any ill,  
 Nor fools stand in thy sight.
- 4 But I will to thy house draw near  
 In thine abundant grace ;  
 And I will worship in thy fear  
 Towards thy Holy Place.

N. ENGLAND PSALMS.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Nuremburg.*

*Pleading with God.*

- p 1 HEAR me, O my God, most high,  
 Harken to my humble cry,—  
 Cry with every morning's light  
 From a suppliant in thy sight.
- 2 Evil shall not dwell with Thee ;  
 Sinners from thy face shall flee ;  
 Men of falsehood and of blood  
 Shall be swept with vengeful flood.
- p 3 I thy holy temple seek  
 With the humble and the meek ;  
 Grant thy favor, Lord, and bless,  
 Lead me in thy righteousness.
- f 4 Let thy servants lift their voice,  
 In Thee let them all rejoice ;  
 Let them grateful praises yield,  
 Thou art their defence and shield. ALLEN.

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6. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Sunderland. Randolph.*

*Prayer in Sorrow and Sickness heard.*

- Aff 1 THOUGH I deserve thy chast'ning rod,  
 Rebuke me not in wrath, O God!  
 Have pity on my guilty soul,  
 And all my grief and fears control.
- 2 Bring me not down unto the grave,  
 But let thy pard'ning mercy save,

For who, that in the grave shall sleep,  
Thy name can praise, thy statutes keep?

3 Mine eye grows dim and fails with grief,  
In vain I seek the wish'd relief ;  
With bitter tears my sin I mourn,  
Return, O gracious God, return!

f 4 The Lord doth hear me in his love,  
And sends salvation from above ;  
I've gain'd the vict'ry o'er the foe,  
And joy and praise succeed to wo !      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Grafton. Patmos.*

*Earnest Supplication.*

Aff 1 O LORD, rebuke me not in wrath,  
Nor sorely chasten me !  
Have mercy, Lord, for in my path  
I walk in fear of Thee !

2 And Thou, Jehovah, O how long?—  
O, give me light once more ;  
For in the grave they sing no song  
In praise of mercy's power.

2 With tears and groaning, Lord, I pray ;  
I make my bed to swim ;  
Mine eye with sorrow wastes away,  
On foes it looks forth dim.

f 4 Ye workers of iniquity,  
Depart!—God hears my voice,  
And, while my foes confounded flee,  
My soul shall e'er rejoice !      ALLEN.

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7. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Hebron. Duke Street.*

*God the Protector of the Righteous.*

1 IN Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,  
In Thee most holy, good and just ;—  
Defend me from malignant foe,  
And let me thy salvation know.

2 Though num'rous sins thine eyes may see,  
In this I'm innocent with Thee ;—  
Then turn away the threat'ning sword,  
And vindicate thy servant, Lord.

- 3 Forever, Lord, maintain the right,  
 And let thy justice shine forth bright ;—  
 f So shall thy people give Thee praise,  
 And monuments of honor raise. ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dalston. Peters.*

*The Wicked punished.*

- 1 THE anger of the Lord,  
 Like outstretch'd, gleaming sword,  
 Should strike the wicked with dismay ;  
 The Lord hath bent his bow,  
 His arrows swift will go,  
 And madden'd persecutors slay.
- 2 How oft the very ill,  
 Design'd by sinner's will,  
 Has fallen down on his own head ?  
 How often have his feet,—  
 A retribution meet,—  
 Been caught in net, for others spread ?
- 3 Believe, that God is just,  
 In his sure promise trust,  
 Nor fear the face of wicked foe ;  
 Give praise to God most high,  
 Who reigneth in the sky,  
 And rules in righteousness below ! ALLEN.

8. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Brewer. Timsbury.*

*Children praising God.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,  
 Through the wide earth is spread thy name ;  
 mf And thine eternal glories rise  
 O'er all the heav'ns, thy hands did frame,
- 2 To Thee the voices of the young  
 A monument of honor raise ;  
 And babes, with uninstructed tongue,  
 mf Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age  
 To bring proud rebels to the ground,  
 To still the bold blasphemer's rage,  
 And all their policies confound.

- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng,  
 To see their great Redeemer's face ;  
 The Son of David is their song,  
 f And young hosannas fill the place.      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Duke street. Alfreton.*  
*Adam and Christ ; Old and new Creation.*

- 1 LORD, what was man, when made of clay,  
 That beasts and birds should him obey?  
 That Thou shouldst set him, by thy grace,  
 But just below an angel's place?
- mf 2 But O, what brighter glories wait  
 To crown the second Adam's state?  
 What honors shall thy Son adorn,  
 Who condescended to be born?
- > 3 See Him below his angels made?  
 > See Him in dust a victim laid!  
 f But soon He rises up again,  
 On high with power divine to reign.
- mf 4 The world to come, redeem'd from all  
 The mis'ries, that attend the fall,  
 New made, and glorious, shall submit  
 At our exalted Savior's feet.      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Walton. Winchester.*  
*God's Condescension to Man.*

- 1 WHEN heav'n's wide arch attracts my sight,  
 The wondrous work, thy fingers wrought,  
 The silver moon, and stars of light  
 In depths of space beyond all thought,
- 2 O'erwhelm'd with vastness, I exclaim,—  
 "Lord, what is man, whom Thou dost bless?  
 Lord, what is man, that he should claim  
 Thy watchful care and tenderness?"
- 3 With glory hast Thou crown'd his head,  
 And made him lord of all below ;—  
 The master's eye strikes brutes with dread,  
 And all their king and master know."
- 4 Then, while he praises thy great name,  
 Let him a mild dominion wield,  
 And learn, while he respects thy claim,  
 The rev'ence, he exacts, to yield.      ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martins. Newton.**Christ's Condescension.*

- 1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great  
Is thine exalted name?  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,  
The moon, that rules the night,  
And stars, that well adorn the sky,  
Those moving worlds of light ;
- p 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That Thou should'st visit him with grace,  
And love his nature so?—
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal form,  
Made lower than his angels are,  
To save a dying worm?
- 5 The lesser glories of thy Son  
Shone through the fleshy cloud ;—  
mf Now we behold Him on his throne,  
And men confess Him God.
- 6 Let Him be crown'd with majesty,  
Who bow'd his head to death ;  
And be his honors sounded high  
By all things, that have breath.
- f 7 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great  
Is thine exalted name?  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let the whole earth proclaim!      WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Bender.**God's Love to Man.*

- mf 1 O LORD, our King, most dread!  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works most bright  
I raise my wond'ring eyes,  
And see the moon, complete in light,  
Adorn the darksome skies ;—

- 3 The stars when I survey,  
And all their shining forms ;  
p Lord, what is man, the child of clay,  
Akin to dust and worms?
- 4 Lord, what before thy face  
Is man of humble birth?—  
Next to thine angels is his place,  
mf The master of the earth!
- 5 Thine honors crown his head,  
While beasts, like slaves, obey,  
And birds, with swiftest wings outspread,  
And fish that cleave the sea.—
- 6 Thy bounties we proclaim ;  
How wondrous are thy ways?  
Of dust and worms thy power can frame  
A monument of praise. WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Southampton.* *Kimball.*

*Christ humbled and exalted.*

- 1 JESUS, Lord, how excellent  
Is thy name through earth's extent?  
And how wondrously on high  
Beams thy glory on the eye?
- 2 When the arch of azure hue,  
Fill'd with worlds of light, I view,—  
Silver moon, and glimm'ring star,  
Twinkling from its depths afar;
- mp 3 What is man, O Lord, that Thou  
Should'st his form assume below?—  
p It was mercy brought Thee down  
From the glories of thy throne!
- 4 Breaking from thy rock-hewn tomb,  
< Thou didst rise to heav'n, thy home ;  
f Now with honor art Thou crown'd,  
And the earth thy praise shall sound! ALLEN.

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9. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Danvers.* *Uxbridge.*

*God a Judge and a Refuge.*

- f 1 WITH my whole heart thy praise I'll sing,  
And show thy wondrous works, my King!

In Thee will I rejoice, Most High!  
And celebrate thy Majesty.

- 2 O Thou, whose throne is fix'd in light,  
Thou hast maintain'd my cause and right ;  
But all the wicked Thou wilt slay ;  
v E'en their memorial sinks away.
- 3 Thou, Lord, forever wilt endure,  
Thy law is just, thy judgments sure ;  
Thy justice shall the world confess,  
When judg'd by Thee in righteousness.
- p 4 Thou art a refuge for th' oppress'd,  
Thy love in trouble makes them blest ;  
— Therefore shall they, who know thy grace,  
Confide in Thee, and seek thy face.
- f 5 Then praises to your God and King,  
Ye saints, with gladsome voices sing ;  
His works of mercy ceaseless tell ;  
In Zion He delights to dwell. ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Lutzen, Marlow.*

*God the Confidence of the Righteous.*

- mf 1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,  
Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;  
Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong  
Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 Thee, glorious God, I'll praise and bless !  
Thou dost prepare thy throne  
To judge the world in righteousness,  
And make thy vengeance known.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt safest refuge prove  
For all, who are oppress'd,  
To guard the people of thy love,  
v And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men, who know thy name, will trust  
In thy abundant grace,  
For 'Thou didst ne'er forsake the just,  
Who humbly sought thy face.
- mf 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,  
Who dwells on Zion's hill,  
Who executes his threat'ning word,  
And doth his grace fulfil. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Downs. Patmos.**The Equity of Providence.*

- 1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,  
 Shall once inquire for blood,  
 The humble souls, who mourn in dust,  
 Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death  
 Does his own children raise:  
 f In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,  
 They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 By thy just judgments, mighty God,  
 Are thy deep counsels known ;  
 When men of mischief are destroy'd,  
 The snare must be their own.
- 4 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,  
 To judge and save the poor ;  
 mf Let nations tremble at thy feet,  
 And man prevail no more.
- 5 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,  
 And put their hearts to pain,  
 Make them confess, that Thou art God,  
 And they but feeble men. WATTS.

10. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Old Hundred. Hamburg.**God the Reprover of the impious.*

- 1 O, LORD, why standest Thou afar,  
 When raging foes urge on their war,  
 And impious men, in swelling pride,  
 Thy pow'r and providence deride ?
- 2 Blind to thy glories, spread abroad,  
 Have they not said, "there is no God ?"  
 Then, Lord, stretch out thy mighty hand ;  
 Let them thy judgments understand.
- 3 Arise! O, Lord, our God, arise!  
 And hear thy mourning servants' cries ;  
 Let wicked men oppress no more,  
 And shield the fatherless and poor.
- f 4 O, God, most High, th' eternal King,  
 Thy promis'd works of grace we sing,

For idol gods shall bow their head,  
And through the world thy gospel spread !

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Nottingham. Colchester.*

*God the Defence of the Righteous.*

1 LORD, shall the wicked still deride  
Thy justice and thy power ?  
Shall they advance their heads in pride,  
And still thy saints devour ?

mf 2 Arise, O, Lord ; lift up thy hand,  
> Attend our humble cry ;  
— No enemy shall dare to stand,  
When God ascends on high.

3 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,  
And cause thine ear to hear,—  
Hearken to what thy children say,  
And put the world in fear.

mf 4 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
No more despise the just ;  
> And mighty sinners shall confess,  
They are but earth and dust. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Olmutz. Watchman.*

*God the Avenger.*

1 THY face why dost Thou hide,  
When troubles throng around,  
And men of wickedness and pride  
The poor cast to the ground ?

2 Like lion from his den,  
They lie in wait each day,  
Then spring upon incautious men,  
And make the wretch their prey.

3 They say with taunts and flings ;  
“God’s eye doth not behold ;  
His justice no avengement brings :  
We’ll sin with purpose bold !”—

4 Sees not thy searching eye,  
And wilt Thou not requite ?  
Then strike the wicked from on high,  
And drive them from thy sight.

- mp 5 Thou hear'st the humble pray'r,  
 And none seek Thee in vain ;  
 The fatherless shall be thy care,  
 mf And justice ever reign ! ALLEN.

11. FIRST VERS.—L. M. *Brentford. Alfreton.*

*Condition of the Righteous and Wicked.*

- 1 MY refuge is the God of love:  
 Why do my foes insult and cry,  
 "Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,  
 To distant woods or mountains fly?"
- mf 2 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,  
 His eye surveys the world below:  
 To Him all mortal things are known ;  
 To Him all sinful power must bow.
- 3 If to his saints He seem severe,  
 To prove their love and try their grace ;  
 What must the bold transgressors fear ?  
 His very soul abhors their ways.
- 4 On impious wretches He shall rain  
 Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death !  
 Such, as He kindled on the plain  
 Of Sodom with his angry breath.
- 5 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,  
 Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,  
 And with a gracious eye beholds  
 The men, who his own image bear. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Olmutz.*

*God the Righteous Judge.*

- 1 THE wicked bend their bow,  
 With arrow on the string ;  
 Yet, Lord, my trust in 'Thee, I know,  
 Shall never sorrow bring.
- 2 Thy throne is plac'd on high,  
 But earth is in thy view,  
 And, while thy servants Thou dost try,  
 Bold sinners meet their due.
- 3 As Sodom by the fire  
 And storm sunk with the dead ;  
 So shall the tempest of thine ire  
 Sweep foes to ruin dread.

- 4 But Thou, O Lord, on high  
 Dost love thy servants well,  
 f And Thou wilt lift them to the sky,  
 With Thee fore'er to dwell!

ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Kimball.**God the defence of the Righteous.*

- 1 IN the Lord I put my trust,  
 God Almighty and most just:  
 Why then bid me take my flight,  
 Like a bird to mountain's height?
- 2 Lo, the wicked bend their bow,  
 Aiming good men to bring low;  
 Yet the Lord, enthron'd on high,  
 Sees, and to his saints is nigh.
- 3 On the wicked He shall rain  
 Fire and brimstone down again;  
 For the wicked He doth hate,  
 And their pride he will abate.
- mf 4 On the righteous He will send  
 Joys and glories without end;  
 He will bless them with his love,  
 Measureless like heav'n above!

ALLEN.

12. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Seasons.**God's help in evil Times.*

- 1 HELP, Lord; the godly man has fled,  
 The faithful no where can be found,  
 Mildew from every lip is shed,  
 And truth is fallen to the ground.
- 2 The scorner proud things dares to speak,  
 Dishonoring thy glorious name:—  
 He asks,—“Shall God regard the meek?  
 Can God on high man's rev'rence claim?”
- 3 To vindicate thy suff'ring poor,  
 f O Lord, in majesty arise;  
 Let selfishness oppress no more,—  
 Abase the pride, which Thee defies.
- Aff 4 Thy words are sweet unto my taste:  
 They shine in purity of light;

Not silver, through the furnace past,  
Appears with beams so pure and bright. ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Grafton. Burford.*

*General Corruption of Manners.*

- 1 HELP, Lord! for men of virtue fail,  
Religion loses ground ;  
The sons of violence prevail,  
And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,  
Yet act the flatt'rer's part ;  
With fair, deceitful lips they speak,  
And with a double heart.
- 3 Scoffers appear on every side,  
Where a vile race of men  
Are rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,  
And bear the sword in vain.
- 4 Lord, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold ;
- 5 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?  
Hast Thou not giv'n the sign?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine?
- mf 6 Thy word, like silver sev'n times tried,  
Through ages shall endure ;  
The men, who in thy truth confide,  
Shall find thy promise sure. WATTS.

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13. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. Ramoth.*

*Hope in Darkness.*

- p 1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one, who seeks his God in vain?  
Canst Thou thy face forever hide,  
And I still pray and be denied?
- 2 Shall I forever be forgot,  
As one, whom Thou regardest not?  
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,  
And still despair of thy return?

- 3 How long shall my poor, troubled breast  
 Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?  
 And Satan, my malicious foe,  
 Rejoice to see me sink so low?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
 Before my death conclude my grief;  
 If Thou withhold thy heav'nly light,  
 I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,  
 If but one praying soul be lost?  
 But I have trusted in thy grace,  
 And shall again behold thy face.
- f 6 What'er my fears or foes suggest,  
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:  
 My heart shall feel thy love, and raise  
 My cheerful voice to songs of praise. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. Dundee. Patmos.

*Prayer in Temptation.*

- p 1 HOW long wilt Thou conceal thy face?  
 My God, how long delay?  
 When shall I feel those heav'nly rays,  
 That chase my fears away?
- 2 How long shall my poor, lab'ring soul  
 Wrestle and toil in vain?  
 Thy word can all my foes control,  
 And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries  
 All his malicious arts!  
 He spreads a mist before my eyes,  
 And throws his fiery darts.
- mf 4 Be Thou my sun, and Thou my shield;  
 My soul in safety keep;  
 Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd  
 len In death's eternal sleep.
- mf 5 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,  
 Where all my hopes have hung;  
 I shall employ my lips in praise,  
 And vict'ry shall be sung! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. Grafton. *Medfield.**Pleading with God.*

- Aff 1 O LORD, in thy regardless ear  
 How long shall I complain?  
 Oh, when wilt Thou in mercy hear,  
 Nor let me cry in vain?
- 2 How long shall I perplex my soul,  
 And feel oppressive grief?  
 Must I still bear my foe's control,  
 And idly seek relief?
- 3 Oh, must I longer, longer mourn,  
 Burden'd with wo and fear?  
 Return, O Lord, in love return,  
 And thy poor servant cheer.
- 4 Hear, O my God, my humble cries,  
 Restore my failing breath,  
 Oh, lighten up these heavy eyes,  
 > And save from sleep of death.
- mf 5 I trust thy mercy and thy love,  
 O Thou, my bounteous King!  
 < Both here and in thy courts above  
 f I will rejoice and sing! ALLEN.

14. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. Grafton. *Patmos.**Man's Depravity.*

- 1 FOOLS in their hearts believe, and cry,  
 "Religion all is vain!  
 There is no God, who reigns on high,  
 Or minds th' affairs of men!"
- 2 The Lord from his celestial place  
 Look'd down on things below,  
 To find the man, who sought his grace,  
 Or did his justice know.
- 3 By nature all are gone astray,  
 Their practice all the same:  
 There's none, who walks in God's right way,  
 There's none, who loves his name.
- 4 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,  
 Their slanders never cease;  
 How swift to mischief are their feet,  
 Nor know the paths of peace?

- 5 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,  
 In ev'ry heart are found ;  
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
 'Till grace refine the ground.

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Broomsgrove.*  
*The Folly of Persecutors.*

- 1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,  
 That they the saints devour?  
 And never worship at thy throne,  
 Nor fear thine awful power?
- 2 Great God! appear to their surprise,  
 Reveal thy dreadful name ;  
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,  
 Nor turn our hopes to shame.
- 3 Dost Thou not dwell among the just?  
 And yet our foes deride,  
 That we should make thy name our trust:  
 Great God! confound their pride!
- mf 4 O that the joyful day were come  
 To terminate our wrongs!  
 f When God shall bring his children home,  
 We'll raise our endless songs!

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Bender. Boxford.*  
*Universal Depravity.*

- 1 FOOLS in their hearts have said,  
 "There is no God on high,  
 No mighty Judge, whom we should dread,  
 With vengeance in his eye!"
- 2 The Lord from heav'n look'd down,  
 To see his offspring here,  
 If any his pure truth had known,  
 Or serv'd their God with fear.
- p 3 But all have gone aside,  
 All from his statutes rove ;  
 None in the ways of right abide,  
 None seek the things above.
- 4 Have ye no eyes to see,  
 Nor reason's light to learn,

Ye workers of iniquity,  
 That God's fierce wrath will burn?  
 mf 5 O, that from Zion's gate  
 Salvation's streams might flow!  
 p When God restores our captive state,  
 mf Our joys will overflow! ALLEN.

15. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Appleton. Uxbridge.*

*Character of the Righteous.*

- 1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly 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 things they mean;  
 No slanders dwell upon his tongue;  
 He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 Firm to his word he ever stood,  
 And always makes his promise good;  
 He never deals in bribing gold,  
 The poor oppress'd his hands uphold.
- 4 He loves his enemies, and prays  
 For those, who curse him to his face,—  
 And does to all men still the same,  
 That he from them would hope or claim.
- 5 Yet, when his holiest works are done,  
 His soul depends on grace alone:—  
 mf This is the man, thy face shall see,  
 And dwell forever, Lord, with Thee! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Appleton. Hebron.*

*Character of a Citizen of Zion.*

- 1 WHO shall within thy house abide?  
 Who in thy holy hill shall dwell?  
 " He, who from right ne'er turns aside,  
 Nor fails his tongue the truth to tell:—
- 2 Who ne'er backbites nor hurts the fame,  
 The good name, which his neighbor bears,  
 Nor e'er withstands his lawful claim,  
 Nor aught of his estate impairs:—

3 Who looks with keen, indignant eye  
On vileness, though in pomp display'd,  
But honors virtuous poverty,  
And all in holiness array'd:—

— 4 The man, who thus is seen upright,  
Shall be of God, his Maker, lov'd,  
mf His home shall be in heav'nly light,  
When earth's foundations are remov'd. ALLEN.

THIRD VERS.—C. M. *St. Martins. Nottingham.*

*The Heir of Heaven.*

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,  
O God of holiness?  
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell,  
Where saints his name confess?

2 The man, who walks in pious ways,  
And works with pious hands;  
Who on his Maker's promise stays,  
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the thing, his heart conceives,  
Nor slanders with his tongue;  
An ill report he scarce believes,  
Nor does his neighbor wrong.

4 No wealthy sinner he reveres;  
Loves all, who fear the Lord;  
And, though to his own hurt he swears,  
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands a golden bribe repel,  
And never gripe the poor:  
mf This man with God on earth shall dwell,  
And find his heav'n secure. WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Turin.*

*The Man approved of God.*

[Repeat the first 2 lines of the tune N.]

1 WHO shall dwell, O Lord, with Thee,  
In thy high pavilion bright?  
He, whose hands from stains are free;  
He, who walks in ways upright;  
Speaking truth with kindly tongue,  
Never charg'd with shameful wrong:—

- 2 In whose eyes the vile are mean,  
 'Though array'd in golden dust,  
 But to whom all fair and sheen  
 Seem the humblest of the just,—  
 mf All the men in virtue's guise,  
 Denizens of yonder skies:—
- 3 Who from promise ne'er is bent,  
 Scorning bribes of yellow gold ;  
 Guardian of the innocent,  
 Of oppress'd men patron bold ;—  
 mf He, who thus abides in love,  
 Surely has a home above!

ALLEN.

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16. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Rockingham. Hebron.*

*Good works. The Love of the Good.*

- PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need ;  
 For succor to thy throne I flee,  
 But have no merits there to plead ;  
 My goodness cannot reach to Thee.
- p 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd,  
 How poor my soul, how weak my frame ;  
 — My praise can never make Thee blest,  
 Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
 Some profit by the good I do ;  
 These are the company, I keep,  
 These are the choicest friends, I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,  
 To give a relish to their wine ;  
 mf I love the men of heav'nly birth,  
 Whose thoughts and language are divine.

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *St. Pauls. Farnsworth.*

*Hope of the Resurrection.*

- 1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong ;  
 His arm is my almighty prop ;  
 mf Be glad, my heart, rejoice my tongue,  
 p My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,  
 Yet, gracious Lord, Thou wilt not leave

My body always with the dead,  
Nor of glad hope my soul bereave.

mf 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust and rise on high ;  
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way  
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;  
And full discov'ries of thy grace,  
Which we but tasted here below,  
Spread purest joys through all the place.

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. Nichols. Westford.

*Support and Counsel from God.*

1 LET heathens to their idols haste,  
And worship wood or stone,  
But my delightful lot is cast,  
Where the true God is known.

2 His hand provides my constant food,  
He fills my daily cup ;  
Much am I pleas'd with present good,  
But more rejoice in hope.

mf 3 "God is my joy and hope," I say ;  
"His counsels are my light ;  
— He gives me sweet advice by day,  
And gentle hints by night!"

4 My soul would all her thoughts approve  
To his all-seeing eye ;

mf Not death, nor hell my hope shall move,  
While such a friend is nigh.

WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. Dundee. Colchester.

*Resurrection of Christ.*

1 "MY spirit, Lord, Thou wilt not leave  
In dark abyss to dwell ;  
Thy word all quick'ning I believe,  
And trust thy promise well.

f 2 "The path of life Thou hast reveal'd  
That leads me to thy throne ;  
Thy courts immortal pleasure yield,  
Thy presence joys unknown."

— 3 Thus, in the name of Christ, the Lord,  
The holy David sung,  
And Providence fulfils the word  
Of his prophetic tongue.

p 4 Jesus, whom every saint adores,  
Was crucified and slain:  
f Behold, the tomb its prey restores!  
Behold, He lives again!

— 5 When shall my feet arise and stand  
On heav'n's eternal height?  
f There sits the Son at God's right hand,  
Array'd in glorious light!

WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Stonington.*  
*God the portion of the Righteous.*

1 O LORD, I trust in Thee!  
I said,—“Thou art my God!”  
O, let thy mercies come to me,  
For in thy paths I've trod.

2 Thy House shines forth most bright;  
'Tis dear unto my heart;  
Thence, where is all my pure delight,  
My feet shall ne'er depart.

3 Though men their idols serve,  
And kindle altar-flames,  
I from thy worship ne'er will swerve,  
Nor will I speak their names!

mf 4 Jehovah, with his grace,  
Is mine, forever mine!

mp My lot is cast in pleasant place,  
My heritage divine!

5 Heav'n's path Thou wilt me show,  
Blessings beyond time's power,  
mf The streams of good, that overflow,  
Pleasures forevermore!

ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Southampton.*  
*The Resurrection.*

1 GUARD me, for in Thee I trust,  
Lord, most holy, good, and just;

- mf Thou, on earth my refuge nigh,  
 Thou, my heritage on high!
- 2 Hence my heart all gladness feels,  
 Oft my tongue thy grace reveals,  
 p And my flesh in hope shall rest,  
 — Sure to dwell with all the blest!
- 3 Ne'er did He, thy Holy One,  
 Laid in tomb with sealed stone,  
 Feel corruption's mould'ring breath ;  
 mf But He burst the bonds of death!
- 4 I too, Lord, at length shall rise,  
 Flying upward to the skies!  
 f Fullest joy 'Thou wilt restore,  
 Pleasures pure, forevermore!      ALLEN.

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17. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Appleton. Hingham.*

*The Saint's Hope : or the Resurrection.*

- 1 LORD I am thine, but 'Thou wilt prove  
 My faith, my patience, and my love ;  
 When men of spite against me join,  
 They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;  
 'Tis all the happiness they know ;  
 'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
 And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;  
 Aff Lord, 'tis enough, that Thou art mine ;  
 I shall behold thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- p 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
 mf But the bright world, to which I go,  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
 When shall I wake, and find me there?
- f 5 O, glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
 I shall be near and like my God ;  
 And flesh and sin no more control  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul !
- p 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
 < Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
 > Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
 f And in my Savior's image rise.      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Ferry.**Confidence in God.*

- 1 ATTEND, O Lord, unto my cry,  
 Unto my prayer give ear ;  
 Behold me with impartial eye,  
 And by thy sentence clear.
- 2 Thy wondrous loving kindness show,  
 Thy grace and love to me,  
 O, Thou, who dost thy servants know,  
 That put their trust in Thee.
- f 3 When the last trumpet wakes the dead,  
 Thy face shall I behold,  
 p Uprising from my lowly bed,  
 f To taste of joys untold! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Olmutz.**Portion of Saints and Sinners.*

- 1 ARISE, my gracious God,  
 And make the wicked flee ;  
 They are but thy chastising rod,  
 To drive thy saints to Thee.
- p 2 Behold, the sinner dies ;—  
 — His haughty words are vain ;  
 Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,  
 v And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,  
 And boast of all his store ;  
 mf The Lord is my inheritance,  
 My soul can wish no more !
- 4 I shall behold the face  
 Of my forgiving God,  
 And stand complete in righteousness,  
 Wash'd in my Savior's blood.
- 5 There's a new heav'n begun,  
 When I awake from death,  
 Drest in the likeness of thy Son,  
 And draw immortal breath. WATTS.

18. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Brentford. Appleton.**Rejoicing in God.*

- 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,  
Great Rock of my secure abode ;  
Who is a God beside the Lord?  
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis He, who girds me with his might,  
Gives me his holy sword to wield,  
And, while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock,  
The God of my salvation lives!  
The dark designs of hell are broke!  
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- mf 4 Before the scoffers of the age  
I will exalt my Father's name,  
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,  
But meet reproach and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed  
Thy grace forever shall extend;  
Thy love to saints, in Christ, their head,  
Knows not a limit, nor an end. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Winchester. Walton.**God the Defence of his Servants.*

- 1 WHEN to my God on high I cried,  
f Then shook the earth and trembled wide;  
For He was wroth, and blazing fire  
Was kindled by his dreadful ire.
- 2 He bowed the heav'ns, and He came down ;  
Under his feet was darkness strown ;  
He rode upon the cherubins,  
He flew upon the wings of winds!
- 3 Thick darkness did his throne surround,  
Dark clouds pavilion'd Him around,  
He thunder'd in the heav'ns on high,  
His lightnings darted through the sky!
- 4 His foes, discomfited, o'erthrown,  
Jehovah by his might is known!  
Blest are the men, who trust in God,  
For them his arm is stretch'd abroad. ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Uxbridge.**Deliverance from Despair.*

- Aff 1 THEE will I love, O Lord, most high,  
 My rock, my tow'r, my sure defence ;  
 On thy strong arm will I rely,  
 For I have found salvation thence.
- p 2 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,  
 With endless pains and sorrows there,  
 Which none, but they, who feel, can tell,  
 While I was hurried to despair.
- 3 In grief I call'd on God aloud,  
 When I could scarce believe Him mine ;  
 To my complaints his ear He bow'd ;  
 < Then did his grace appear divine.
- mf 4 At his rebuke the tempter fled,—  
 The blast of his almighty breath ;  
 He chas'd away my fears and dread,  
 > And drew me from the depths of death.
- f 5 My song forever shall record  
 That terrible, that joyful hour,  
 And give the glory to the Lord,  
 Due to his mercy and his power. WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—L. M. *Yale. Alfreton.**Sincerity : God impartial.*

- 1 LORD, Thou hast seen my soul sincere,  
 Hast made thy truth and love appear ;  
 Before mine eyes I set thy laws,  
 And Thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 What sore temptations broke my rest ?  
 What wars and struggles in my breast ?  
 But through thy grace, that reigns within,  
 I guard against my darling sin.
- 3 The sin, that close besets me still,  
 That works and strives against my will,—  
 mf When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r  
 Destroy it, that it rise no more ?
- 4 With an impartial hand the Lord  
 Deals out to mortals their reward :

The kind and faithful soul shall find  
A God as faithful and as kind.

- 5 The just and pure shall ever say,  
Thou art more pure, more just, than they;  
And men, who love revenge, shall know,  
God hath an arm of vengeance too. WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. Nottingham. Stephens.

*God gives Victory.*

- mf 1 WE love Thee, Lord, and we adore ;  
Now is thine arm reveal'd ;  
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,  
Our bulwark and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,  
And find a sure defence ;  
His holy name our lips invoke,  
And draw salvation thence.
- f 3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,  
What mortal heart can bear  
The thunder of his loud alarms,  
The lightning of his spear ?
- mf 4 He rides upon the winged wind,  
And angels in array  
In millions wait to know his mind,  
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest  
For his own churches' sake ;  
The pow'rs, that give his people rest,  
Shall of his care partake. WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—C. M. Nottingham. Tolland.

*The Conqueror's Song.*

- mf 1 TO thine almighty arm we owe  
The triumphs of the day ;  
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,  
And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,  
And break united pow'rs,  
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale  
The proudest of their tow'rs.

- 3 In vain to idol saints they cry,  
And perish in their blood:  
f Where is a rock, so great, so high,  
So pow'rful,—as our God?
- 4 The Rock of Israel ever lives,  
His name be ever blest ;—  
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,  
> And gives his people rest. WATTS.

SEVENTH VERSION.—C. M. *St. Anns. London.**The Majesty of God.*

- 1 THE Lord descended from his seat,  
And bow'd the heav'ns most high ;  
He came, and cast beneath his feet  
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubins  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of all the winds  
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 From heav'n above the Lord most good  
Did fetch me from below,  
And pluck'd me from the raging flood,  
That did me overflow.
- 4 Unspotted is Jehovah's way,  
His word is purely tried:  
'To such He is a shield and stay,  
As in his faith abide. STERNHOLD.

EIGHTH VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Boylston.**God a Savior.*

- Aff 1 O'ERWHELM'D, to God I cried,—  
“Hear, O Thou God of love!  
Turn not from me thine ear aside,  
But save me from above!”
- f 2 Then earth in terror shook,  
The rock-built mountains steep  
Trembled, nor could God's anger brook,  
Nor their foundations keep.
- 3 The Lord from heav'n came down,—  
Darkness beneath his feet ;—

He rode on cherub as his throne,  
He flew on tempest fleet.

4 He thunder'd from on high,  
He utter'd forth his voice ;  
His lightnings gleam'd out on the eye ;  
The earth shook at the noise !

Aff 5 In mercy from above,  
From out the waters deep  
He drew me in his saving love;—  
And safely will He keep! ALLEN.

NINTH VER.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Silver Street.*  
*Jehovah a Rock.*

1 MOST firm is thy good word,  
And nought my trust shall shock ;  
For who is God, except the Lord,  
And who, besides, a Rock ?

2 As with the hind's swift feet  
I've fled from urging foe,  
Or, dress'd in panoply complete,  
Have laid my foemen low !

3 An arm of pow'r and right  
Hath ever fought for me ;—  
His arm, who met the tempter's might,  
And gain'd the victory !

f 4 Jehovah lives above,  
And, blessed be my Rock,  
No pow'r my confidence shall move,  
My trust in Him shall shock! ALLEN.

TENTH VERSION.—7s. *Bates. Southampton.*  
*God a glorious Protector.*

f 1 GOD, my strength and my high tower,  
Buckler, shield, and castled rock !  
Vain th' assault of hostile power ;  
Fearless will I meet the shock.

2 Lo, He bows the arched skies,  
Comes He glorious as a God !  
Swift on cherub's wings He flies,  
Borne by mighty winds abroad.

- 3 Darkness is beneath his feet,  
Thickest mists before him rise ;  
Deep, dark waters are his seat,  
Clouds involve him in the skies.
- f 4 Thunders God in heav'n aloud,  
Sudden bursts the blazing light ;  
Hail stones fall from frowning cloud,  
Putting all his foes to flight.
- 5 In the storm I feel no dread,  
mf God, my Savior, is my trust:  
What can hurt my guarded head?—  
Always God protects the just!

ALLEN.

ELEVENTH VERSION.—8s & 7s. *Sicily. Cesarea.**God a Refuge.*

- 1 GOD, the horn of my salvation!  
I will love thy holy name ;  
Never shall thine indignation  
Bring me, as my foes, to shame.
- p 2 Once I was oppress'd with sorrow,  
Floods of tempting pow'rs assail'd,  
Hope from earth no light could borrow,  
Sad, my mis'ry I bewail'd.
- 3 Then to Thee, O Lord, I prayed,  
Thou didst hear my mournful cry ;—  
mf All in majesty arrayed,  
Thou didst come down from the sky.
- 4 Earth unto its deep foundation  
Trembles at the coming God:  
Clouds flame out thine indignation,  
f Tempests bear Thee all abroad.
- mf 5 I am safe:—my God defends me,  
Ever to his saints He's nigh ;—  
Quick deliv'rance JESUS sends me  
From his gracious throne on high.

ALLEN.

19. FIRST VER.—L. P. M. *Nashville. Newcourt.**The Book of Nature and Scripture.*

- f 1 GREAT God, the heav'ns' well-order'd frame  
Declares the glories of thy name ;

There thy rich works of wonder shine;  
 A thousand starry beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant marks appear  
 Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

— 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
 The dawning and the dying light  
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;  
 p With silent eloquence they raise  
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
 And neither sound nor language need.

mf 3 I love the volumes of thy word;  
 What light and joy these leaves afford  
 d To souls benighted and distress'd?  
 — Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
 > Thy promise leads my heart to rest. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Rothwell.*

*Nature and Scripture compared.*

- 1 The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
 In ev'ry 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 pow'r confess;  
 But thy blest volume, pure and bright,  
 Reveals thy love and righteousness.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;—  
 So, when thy truth began its race,  
 It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- mf 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.
- f 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:  
 — Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiven:

Aff Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven!

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Danvers. Bowen.*

*The Heavens speak of God.*

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day  
Doth his Creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.
- p 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 While all the stars, that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
f And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- mf 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
mf "The hand, that made us, is divine!" ADDISON.

*Marvell*

FOURTH VERSION.—L. M. *Rothwell. Nazareth.*

*The Voice of Nature, and the Gospel.*

- 1 THE orbs celestial, as they shine,  
Proclaim, O Lord, thy majesty ;  
Day speaks to day of pow'r divine,  
And night to night announces Thee.
- p 2 Though utt'ring no artic'late speech,  
And to their voice no ear attend,  
— Yet through the earth their signals reach,  
To distant worlds their words extend.

- § Behold the glorious, blazing Sun,  
Which from his eastern chamber breaks,  
Like a strong man his race to run,  
And his wide heav'nly circuit makes!
- f 4 The Gospel is a brighter light,  
More radiant to the dazzled eye,  
^ Moving with more resistless might,  
v With wider circuit in the sky!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Paddington.**The Voice of Nature.*

- 1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky  
Declares its maker, God,  
And all his starry works on high  
Proclaim his pow'r 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 ev'ry diff'rent land  
Their gen'ral voice is known;  
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 While of thy works I sing,  
Thy glory to proclaim,  
Accept the praise, my God, my King,  
In my Redeemer's name!

WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—S. M. *Mornington. Beverly.**Excellence of the Gospel.*

- 1 Behold the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way ;

His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.

mf 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 men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given?

Aff O may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven!

5 I hear thy word with love,  
And I would fain obey;  
Send thy good Spirit from above  
To guide me, lest I stray.

mf 6 While with my heart and tongue  
I spread thy praise abroad,  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Savior and my God!

WATTS.

SEVENTH VER.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Paddington.*

*God's perfect Law.*

1 THY perfect Law, O Lord,  
Restores the erring soul;  
The Testimonies of thy word  
All foolish thoughts control.

2 Thy Statutes, Lord, are right,  
And fill the heart with joy;  
Thy Truth, like yonder sun, is light,  
Out-beaming on the eye.

3 Thy Fear from sin reclaims,  
And ever shall endure;  
Thy Judgments, righteous in their aims,  
True reverence ensure.

4 Less priz'd is finest gold,  
Or diamond from the mine,—

Honey most pure less sweet I hold,  
Than *this* good Word of thine.

- p 5 But who can understand  
The error of his way?  
Aff Lord, cleanse Thou me by thy Command,  
And keep me, lest I stray.
- mf 6 So shall each word and thought  
Be pleasing in thy sight,  
O Thou, who hast thy servant bought,  
And savest by thy might! ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Prentiss.*  
*God's Works.*

- mf 1 LORD, the heav'ns thy pow'r proclaim,  
Glitt'ring stars announce thy name,  
Day to day repeats thy praise,  
Night to night thy work displays.
- p 2 They've no speech of Thee to speak,  
Nor doth voice deep silence break ;  
Yet distinctly is their word  
◇ Through the earth's wide circuit heard.
- mf 3 In his high pavilion bright  
Dwells the sun in dazzling light,  
Whence he comes in bridegroom's grace,  
And like strong man runs his race.
- 4 Nought escapes his blazing eye,  
Nought his burning heat can fly ;  
Emblem faint of Thee most bright,—  
Of thy Glory and thy Might ! ALLEN.

NINTH VERSION.—7s. *Palmer. Nuremburg.*

[Repeat the first two lines of the tune of N. ]

*The Sun, and Sun of Righteousness.*

- " 1 GOD for sun hath pitch'd a tent  
In the heav'ns of wide extent,  
Out of which the sun doth come,  
Like a glad and gay bridegroom,  
Or like giant stout and strong,  
Running mighty race along.

- 2 He from east to west doth run ;  
 He the victory hath won ;  
 Darkness, conquer'd, flees away,  
 Night retires before the day ;  
 mf Lo, he comes in splendor bright,  
 Filling earth with his glad light.
- f 3 Sun of Righteousness on high !  
 Gladlier dost Thou meet our eye :  
 Purer, brighter are thy beams,  
 Pouring wide the holiest gleams !  
 Soon shall all earth's darkness flee,  
 ff And the world thy glory see! ALLEN.

TENTH VERSION.—7 & 4. *Meredith. Aspiration. Z.*

*Thirst for Holiness.*

- Aff 1 Who his errors can survey?  
 Who can understand his way?  
 Lord, from secret, guilty stain  
 Wash me, and from sin restrain:—  
     Guard and keep me,—  
 That I ne'er may sin again!
- 2 Lead me to th' atoning blood,  
 In whose purifying flood  
 I may find a cleansing power,  
 With the strength to sin no more:—  
     JESUS!—save me!—  
 Give me grace in tempting hour.
- 3 Let the words, my lips impart,  
 Let the thoughts within my heart  
 Be, Lord, pleasing in thy sight ;  
 Let my soul be pure as light:—  
     Make me holy,—  
 My Redeemer and my Might! ALLEN.

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20. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. Nazareth.*  
*Prayer and Hope of Victory.*

- Aff 1 Now may the God of pow'r and grace  
 Attend his people's humble cry!  
 — Jehovah hears, when Israel prays,  
 And brings deliv'rance from on high.

- mf 2 The name of Jacob's God defends  
 Better than shields or brazen walls ;  
 He from his sanctuary sends  
 Succor and strength, when Zion calls.
- 3 Well He remembers all our sighs,  
 And freely his rich grace imparts ;  
 p His love accepts the sacrifice  
 > Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
 mf Now let our hope be firm and strong,  
 Till thy salvation shall appear,  
 f And joy and triumph raise the song!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Uxbridge. Rockingham.*

*Trust in Christ.*

- 1 HOLY, anointed King divine !  
 In thy salvation we delight ;—  
 Thy name inscrib'd, our banners shine ;  
 For Thee, untrembling, will we fight.
- 2 Jehovah sav'd Thee from the grave ;  
 From the high heav'n his arm was near ;  
 And Thou hast pow'r thy saints to save,  
 Thou hast a gracious ear to hear.
- 3 In scythed chariots some confide,  
 And some in horse, that paws the clod ;  
 mf We ask no pow'r upon our side,  
 Save thy great name, O Lord, our God !
- Aff 4 O, blessed Jesus ! let thy grace  
 Thy servants from corruption raise,  
 That, joyous, we may see thy face,  
 And give Thee everlasting praise!      ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—8 & 7. *Messina. Dane.*

*God a Savior in Zion.*

- Aff 1 LORD, in troublous day be near me,  
 In the hour of pain and grief ;  
 In thy love and mercy hear me,  
 Send me quick and glad relief.
- 2 Out of Zion, thy blest dwelling,  
 Send me help and saving power ;

mf Then shall notes of joy be swelling  
Aff From the lips, which Thee adore!—

3 Lord, my soul to Thee upraiseth  
Monument of gratitude ;  
Thee my soul, admiring, praiseth,  
Thee, most merciful and good!

ALLEN.

21. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Tatnall. Alfreton.*  
*Christ a King.*

1 David rejoic'd in God, his strength,  
Rais'd to the throne by special grace ;  
But Christ, the Son, appears at length,  
Fulfil's the triumphs and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy  
In the salvation of thy hand!

mf Lord, Thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,  
< And giv'n the world to his command.

f 3 Honor and majesty divine  
Around his sacred temples shine,  
Blest with the favor of thy face,  
And length of everlasting days.

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Bernard. Rockingham.*  
*Christ raised to the Throne.*

1 WHEN Jesus pray'd, Thou, LORD, wast nigh  
To lift Him from his rock-hewn bed:—  
< He rose triumphant to the sky,  
— With kingly crown plac'd on his head.

2 The life, He ask'd, was freely given ;  
Not transient life again below,  
< But life, a blessed life in heaven,  
◇ While everlasting ages flow!

mf 3 And now in thy salvation great  
The King rejoices in the sky,  
Exalted to a glorious state,  
With honor crown'd and majesty.

f 4 Ye enemies of Zion's king,  
Submit, lest He your souls destroy ;—  
Jesus! thy conqu'ring arm we sing,  
And hope to see thy face with joy!

ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—8 & 7s. *Worthing. Cesarea.*

*Jesus the King of Zion.*

- 1 LORD, the King of Zion joyeth  
 In the strength, Thou didst bestow,  
 And his thankful lips employeth  
 In thy praises, which o'erflow.
- p 2 In his suff'ring hour He prayed,  
 When outstretched on the tree ;  
 Thou didst hear Him, when dismayed,  
 And from wo didst set Him free.
- mf 3 Chang'd his cross for throne in heaven,  
 Him the glorious hosts adore ;  
 Life, the life He ask'd, was given,  
 Length of days forevermore !
- p 4 By his grace the world redeeming,  
 mf All the earth thy love shall know ;  
 < All shall see thy truth outbeaming,  
 f All to Zion's King shall bow !      ALLEN.

22. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Cabot. Hanover.*

*Christ's Sufferings.*

- p 1 Now let our mournful songs record  
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
 When He complain'd in tears and blood,  
 As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld Him thus forlorn,  
 And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn,—  
 "He rescued others from the grave ;  
 Now let Him try Himself to save."

*Cadiz.*

- 3 But God, his Father, heard his cry ;—  
 mf Rais'd from the dead, He reigns on high ;  
 The nations learn his righteousness,  
 p And humble sinners taste his grace.      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Duke street. Hebron.*

*Christ dying and rising.*

- Aff 1 "MY God! my Father and my God!  
 Why hast Thou now forsaken Me? "

- Thus, while beneath the chast'ning rod,  
Exclaim'd the Suff'rer on the tree.
- 2 It was his final cry of wo:—  
No more shall scorners shake the head,  
Nor deem, as his heart's blood doth flow,  
That God hath left Him with the dead.
- f 3 He lives, salvation to confer!  
Awaking in majestic might,  
◇ He bursts his rock-hewn sepulchre,  
> And heav'n receives Him out of sight!
- f 4 Zion rejoice:—thy glorious King  
Now reigns at God's right hand above ;  
His triumphs loud extol, and sing  
The untold wonders of his love!      ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Windham. Canton.*

*The Messiah's Prayer on the Cross.*

- Aff 1 MY God! my God! my sorrows see!  
O, why hast Thou forsaken Me?  
Why is not, Lord, thy mercy near?  
Why dost Thou turn away thine ear?
- 2 I hang a spectacle of scorn,  
The Lamb of sacrifice forlorn ;  
My foes reproach Me in their pride:—  
How long shall all this grief abide?
- 3 They say, "He trusted on the Lord ;  
Then let God send his saving word,  
Release Him from the cross-beam'd tree,  
And set Him from his sorrows free!"
- Aff 4 Be not far from Me, O my God ;  
I sink beneath thy smiting rod!  
p With bleeding hands and bleeding feet,  
Dying for men, their scorn I meet.
- Aff 5 Make haste, O God, my trust and strength,  
And give Me rescuing help at length!  
O save Me from my untold wo!  
Let Me thy love and mercy know!
- 6 Thus pray'd the Victim on the tree ;  
God sav'd Him from his misery:  
mf Exalted to a heav'nly throne,  
All nations shall his glory own!      ALLEN.

## FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. Marlow. Colchester.

*Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.*

- 1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,  
O Lord, protect thy Son ;  
Nor leave thy darling to engage  
The pow'rs of hell alone !"
- 2 Thus did our suff'ring Savior pray,  
With mighty cries and tears:  
God heard Him in that dreadful day,  
And chas'd away his fears.
- f 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
His throne exalted high;  
And all, that dwell on earth beneath,  
◇ Shall worship,—or shall die.
- 4 The isles shall know the righteousness  
Of our incarnate God,  
And nations, yet unborn, profess  
f Salvation in his blood. WATTS.

## FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. Dedham. Albany.

*Confidence in God in Affliction.*

- 1 Praise God, all ye, who fear his name,  
Extol his mercy high ;  
Ne'er will He put his friends to shame,  
Who lift to Him their cry.
- 2 His face He did not hide from me,  
But heard in suff'ring hour ;  
To Him, then, songs of melody  
I in his house will pour.
- 3 Ye sufferers! in God confide ;  
Your heart shall yet revive;  
And all the people, far and wide,  
Shall turn to God and live! ALLEN.

## SIXTH VERSION.—7s. Edyfield. Pleyel's Hymn.

*Christ praying to the Father.*

- Aff 1 "O my God, to Thee on high  
Day and night I lift my cry ;  
Vainly shall my cries outbreak ?  
Why dost Thou my soul forsake ?

2 "In my dark estate forlorn,  
Lo, I'm now the people's scorn,—  
'Let his God appear and save,  
Save Him from the yawning grave !"

3 "Wicked men enclose Me round,  
And my blood bedews the ground,  
Flowing from my hands and feet:  
They their triumph deem complete.

4 "Be not far, my God, from Me ;  
From my woes O set Me free ;  
Let thy rescuing power be nigh,  
Send deliv'rance from on high !"

5 God the Suff'rer heard, and lo !  
Joy succeeds the cross-borne wo ;  
f Jesus rises from the grave,  
Jesus reigns, the world to save ! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Kimball.*

*God heareth Prayer.*

1 WHEN to God the Suff'rer cried,  
God his pray'r did not despise,  
Nor from Him his face did hide,  
But sent mercies from the skies.

2 Then let God be ever prais'd  
In the company of saints ;  
f Let glad songs be ever rais'd,  
> Grateful songs for sad complaints.

— 3 God will ever bless the meek,  
God will cheer them with his love ;  
They, who earnest Him do seek,  
f Shall inherit life above ! ALLEN.

23. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Oxford. Ribbith.*

*God our Shepherd.*

dol 1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord ;  
Now shall my wants be well supplied :  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures, where salvation grows,  
He makes me feed, He makes me rest ;

There living water gently flows,  
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake;  
But He restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,  
Where death and all its terrors are;  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
f For God, my Shepherd's with me there. WATTS.

SECOND VER.—L.M. *Sudbury. Admah. Belville.*

*Jehovah our Shepherd.*

dol 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 noon-day walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
p My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

— 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
mf 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.

— 4 Though in a bare and rugged way  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
mf With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around. ADDISON.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Orford. Hebron.*

*The Heavenly Shepherd.*

dol 1 The Lord, my Shepherd, is on high,  
To every want He brings supply,

- p In pastures green He gives repose,  
And leads, where living water flows.
- dol 2 When from his paths I go astray,  
And wander in the per'ulous way,  
My soul He kindly doth restore,  
And keeps me, that I err no more.
- 3 Though I should walk in death's dark vale,  
Where unshap'd shadows glide and wail,  
His shepherd's crook shall guard and guide,  
And nought of ill shall me betide.
- < 4 Though dark the way, it leads to light,—  
X Though fill'd with wo, to pure delight;—  
mp It leads from earth's low, dark abode  
f Up to the glorious throne of God! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Corinth. Heath.*

*God our Shepherd.*

- dol 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need ;  
Jehovah is his name !  
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay ;  
A word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days ;  
mf O may thy house be my abode,  
And all my work be praise ! WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *Corinth. Heath.**God the Believer's Shepherd.*

- dol 1 MY Shepherd is the Lord, my God,  
 No want I e'er shall know ;  
 Guided by Him, my feet have trod,  
 Where greenest pastures grow.
- 2 He leadeth me along beside  
 The waters flowing still,  
 Restoring, as they gently glide,  
 My life and failing will.
- 3 Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,  
 No fears my hope o'ersway ;  
 Thy presence, Lord, shall not then fail,—  
 Thy crook shall guide my way.
- 4 Thou pourest oil upon my head,  
 Grace from thy boundless store ;  
 My table is with blessings spread,  
 My cup of joy runs o'er.
- 5 Through all my pilgrim life thy love  
 Shall still attend me well,  
 f And in thy temple bright above  
 < I shall forever dwell!

ALLEN

SIXTH VERSION.—S. M. *Olmutz. Lathrop.**God's tender Care of his People.*

- 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 heav'nly pasture grows,  
 Where living waters gently pass,  
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
 He doth my soul reclaim,  
 And guides me in his own right way  
 For his most holy name.
- 4 While He affords his aid,  
 I cannot yield to fear ;

Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
mf My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my foll'wing days,  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise. WATTS.

SEVENTH VERSION.—7s. *Northwood. Edyfield.*

*Jehovah our Shepherd.*

dol 1 GOD'S my Shepherd, and his eye,  
Sleepless, watches o'er my soul:  
While his rod and crook are nigh,  
I am safe, though wild beasts prowl.

2 He doth make me to repose  
In the pastures green and fair ;—  
pp Where the silent water flows,  
He doth lead me safely there.

dol 3 Though I walk through death's dark vale,  
Thou, O Lord, shalt be with me ;  
My firm trust shall not then fail,  
Peace and hope shall come from Thee.

4 Mercy flows down on my head,  
Goodness from thy boundless store ;—  
Richest blessings Thou dost spread ;  
My full cup of joy runs o'er.

5 Safe, through all my pilgrim life,  
Thou wilt guide me, where I roam,  
And, beyond the closing strife,  
Heav'n shall be my endless home! ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—7s. *Turin. Rutland.*

*Christ our Shepherd.*

dol 1 CHRIST, my Shepherd, is my guide,  
All my wants shall be supplied:  
He doth make me to repose,  
Where the green, sweet pasture grows ;

He doth lead me, at his will,  
By the waters cool and still.

- 2 Though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Never shall my courage fail ;  
With thy rod protecting me,  
All terrific shapes shall flee ;  
Lo, thy staff shall guide my way  
Up to heav'n's eternal day!

ALLEN.

NINTH VERSION.—8s. *Northfield. Auburn.**The Heavenly Shepherd.*

- dol 1 MY Shepherd! my soul He will feed ;  
In folds of green grass I repose,  
In pastures most sweet do I feed,  
I'm led by the stream, that soft flows.
- 2 Though walking in sorrow's dark vale,  
Yet there no strange ills shall affright ;  
Thy crook, it will ever avail  
To guard and to guide me aright.
- 3 My soul Thou wilt ever befriend ;  
The cup of my bliss doth o'erswell ;  
Sure goodness my days shall attend,  
And in the Lord's house I shall dwell! ALLEN.

TENTH VERS.—11s. *Tappan. Portuguese Hymn.**The Shepherd of his People.*

- dol 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, I never shall need,  
In greenness of pasture He maketh me feed ;  
He leadeth my soul by the still waters' side,  
◇ Where streams of salvation most gently do glide.
- dol 2 My soul, when I rove, He doth kindly restore,  
And me will He keep, that I wander no more ;  
Of perils no form shall my courage affright,—  
mf I'm safe with my Shepherd, the Lord of all might!
- dol 3 Yea, though thro' the vale of the shadow of death  
I walk 'mid the shapes, which are stalking be-  
neath,  
No evil I'll fear, for Thou, Lord, art with me,  
mf Thy rod and thy staff for my comfort shall be.

dol 4 My table Thou spreadest in presence of foes,  
 Thine oil on my head now most fragrantly flows;  
 mf I never shall fail of thy goodness and love,—  
 f And ever shall dwell in thy temple above!

ALLEN

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24. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. Bowen. *Uxbridge.*  
*Saints dwell in Heaven.*

1 THIS spacious earth, O Lord, is thine,  
 Created by thy pow'r divine ;  
 The building rear'd upon the flood,  
 A dwelling place for man it stood.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,  
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:—  
 p Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
 And dwell so near his Maker, God?

" 3 He, who abhors and fears to sin,  
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean ;  
 Him shall the Lord, the Savior, bless,  
 And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,  
 Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;  
 f These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
 And dwell in everlasting light! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. Appleton. *Hamburg.*  
*Christ entering Heaven.*

" 1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,  
 Behold the King of Glory nigh!  
 p Who can this King of Glory be?  
 f The mighty Lord, the Savior's He!

mf 2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,  
 To make the Lord, the Savior, way ;  
 Laden with spoils from earth and hell,  
 The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

3 Rais'd from the dead, He goes before,  
 He opens heav'n's eternal door,  
 To give his saints a blest abode,  
 Near their Redeemer and their God. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Epping*. *Tallis Chant*.  
*Ascension of Christ.*

- " 1 "LIFT up your heads ye starry gates!  
Ye heav'nly doors, unfold!  
For lo,—the King of Glory waits,  
With myriads untold!"
- f 2 Who is this King of Glory? Say.—  
We say,—“The Lord of might,—  
Deck'd in the Conqueror's array,—  
In matchless glory bright!”—
- " 3 Who is this King of Glory?—“He,  
f Who burst the rock-built cave,  
And set us from corruption free!—  
The Lord, mighty to save!”

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dudley*. *Dalston*.  
*Jesus ascending.*

- " 1 "YE gates, lift up your head!  
Ye doors of heav'n, be spread!  
For lo! the King of Glory's nigh!"—  
Who is this glorious King,  
In praise of whom ye sing,  
Ye hosts, that come up to the sky?—
- f 2 "The Lord of pow'r and might!  
The Lord, array'd in light,  
And crown'd with wondrous victory!"—
- " Who is this glorious King,  
In praise of whom ye sing?—
- ff "The Lord of hosts, the King most high!"

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Brown*. *Turin*.  
*Heavenly Abode.*

- " 1 WHO shall dwell in heav'n above,  
Cheer'd with God's refulgent light?—  
He, whose heart abides in love,  
Never swerving from the right:—  
He God's blessing shall receive;  
With his Savior shall he live!

- f<sup>ii</sup> 2 O, ye gates, lift up your heads!  
 Ope, ye everlasting doors!  
 Lo, the King of Glory leads,  
 Earth to heav'n its King restores!
- Ask ye, "Who's this glorious King?"  
 Myriads answer, while they sing:—
- f<sup>ii</sup> 3 "Jesus! first fruits from the dead,  
 He, before whom Satan fell;  
 Radiant crown upon his head,  
 Conqueror of death and hell;  
 Jesus, Lord of majesty,—
- p He, who died for me and thee!" ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Wilmot.**Jesus ascending.*

- " 1 O, YE gates, be open'd wide!  
 Move, perpetual doors, aside,—  
 Let the King of Glory come!  
 Him, ye Angels, welcome home!
- 2 Ask ye,—"Who's this glorious King?"—  
 Myriads answer, while they sing,—
- f "JESUS, conqueror of hell!  
 He, before whom Satan fell!
- 3 "He, the King of Glory bright,  
 Fountain of eternal light!  
 Let Him enter to his rest;  
 Shouting say ye,—'Be Thou blest!'" ALLEN.

SEVENTH VER.—7s. *Nuremburg. Southampton.**Ascension of Christ.*

## CHORUS.

- 1 EARTH and all its stores are God's,  
 Earth and all, that dwell below;  
 It He founded on the floods,  
 On the seas, which ever flow.

## FIRST VOICE.

- " 2 Who shall go up to God's hill,  
 Standing in his holy place?

## SECOND VOICE.

- He with pure and humble will,  
 He, whose hands no crimes deface.

3 He God's blessing shall receive,  
He God's favor shall possess.

FIRST VOICE.

— This the people, who believe ;  
These, O God, seek righteousness !

CHORUS.

f 4 Lift your heads on high, ye gates !  
Lift them, everlasting doors !  
For the King of Glory waits :  
Let Him come, whom heav'n adores !

FIRST VOICE.

5 King of Glory ! Who is He ?

SECOND VOICE.

mf Jesus ! Prince of heav'nly light !  
Jesus, crown'd with victory !  
Jesus, coming in his might !

CHORUS.

f 6 Lift your heads on high, ye gates !  
Lift them, everlasting doors !  
For the King of Glory waits :  
Let Him come, whom heav'n adores !

FIRST VOICE.

7 King of Glory ! Who is He ?

CHORUS.

ff Jesus, Savior, King of kings !  
Jesus, Lord of Majesty !  
He, whose praise all heaven sings ! ALLEN.

25. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. Dundee. Dedham.

*Prayer for Mercy.*

aff 1 I LIFT my soul, O Lord, to Thee,  
My trust is in thy name,  
O, guard me from mine enemy,  
Nor let me suffer shame.

2 Show me thy pure and holy way,  
Teach me the path of right ;  
I seek thy mercy ev'ry day,  
Be Thou my strength and light.

3 Remember not my sins of youth,  
Nor sins of riper years,

But kindly lead me in thy truth,  
And save me from my fears.

4 Give me the joys of pard'ning love  
Through Him, who died for me ;  
Cause me to seek the things above,  
From sinful chain set free.

5 The meek in judgment Thou wilt guide,  
The meek wilt teach thy way ;  
And such, as in thy truth abide,

mf Shall dwell in heav'nly day! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Olmutz.*  
*Trust in God.*

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 Sin and the pow'rs of hell  
Persuade me to despair :  
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,  
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light,  
Till the dark evening rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever longing eyes.

mp 4 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.

— 5 The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways ;  
And every humble sinner find  
'The methods of his grace. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Bender. Dover.*  
*Divine Instruction.*

mp 1 WHERE shall the man be found,  
Who fears t' offend his God,—  
Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
And trembles at the rod?

- 2 The Lord shall make him know  
 The secrets of his heart,  
 The wonders of his cov'nant show,  
 And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand  
 Are truth and mercy still  
 With such, as to his cov'nant stand,  
 And cheerful do his will.
- 4 Their souls, redeem'd with blood,  
 mf Shall see their Maker's face ;  
 Their seed shall taste the promis'd good  
 In its extensive grace. WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Pleyel's Hymn.*  
*Prayer in Affliction.*

- Aff 1 LORD, my eyes are turn'd to Thee!  
 O, from bondage set me free:  
 Lord, have mercy on my soul,  
 And my fears and woes control.
- 2 Thou dost see my troubled heart,  
 Pierc'd with sorrow's keenest dart:  
 Look in pity on my pain,  
 Wash away my guilty stain.
- 3 Thou dost see my num'rous foes ;  
 Well my soul their hatred knows:  
 Lord, deliver, rescue me,  
 For I trust alone in Thee!
- 4 And from foes and malice fell,  
 Lord, redeem thine Israel:  
 When thy people to Thee cry,  
 God of mercy! be Thou nigh! ALLEN.

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26. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Medway.*  
*Conscious Uprightness.*

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
 And search the secrets of my heart ;  
 My faith upon thy promise stays,  
 Nor from thy law my feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit  
 With men of vanity and lies ;

The scoffer and the hypocrite  
Are the abhorrence of my eyes.

- 3 Among thy saints, with unstain'd hand,  
Will I appear in innocence ;  
mp But, when before thy bar I stand,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.
- mf 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple, where thine honors dwell ;  
There shall I hear thy holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have past  
Among the saints, and near my God. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Duke Street. Walton.*

*Confidence in God.*

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord! with heart upright  
I've walk'd with Thee as in the light ;  
I've trusted in thy mighty name ;  
Lord, search me, as with eyes of flame!
- 2 Thy loving kindness, rich and free,  
Lives in my grateful memory ;  
And from thy truth's most holy path  
I've swerv'd not, to incur thy wrath.
- 3 Dissembling, vain, and wicked men  
My lov'd companions have not been ;  
I've deem'd them as the pestilence ;  
I'll wash my hands in innocence!
- Aff 4 O, how thy temple, Lord, I love!  
That fount of joys, shed from above,  
Of truth the pure and crystal well,—  
The place, where Thou dost always dwell!
- 5 Then whelm me not in vengeful flood  
With men, who thy commands withstood ;  
mf In thine assembly Thee I'll praise,  
And joyful songs in heav'n will raise! ALLEN.

27. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *Amboy. Albany.**The Church our Delight.*

- 1 THE Lord of Glory is my light,  
And my salvation too ;  
God is my strength, and by his might  
My foes I'll overthrow.
- p 2 For this one thing my spirit faints ;—  
O, grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God!
- 2 There I thy wondrous grace shall prove,  
And see thy beauty still ;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide ;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.
- mf 5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around,  
f And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Putney. Dedham.**Prayer and Hope.*

- 11 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,  
“Ye Children, seek my grace,”  
My heart replied without delay,  
“I'll seek my Fátther's face.”
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
Nor frown my soul away ;  
p God of my life, I fly to Thee  
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,  
Leave me to want, or die,  
My God my Savior will appear,  
And all my need supply.
- mf 4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
And trust, still fearing nought ;

He'll raise your spirit, when it faints,  
And far exceed your thought. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Laban.*

*Trust in God.*

- " 1 JEHOVAH is my light,  
My Savior and my guide ;  
Who then my soul can e'er affright,  
Or turn my peace aside ?
- 2 Though host against me camp,  
My heart shall fearless be ;  
Though war should rise, and war-horse tramp,  
No terror comes to me !
- 3 Within his house to dwell  
Is my inflam'd desire ;—  
There his great truths to ponder well,  
And for his face inquire.
- mp 4 For there my soul shall rest,  
As in their fold the flock ;  
There shall my soul be safe and blest,  
f Establish'd on a rock ! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Edyfield.*

*Jesus a Rock.*

- " 1 THOU, the Lord, my fount of light !  
What shall then my soul dismay ?  
Thou, my Savior and my might !  
Thou, my life's eternal stay !
- 2 While I tread this vale of woes,  
When around me troubles spread,  
p God his fair pavilion shows,  
Mercy, shelt'ring o'er my head !
- mf 3 He in safety shall conceal,  
Where his holy dwellings tower,  
To my soul the Rock reveal,  
Jesus, Rock of endless power ! GOODE.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Edyfield.*

*Prayer and Confidence in God.*

- aff 1 HEAR, O Lord, my mournful cry ;  
Bring thy saving mercy nigh ;

“Seek my face,” Jehovah cried,—  
 “Thee I’ll seek,” my heart replied.

2 Put me not in wrath away,  
 Leave me not to wild dismay;  
 God of my salvation, hear!  
 With thy light my darkness cheer!

3 When a father’s loss I wail,  
 When a mother’s love shall fail,  
 Then, O Lord, thy mercy free  
 Unremov’d shall stay with me!

4 Oft my soul had fainted, Lord,  
 Had I not believ’d thy word,  
 Had not hope’s all cheering light  
 Pour’d on me its radiance bright.

— 5 On the Lord with patience wait,  
 Boldly keep his path-way straight;  
 He will strengthen thee each day;  
 On Jehovah wait, I say! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s & 6s. *Missionary Hymn.*

*Confidence in God.*

1 THE Lord is my salvation:  
 What can my soul dismay?  
 The tide of desolation  
 His arm will turn away:—  
 Though by a host surrounded,  
 My heart shall never fear;  
 My hope is firmly founded,  
 For God, my strength, is near.

mp 2 In ev’ry time of trouble,  
 When sorrows press me down,  
 When earth is but a bubble,  
 And all its joys are flown;  
 Then in his tent He’ll hide me,  
 And I his truth shall prove,  
 Nor can my foes deride me,  
 Pavilion’d in his love! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Italian Hymn.**Confidence in God.*

- 1 JEHOVAH is my light,  
 My trust, and shield, and might;  
 Whom shall I fear?  
 Though I should meet a host,  
 My hope shall not be lost;  
 In vain is all their boast,  
 For God is near!
- mp 2 I have desir'd one thing  
 Of God, my heav'nly King,  
 For that I pray;—
- mf In his blest house to dwell,  
 And there his wonders tell,  
 My joyful songs to swell  
 In praise always!
- mp 3 For in dark trouble's hour  
 He'll guard me with his power,  
 And safely hide;
- f He'll set me on a rock;  
 In vain my foes shall mock,  
 Above each hostile shock  
 I shall abide! ALLEN.

28. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Duke Street. Uxbridge.**God hearing Prayer.*

- Aff 1 O LORD, my rock, to Thee I cry,  
 Turn 'Thou to me with pitying eye,  
 Lest I their wretched doom should know,  
 Who in the pit of death sink low.
- 2 My supplicating voice O hear,  
 When I with uplift hands appear;  
 From them, that work iniquity,  
 In thy great goodness set me free.
- mf 3 Forever blessed be thy name,  
 Thou hast not put my soul to shame;  
 Thou art my strength, and Thou my shield,  
 To me thy mercy was reveal'd.
- p 4 O Lord, thy people's cause advance;  
 And bless thine own inheritance,

O, feed them with the bread of heaven,  
To them let endless life be given ! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Colchester. St. Anns.*  
*God a Refuge.*

- Aff 1 TO Thee, O Lord, my rock, I cry,  
O, hear thy suppliant's voice ;  
Let thine almighty arm be nigh,  
Lest raging foes rejoice.
- mf 2 Forever blessed be the Lord !  
Thou art my strength and shield ;  
From heav'n was sent thy saving word,  
Thy mercy was reveal'd.
- 3 When Jesus, our exalted head,  
From sealed tomb did rise,  
He taught, that we should leave the dead,  
^ To meet Him in the skies.
- p 4 From sin and wo thy Zion save ;  
Lord give us peace below,  
And lift us from our lowly grave,  
^ The joys of heav'n to know ! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dalston. Bethel.*  
*Prayer and Praise.*

- Aff 1 O LORD, to Thee I cry ;  
Let thy strong arm be nigh,  
My num'rous, raging foes to quell !
- mf O, blessed be the Lord,  
Who sent his saving word,  
And did my scornful foes repel !
- 2 When Christ, our glorious head,  
Rose, conqu'ring, from the dead,  
He went up to his native skies ;
- p O, save us, Lord, from sin,  
And give us peace within,  
That we, like Thee, to heav'n may rise !  
ALLEN.
-

29. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Old Hundred. Arnheim.**Storm and Thunder.*

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;  
Ascribe due honors to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud  
Over the ocean and the land;  
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command
- 3 He speaks,—and tempest, hail, and wind  
Lay the wide forest bare around ;  
The fearful hart and frighted hind  
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon He turns his voice,  
And lo,—the stately cedars break !  
The mountains tremble at the noise,  
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,  
The Thund'rer reigns forever King;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.
- p 6 In gentler language there the Lord  
The counsels of his grace imparts ;  
◇ Amidst the raging storm his word  
< Speaks peace and courage to our hearts !

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Lyman. Appleton.**God's Majesty.*

- f 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of might,  
Give to the Lord, who dwells in light,  
All glory due; your pray'r address  
mp In beauty pure of holiness.
- f 2 God's voice is on the waters ; lo,  
When He but speaks, the oceans flow ;  
God thunders glorious in the sky,  
His voice is full of majesty.
- 3 God's voice the cedars breaketh down,  
The cedars high of Lebanon ;

- His voice makes sand-spread deserts shake,  
 ◊ And all the rock-built mountains quake.
- f 4 God's voice divides the flames of fire,  
 And sends red lightnings in his ire,—  
 Swift jav'lines of his mighty wrath,  
 Which, where they strike, bring woful scath.
- 5 God's voice all pride can humble well,  
 And quickly billowy passions quell:  
 f Then praise the Lord, who sitteth King,  
 And psalms unto his honor sing. ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Southampton. Wilmot.*  
*Majesty of God.*

- f 1 GIVE, ye mighty, praise to God,  
 For his glory shines abroad !  
 Give to Him all pow'r and might,—  
 Worship Him with pure delight !
- 2 On the waters, lo, his voice,—  
 In the cloud his thunder's noise,—  
 Voice on ocean's mountain waves,  
 When the headlong tempest raves !
- 3 Sure God's voice is voice of power;  
 Let th' astonish'd world adore !—  
 Voice, that breaks the cedars down,  
 Cedars on high Lebanon !
- 4 Voice, that makes the mountain bound,  
 Like wild heifer, at the sound;  
 Lebanon and Hermon too  
 Like young, tameless buffalo !
- 5 Voice, that makes red lightnings glide,—  
 Voice, that shakes the desert wide,  
 Proudest oak uproots, lays low,  
 Makes the shaggy forests bow.
- 6 In his temple his great name  
 All his worshippers proclaim ;  
 On the flood his throne He rears ;  
 p God with peace his people cheers. ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Southampton. Wilmot.*  
*God a Sovereign.*

- f 1 UNTO God, ye sons of might,  
 Unto Him, who dwells in light,  
 Give ye glory, praise, and power,  
 Give ye honor evermore.
- 2 See that dark and threat'ning cloud!  
 Hark! the thunder, deep and loud!  
 'Tis the voice of God, most High,  
 Voice of awful majesty!
- 3 Voice, which breaks the cedar's pride  
 By Libanus' rugged side,  
 Voice, which makes that mountain bound  
 At the terrors of its sound!
- 4 Voice, that scatters flaming fire,  
 Bursting fiercely in God's ire,  
 And the wilderness that shakes,  
 As on Kadesh it outbreaks!
- 5 Truly God doth sit as King,  
 Ruling every earthly thing:  
 He will reign in righteousness,  
 p And with peace his people bless!      ALLEN.
- 

30. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Ward. Rockingham.*  
*Sickness and Sorrow removed.*

- 1 I WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high!  
 At thy command diseases fly;  
 Who but a God can speak, and save  
 From the dark borders of the grave?
- mf 2 Sing to his name, ye saints below,  
 And tell, how wide his mercies flow;  
 Let all your pow'rs exalt the Lord,  
 While you his holiness record!
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;  
 His love is life and length of days:  
 mp Tho' grief and tears the night employ,  
 mf The morning star restores the joy!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Ward. Rockingham.*  
*Sickness and Recovery.*

- 1 Firm was my health, my day was bright,  
 And I presum'd, 'twould ne'er be night ;  
 Fondly I said within my heart,  
 "Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot, thine arm was strong,  
 Which made my mountain stand so long ;  
 Soon as thy face began to hide,  
 My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cried aloud to Thee, my God,—  
 aff "What canst Thou profit by my blood!  
 Deep in the dust, can I declare  
 Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace!" I said,  
 "And bring me from among the dead!"  
 — Thy word rebuk'd the pains, I felt,  
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo  
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now ;  
 mf I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name ;  
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven  
 > For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Colchester. St. Anns.*  
*Restoration from Sickness.*

- mp 1 FROM darkness and the dreary grave,  
 On brink of which I stood,  
 Thine arm, O Lord, my God, did save ;  
 mf And Thou art great and good!
- 2 Ye saints of his, extol the Lord,  
 And give Him hearty praise ;  
 In mem'ry of his faithful word  
 Your hymns of honor raise.
- 3 His anger quickly takes its flight,  
 His favor lasts fore'er ;  
 p Though weeping may endure a night,  
 mf 'The joyful morn shines clear! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Lincoln. Edyfield.**God a Savior.*

- 1 THOU hast heard my cry, O Lord,  
 Thou hast sav'd me by thy word!  
 Thee will I extol and praise,  
 Now, and during endless days!
- mf 2 Joyful saints, give thanks and sing,  
 Praise the Lord, your holy King!  
 Transient is his angry frown,  
 p .Soon He looks in pity down:
- mf 3 Weeping may endure one night,—  
 Joy springs forth with morning light;  
 'Then go on with unmov'd heart,  
 Fearless of affliction's dart.
- p 4 Though ye walk in death's dark vale,  
 f JESUS lives!--then never quail:  
 Ye shall rise in rising hour,  
 Crown'd with glory evermore! ALLEN.

31. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Middleton. Wakefield.**God's Mercy sought and found.*

- aff 1 IN Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,  
 Thou art my Fortress and my Shield;  
 Deliver me, O Thou most just!  
 Let thy salvation be reveal'd.
- p 4 Bend down thy sorrow-hearing ear,  
 And listen to my mournful cry;  
 < O let thy saving love appear,  
 — And bring thy pard'ning mercy nigh.
- 3 My spirit I commend to Thee;  
 'Thou hast redeem'd me in thy love;  
 p Releas'd from dark captivity,  
 mf In freedom shall I live above.
- 4 Therefore in Thee will I rejoice,  
 And bless thy name with pure delight,  
 p For Thou hast heard my mourning voice,  
 f And cheer'd me with thine heav'nly light.

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Nottingham.**Deliverance from Slander.*

- 1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,  
My God, my help, my trust ;  
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,  
Mine honor from the dust.
- 2 Slander and fear on ev'ry side  
Seiz'd and beset me round ;  
mp I to the throne of grace applied,  
mf And speedy rescue found.
- 3 Thy children from the strife of tongues  
Shall thy pavilion hide ;  
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,  
And crush the sons of pride.
- mp 4 Within thy secret presence, Lord,  
mf< Let me forever dwell ;  
— No city wall'd, with watch and ward,  
Secures a saint so well!      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Grafton. Patmos.**Pleading with God in Trouble.*

- Aff 1 IN trouble, Lord, to Thee I pray,  
My sorrows Thou dost know ;  
Mine eye with grief doth waste away,  
My years are spent in wo.
- 2 Reproach and slander wound my heart,  
The waves of anger roll ;  
p Yet, Lord, my sin hath edg'd the dart,  
Which pierces through my soul !
- Aff 3 Still do I trust in Thee, O Lord ;  
"Thou art my God!" I say ;  
O, let me know thy pard'ning word,  
Thou art my hope and stay!      ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Southampton. Wilmot.**God a sure Refuge.*

- 1 O, HOW great thy goodness, Lord,  
Unto them, that fear thy name !  
Present peace, and high reward,  
Far from grief, and sin, and shame !

- 2 Them thy providence shall hide  
 In pavilion, Thou hast rear'd,  
 mp Safe from earthly rage and pride,  
 Safe from all the foes, they fear'd.
- mf 3 Bless the Lord! His glories tell!  
 Marv'llous hath his kindness flow'd ;  
 Strong the city, where I dwell ;  
 Rich the mercy, He hath showed!
- 4 Love the Lord, exult and shout,  
 He will be to thee a shield ;  
 Be of courage good and stout,  
 He unfailing strength will yield. ALLEN.

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32. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Lancaster. Uxbridge.*  
*Repentance, Justification, and Sanctification.*

- " 1 BLEST is the man, forever blest,  
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
 And cover'd with his Savior's blood.
- 2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord  
 Imputes not his iniquities ;  
 He pleads no merit of reward,  
 And not on works but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;  
 His humble joy, his holy fear  
 With deep repentance well agree,  
 And join to prove his faith sincere.
- mf 4 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?  
 WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Nazareth. Hamburg.*  
*Confession and Pardon.*

- mp 1 WHILE I keep silence and conceal  
 My heavy guilt within my heart,  
 What torments does my conscience feel?  
 What agonies of inward smart?

- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,  
And all my secret faults confess ;  
mf Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,  
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul  
Make swift addresses to thy seat ;  
When floods of huge temptation roll,  
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- mp 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,  
When days grow dark and storms appear ?  
mf And, when I walk, thy watchful eye  
Shall guide me safe from every snare. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Albany. Marlow.**Free Pardon, and Obedience.*

- 1 HAPPY the man, to whom his God  
No more imputes his sin,  
But, wash'd in his Redeemer's blood,  
Hath made his garments clean !
- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he,  
Whose debts are thus discharg'd,  
And, from the guilty bondage free,  
He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,  
His words are all sincere ;  
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,  
To keep his conscience clear.
- p 4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd,  
No quiet could I find ;  
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,  
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my guilt to Thee,  
My secret sins reveal'd ;  
mf Thy grace from bondage set me free,  
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray :  
When, like a raging flood,  
Temptations rise, our strength and stay  
Is a forgiving God. WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. M. *Pentonville. Paddington.**Forgiveness of the Penitent.*

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er,  
To whom the Lord of righteous sway  
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care ;  
Their lips and lives, in virtue cast,  
Their genuine faith declare.
- mp 3 While I my guilt conceal'd,  
I felt the fest'ring wound ;  
— Till I my sins to Thee reveal'd,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne ;  
mp Our help, in trouble's dark array,  
∧ Is found in God alone!                      WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Paddington.**Confession and Forgiveness.*

- 1 THE guilty man is blest,  
Whose guilt is wash'd away,  
Whose troubled soul finds peaceful rest,  
Instead of wild dismay.
- 2 Once, with unhumbled pride,  
I shrunk from needful shame ;  
mp My sin conceal'd, my guilt denied,  
I felt the tort'ring flame.
- 3 Then I confess'd to Thee,  
And, Lord, thy mercy sought ;  
mf Thy pard'ning love, so rich and free,  
Surpass'd my highest thought !
- f 4 Then come to Jesus' blood,  
Ye souls of deepest stain !  
∧ Come, wash ye in this cleansing flood,  
∨ And lose your guilt and pain!                      ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Edgar. Turin.**Forgiveness.*

- p 1 BLEST is he, whose sin's forgiv'n;  
 Blest, whose guilt is cover'd o'er,  
 He, to whom the Lord in heav'n  
 Will impute his stain no more!  
 Blest is he, whose spirit right  
 Guileless lives in God's own light.
- 2 While within my guilty breast  
 Lay conceal'd my troubled thought,  
 All my soul was spoil'd of rest;  
 Anguish with my spirit wrought:—  
 Lord, my sin confess'd to Thee,  
 Thou in love didst set me free!
- 3 Godly men, for this shall pray,  
 In a time, when Thou art near;  
 When the floods shall spread dismay,  
 Thou a Savior wilt appear:—
- f Then be glad in God on high,  
 < And, ye righteous, shout for joy! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—6s. *Chaplin.*

[Repeat the first two lines of the tune.]

*Forgiveness.*

- p 1 O BLEST indeed is he,  
 Whose sin is cover'd o'er,  
 To whom the Lord no more  
 Imputes iniquity,  
 And in whose spirit sound  
 No hollow guile is found!
- 2 Long while within my breast,  
 With iron hardihood  
 And pride all unsubdued,  
 Conviction I suppress'd:  
 The fire within did rage,  
 Its pain could nought assuage.
- p 3 Lord, I confess'd to Thee;  
 To Thee as penitent  
 My knee was humbly bent,  
 And Thou didst set me free:

How sweet and blest the hour  
Of saving mercy's power?

- f 4 Then pray, for God will hear:—  
And when the torrent deep  
Doth in its fury sweep,  
To you 'twill not come near:—  
O praise the Lord on high!  
And praise eternally! ALLEN.

33. FIRST VER.—L. P. M. *Nashville. Newcourt.*  
*God's Works.*

- 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice ;  
Great is your theme, your songs be new ;  
f" Sing of his name, his word, his ways,  
< His works of nature and of grace,  
p" How wise and holy, just and true!
- 2 Justice and truth He ever loves,  
And the whole earth his goodness proves ;  
His word the heav'nly arches made ;  
How wide they shine from north to south?  
And by the Spirit of his mouth  
Were all the starry hosts arrayed.
- 3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,  
And pours them by his wise decrees  
In the vast storehouse of the deep:  
f" He spake, and gave all nature birth!  
And fires and seas, and hea'vn and earth  
His everlasting orders keep.
- p 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore  
A God of such resistless power,  
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:  
Vain are their thoughts, and weak their hands ;  
< But his eternal counsel stands,  
And rules the world from age to age. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Mendon. Ellenthorpe.*  
*Rejoicing in God.*

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
For sure and faithful is his word ;

Jehovah's works are just and true,  
Loud songs of praise to Him are due.

- " 2 By his command the heav'ns were made,  
By Him the earth's foundations laid ;  
He kindled all the orbs of light,  
And ocean spread with waters bright.
- 3 Let all the earth, then, stand in awe,  
And keep Jehovah's sacred law,  
For, when He spake, the worlds uprose,—  
When He shall speak, their race will close!
- 4 Blest are the people of his love,  
Cheer'd by his gospel from above,—  
Guarded by his unsleeping eye,  
By Him conducted to the sky! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Albany.*

*Works of Creation and Providence.*

- " 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
This work belongs to you ;  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim ;  
Ye saints, his grace and goodness bless,  
And sing his wondrous name.
- f 3 His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly arches spread,  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.
- dol 4 He bade the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep ;  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own stations keep.
- f 5 He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs :  
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,  
And in full glory shines! WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Southampton.**Safety in God.*

- 1 BLEST the Nation, which the Lord  
Well enlightens with his word!  
Blest the People of his love,  
Rich in treasures from above!
- 2 God from his exalted throne  
All man's works and thoughts hath known;  
Armed hosts save not the king,  
Nor swift horse can safety bring.
- 3 Lo, Jehovah's eye and arm  
Keep his servants from all harm;  
mp They, who in his mercy trust,  
Stand uncrumbled into dust.
- Aff 4 Waits our soul on Thee, O Lord,  
We believe thy faithful word;  
Then let mercy on us shine!  
Give us peace and joy divine!      ALLEN.

34. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Lindon. Uxbridge.**God's Answer to Prayer.*

- 1 LORD, I will bless Thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;  
My soul shall glory in thy grace,  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
Come, let us all exalt his name;  
I sought th' eternal God, and He  
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- mp 3 I told Him all my secret grief,  
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;  
He gave my inward pains relief,  
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes;  
On them his rays celestial shine;  
p A beam of mercy from the skies  
mf Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men, who serve the Lord;

f O, fear and love Him, all ye saints,  
Taste of his grace and trust his word. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Bernard. Rockingham.*

*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 To humble souls and broken hearts  
God with his grace is ever nigh ;  
Pardon and hope his love imparts,  
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 4 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,  
His Son redeems their souls from death ;  
His Spirit heals their broken bones,  
They in his praise employ their breath. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Corinth. Coventry.*

*Praise for God's Mercy.*

- Aff 1 PLL bless the Lord from day to day,  
How good are all his ways?  
Ye humble souls, that love to pray,  
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honor of his name,  
How a poor sinner cried ;—  
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,  
Nor was his suit denied.
  - 3 O, sinners, come and taste his love,  
Come, learn his pleasant ways,  
And let your own experience prove  
p The sweetness of his grace.
- 4 He bids his angels pitch their tents  
Round where his children dwell ;  
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,  
No earthly tongue can tell.

- 5 O, love the Lord, ye saints of his ;  
 His eye regards the just ;  
 How richly blest their portion is,  
 Who make the Lord their trust!      WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Arlington. Woodstock*

*Exhortation to Holiness.*

- 1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord ;  
 And that your days be long,  
 Let not a false or spiteful word  
 Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,  
 Pursue the work of peace,  
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,  
 And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,  
 His ears attend their cry:  
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,  
 The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 When desolation, like a flood,  
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,  
 mp Saints find a refuge in their God,  
 For He redeem'd their souls.      WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martins. Irish.*

*God protecting and blessing his Servants.*

- Aff 1 O, COME, and praise the Lord with me ;  
 Let us extol his name !  
 My soul shall boast his mercy free,  
 His saving pow'r proclaim.
- 2 Safe guarded by his mighty hand,  
 His saints his mercy prove ;  
 Around them angels watchful stand,  
 God's ministers of love !
- 3 O, come, and see, that God is good,  
 And all his kindness own ;  
 Daily He gives his servants food,  
 No want shall press them down.
- 4 Young lions in their hunger roar,  
 And roam around for prey:—

God from his unexhausted store  
 mf Supplies his saints alway! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Paddington.*

*Advice to Youth.*

- 1 COME, hearken unto me,  
 Ye children, much-lov'd youth!  
 Come, learn to fear God's majesty,  
 And prize his changeless truth.
- 2 Long life do ye desire,  
 And good without alloy?  
 Then keep your lips from guile and ire,  
 And spread around you joy.
- 3 The eyes of God on high  
 Are ever on the good;  
 His ears are open to their cry  
 In ev'ry grievful mood.
- mp 4 And, while with angry frown  
 The wicked He doth smite,  
 To righteous men He will come down  
 mf In wondrous mercy's might!
- p 5 To all of broken heart  
 The God of love is nigh,  
 mf A cheering word of hope t' impart,  
 And chase each gloomy sigh.
- 6 And though afflictions throng  
 Around the good man's head,  
 mf Complaint shall yield to joyful song,  
 And soon all wo is fled! ALLEN.

35. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Uxbridge.*

*Prayer for Help.*

- 1 O, RIGHTEOUS Lord, for me appear,—  
 'Take hold of shield and glitt'ring spear,—  
 Or let thine angel wing his flight  
 My causeless foes to chase from sight.
- 2 Mine enemies have spread their net,  
 And for my feet their snare have set;  
 In their own net let them be caught,  
 Their feet to their own pit-fall brought!

- 3 Grant me salvation ; then my voice  
 mf Shall praise Thee, and my soul rejoice,  
 And all, that my deliv'rance see,  
 Shall, for thy mercy, trust in Thee.
- mp 4 Hast Thou not seen my heart sincere?  
 Then let thy saving hand be near ;
- mf So shall thy saints lift up their song,  
 And heav'n the praise of earth prolong! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Arlington. Woodstock.*  
*Love to Enemies.*

- 1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,  
 That holy David shows ;  
 See how his kind affections move  
 To his afflicted foes!
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,  
 And seems to feel the smart ;
- p The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
 And melts his pious heart.
- 3 They groan and curse him on their bed,  
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;  
 — And double blessings on his head  
 The righteous God returns.
- mf 4 O, glorious type of heav'nly grace!  
 Thus Christ, the Lord, appears ;  
 While sinners curse, the Savior prays,  
 p And pities them with tears.
- 5 He, the true David, Israel's King,  
 Blest and belov'd of God,  
 For us a needful offering  
 Paid his own dearest blood. WATTS.

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36. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *St. Pauls. Blendon.*

*Perfections of God.*

- 1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
 Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud,  
 That veils and darkens thy 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.

3 Thy Providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs?  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Within thy house shall we repose,  
And there be fed with sweet repast ;  
There mercy, like a river, flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories, promis'd in thy word.      WATTS.

SECOND VER.—L. M. *Sherburne. Duke Street.*

*Perfections of God.*

mf 1 IN yon blue heav'ns thy mercy dwells,  
Through all the skies thy counsels sweep,  
Thy truth the mountains great o'erswells,  
Thy judgments are like ocean deep.

— 2 How rich thy providence, O Lord?  
How wide thy loving-kindness spread?  
— Therefore men trust thy faithful word,  
And from thy house are amply fed.

mp 3 Of pleasure's overflowing stream,  
Out gushing from thy throne on high,  
'Thy saints shall drink, and never deem,  
> Life's fountain can be drain'd or dry.

— 4 Earth's mists and darkness all shall flee,  
And light pour on them as a flood,—  
mf In God's own light they light shall see,  
And taste illimitable good!      ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. Colchester. *St. Anns.*  
*God an unfailing Spring of Good.*

- 1 THY justice shall maintain its throne,  
 Though mountains melt away ;  
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,  
 A deep, unfathom'd sea.
- 2 Above these heav'n's created rounds  
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;  
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,  
 > Where time and nature end.
- 3 From Thee, when creature-streams run low,  
 And mortal comforts die,  
 mf Perpetual springs of life shall flow,  
 And raise our pleasures high.
- 4 Though all created light decay,  
 p And death close up our eyes,  
 f< Thy presence makes eternal day,  
 > Where clouds can never rise !

WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. Dundee. *London.*  
*God's Love and Grace.*

- Aff 1 O, GOD, how doth thy love and grace  
 Excel all earthly things?  
 Therefore the sons of men do place  
 Their trust beneath thy wings.
- 2 With fatness of thy house on high  
 Thou wilt thy saints suffice,  
 And make them drink abundantly  
 The rivers of thy joys.
- mp 3 Because the spring of life most pure  
 Doth ever flow from Thee ;  
 mf And in thy light we shall be sure  
 Eternal light to see !

R. BAXTER.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. Olmutz. *Inverness.*  
*Majesty of God.*

- 1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,  
 My heart within me cries,  
 ‘He hath no fear of God within,  
 Nor fear before his eyes.’

- mf 2 But there's a dreadful God,  
 Though men renounce his fear ;  
 His justice, hid behind a cloud,  
 Shall one great day appear !
- 3 His truth transcends the sky,  
 In heav'n his mercies dwell ;  
 Deep as the sea his judgments lie,  
 len His anger burns to hell.
- Aff 4 How excellent his love,  
 Whence all our safety springs ?  
 O, never let my soul remove  
 From underneath his wings !      WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—8, 7, & 4. *Meredith. Kendall.**God's Love to Man.*

- 1 LORD, thy Mercy far transcendeth  
 Yonder heavens in its height ;  
 Lord, thy Faithfulness extendeth  
 ◇ Far beyond the orbs of light ;  
 —                    And thy Judgments  
 > Are a deep, unfathom'd quite.
- 2 Thou both man and beast preservest,  
 Guarding with thy watchful care ;  
 Aff Thou for wondrous love deservest  
 Man's firm trust and grateful prayer ;  
                   O, what kindness  
 Do thy earthly children share !
- 3 They shall feed,—and hunger never,—  
 In thy house on truth and joy ;  
 Thou shalt make them drink forever  
 Of thy flowing streams on high ;  
 mf                    Thou the fountain,  
 Fount of Life in yonder sky !      ALLEN.

37. FIRST VER.—C. M. *Nichols. Tallis' Chant.**Cure of Envy and Unbelief.*

- p 1 AS flow'ry grass, cut down at noon,  
 Before the evening fades,  
 So shall proud sinners vanish soon  
 In everlasting shades.

- 2 Then let me make the Lord my trust,  
And practise all, that's good;  
So shall I dwell among the just,  
And He'll provide me food.
- 3 I to my God my ways commit,  
And cheerful wait his will;  
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,  
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 3 Mine innocence shalt Thou display,  
And make thy judgments known,  
Fair as the light of dawning day,  
And glorious as the noon.
- 5 The meek possess the earth at last,  
And are the heirs of heaven;  
True riches, which forever last,  
To humble souls are given.      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. Nichols. Princeton.  
*True Religion.*

- 1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold?  
The meanest portion of the just  
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But ne'er designs to pay;  
The saint is merciful, and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives  
Among the sons of need;  
His mem'ry to long ages lives,  
And blessed is his seed.
- 3 The law and gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his heart abide;  
Led by the Spirit and the word,  
His feet shall never slide.
- 5 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,  
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;  
mf They shall possess the promis'd land,  
And dwell forever there!      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Arlington. Albany.*  
*The Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 MY God, the steps of pious men  
 Are order'd by thy will ;  
 Though they should fall, they rise again,  
 Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,  
 Their virtue He approves ;  
 He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
 Nor leave the men, He loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,  
 Their portion and their home ;  
 He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
 Of blessings long to come.
- mf 4 The haughty sinner have I seen,  
 Not fearing man, nor God,  
 Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,  
 Spreading his arms abroad.
- mp 5 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,  
 Destroy'd by hands unseen :  
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
 Where all that pride had been!      WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Marlow. Dundee.*  
*The Wicked not to be envied.*

Minor.

- p 1 LET not an envious spirit rise  
 Tow'rds prosp'rous wickedness,  
 For soon the proudest sinner dies  
 In pain and sad distress.
- 2 In pow'r the wicked have I seen,  
 Array'd in pomp and pride,  
 Like a fair bay-tree, fresh and green,  
 That spreads its branches wide ;
- mp 3 But soon from height of greatness cast,  
 And no where to be found,  
 Like tree, uprooted by the blast,  
 And levell'd to the ground.

Major.

- 4 Far diff'rent is the end serene  
 Of good men ; and they rise  
 mf To flourish in immortal green,  
 The trees of paradise! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Paddington.**Reward of Charity.*

- 1 THE good man's steps and ways  
 Are order'd by the Lord,  
 Sav'd from the pit-fall, that betrays,  
 Upheld by God's own word!
- 2 Once young, I now am old,  
 Yet never did my eyes  
 Forsaken Righteous Man behold,—  
 His seed in beggar's guise.
- 3 With gen'rous hand and free  
 He scatters joy abroad:—  
 mf The harvest shall his offspring see,—  
 A sure and rich reward! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dalston. Bethel.**Blessedness of the Righteous.*

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
 Trust in his faithful word,  
 And in his service take delight ;  
 To Him commit your way,  
 mf Then, like clear noon of day,  
 Your righteousness shall shine forth bright.
- 2 From anger cease and wrath,  
 To meekness be not loth,  
 But be ye blessed sons of peace ;  
 Then shall the Lord defend,  
 And guide you to your end,  
 And pour upon you earth's increase.
- 3 The wicked, though high grown,  
 Shall soon be overthrown,  
 Like tree, by feller's axe brought low ;  
 p In the great judgment day,  
 Struck with a wild dismay,  
 They will perdition's sorrows know. ALLEN.

38. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Sunderland. Windham.*  
*Confession and Supplication in Trouble.*

- Aff 1 O, LORD, have pity on my soul,  
 Thy heavy hand now presseth sore:—  
 These raging storms of ill control,  
 And give thy servant peace once more.
- 2 Thou, Lord, art right, for I am vile ;  
 My sins are gone high o'er my head,  
 Like water-flood, which in short while  
 Swells o'er its banks and wide is spread.
- 3 My failing strength, my panting heart,  
 And dimness, spreading o'er my eyes,  
 But teach me, Lord, how just Thou art,  
 And righteous, though thy servant dies.
- 4 Lovers and friends now stand aloof,  
 Unsympathising in my wo ;  
 This of my sin but gives me proof,—  
 Yet, Lord, thy mercy let me know.
- 5 In Thee I hope, on Thee I wait,  
 Thy rich and wondrous grace I crave,  
 O, Lord, my misery abate,  
 O, God of my salvation, save!      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Eastport. Blackburn.*  
*Conscious Guilt and Relief.*

- Aff 1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,  
 Restore thy servant, Lord ;  
 Nor let a father's chast'ning prove  
 Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 My sins a heavy load appear,  
 And o'er my head are gone ;  
 The burden, Lord, I cannot bear,  
 Nor e'er the guilt atone.
- 3 All my desire to Thee is known,  
 Thine eye counts ev'ry tear ;  
 And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan  
 Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 4 I will confess my guilt to Thee,  
 And all my sin deplore ;

I'll mourn how weak my graces be,  
And seek thy mighty power.

- 5 My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be forever nigh ;  
O, Lord of my salvation, haste,  
> Before thy servant die!      WATTS.

39. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Windham. Sunderland.*

*Shortness of Life.*

- p 1 MAKE me, O Lord, mine end to know,  
My life, how quickly it doth flow,  
That I my frailty may perceive,  
And in thy promises believe.
- 2 My life is but a shadow vain,  
That quickly passes o'er the plain,  
And all my time is nought to Thee,  
Thou God of vast eternity!
- 3 A shad'wy image, Lord, is man,  
His greatest age is but a span ;  
In vain he toils in heat and cold,  
Nor knows, for whom he lays up gold.
- Aff 4 My hope, O Lord, I place in Thee,  
O, pardon mine iniquity ;  
Hear, O my God, my sad complaint ;  
Beneath thy chast'ning blow I faint.
- 5 When man Thou strikest in thy wrath,  
His beauty fades, as by the moth ;  
Lord, hear my humble, earnest cry,  
And bring thy saving mercy nigh.
- 6 I'm here a stranger, near despair ;  
A wand'rer, as my fathers were ;  
O, spare me, and my strength restore,  
len Ere I depart and be no more!      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Amboy. Stephens.*

*Prudence and Zeal.*

- 1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,  
"Now will I watch my tongue,  
Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
Or do my neighbor wrong."

2 If I am e'er constrain'd to stay  
 With men of lives profane,  
 I'll set a double guard that day.  
 Nor let my talk be vain.

3 Yet, if some proper hour appear,  
 I'll not be over-awed,  
 mf But let the scoffing sinners hear,  
 That I can speak for God! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Grafton. Medfield.*

*The Vanity of man as mortal.*

mp 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame ;  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 v And learn how frail I am.

mp 2 A span is all, that we can boast,  
 An inch or two of time ;  
 Man is but vanity and dust  
 In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,  
 Like shadows o'er the plain ;  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 v But all their noise is vain.

— 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,  
 Some dig for golden ore ;  
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
 v And straight are seen no more.

— 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,  
 From creatures, earth, and dust?  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
 My fond desires recal ;  
 Aff I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 f And make my God my all! WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Corinth. Woodstock*

*Sick-bed Devotion.*

Aff 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,  
 Behold the pains, I feel ;

But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command ;  
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,  
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,—  
Remove my pains and woes ;  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies  
Beneath repeated blows

4 But, if Thou shouldst my life prolong,  
Before my last remove,  
mf Thy praise, O Lord, shall be my song,  
And I'll declare thy love. WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *Grafton. Medfield.*  
*Brevity of Life.*

p 1 TEACH, Lord, the measure of my days,  
Their end disclose to me:—  
Thine eye my feebleness surveys,  
My frailty let me see !

2 An hand-breadth is my narrow age,  
My life a passing cloud ;  
How vain my earthly heritage?—  
A coffin and a shroud !

3 When Thou on sinful man dost lay  
Thy chast'ning rod of wrath,  
His beauty is consum'd away,  
As garment by the moth.

aff 3 Spare me, O Lord, ere I shall die,  
And sojourn here no more ;  
But fit me for the world on high,

f For glory evermore! ALLEN.

40. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Nottingham. St. Johns.*  
*A Song of Deliverance.*

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,  
He bow'd to hear my cry ;  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.

- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,  
Where, mourning, long I lay ;  
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- mf 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.      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. Colchester. *St. Martins.*

*Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.*

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,  
Give your burnt off'rings o'er ;  
In dying goats and bullocks slain  
My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Son, "My God, behold!  
I'm here to do thy will ;  
Whate'er thy sacred books unfold,  
Thy servant shall fulfil."
- 3 And see,—the Savior blest hath come !  
Th' eternal Son appears ;  
This lowly earth He makes his home,  
A human form He wears.
- 4 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,  
Could wash the conscience clean ;  
But the rich sacrifice, He paid,  
Atones for all our sin.
- ff 5 Then was the great salvation spread,  
And justice triumph'd well ;  
Bruis'd was the serpent's wily head,  
And Satan's kingdom fell!      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. P. M. Somerville. *Foster.*

*Christ our Sacrifice.*

- 1 THY works how wonderful and great,  
How high, Jehovah, is thy state,

Thy majesty how bright?  
 Yet not in glorious worlds above  
 Is seen so clear thy matchless love,  
 As in the Gospel's light.

2 The Savior says,—“No sacrifice  
 Dost 'Thou require, no victim dies,  
 The stain of sin t' efface ;  
 I, the last victim for the knife,  
 Resign for men my blood and life,  
 To save the ruin'd race.

3 “To do thy will is my delight ;  
 Thy holy doctrines, pure and bright,  
 I have proclaim'd abroad ;  
 Thy grace, thy mercy's wondrous power,  
 Now reaching the predicted hour,  
 I have declar'd, O God!

p 4 “In my near suff'ring hour, O Lord,  
 Sustain Me by thy faithful word,  
 And lift Me from the grave!”—  
 'Twas thus our blest Redeemer cried,  
 And then upon the cross He died ;—  
 mf But now He lives to save! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—L. M. Loudon. *Pentonville.*

*Prayer of the Penitent.*

p 1 MY sins oppress my soul,  
 I dare not lift my eye ;  
 — The crested waves of sorrow roll  
 And dash most furiously !

af 2 When now my heart doth fail,  
 Be pleas'd, O Lord, to save !  
 mf Thine arm for rescue can avail ;  
 In vain my foes shall rave !

3 O, put them all to flight !  
 mp Let those, who love thy name,  
 mf Be glad in Thee and in thy light,  
 > While foes sink down in shame.

— 4 Let all, O Lord, who Thee  
 And thy salvation love,  
 Extol on earth thy mercy free,  
 f And shout thy praise above ! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—8 & 7s. *Jerauld. Dane.**Salvation in Answer to Prayer.*

- 1 WAITING for the Lord in prayer,  
 Lo, He heard my earnest cry!  
 > From my deep and dark despair  
 — He my soul hath lifted high.
- p 2 From the pit, where horror mazes,  
 From the mires, which effort mock,  
 He my struggling feet upraises,  
 f And hath set them on a Rock!
- 3 And a song, all new and cheerful,  
 He hath waken'd on my tongue,—  
 Praise to HIM, most good, though fearful,  
 f Praise, which endless years prolong!
- 4 Come, then, all my joys now hearing,  
 Come and make the Lord your trust;  
 p Then, the pit of hell not fearing,  
 f Ye shall dwell with all the just! ALLEN.

41. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Bernard. Rockingham.**The compassionate Man.*

- mp 1 BLEST is the man, whose heart doth move,  
 And melt with pity to the poor,  
 Whose soul, by sympathising love,  
 Feels what his fellow saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief  
 More good, than his own hands can do ;  
 He, in a time of gen'ral grief,  
 Shall find, the Lord hath mercy too!
- mp 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
 With secret blessings on his head,  
 When drought, and pestilence, and dearth  
 Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,  
 God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n ;  
 mf Will save him with a healing touch,  
 Or take his willing soul to heav'n! WATTS.

## SECOND VERSION.—L. M. Somers. Brighton.

*Blessings on the Charitable.*

- 1 BLEST is the man, who loves the poor,  
 Nor lets the suff'rer plead in vain,  
 Who gives, as God has bless'd his store,  
 And deems such distribution gain:  
 mp In his dark night of wo and fear  
 God with deliv'rance will be near!
- 2 When languishing upon his bed,  
 And pain and grief his peace devour,  
 mf Thy hand, O Lord, shall lift his head,  
 And bring back nature's failing power:  
 — His faded bloom Thou wilt revive,  
 And say, "O, child of mercy, live!"
- aff 3 Forgive, O Lord, my selfish heart,  
 Enlarge my charity and zeal,  
 Thy saving pow'r and grace impart,  
 That I the strength of love may feel;  
 Then to my soul shall peace be given,  
 And I shall praise thy love in heaven! ALLEN.

## THIRD VERSION.—S. M. Beverly. Dover.

*The beneficent Man.*

- 1 THAT man is blest indeed,  
 To whom the poor are dear;  
 The Lord, in his sad hour of need,  
 His Savior will appear.
- mp 2 When stretch'd upon the bed  
 Of sickness and of wo,  
 mf The Lord his mercies, bounteous spread,  
 Shall make him joyful know!
- aff 3 Thy favor, Lord, to me,  
 Unworthy, still extend;  
 mf Give me the bliss of charity,—  
 Heav'ns glory without end! ALLEN.

## FOURTH VERSION.—7s. Prentiss. Edyfield.

*The beneficent Man.*

- 1 HAPPY is the man, whose mind,  
 Gen'rous, merciful, and kind,

Feels a suffering brother's woes ;  
To the poor whose bounty flows.

p 2 God shall with his strength sustain,  
When he languishes with pain:  
When disease invades his head,  
He his couch shall softly spread.

mf 3 Pitying all our human woes,  
Jesus thus his grace bestows:  
He, sustain'd by pow'r divine,  
Bids his favor round us shine !      GOODE.

42. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hamburg. Nazareth.*

*Hope in Affliction.*

p 1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,—  
— But I will call thy name to mind,  
And times of past distress record,  
When I have found, my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,  
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;  
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,  
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

mp 3 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.

f 4 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;  
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,  
And lead me to thy holy hill,  
My God, my most exceeding joy!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Hingham. Appleton.*

*Despondence and Hope in God.*

Aff 1 AS pants the hart for water brooks,  
So pants, O God, my soul for Thee !  
To Thee my thirsty spirit looks;  
O, when shall I thy presence see ?

mp 2 Why, O my soul, art thou cast down ?  
Why this disquiet in my breast ?

mf Hope thou in God; for, though He frown,  
His grace and love shall make thee blest !

- 3 Where mountains rise, and torrents flow,  
My burden'd soul remembers Thee,—  
By Jordan's stream, mid Hermon's snow,—  
When waves of trouble rush o'er me.
- 4 Still, Lord, thy goodness cheers my day,  
And in the night thy song I sing ;  
aff In Thee I trust, to Thee I pray,  
To Thee, my Rock, my God, my King !
- p 5 Why, O my soul, art thou cast down ?  
Why this disquiet in my breast ?  
mf Hope thou in God ; for though He frown,  
His grace and love shall make thee blest !

ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Hingham. Appleton.**Despondence and Hope in God.*

- p 1 WHY, O, my soul, art thou cast low ?  
And why this dark disquietude ?  
mf Hope thou in God:—I yet shall know  
His mercy's widest amplitude !
- p 2 My soul within me is cast down ;  
— Yet, Lord, I Thee remember still  
From land, where rocks and deserts frown,  
From Jordan's waste and Hermon's hill.
- 3 Deep calleth unto mighty deep ;  
p Thy billows have gone o'er my soul ;—  
— Yet, Lord, thy promise Thou wilt keep,  
mf And all these raging waves control !
- p 4 Why, O my soul, art thou cast low ?  
And why this dark disquietude ?  
mf Hope thou in God: I yet shall know  
His mercy's widest amplitude ! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Spencer. St. Anns.**Desertion and Hope.*

- aff 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.
- aff 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 Temptations vex my weary soul,  
And tears are my repast ;  
— The foe insults without control,—  
“ And where’s your God at last !”
- 4 I’ll trust in God, whose mighty hand  
Can all my woes remove,  
mf For I shall yet before him stand,  
And sing restoring love !           WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *Laurens. Downs.*

*Thirsting for God.*

- Aff 1 AS pants the hart for water brook,  
When worried in the chase,  
So, Lord, I pant for Thee, and look  
For thy restoring grace.
- 2 For Thee my fainting spirit thirsts,  
O, God, the living God !  
As water from the rock outbursts,  
So pour thy joys abroad !
- 3 When in thy house with joyful voice  
Shall I extol thy love ?  
O, when, with all thy saints rejoice  
In thy blest courts above ?
- p 4 Why, O, my soul, art thou cast down,  
And why this wild amaze ?  
mf Hope thou in God ; so, near his throne,  
Thou shalt sing forth his praise !       ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—S. M. *Cedron. Lathrop.*

*Longing after God.*

- Aff 1 AS for the water brook  
The chased hart doth pant ;  
So unto Thee, O Lord, I look,  
For Thee my soul doth faint !
- 2 For Thee, O God, I thirst,  
I would before Thee come ;  
When from the Rock shall streams outburst,  
To cheer my journey home ?

- 3 My tears, both day and night,  
Have flow'd, while foes have said,—  
— “Where is thy God? and where the light,  
Which He for thee hath spread?”
- p 4 Why, O my soul, art thou  
Cast down in dread amaze?  
mf Hope thou in God ;—I yet shall know  
His pow'r, and give Him praise! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VER.—8 & 7s. *Sicily. Cesarea.**The Waters of Life from Christ.*

- mp 1 AS the hart for water panteth,  
Hot and weary in the chase,  
So my soul for Thee, Lord, fainteth,  
mf For thy rich and flowing grace!
- aff 2 Lord, for Thee my soul now thirsteth,  
And for Thee I long and sigh:—  
< Ah, I see! the stream outbursteth!  
mf I shall drink, and never die! ALLEN.

43. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Danvers. Nazareth.**God's Favor besought.*

- 1 TEMPTED, oppress'd, o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
In vain I seek some glad relief ;  
aff O, why, my God, dost Thou deny  
Thine aid, swift-coming from the sky?
- 2 Behold me in this gloom of night!  
O, shed thy cheering beams of light ;—  
O, lead me to thy holy hill,—  
My heart with thy good promise fill.
- mf 3 Then in thy house with songs of praise  
A grateful monument I'll raise:  
With voice and harp I'll bless thy name,  
And thy salvation will proclaim!
- p 4 Why art thou, O, my soul, cast down?  
Why is thy confidence o'erthrown?  
mf Hope thou in God, of glory bright,  
And thou shalt praise Him for his might!

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Albans. Coventry.**God a Refuge in Trouble.*

- aff 1 JUDGE me, O God, maintain my right,  
 O, save me from the foe!  
 Do I not trust thine arm of might?  
 Why then am I cast low?
- 2 O, send thy light and truth to me,  
 To lead me to thy hill,  
 'To cheer me with thy promise free,  
 My soul with joy to fill!
- mf 3 Then to thine altar with delight,  
 Where oft my feet have trod,  
 I'll go with harp, and in thy sight  
 Will sing thy praise, my God!
- p 4 Why art thou, O, my soul, cast down?  
 Why do thy comforts flee?
- mf Hope thou in God, for though He frown,  
 His face shall beam on me! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—3 & 7s. *Sicily. Wilmot.**Prayer in Trouble.*

- Aff 1 GOD of love! behold my sadness,  
 Plead my cause against the strong;  
 Turn my tears and gloom to gladness,  
 Far remove my grievous wrong.
- 2 Let thy light, on me outbeaming,  
 Guide me to thy holy hill;  
 There, where truth divine is gleaming,  
 I shall taste thy mercy still.
- 3 There to Thee, while heart rejoices,  
 f Harp shall sound thy name abroad;  
 There, where shout the holy voices,  
 Thee I'll praise, O God, my God!
- p 4 Why, my soul, thy gloom and sadness?  
 Why to dark despondence yield?  
 — God I yet shall praise with gladness,  
 f God my Strength, and Hope, and Shield!

ALLEN.

44. FIRST VER.—C. M. *St. Martins. Kendall.**The Church's Complaint in Persecution.*

- 1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,  
Thy works of pow'r and grace,  
When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days:—
- 2 How Thou didst build thy churches here,  
And make thy gospel known ;  
Among them did thine arm appear,  
Thy light and glory shone.
- f 3 In God they boasted all the day,  
And in a cheerful throng  
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song!
- p 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,  
Confusion fills our face,  
To hear the scoffer speak thy name,  
And fools reproach thy grace.
- f 5 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,  
Our Savior, and our God!  
We plead thy sure and faithful word,  
The merits of thy blood!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Santee. Marlow.**Our good Country.*

- 1 OUR ears have heard, O God, with joy,—  
What oft our Fathers told,—  
The work, that did thy hands employ,  
In the past time of old.
- 2 How Thou didst give them a good land,  
By Thee all fenc'd about,—  
mf When first, by thine almighty hand,  
The heathen were cast out:—
- 3 A land of hills and vales,  
With iron in the rocks,—  
A land of balmy, healthful, gales,  
O'erspread with herds and flocks:—
- 4 A land of streams and brooks,  
Of lakes and wider seas,

A land of honey in the nooks,  
Of vines and olive trees!

- 5 This land they gain'd not by their sword,  
mf Which bold right arm outsways ;—  
p It was the gift of thy good word,—  
mf And Thou shalt have the praise! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Santee. Marlow.*

*God's Mercy to our Fathers.*

- 1 O LORD, our Fathers oft have told,  
With wonder and delight,  
Thy works of glory done of old,  
Displays of love and might!
- 2 How Thou the heathen didst expel  
From this good land and fair,  
When thine avenging justice fell,  
And drove them to despair.
- 3 For not our Fathers' temper'd sword  
To them possession gave,  
mf But thy right hand, O, faithful Lord,—  
Thine arm, so strong to save!
- 4 As Thee, their God, they lov'd to bless,  
We boast Thee as our King!  
O, therefore, in thy righteousness  
To us salvation bring!
- 5 We'll trust in neither sword nor bow,  
When we in fight engage:  
Thy pow'r shall soon subdue the foe,  
And guard our heritage! ALLEN.

45. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Effingham. Walton.*

*The Glory of Christ.*

- 1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing  
The glories of my Savior King ;  
Love from his lips divinely flows,  
And blessings all his state compose.
- mf 2 Dress Thee in arms, most mighty Lord,  
Gird on the terror of thy sword,  
In majesty and glory ride,  
With truth and meekness at thy side.

- 3 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,  
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart,  
 p Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,  
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- mf 4 Thy throne, O God! forever stands,  
 p Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;  
 — Thy laws and works are just and right,  
 Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 5 God, thine own God, has richly shed  
 His oil of gladness on thy head,  
 And with his sacred Spirit blest  
 His first born Son above the rest. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Walton. Duke Street.*

*Christ and his Church.*

- 1 THE King of saints we glorious see,  
 Adorn'd with grace and majesty ;  
 He comes with blessings from above,  
 And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold  
 The queen, array'd in purest gold ;  
 The world admires her heavn'ly dress,  
 Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,  
 He calls and seats her near his throne :  
 p Fair stranger! let thy spirit hate,  
 The idols of thy native state:
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice  
 In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;  
 Let Him be lov'd, and yet adored,  
 For He's thy Maker and thy Lord!
- mf 5 O, happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
 To his fair palace in the skies!  
 And all thy sons, a num'rous train,  
 Each, like a prince, in glory reign!
- 6 Let endless honors crown his head ;  
 Let ev'ry age his praises spread ;  
 While we with cheerful songs approve  
 mp The condescensions of his love. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Rothwell. Farnsworth.**Christ and the Church.*

- f<sup>11</sup> 1 GIRD now thy sword upon thy thigh,  
Most glorious in thy majesty,  
And go forth with triumphant might,  
T' uphold the cause of truth and right!
- 2 Thy throne, O Lord, forever stands,  
Right is the sceptre in thy hands:  
Thou lovest truth and righteousness,  
Therefore Jehovah doth Thee bless.
- 3 With oil of joy He Thee anoints,  
And fragrant robes for Thee appoints;  
Daughters of kings approach thy gate,  
And glad attend thy royal state.
- mp 4 But lo! there standeth at thy side,  
With Thee in cov'nant bonds allied,  
The queen, array'd in Ophir's gold,  
In charms of beauty all untold!
- 5 Daughter! thy father's house forget,  
Thy people too, that round thee met;  
Give to the King thy heart entire,  
So He thy beauty shall desire.
- 6 Unto the King shalt thou be brought,  
In garments rich, with needles wrought,  
On thee the joyful virgins wait,  
While ent'ring now the palace gate.
- mf 7 Thy sons shall take the fathers' place,  
With majesty and princely grace;  
< Thy praise shall spread from shore to shore,  
f Nations shall praise thee evermore! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Conway.**Glories and Government of Christ.*

- 1 I'LL speak the honors of my King,  
His form divinely fair;  
None of the race, on earth who spring,  
May with the Lord compare.
- f<sup>11</sup> 2 Victorious Prince, gird on thy sword,  
Ride with majestic sway;

Thy terrors strike thy foes, O Lord,  
The world shall Thee obey!

— 3 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,  
p Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
To rule thy saints by love.

— 4 Justice and truth attend Thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice,  
mf And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys! WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *Southfield. Dover.*

*The Glory of Christ.*

1 MY Savior and my King,  
Thy beauties are divine ;  
Of good Thou art th' unfailing spring,  
And every grace is thine.

2 Thy glories now display,  
f Gird on thy dreadful sword,  
< And spread in thy majestic sway,  
f The conquests of thy word.

— 3 Thy laws are laws of love,  
Thy throne shall ever stand,  
◇ And thy victorious gospel prove  
f A sceptre in thy hand! WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—S. M. *Inverness. Olney.*

*The Church the Bride of Christ.*

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! hear ;  
Thou queen in Ophir's gold ;  
Consider and incline thine ear ;  
The King, thy Lord, behold!

mp 2 Forget thy native home,  
Thy people and thy pride ;—  
No thought of thine should ever roam  
From Him, to thee allied!

mf 3 Princes thy sons shall be,—  
O'er all the earth their sway ;  
Thy name and race of dignity  
Shall still endure away! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—8 & 7. *Sicily. Cesarea.**Victory of Christ.*

- f 11 1 GIRD thy sword, O King of glory!  
Ride forth in majestic might;  
mp Swift thine arrows, keen and gory,—  
All thy foes shall flee thy sight!
- 11 2 God! thy throne forever standeth,  
Righteous sceptre Thou dost bear:  
Nothing, which thy word commandeth,  
Law of right can e'er impair.
- 3 Trial once thy faith approved,  
Firm, though all thy friends did flee;  
Therefore, God! thy God beloved  
Oil of gladness pour'd on Thee!
- mp 4 Jesus! on thy throne of glory!  
Let thy saints extol thy name:  
While they, wond'ring, read thy story,  
Let them never dread thy shame! ALLEN.

46. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Hebron. Rockingham.**Safety of the Church.*

- 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.
- mf 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there,  
Convulsions shake the solid world;—  
— Our faith shall never yield to fear!
- f 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
p In sacred peace our souls abide,  
— While every nation, ev'ry shore  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- p 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And wat'ring 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.

mf 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power!

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Rockingham.*

*Peace over the World.*

1 COME, and the works of God behold!  
He makes green lands a wilderness ;—  
And now, in his great love untold,  
With beams of peace the world doth bless!

mf 2 The battle sound no ear shall hear,  
Nor ride the victor in his car ;  
God cuts asunder glitt'ring spear,  
And burns the chariot, arm'd for war!

p 3 "Be still, and know, that I am God!  
Ruling on earth, as high above!"—

mf Lord, o'er the nations stretch thy rod,  
> And quell all tumult into love! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martin's. Dundee.*

*God the Protector of the Church.*

1 OUR refuge is the God of power,—  
Our strength, when foes assail,—  
A present help in troublous hour,  
Whose aid shall never fail.

2 Our hearts through fear shall never quake,  
Though earth in terror be,  
mf And though the stable mountains shake,  
And slide into the sea:

3 Although old ocean's waters roar,  
Upturn'd by tempest's shock,  
And dash with fury on the shore,  
And move the mountain rock.

f 4 Zion is safe. p A gentle stream  
— Through all her streets doth flow,  
While God's bright sword is seen to gleam  
Against his Church's foe! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Olmutz.**God a Refuge.*

- 1 THE Lord, our God, is great,  
A refuge for his saints,  
A present help in ev'ry strait,  
Our hope, when nature faints.
- 2 No fear, then, shall we feel,  
But firmest trust will keep,  
Though hugest, rocky mountains reel,  
And slide into the deep ;
- f 3 Though earth's foundations shake,  
And ocean-waters roar,  
Whose swelling makes the mountains quake,  
Whose billows lash the shore !
- p 4 There glides a river by,  
Which gladdens by its flood  
The holy place of God, most High,  
Refreshing all the good.
- 5 Come, now, God's works proclaim!  
He maketh wars to cease,  
He burns the chariot in the flame,  
v And quells the storm to peace !
- p 6 God says, "Be still, and know,  
That I am God alone !"
- mf We Thee the Lord, our God, avow !  
Our refuge is thy throne! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Wilmot.**The Safety of Zion.*

- 1 GOD, our strength, is ever near,  
Surest refuge in distress ;  
Therefore we will never fear,  
Though fierce dangers round us press ;
- mf 2 Though the earth in terror shake,  
And the sea o'erpass its shore ;  
◇ Though the rock-built mountains quake,  
◇ As the swelling waters roar !
- 3 Lo, a river full is flowing,  
Gladd'ning to the house of God ;

Great the blessings, it is strowing,  
As it pours its streams abroad!

p 4 Safe are they, whom God doth love,  
He beholds them with his eye;  
Naught their safety can remove,  
They shall dwell with God on high!

mf 5 O, the Church of God, how blest!  
Streams of life outpour'd on thee!  
Thine the everlasting rest,  
Glory in eternity! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Nuremburg.*

*God's wonderful Works.*

mf 1 GOD, the Lord of hosts on high,  
Ever with his arm is nigh:  
God of Jacob! Thou wilt bless  
All, who trust thy Mightiness!

2 Come, the works of God behold;  
Desolating works of old:  
Vain the heathen Him withstood;  
He o'erwhelm'd them with his flood.

3 Lo, He breaks the warrior's bow,  
Cuts the pointed spear in two,  
Burns the chariot; thus He quells  
War's loud trump and fiend-like yells!

p 4 Then, be still, and humbly bow;  
Know, that God doth rule below;

aff Thou, O God of hosts on high,  
Art our refuge, ever nigh! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—8 & 7s. *Worthing. Wilmot.*

*Zion safe.*

1 LORD, our present help in trouble,  
Refuge to the weary mind,  
We'll not fear, though earth, like stubble,  
Flies before the tempest-wind:—

mf 2 Though the mighty waves of ocean  
Shake the rock-built mountains down,  
And the hills, in wild commotion,  
> Sink in ocean's depths unknown.

p 3 Is there not a gentle river,  
 Gliding onward cool and slow,  
 Whose refreshing streams deliver  
 All, who drink, from thirst and wo?

— 4 Zion drinks these living waters,  
 Flowing from the throne on high ;—

mf Zion's faithful Sons and Daughters!  
 Ye shall drink in yon blue sky! ALLEN.

47. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *Santee*. *Marlow*.

*Christ ascending and reigning.*

mf 1 O, FOR a shout of sacred joy  
 To God, the sov'reign King!  
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
 And hymns of triumph sing!

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;  
 His heav'nly 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

p Upon a thoughtless tongue.

— 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
 He lov'd that chosen race ;  
 < But now He calls the world his own,  
 > And heathens taste his grace.

mf 6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,  
 There Abr'ham's God is known ;  
 While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords  
 Submit before his throne! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Pentonville*. *Paddington*.

*Resurrection and Power of Christ.*

mf 1 YE people, be ye glad,  
 And shout in loudest strains,

For Jesus now with light is clad,  
O'er all the earth He reigns!

- f 2 He rose! O, earth, rejoice!  
He's gone up to the sky!  
O, praise Him with exulting voice,  
In songs, that never die!
- 3 The heathen feel his sway,  
And taste his wondrous love;  
mf Princes and kings his laws obey;—  
His throne is high above! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Bates. Southampton.*

*Exaltation of Christ.*

- f 1 SHOUT, ye people, unto God!  
When He lifts his angry rod,  
Kings shall tremble on their throne;—  
King of kings, He reigns alone!
- 2 Christ has gone up to the sky,  
Hail'd with loud, exulting cry:  
Bless his name, rejoice and sing,—  
Sound forth praises to our King!
- 3 King of all this earthly ball,  
Ev'ry idol soon shall fall;  
Soon the darkness pass away,  
Soon outbeams eternal day!
- mp 4 Do we glory in the cross,  
Deeming all besides but loss?  
mf Let us seek to spread Christ's love,  
f Then our home will be above! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Kimball.*

*Christ a glorious King.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

- f 1 CLAP your hands, and loud rejoice,  
Shout to God with triumph's voice!

CHORUS.

Dreadful is our God most high,  
King o'er all beneath the sky!

SEMI-CHORUS.

- 2 He his people's foes shall smite,  
And subdue them by his might!

## CHORUS.

— He our heritage shall choose,  
Heritage we ne'er shall lose.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

f 3 Jesus went up with a shout,  
Angels circling Him about!

## CHORUS.

Praises sing, ye sons of men,  
Let the heav'ns outsing again!

4 Jesus o'er the earth is King ;  
Joyfully his praises sing!—  
O'er the heathen is his throne,  
All ye idol-gods, bow down!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VER.—11s. *Pittsfield. Portuguese Hymn.*  
*Our heavenly King.*

f 1 O, CLAP ye your hands, all ye people, with joy;  
Loud praise and glad shouts may your lips well employ,  
For Jesus, our Lord, is the King o'er the world ;  
mp By Him all our foes into ruin are hurl'd.

f 2 The Lord is gone up with a shout into heaven ;  
Sing praises! Let praises forever be given!  
Let Jesus be honor'd our Lord and our King ;  
cres Ye sinners redeemed, his praises loud sing! ALLEN.

48. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *Dundee. London.*  
*The Glory of the Church.*

1 WITH stately tow'rs and bulwarks strong,  
Unrivall'd and alone,  
p Lov'd theme of many a sacred song,  
— God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,  
The glory of all lands ;  
mf Yet fairer, and in strength complete,  
The Christian temple stands!

3 The faithful of each clime and age  
This glorious Church compose ;  
Built on a rock, with idle rage  
The threat'ning tempest blows.

- 4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,  
 For God is her defence ;  
 How weak, how pow'rless each arm  
 Against Omnipotence? SPIRIT OF PSALMS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Dover.*

*The Church the Honor of a Nation.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, our God,  
 And let his praise be great ;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.
- mp 2 These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand,—  
 The honors of our native place,  
 mf The bulwarks of our land?
- 3 In Zion God is known,  
 A refuge in distress ;  
 mf How bright has his salvation shone,  
 His truth and righteousness?
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen,  
 How well our God secures the fold,  
 Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In every time of wo  
 We'll to his house repair ;  
 Before the Lord we'll humbly bow,  
 And seek deliv'rance there. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Paddington.*

*Beauty of the Church.*

- 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,  
 mf 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:—

- 4 The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
mf The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—  
v And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp, that charms the eyes,  
And rites, adorn'd with gold!
- 6 The God, we worship now,  
Will guide us, till we die ;  
mf Will be our God, while here below,  
And ours above the sky! WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dalston. Bethel.*  
*Safety and Glory of Zion.*

- 1 HOW beautiful the seat  
Of Zion's monarch great,—  
Zion, the city we have trod?  
mf She is the wide earth's joy ;  
And what can her annoy,  
While guarded by her present God?
- 2 Let Zion's mount rejoice,  
Her daughters lift their voice,  
And praise the judgments of her King ;  
Oft has she seen and known  
Her foes all overthrown,  
v And swept away as lightest thing!
- 3 This city walk around,  
And mark our Zion's bound ;  
Her walls, her tow'rs upreared high,  
Her bulwarks of great might,  
Her palaces so bright ;  
Her God with aid forever nigh!
- 4 Blest is the church of God,  
Where truth strikes with his rod,  
Or sends keen arrows to the proud ;  
f Where swift-wing'd, thund'ring wrath

Startles the sinner's path,  
pp Or mercy's bow hangs on the cloud! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Prentiss.*

*Zion defended and safe.*

- 1 BEAUTIFUL is Zion's hill,  
Where her sons and daughters sing!  
mf Thy glad songs the earth shall fill,  
City of our glorious King!
- 2 Vain the malice of the foe,  
Though dark pow'rs of earth combine ;  
They shall, Lord, be humbled low  
< By thy Majesty divine!
- f 3 Often hast Thou scatter'd wide,  
Often dash'd down to the ground  
Proudest Kings in martial pride,  
Compassing thy Zion round!
- " 4 Walk about our Zion fair,  
Mark ye well her bulwarks strong ;  
Count her tow'rs up high in air,  
f Hearken to her shout and song!
- 5 'This, our God, shall be our God,  
While our pilgrimage shall be,—  
Guide through valley yet untrod,—  
Portion in eternity! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Brown. Turin.*

*The City of God.*

- mf 1 GREAT is God, and great his praise,  
Which his church shall joyful sing ;  
mp Beautiful are Zion's ways,—  
City of the mighty King!  
God is known a refuge there,—  
Blessed city of his care!
- mf 2 Zion's mount may well rejoice,  
Zion's daughters in their God ;  
Let them lift a thankful voice,  
For his judgments sent abroad ;  
mp Zion's foes shall feel a blow,  
> Laying all their greatness low!

mf 1 3 Walk about our Zion's bound,  
 Mark her walled strength and towers,  
 All her bulwarks planted round,  
 Bidding shame to hostile powers:  
 This, our God, let all adore ;  
 He's our God forevermore! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VER.—7 & 6. *Yarmouth. Miss. Hymn.*  
*Beauty of the Church.*

1 BEHOLD, how Zion's mountain  
 All beauty far transcends,  
 And from Siloa's fountain  
 The stream of joy she sends!  
 Jehovah's to be praised  
 In this, his city bright!  
 f Let loudest songs be raised  
 To Him, the Lord of might!

mf 2 Go, count our Zion's towers,  
 And mark her walled bound ;  
 Then say, what hostile powers  
 Shall dare her hill surround!  
 She'll fall before them never ;—  
 They cannot cast her down:—  
 God is our God forever ;  
 He'll guide us to his throne! ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—11 & 8. *Wareham.*

[Omitting the ties of the tune.]

*Glory of the church.*

1 MOUNT Zion, the city of God, O, how fair,  
 How beauteous she lifts up her head?  
 The joy of the earth, and a refuge from care,  
 His city, who rose from the dead!

2 Go, walk forth and compass our Zion around,  
 And mark all her towers of might ;  
 Count up all her bulwarks, whose strength  
 may astound,  
 And notice her palaces bright!

3 Then tell of her beauty, which joyful ye see,  
 For good to the age, that shall come:

f This God is our God! and He ever will be!  
 > He'll guide us e'en down to the tomb! ALLEN

49. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Lancaster. Uxbridge.*

*The Vanity of Riches.*

- 1 THEY, who in riches put their trust,  
 And boast of treasures in the dust,  
 mp Not one can save his brother's soul,—  
 Not one death's terrors can control.
- 2 By their own names they call their lands,  
 And think, their house forever stands ;  
 mp Yet are they like the beasts, who die,  
 And sudden in the grave they lie.
- 3 Earth's splendor moulders in the clay,  
 And beauty is the earth-worm's prey ;  
 All worldly honor meets disgrace,  
 > Thrust down in lowly dwelling place.
- 4 Then envy not the worldly great,  
 In conscious pride of wealth elate,  
 p For, sleeping in their narrow bed,  
 len They lie forgotten with the dead.
- mf 5 My God, with grace and power to save,  
 Will sure redeem me from the grave ;  
 Then to my soul there shall be given  
 f Th' unmeasur'd, endless good of heaven!

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *St. Anns. London.*

*The Soul redeemed by Christ.*

- 1 NONE can preserve his brother's breath,  
 Nor the high ransom give ;  
 Redeem the mortal frame from death,  
 And bid corruption live!
- 2 But vast and boundless is the price,  
 Th'immortal soul's esteem!  
 What human pow'r or wealth suffice  
 From ruin to redeem?
- <|| 3 Behold! 't is done! His wonders tell ;  
 Jesus, the Lord, can save!

'Tis He redeems the soul from hell!  
He ransoms from the grave!           GOODE.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Dover.*

*Earthly Glory.*

- 1 THEY, who in riches trust,  
And in earth's pleasures roll,  
Cannot, with all their golden dust,  
p Redeem a brother's soul.
- 2 Pride moulders in the clay,  
And honor finds disgrace,  
p Sweet beauty is the earth-worm's prey  
v In lowly dwelling place.
- 3 Then envy not the great,  
For, in their narrow bed,  
They lose their pomp and proud estate,  
v Forgotten with the dead.
- Aff 4 My God, with pow'r to save!  
To me let there be given  
Redemption from the hollow grave,  
And boundless good in heaven!           ALLEN.
- 

50. FIRST VERSION.—10s. *Wilton. Havre.*

*The Last Judgment.*

- 1 THE Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth,  
Calls the south nations and awakes the north ;  
From east to west the sounding orders spread  
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead :  
No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;  
p His vengeance sleeps no more :—behold the day !
- 2 Behold, the Judge descends ; his guards are nigh ;  
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky :  
Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near ; let all things come  
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom :  
“But gather first my saints,” the Judge commands,  
“Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands !”
- 3 Sinners, awake betimes ! ye fools, be wise ;  
cres Awake, before this dreadful morning rise !

- Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,—  
Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your friend ;  
p Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear  
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near ! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Lancaster. Duke Street.*

*God requiring the Sacrifice of the Heart.*

- mf 11 THE God of gods, Jehovah, spake,  
From east to west his words outbreak !  
From Zion, glory of the land,  
He issues forth his just command.
- 2 Before Him flames devouring fire,  
The mighty tempest wakes in ire ;  
He calls to earth and heav'n above,  
His righteous judgment to approve :
- 3 "Hear, O, my people, and be taught ;  
For offerings I blame thee not :  
No he-goat from the fold I ask,  
Nor bullock taken from his task ;
- 4 "For ev'ry forest-beast, that strays,  
And cattle on the hills, that graze,  
And all the mountain-fowls are mine ;  
Need I such sacrifice, as thine ?
- 5 "The flesh of bullocks do I eat,  
Or drink the blood of goats as sweet ?  
mf Give thanks to God, thy heav'nly King ;  
To Him thy Vows and Praises bring !
- mp 6 "In day of trouble call on Me,  
— And praise Me for deliv'rance free ;  
To him, that will my statutes know,  
mf To him Salvation will I show ! " ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Old Hundred. Arnheim.*

*The Judgment Day.*

- " 1 THE Mighty God, Jehovah, speaks:—  
To earth, while round his thunder breaks,  
He calls ; from where the rising sun  
Hastes, till his western race is run.
- 2 From Zion, glory of the skies !  
Where beauty's full perfections rise,

- f He bursts in majesty abroad,  
And shines o'er all, th' Eternal God!
- 3 He comes, He comes, our God behold!
- p No more his lips their silence hold :
- f Devouring fire prepares his way,  
And clouds and tempests round him play.
- 4 To heav'n He calls ;—the heav'ns shall hear,  
The souls beneath his throne appear ;  
To earth the mighty summons cries,  
“Now let the sleeping dust arise!”      GOODE.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. Grafton. *Burford.*

*The last Judgment.*

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne  
Bids the whole 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.
- f 3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come ;  
Bright flames prepare his way ;  
'Thunder and darkness, fire and storm  
Lead on the dreadful day!
- 4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,  
Attending angels come ;
- mp And earth and hell shall know and fear
- > His justice, and their doom!      WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. Colchester. *Dundee.*

*The Judgment of Hypocrites.*

- 1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,  
And saints surround their Lord,  
He calls the nations to attend,  
And hear his awful word.
- 2 “Not for the want of bullocks slain  
Will I the world reprove:  
Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,  
Without the fire of love!

3 And what have hypocrites to do,  
 'To bring their sacrifice?  
 'They call my statutes just and true,  
 But deal in theft and lies."

4 Consider, ye, that slight the Lord,  
 Before his wrath appear ;  
 p If once you fall beneath his sword,  
 There's no deliv'rer there! WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—7 & 6. *Yarmouth.*

*The last Judgment.*

1 THE mighty God hath spoken,  
 The Lord the earth doth call ;  
 Nor can his word be broken,  
 Nor shall his purpose fall.  
 Our God shall come ;—before Him  
 Doth blazing fire devour ;  
 Attending hosts adore Him,  
 Beholders of his power !

2 "Let all my saints assemble,  
 And at my bar now stand !"—  
 Ah, how the wicked tremble  
 At hearing this command !

f The judgment trumpet ringing,—  
 The Judge upon his throne,—  
 The righteous gladly singing,—

p The wicked weep and moan! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—8, 7 & 4. *Ripley. Carlow.*

*Day of Judgment.*

mf 1 GOD, the mighty God, hath spoken,  
 Hear, O earth, his gracious voice !  
 On the darkness light hath broken,  
 Zion's sons may now rejoice :  
 All ye people,  
 Let salvation be your choice !

2 Lo, the Judge, from heav'n descending !  
 From dark cloud, on which He rides,  
 Loudest thunder earth is rending :  
 Scornful men no more deride !—  
 Each in terror

p From the Judge would gladly hide.

- 3 Bursting from their lowly dwelling,  
From their graves the saints arise,  
p Rapture all their bosoms swelling,  
As they meet their Savior's eyes ;  
For their Savior  
mf Now will take them to the skies !
- 4 Wouldst thou, sinner, dwell in heaven?  
Think not then for victim slain  
Joy and Glory will be given,  
Or for self-inflicted pain :—  
Only Jesus  
Cleanses out thy guilty stain! ALLEN.

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51. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Windham, Sunderland.*

*A Penitent pleading for Pardon.*

- aff 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 pow'r and glory of thy grace ;  
mf Great God! thy nature hath no bound,—  
— So let thy pard'ning love be found!
- aff 3 O, wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
p 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 condemn'd, 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.
- aff 6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Windham. Sunderland.*

*Sin Confessed.*

- p 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean,  
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death:  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- aff 3 Great God! create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true;  
O make me wise betimes to see  
My danger, and thy mercy free.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face,  
My only refuge is thy grace;  
No outward forms can make me clean;  
The leprosy lies deep within!
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
v Can wash the dismal stain away.
- aff 6 Jesus, my God! thy blood alone  
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone:  
Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
No types, nor rites can cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;  
mf Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my mourning heart rejoice! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Windham. Hanover.*

*The Penitent's Prayer.*

- Aff 1 O, THOU, who hear'st, when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;

Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;  
mf Thine holy joys, my God, restore,  
> And guard me, that I fall no more !
- mp 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
Thy help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice, I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul, condemn'd to die.
- mf 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways,  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God !
- 8 O, may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song,  
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—L. M. *Bernard. Sunderland.*

*Prayer for Mercy.*

- Aff 1 HAVE mercy, O, my God! on me,  
In thy great kindness rich and free!  
O, wash me from my guilty stain ;—  
Renew me, lest I sin again !
- 2 Thou sacrifice dost not demand,  
Else would I give it to thine hand ;  
Nor in burnt-off'rings dost delight,  
mf Else should thine altars blaze forth bright !
- 3 The sacrifice, Thou dost approve,—  
Next to Christ's off'ring made above,—

p Is broken spirit and contrite:—  
— Such sacrifice is thy delight!

f 4 O, build thy Zion's ruin'd wall!  
Then all earth's tribes on Thee shall call,  
Thine altars through the world shall blaze,  
And ev'ry tongue shall give Thee praise!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. Medfield. Grafton.

*Confession and Prayer.*

Aff 1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress  
And guilt before thine eyes ;  
Against thy laws, against thy grace  
How high my crimes arise?

2 Shouldst Thou condemn my soul to hell,  
And crush my flesh to dust,  
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,  
And earth must own it just.

— 3 I from the stock of Adam came,  
Unholy and unclean ;  
All my original is shame,  
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew  
Contagion with my breath,  
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew  
A juster prey for death.

aff 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul  
With thy forgiving love ;  
O, make my broken spirit whole,  
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,  
Nor drive me from thy face ;  
Create anew my vicious heart,  
And fill it with thy grace.

mf 7 Then will I make thy mercy known  
Before the sons of men ;  
Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
And turn to God again! WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—C. M. *Medfield. Grafton.**Repentance and Faith.*

- Aff 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 ;  
 mf 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.
- mp 4 A soul, that feels of sin the smart,  
 My God will ne'er despise ;  
 A humble groan, a broken heart  
 Is our best sacrifice.                    WATTS.

SEVENTH VERSION.—S. M. *Cedron. Lathrop.**Prayer for Mercy.*

- Aff 1 HAVE mercy, God of love!  
 And all my sins control ;  
 O, send forgiveness from above,  
 And cheer my humbled soul!
- 2 From guilt O set me free,  
 For I my sins deplore ;  
 O, wash me from iniquity,  
 And let me sin no more!
- 3 Create a holy heart,  
 A spirit right and free,  
 Nor let me from thy law depart ;  
 So shall I honor Thee!
- 4 Ne'er wilt Thou, Lord, despise  
 A spirit all contrite ;  
 In broken heart for sacrifice  
 Thou surely dost delight!                    ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Norwich.**Prayer for Forgiveness and a new Heart.*

- Aff 1 LORD, have mercy on my soul,  
 In thy love beyond my thought!—  
 All my raging sins control,  
 From thy book my guilt outblot.
- 2 Wash me from this dreadful stain,  
 Cleanse the leprosy of heart ;  
 Let me never sin again,—  
 Never from my God depart!
- 3 O, my God, to Thee I bow!  
 Listen to my earnest cry:  
 Wash me whiter, than the snow,  
 Let me hear the voice of joy!
- 4 New-create me, Lord within,  
 Make my spirit right with Thee ;  
 Take away my bloody sin ;  
 Show me mercy rich and free!
- 5 No atoning offering  
 For my crime do I present ;  
 Lord, a broken heart I bring,  
 Heart for sin in anguish rent!
- 6 Sacrifice for me was made  
 By the Suff'rer on the tree!  
 f Then was love unknown displayed,  
 Love immense and mercy free! ALLEN.

NINTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Oakham. Italian Hymn.**Confession and Prayer.*

- Aff 1 HAVE mercy on my soul,  
 And all my sins control,  
 O God of love!  
 In thine abundant grace  
 Out of thy book efface  
 Of sin and guilt each trace,  
 And far remove.
- p 2 O, wash away each stain,  
 Nor let me sin again,  
 While here below!

I would return to Thee ;—  
 In love beyond degree,  
 O God, now pity me!  
 Thy mercy show!

- 3 No costly sacrifice  
 I spread before thine eyes,  
 My offering ;  
 A heart for sin contrite  
 Doth give to Thee delight,  
 mf O God, enthron'd in light,  
 My heav'nly King!
- mp 4 For guilty deeds brought low,  
 Save me from shame and wo  
 mf By thy great power!  
 aff Thy Spirit give to me ;  
 Then I'll ascribe to Thee  
 ff Salvation rich and free,  
 Forevermore! ALLEN.
- 

52. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Baltimore. Wakefield.*

*End of the Righteous and Wicked.*

- 1 BOAST not in mischief, man of might,  
 Nor plot against the good and just ;  
 Almighty God thy pride will smite,  
 And lay thy greatness in the dust!
- 2 Then shall the righteous say,—“Behold!  
 This is the man, that turn'd from God,  
 And plac'd his confidence in gold,  
 And walk'd the ways, the wicked trod.
- 3 “But I am like green olive tree,  
 Which in God's house most fruitful grows ;  
 And in God's grace my hope shall be,  
 While time's unceasing current flows.
- 4 “Thy work of mercy I'll proclaim,—  
 Thine arm outstretch'd from heav'n above ;—  
 Forever will I praise thy name,  
 Thy saving name of grace and love!” ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Nuremburg.**The End of the Wicked.*

- 1 WHY, O sinner, dost thou boast,  
And thyself deem as a host!  
God shall smite thee in his wrath,  
And destroy thee in thy path.
- 2 Righteous men, as they behold,  
“Lo,” will say, “the strong man bold,  
Who forsook the God of strength,  
And is now cast down at length!”
- 3 Like a green, fair olive tree  
In thy house, Lord, render me ;  
In thy mercy I do trust,—  
mf I shall praise Thee with the just!      ALLEN.
- 

53. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *Nichols. Patmos.**Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.*

- 1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,  
Who thus devour her saints?  
Do they not know, her Savior rules,  
And pities her complaints?
- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise,  
For God's revenging arm  
Scatters the bones of them, who rise  
To do his children harm.
- mf 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast  
Of armies in array ;  
When God has first dispers'd their host,  
> They fall an easy prey.
- mf 4 O, for a word from Zion's King,  
Her captives to restore!  
Jacob, with all the tribes, shall sing,  
And Judah weep no more!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Bender. Dover.**Depravity.*

- 1 GOD look'd from heav'n to earth  
His children here to see,

If they walk'd worthy of their birth,  
In love and purity.

mp 2 They all have gone astray  
And trampled on his word ;  
All are wild wand'ers from his way,  
Forsakers of the Lord!

— 3 Are they so dark in mind,  
That they God's friends devour,  
And think th' omniscient Judge is blind,  
Th' Almighty without power?

mf 4 O, come the blissful day,  
When Zion's Savior King  
Shall bend all nations to his sway!—  
Then earth with shouts shall ring! ALLEN.

54. FIRST VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Pleyel's Hymn.*

*God the Savior of his People.*

Aff 1 SAVE me, God of might and love!  
Bring me rescue from above:  
Hear my humble, earnest cry,  
Grant the quick and glad reply!

— 2 Scatter'd are my num'rous foes!—  
Fierce as howling wolves they rose,  
Seeking to devour my soul ;  
Lord, they felt thy strong control!

3 Freely will I praise thy name,  
Sav'd from sin, and fear, and shame:  
f Loud my grateful songs shall rise,  
Endless too in yonder skies! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Pleyel's Hymn.*

*Prayer and Praise.*

Aff 1 SAVE me, Lord, by thy great name,  
Hear, O God! my earnest cry ;  
Put my dreaded foes to shame,  
Send deliv'rance from on high.

2 Strangers, in their pride arrayed,  
Have in malice sought my soul ;

Thou, O Lord! art my sure aid,  
All their fury to control.

3 Grateful praises will I pay,  
f Loud to Thee I'll lift my song,  
mp< For my night is turn'd to day ;  
mf Thou hast rescued me from wrong! ALLEN.

55. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. Windham.*

*Trusting in God.*

Aff 1 UNTO my pray'r, O God! give ear,  
My mournful voice in mercy hear!  
The waves of death around me roll,  
mp And horror hath o'erwhelm'd my soul.

2 Had I but wings, like turtle dove,  
How quickly would I hence remove?  
mf I would outstrip the wind's swift flight,  
Escaping storm and tempest's might.

— 3 To Thee I will not cease to pray,  
And Thou wilt turn my fears away,  
Though wicked men Thou wilt chastise,  
Array'd in terror to their eyes.

4 On Thee I cast my burden, Lord ;  
mf Thou wilt sustain me by thy word:—  
In wrath shall sinners be reprov'd,  
But righteous men shall ne'er be mov'd.

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Nichols. Patmos.*

*Support in Affliction and Temptation.*

Aff 1 O, GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,  
Behold my flowing tears,  
For earth and hell my hurt devise,  
And triumph in my fears.

2 O, were I like a feather'd dove,  
And innocence had wings ;  
I'd fly, and make a long remove  
From all these restless things.

3 Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home,

Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.

- mf 4 I cast my burdens on the Lord,  
The Lord sustains them all:  
My courage rests upon his word,  
That saints shall never fall!

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Dover.*

*Dangerous Prosperity: Prayer.*

- 1 LET sinners choose the road,  
That leads them down 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.
- 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 will not seek Thee, Lord, to please,  
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, secure from harm,  
Will lean upon the Lord ;  
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
- 6 Thine arm shall well defend  
The children of thy love ;  
mf The ground, on which their hopes depend,  
No earthly power can move.

WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—6s. *Chaplin.*

[Repeat the first 2 lines of the tune.]

*Prayer and Trust in God.*

- mp 1 THOUGH chosen friend betrays,  
With whom was counsel sweet,  
Whom I was wont to meet,

To walk in Zion's ways ;  
 mf Yet, Lord, on Thee I call,  
 And I shall never fall!

mp 2 When evening spreads its wing,  
 When morning pours its light,  
 And noon-day sun shines bright,  
 To Thee I cry, my King!—

mf God hears my earnest voice,  
 < And makes my soul rejoice!

mp 3 The wicked will not pray:  
 Unchasten'd by the rod,  
 The sinner fears not God:  
 Love not his downward way,  
 But make the Lord your trust,  
 For He doth shield the just!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—8s *Northfield. Berkley.*

*Longing after God.*

mp 1 O, HAD I but wings like a dove,  
 From earth I would take my quick flight,  
 Would mount to the regions above,  
 And dwell in the splendors of light:—

2 Would fly from the cares, that perplex,  
 From sorrows, that darken my joy,  
 From storms and the tempests, that vex,  
 From all the mishaps, that annoy:—

3 Would wander away from my race,  
 And in the rude desert unblest,—  
 Of footsteps of man without trace,—  
 > I there should find sweetness of rest.

Aff 4 O Lord! wilt Thou give me repose,  
 Repose, though the tempest I see,  
 The peace, which from patience outflows,  
 The joy, which is found but in Thee! ALLEN.

56. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Somers. Salisbury.*

*God a Refuge.*

1 BE Thou my refuge, God of might!  
 For men my peace and bliss annoy ;

- Mine enemies urge on the fight,  
 And would my very life destroy:  
 mf Stretch out thine arm, O Thou most high,  
 And bring the needed succor nigh!
- 2 What time my num'rous foes I fear,  
 In Thee, O God! I'll put my trust ;  
 To Thee I'll cry, for Thou art near,  
 And ever wilt Thou shield the just ;  
 mf Then will I praise thy faithful word,  
 And bless thy pow'r and grace, O Lord!
- 3 My soul, redeem'd from threaten'd death,  
 My feet, sav'd from the secret snare,—  
 I'll bless Thee, Lord, while I have breath,  
 And never in thy praise forbear:  
 f Thee I extol, my God and shield!  
 mp To Thee my rescued life I yield! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. Putney. *Dedham.*

*Confidence in God.*

- 1 IN God, most holy, just, and true,  
 I have repos'd my trust,  
 Nor will I fear what man can do,  
 The offspring of the dust.
- 2 When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
 The wicked fear and flee ;—  
 mf So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,  
 So near is God to me!
- 3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
 Thou shalt receive my praise:  
 mf I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word?  
 How righteous all thy ways?"
- 4 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,  
 O, set a pris'ner free!  
 mf That heart and hand, and life and breath  
 May be employ'd for Thee! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Paddington.*

*Prayer in Temptation.*

- 1 BE Thou, O God of might!  
 My refuge from the foe,

- For lo, my foes urge on the fight,  
And would my soul o'erthrow!
- 2 Stretch out, O Thou most High,  
Thine arm of matchless power,  
And bring the needed succor nigh,  
And save me evermore!
- 3 My soul redeem'd from hell,  
And fill'd with heav'nly joy,—  
Thy wondrous grace my lips shall tell,  
And songs my lips employ!                      ALLEN.

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57. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Walton. Winchester.*  
*Praise for God's Mercy.*

- aff 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 heav'ns I send my cry,—  
The Lord will my desires perform ;
- mf He sends his angels from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- f 3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell ;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise  
mf Immortal honors to his name :  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame!
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- f 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell ;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Windham. Duke Street.**Prayer for Protection and Mercy.*

- Aff 1 BE merciful in my distress,  
 O God of mercy and of love!  
 O, send me in thy righteousness  
 Deliverance from heav'n above.
- 2 To Thee I look, O God most high!  
 For thy rich grace, that never fails,  
 For strength, when tempting foe is nigh,  
 For rescue, when that foe prevails.
- 3 The peace, from firmest faith that springs,  
 That peace, O Lord, on me bestow ;  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
 May I the safest refuge know.
- 4 Thy mercy, Lord, exceeds all thought,  
 Thy truth extends above the sky ;  
 f Eternal praise to Thee be brought  
 From all below and all on high! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Ferry. Mear.**Prayer and Praise.*

- Aff 1 O GOD! be merciful to me :  
 My soul on Thee I cast ;  
 Unto thy shad'wing wings I flee,  
 Till woes be overpast.
- 2 On Thee I'll call, O God most high,  
 Who dost all things perform ;  
 And Thou wilt send down from the sky,  
 And save me from the storm.
- f 3 Be Thou exalted on thy throne  
 Above the heav'ns, my God!  
 And let thy glory be made known  
 Through all the earth abroad!
- 4 To praise Thee will I early rise,  
 And join th' assembled crowds ;  
 Thy mercy reacheth to the skies,  
 Thy truth unto the clouds!
- f 5 Be Thou exalted on thy throne  
 Above the heav'ns, my God!

ff And let thy glory be made known  
Through all the earth abroad! ALLEN.

58. FIRST VER.—C. M. *Arlington. Woodstock.*

*Character and Doom of the Wicked.*

- 1 HOW soon the wicked go astray,  
And leave the path-way right?  
How soon their malice they display,  
Like serpent's pois'nous bite?
- 2 As the deaf adder stops her ear,  
Nor heeds the charmer's skill,  
They, Lord, refuse thy truth to hear,  
Their ways pursuing still.
- 3 Thou, Lord! the lion's teeth wilt break,  
And save the struggling prey:  
To wicked men thy wrath shall speak,—  
p > By whirlwind swept away!
- 4 Seeing the just reward and shame,—  
The proud from greatness hurl'd,—  
Exulting shall thy saints exclaim,  
mf “God judges in the world!” ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Norwich. Pleyel's Hymn.*

*Warning to Rulers.*

- mf 1 TYRANTS! do ye judge aright,  
And for good exert your power?  
No: but with the serpent's bite  
Helpless men do ye devour!
- 2 As the adder stops her ear,  
Nor regards the charmer's voice,  
Ye refuse God's law to hear,  
And in wickedness rejoice!
- mf 3 Lord! the lion's teeth now break!  
Rescue, Lord, the struggling prey!  
mp To the wicked wrath shall speak,—  
> By the whirlwind swept away!
- 4 As they see the tyrants' shame,  
Down from all their greatness hurl'd,

mf Joyful shall thy saints exclaim,—  
 “God doth judge through all the world!”

ALLEN.

PSALM 59.—7s. *Prentiss. Kimball.*

*Confidence in God.*

- 1 I AM hated, Lord! by those,  
 Who thy holy truth despise ;  
 Aff Save me from my bloody foes,  
 Lord of Hosts; arise, arise !
- 2 Thou'rt my rock and my defence;  
 Thou a tow'r unto thy saints ;  
 Thee I make my confidence,  
 Thee I'll trust, though nature faints.
- 3 Glad thy mercies will I sing,  
 All thy pow'r and love confess ;  
 Thou hast been, O heav'nly King,  
 My safe refuge in distress !
- mf 4 Songs with every morning's light,  
 Lord, shall rise up to thy throne ;  
 All thy saints shall praise thy might,  
 And thy mercy shall make known !

ALLEN.

60. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Oxford. Farnsworth.*

*Gods mercy : the Gospel triumphant.*

- 1 ALTHOUGH thy people oft have seen  
 Mysterious workings of thy power,  
 Yet Thou, O Lord! didst mercy mean,  
 And cheer them in their darkest hour.
- mf 2 Before thy saints Thou hast arrayed  
 A glorious banner, spread on high,  
 Which Gentile tribes shall see displayed,  
 Waving triumphant in the sky !
- f 3 The gospel shall glad vict'ry gain,  
 All idols from their seats be hurl'd,  
 And Jesus as a conqu'ror reign  
 O'er all the subjugated world !

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Ferry. York.*

*Humiliation for Disasters in War.*

- 1 OUR nation trembles at thy frown,  
And dreads thy lifted hand ;  
Cast not, O Lord, thy people down,  
But save the sinking land.
- 2 Lift up thy banner in the field  
For those, who fear thy name ;  
Defend thy people with thy shield,  
And put our foes to shame.
- 3 Go with our armies to the fight,  
Their guardian and their God ;--  
In vain confed'rate powers unite  
Against thy lifted rod.
- 4 Our troops shall gain a wide renown  
By thine assisting hand :  
'Tis God, who treads the mighty down,  
And makes the feeble stand!      WATTS.

61. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. Windham.*

*God a Defence.*

- af 1 O, GOD of mercy! hear my prayer,  
And listen to my mournful cry ;  
I'm toss'd on waves of grief and care,—  
O, lead me to the Rock on high!
- 2 Jesus can save ; his arm of power  
Has often been outstretch'd for me ;  
His promise, like embattled tower,  
Protects me from mine enemy!
- 3 Beneath the covert of thy wings  
In peril will I safely hide ;  
And, when from earth my spirit springs,  
Let me in thy blest house abide!
- f 4 My King is now enthron'd on high,  
In robes of majesty most bright ;  
His grace shall lift me to the sky,  
To dwell in heav'n's eternal light!      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Mornington. Beverly.**Safety in God.*

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

aff 2 O, lead me, King of kings,  
To Rock high o'er my head ;  
And let the covert of thy wings,  
My shelter, be o'erspread !

3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide ;

mf My tow'r I'll make thy faithful word,  
The refuge, where I hide.

— 4 The lot Thou givest me  
Of those, that fear thy name ;

mf If endless life their portion be,  
I shall possess the same.

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Norwich.**Safety in God.*

mp 1 WHEN, o'erwhelm'd with grief and wo,  
All my joys are swept away,  
Then, O Lord, to Thee I'll bow ;  
Listen Thou, when I shall pray !

mf 2 Be Thou, Lord ! my rock on high ;  
Castled tow'r of my defence,  
Shelter from the enemy,—  
Thou in thy Omnipotence !

— 3 Lord ! the covert of thy wings  
Gives protection sure to me ;—

mf Thy pavilion, King of kings,  
Shall my home forever be !

ALLEN.

52. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Duke Street. Alfreton.**Trust in God.*

1 MY spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and Refuge is his throne :

In all my fears, in all my straits  
My soul on his salvation waits.

- 2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways ;  
Pour out your hearts before his face :  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
mf God is our all-sufficient aid !
- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
The baser sort are vanity ;  
Laid in the balance, both appear  
dim Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God hath spoke ?
- 5 His sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone ;  
Grace is a partner of the throne :—  
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
Shall well divide our last reward !      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Kimball.*

*Confidence in God.*

- " 1 LORD! my soul on Thee depends,  
Fearless, while thine arm defends,  
Strong to meet the hostile shock,  
Safe with Thee, my Savior-Rock!
- aff 2 Wait, my soul, on God alone,  
All my refuge is his throne:—  
God, my hiding-place and tower,  
God protects in evil hour.
- " 3 Trust, ye people, in his arm,  
Fear no desolating harm:  
Let the men of scornful eye  
Tremble, for their fall is nigh.
- 4 If your riches overflow,  
Transient is all good below:  
Pow'r belongeth unto God,—  
Soon will come his chast'ning rod.
- 5 Mercy, too, to God belongs ;  
Praise him in your joyful songs:—

In the great rewarding day  
He will all your deeds repay! ALLEN.

THIRD VER.—11s. *Tappan. Portuguese Hymn.*

*God our Refuge and Strength.*

- 1 IN truth, O my soul, upon God thou dost wait,  
And He, thy Defence and Salvation, is near ;  
Protected by Him, what can harm thy estate,  
And what form of ill need awaken thy fear?
- 2 On Him wait thou only, my soul in distress,  
He only, my Rock and Salvation, is nigh ;  
He will me protect, and his name shall I bless,  
He will me exalt up to heaven on high!
- 3 In God is salvation! my hope is the Lord;—  
The Lord is my strength, and the Rock of my might ;  
At all times, ye people, confide in his word ;  
Before Him outpour all your heart with delight!

ALLEN.

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63. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Brewer. Uxbridge.*

*Delight in God and his Worship.*

- Aff 1 GREAT God! indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
The glories, that compose thy name,  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God!  
And I am thine by sacred ties,—  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
  - 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands  
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water brook.
  - 4 With early feet I love t'appear  
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:  
Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
  - 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise ;

This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Bernard. Nazareth.*

*Longing for the House of God.*

- 1 I'M banish'd from thy house, O Lord ;  
In dreary wilderness I stray :  
No streams of life from thy good word  
My soul's keen thirstiness allay.
- aff 2 O, how I long again to stand  
Within thy holy temple's door,—  
To hear thy law and just command,  
And see thy glory there once more !
- 3 Yet, while in desert's paths I rove,  
Thy mercies, Lord, are near to me ;  
Better than life I prize thy love,—  
My praise shall ceaseless rise to Thee !
- p 4 In silent watches of the night,  
As on thy name I musing think,  
— My soul is gladden'd with delight,—  
mf Full draughts of joy and hope I drink !
- 5 Then, Lord, in Thee I'll ever trust,  
Under thy shad'wing wings rejoice,  
p And, though I lie down in the dust,  
mf In heav'n I'll lift my raptur'd voice ! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—L. P. M. *Nashville. Midian.*

*Delight in God.*

- Aff 1 FOR Thee, O Lord, with strong desire  
My soul doth earnestly inquire ;  
I long, I thirst, I pant for Thee,—  
As traveller in desert wide,  
Where no sweet water-brook doth glide,  
The crystal well desires to see !
- 2 In watches of the silent night  
Visions of Thee shall cheer my sight,  
My soul shall triumph in thy love ;  
Because thy goodness, Lord, I know,  
mf I'll praise Thee, while I dwell below,  
And praise Thee in the heav'n above ! ALLEN.

FOURTH VER.—C. M. *Lanesborough. Laurens.*

*Worship 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 heav'nly hour,  
That vision, so divine!
- mf 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- > 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
mf I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing!           WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *Nottingham. Stephens.*

*Midnight Thoughts.*

- p 1 'T WAS in the watches of the night,  
I thought upon thy power,  
I kept thy face, O Lord, in sight  
Amidst the darkest hour.
- 2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,  
My soul arose on high ;—  
aff "My God, my life, my hope," I said,  
"Bring thy salvation nigh."
- 3 My spirit labors up thine hill,  
And climbs the heav'nly road ;  
But thy right hand upholds me still,  
While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head  
The shadow of thy wings ;

mf My heart rejoices in thine aid,  
My tongue awakes and sings!      WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—C. M. *Downs. Medfield.*

*Thirsting for God.*

Aff 1 O, GOD, my God! for Thee I thirst,  
In deserts while I stray ;  
O, from the rock some stream to burst,  
To cheer me in my way!

2 Within thy house once more reveal  
The wonders of thy love,  
That I again may taste and feel  
Thy temple-joys above!

3 Thy loving kindness; O my Lord,  
Than life is better far ;  
The light of thy pure, faithful word  
Shall be my guiding star.

4 And when at last upon my bed,  
At life's near close, I rest  
len My weary, fainting, dying head,—  
mf Thy name shall still be blest!      ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Olmutz.*

*Seeking God.*

1 MY God, permit my tongue  
This joy, to call Thee mine ;  
And in my heart awake a song  
In praise of love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul  
Thy mercy does implore ;  
Not travellers, where sand-waves roll,  
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,  
I long to find my place ;  
mf To see thy pow'r, to taste thy word,  
And feel thy quick'ning grace!

aff 4 For life without thy love  
No relish can afford ;  
No joy, compar'd with this, I prove,  
To serve and please the Lord!

- 5 In wakeful hours of night  
I call my God to mind ;  
I deem thy counsels wise and right,  
And all thy dealings kind.
- mf 6 My Help and my Defence!  
To Thee my spirit flies,  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 7 The shadow of thy wings  
In safety keeps my soul ;  
Naught to my heart despondence brings,—
- mf Thou dost all things control!           WATTS.

EIGHTH VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Alsen.**Seeking God.*

- mf 1 THOU art, Lord, my God and Rock,  
And forever will be mine!  
Naught my confidence shall shock,  
Naught remove thy love divine!
- mp 2 Thirsty, faint, my soul implores  
Mercy, grace, and peace from Thee ;  
Pilgrims on the sun-burnt shores  
Ne'er the stream would gladlier see!
- aff 3 Lord, thy glory and thy power  
In thy house would I behold ;  
Show thyself to me once more ;  
All thy grace and love unfold!
- 4 Better far, than life and joy,  
I thy loving kindness deem ;
- mf Therefore songs my lips employ,  
mp Praising mercy's ceaseless stream!
- 5 In the silent hours of night  
On thy goodness do I dwell ;
- mf Ever in the realms of light  
< From my lips thy praise shall swell!           ALLEN.

NINTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Oakham. Italian Hymn.**Thirsting for God.*

- Aff 1 FOR Thee with strong desire  
My soul doth, Lord, inquire ;  
I thirst for Thee,

As in the desert wide,  
 Where no sweet brook doth glide,  
 The trav'ler oft hath sigh'd  
     Some fount to see!

2 In watches of the night  
 Visions shall cheer my sight,  
     Thoughts of thy love!

Because thy grace I know,  
 mf I'll praise Thee here below,  
 And praise shall endless flow  
     In heav'n above!

ALLEN.

PSALM 64. L. M. *Bernard. Hebron.*

*Prayer against Slanderers.*

Aff 1 HEAR, O, my God! my earnest prayer,  
 And bless me with thy watchful care;  
 Preserve me from my sland'rous foes,  
 Whose words are arrows from their bows.

— 2 Their cunning stratagems they lay,  
 And deem me but a helpless prey;—  
 But God his keenest shafts shall aim,  
 > And pierce them to their utter shame!

mf 3 All men God's wondrous works shall see,  
 And reverence his majesty!

mp Thy saints, with mingled love and fear,

mf A monument of praise shall rear! ALLEN.

65. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Walton. Winchester.*

*Public Prayer and Praise.*

1 'THE praise of Zion waits for Thee,  
 My God, and praise becomes thy house:  
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
 And there perform their public vows.

mp 2 O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies,  
 To save, when humble sinners pray,

mf All lands to Thee shall lift their eyes,  
 And grateful isles of ev'ry sea.

— 3 Blest is the man, whom Thou in love  
Dost choose, within thy courts to dwell ;  
mf His are the holy joys above,—  
mp Delights, no tongue can ever tell!

— 4 Oft hast Thou heard thy Zion's cry,  
And sent thy righteous wrath abroad ;  
And still to pray'r Thou dost reply,  
O, Thou, thy Zion's strength and God!

mf 5 Soon shall the flocking nations run,  
To Zion's hill and own their Lord ;—  
The rising and the setting sun  
Shall see the Savior's name adored! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Duke Street. Brentford.*

*Seasons of the Year.*

1 SEASONS and times obey thy voice ;  
The evening and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with showers,  
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flowers.

2 'Tis from thy wat'ry stores on high  
The thirsty ground receives supply ;  
The desert grows a fruitful field,  
Abundant food the valleys yield.

mf 3 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine ;  
O'er all the earth thy glories shine :—  
Through every month thy gifts appear ;  
f Great God! thy goodness crowns the year!

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Lancaster. Ward.*

*Spring : Spiritual Influences.*

mf 1 O GOD! in Zion shall thy name  
Be magnified in grateful songs,  
Thy saints shall give Thee, with acclaim,  
The glory, which to Thee belongs !

mp 2 Thou visitest the earth in love,  
And wat'rest it, from thine abode,  
With rains, which come down from above,  
And shed refreshing joys abroad.

3 Thou waterest the ridged field,  
Its furrows makest soft with showers ;

Thou causest it returns to yield,—  
A lovely crown of fruits and flowers!

mf 4 The year with goodness Thou dost crown ;—  
Thy paths drop fatness on the land ;—  
E'en in the wilderness are sown  
The seeds, which spring at thy command.

5 The hills on ev'ry side rejoice,  
The pastures are with flocks spread o'er ;—  
The valleys lift up joyful voice,  
And grateful harvest-songs outpour.

aff 6 Blest influences, from Thee that come,  
Lord! wilt Thou not on man bestow?  
That flow'rs of paradise may bloom,  
And heav'nly fruits on earth may grow?

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Albany. Downs.*  
*God present in Zion.*

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee ;  
There shall our vows be paid :—  
Thou hast an ear, when sinners pray,  
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, we our num'rous sins deplore,  
But Thou canst pardon well ;  
And Thou wilt grant us skill and power  
Each raging sin to quell.

3 Blest are the men, whom Thou wilt choose,  
To bring them near thy face,  
Give them a dwelling in thy house,  
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answ'ring, when thy churches plead,  
Thy truth and terror shine ;  
And works of righteousness and dread  
Fulfil thy kind design.

mf 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see,  
The Lord is good and just,  
And distant islands fly to Thee,  
And make thy name their trust! WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *Nottingham. Newton.*

*Providence of God.*

- 1 'T IS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
 God of eternal power!  
 p The sea grows calm at thy command,  
 v And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade  
 Successive comforts bring ;  
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
 Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,  
 Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;  
 When clouds distill in fruitful showers,  
 The author is Divine!
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,  
 Borne by the winds around,  
 With wat'ry 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,  
 mf Thy goodness crowns the year!                      WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—C. M. *Nottingham. Newton.*

*A Psalm for the Husbandman.*

- 1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,  
 Who makes the earth his care,  
 Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,  
 And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,  
 Pour out, at his command,  
 Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,  
 To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field  
 Permit the corn to spring ;  
 The valleys rich provision yield,  
 And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side  
 Rejoice at falling showers ;

The meadows, drest in all their pride,  
Perfume the air with flowers.

- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,  
Promise a joyful crop ;  
The parched grounds look green again,  
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 Thou, Lord, at length the year dost crown  
With treasures of thy love,  
And in thy mercy sendest down  
Rich blessings from above!

WATTS.

SEVENTH VERSION.—H. M. Nuremburg. *Haywood.*  
*Natural and Spiritual Influences.*

- mp 1 THE dry and barren ground  
Thou visitest in love ;  
Thy blessings, Lord, abound,  
Outpoured from above ;—  
Thou sendest rain on earth below,  
Rivers of joy from Thee do flow!
- 2 Behold! the ridged field,—  
Its furrows soft with showers,—  
Thou makest fruits to yield,  
And dost adorn with flowers!—
- mf Around thy bounties, Lord, are strown ;  
The year with goodness Thou dost crown!
- 3 The grassy hills rejoice,  
And are with flocks spread o'er ;  
The valleys lift their voice,  
And songs of praise outpour:—
- f We, Lord, would join in nature's song ;  
Our lips thy praises would prolong!
- Aff 4 Thy Spirit, Lord, as showers,  
O, send down from the sky,  
That virtues here, as flowers,  
May gladden ev'ry eye ;  
That barren hearts may fruitful be,  
f And endless songs may rise to Thee! ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—3s. *Northfield. Berkley.**Spring: Spiritual Influences.*

- dol 1 THE earth Thou dost visit in love,  
Renewing its face in the spring ;  
Thou sendest down rain from above,  
And treasures of good Thou dost bring.
- 2 Thou, Lord, dost thy mercies bestow:—  
With water the river of God  
On lands, that are waste, doth o'erflow,  
Refreshing and gladd'ning the sod.
- 3 Thou wat'rest the ground, that is ploughed,  
And soft'nest each ridge with thy showers ;  
mp Though dark and terrific thy cloud,  
< It joy and abundance outpours !
- 4 The desert is clothed in green,  
The valleys are fruitful around,  
The hills all rejoicing are seen ;—  
mf The year with thy goodness is crowned !
- Aff 5 O, Lord ! on our waste, dreary heart  
Sweet influence send from above !  
'Thine own blessed Spirit impart,  
With fruits of all goodness and love! ALLEN.

NINTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Oakham. Italian Hymn.**Prayer for Peace.*

- 1 O, THOU, who art the hope  
Of all within earth's scope,  
And on the sea,  
aff Lord, hear us, when we cry,  
And from thy throne on high  
Send saving power nigh,  
And mercy free !
- f 2 The ocean's raging voice,  
< The wave's tumultuous noise  
> Thou dost make calm :  
— We pray Thee, Lord, to quell  
The war-cry and the yell,  
f Which o'er the earth do swell  
With direful harm !

- 3 Stretch out thine arm abroad,  
 O Thou eternal God,  
     In might and love!  
 — Let strife no more annoy,  
     Let war no more destroy ;—  
 < Be earth in peace and joy,  
 mf           Like heav'n above!

ALLEN.

66. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *Santee. Marlow.*  
*God praised and obeyed.*

- mf 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,  
 Sing with a joyful noise ;  
 With melody of sounds record  
 His honors and your joys.
- mp 2 Say to the Pow'r, that shakes the sky,  
 "How terrible art Thou?—  
 Sinners before thy presence fly,  
 Or at thy feet they bow!"
- 3 Lord, Thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,  
 To make our graces shine ;—  
 So silver bears the burning coals,  
 The metal to refine.
- 4 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways  
 We march at thy command,  
 Led to possess the promis'd place  
 By thine unerring hand!

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Colchester. Medfield.*  
*God hearing Prayer.*

- 1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid  
 To that almighty Power,  
 Who heard me, when I humbly prayed  
 In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare  
 To make his mercies known:  
 Come ye, who fear my God, and hear  
 The wonders, He hath done!

mp 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
 I sought his heav'nly aid ;  
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell  
 > And death's eternal shade.

— 4 My God hath heard my poor request,  
 And turn'd his eye to me ;

mf My God,—his name be ever blest!—  
 Hath set my spirit free!

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—H. M. Stow. *Marah.**Praise for Mercy.*

1 INTO thy house I bring  
 My grateful off'rings now;  
 To Thee, my heav'nly King,  
 I pay my solemn vow,—

mp My vow, in trouble's dark array,  
 mf Now pay in light of joyous day!

— 2 Come, ye, who fear the Lord,  
 And seek the things above ;  
 Come, hear my thankful word,  
 Declaring all his love!

mp Oppress'd with guilt, I earnest prayed,  
 mf And soon his mercy was displayed!

— 3 He heard my earnest cry,  
 For I my sin deplored:  
 He brought salvation nigh,

Aff O blessed be the Lord!—

— Then seek his love in guilt and wo,

mf And ye his saving pow'r shall know! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Southampton.**Praise to God for his Works.*

f 1 EARTH! with joy and loud acclaim  
 Sing the honors of God's name ;  
 Sing of Him, whose law is right ;  
 Sing the greatness of his might!

" 2 Come, the works of God behold,  
 Wonders, which He did of old!—  
 Lo, the sea at his command,  
 Strangely turns into dry land!

- 3 Lo,—the flood of Jordan flows  
Tow'rds the fountain, whence it rose ;  
So the people pass o'er blest  
To the promis'd land of rest !
- 4 O, then, bless the name of God,  
Whose great works are spread abroad ;  
Firmly tread th' appointed way,  
f< It will lead to realms of day !

ALLEN.

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67. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Old Hundred. Winchester. Walton.*

*Prayer for the Triumph of the Gospel.*

- p 1 BE kind to us, O God, and bless,  
And let thy face in mercy beam ;  
O, shed abroad thy righteousness,  
Let light on all the nations gleam !
- mf 2 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Let them be glad and sing for joy,  
For Thou wilt render just reward,  
And all thine enemies destroy.
- 3 Soon give the kingdom to thy Son,  
'To Him, whose right it is to reign ;  
Then shall the triumphs, He has won,  
Be prais'd in holy, joyful strain.
- f 4 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Let them be glad and sing for joy ;  
Then shall the nations fear thy word,  
And taste of bliss,—no ills annoy !

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Mear.*

*Prayer for Zion and our Country.*

- mf 1 SHINE, glorious God, on Zion shine  
With beams of heav'nly light ;  
Through all our land thy pow'r divine  
Display before our sight.
- 2 Amid our States, in Union bound,  
Do Thou our glory stand,  
And, like a wall of fire around,  
Protect the fav'rite land !

mp 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore  
 — Sound all the earth abroad,  
 And distant nations Thee adore,  
 Their Savior and their God?

f 4 Ye distant lands, sing to the Lord,  
 Sing loud with solemn voice ;  
 Let ev'ry tongue his praise record,  
 < And ev'ry heart rejoice!

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION. H. M. *Newburg. Haywood.*

*Prayer for Christ's Kingdom.*

Aff 1 IN mercy, Lord, and love  
 Display to us thy power ;  
 Shine on us from above,  
 And bless us evermore!  
 O, that thy way  
 Through earth were known, And, bowing down,  
 All own'd thy sway!

2 O, let the people raise,  
 In honor of thy name,  
 Their grateful songs of praise,  
 f With glad and loud acclaim!  
 — For Thou, we know,  
 Enthron'd in light, Dost judge aright  
 All men below.

f 3 Let all the nations sing,  
 < And shout aloud for joy,  
 For Jesus now is King,  
 And rules the earth and sky!  
 mp May we above,  
 < With all the good, In rapt'rous mood,  
 Extol his love!

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Turin.*

[Repeat the first two lines of N.]  
*Future Glory of the Church.*

f 1 ON thy church, O Pow'r Divine,  
 Cause thy glorious face to shine ;  
 Till the nations from afar  
 Hail her as their guiding star ;  
 Till her sons from zone to zone  
 Make thy great salvation known!

- 2 Then shall God with lavish hand  
 Scatter blessings o'er the land ;  
 Earth shall yield her rich increase,  
 p> Every breeze shall whisper peace,  
 f 11 And the world's remotest bound  
 With the voice of praise resound !

SPIRIT OF PSALMS.

FIFTH VERSION.—10s. & 11s. *Lyons.**Prayer for God's Kingdom.*

- 1 O LORD! in thy love thy mercies bestow ;  
 With beams from above shine on us below,  
 That all men, now under the arch of the sky,  
 May see with great wonder salvation brought nigh.
- 2 O God! let thy name be prais'd all around,  
 Let all men with joy thy glory resound ;  
 Then earth shall her treasures most amply outpour,  
 And plenty and pleasures shall spring from thy power.

ALLEN.

68. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Appleton. Rockingham.**Justice and Kindness of God.*

- f 1 LET God arise in all his might,  
 And put the troops of hell to flight,  
 As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,  
 Before the rising tempest flies.
- 2 He rides and thunders through the sky ;  
 His name, JEHOVAH, sounds on high :  
 Sing to his name, ye sons of grace ;  
 Ye saints, rejoice before his face !
- mp 3 The widow and the fatherless  
 Fly to his aid in sharp distress ;  
 In Him the poor and helpless find  
 A Judge most just, a Father kind.
- 4 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,  
 And pris'ners see the light again ;  
 But rebels, who dispute his will,  
 p> Shall dwell in chains and darkness still. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Appleton. Rockingham.**God's Sovereignty.*

- f 11 1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong,  
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song ;  
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse,  
His honors in your thankful verse !
- 2 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ;  
How terrible is God in arms ?  
— In Israel are his mercies known,  
Israel is his peculiar throne.
- mf 3 Proclaim Him King,—pronounce Him blest ;  
He's your defence,—your joy,—your rest ;  
p When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
f God is the strength of ev'ry saint! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Rockingham. Duke Str.**Christ's Ascension.*

- mf 1 LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :  
Those heav'nly guards around Thee wait,  
Like chariots, that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious, when the Lord was there,  
While He pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious powers of hell,  
Holding our race in bondage dread,  
Were all in chains as captives led !
- 4 Rais'd by the Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again. WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—L. M. *Uxbridge. Alfreton.**God's Mercies.*

- 41 1 WE bless the Lord, the just and good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,  
Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.

- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death :  
Safety and health to God belong !  
He helps the weak and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove  
The common blessings of his love ;  
But the wide difference, that remains,  
Is endless joys and endless pains.
- 5 His own right hand his saints shall raise  
From the deep earth or deeper seas,  
mf And bring them to his courts above,  
There to enjoy his perfect love !      WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—L. M. *Lancaster. Uxbridge.*

*Resurrection and Power of Christ.*

- 11 1 Ye mountain heights, why look with pride  
On Zion's humbler mountain side ?  
On Zion's hill our God doth dwell ;  
Forever loves He Zion well !
- 2 From Zion's hill when Jesus rose,  
And, trampling on his conquer'd foes,  
Ascended up to heav'n on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky.
- 3 Then were his foes as captives led,  
Captives to Him, whose blood they shed ;  
— Then He receiv'd large gifts for men,  
Rebels to bring to God again !
- 4 Jesus!—thy pow'r shall guide our feet  
Through deserts wide up to thy seat,  
^ And, while we know salvation's joys,  
f Eternal praise our lips employs !      ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Prentiss.*

*God's wonderful Works.*

- mf 1 GOD, the Lord, is thron'd on high,  
Quick his foes before Him fly ;—

While the wicked He destroys,  
Good men in their God rejoice!

f 2 Sing to God! extol his name!  
All his works with joy proclaim;—  
mp He is orphan's friend on high,  
Widow's judge, when she doth cry.

— 3 God the des'late gives a home,  
Bids the pris'ner freely roam;  
While He loves the righteous well,  
In waste land the wicked dwell!

4 Lord, when Thou thy saints didst lead,  
And in desert paths didst tread,  
Earth, alarm'd, with fear did quake,  
Clouds with rain-drops did outbreak.

5 Thou the rain didst then outpour,  
And the parched tribes restore;  
They could dwell in wilderness!  
Thou, O God, the poor dost bless! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—8, 7 & 4. *Oliphant.*

*Power of Christ.*

11 1 SING to God; to God sing praises;  
Riding on the heav'ns above,  
Lo, his pow'r the world amazes,  
While his saints partake his love,—  
While his mercy  
Fatherless and widows prove,

2 Jesus, known as Judah's Lion,  
Strikes his enemies with dread;  
Holy is his hill of Zion,  
Lifting high its craggy head,  
Firmly planted,  
Glory bright around it spread!

3 Jesus, Thou on high ascendest,  
Leading mighty foe in chains;—  
Now thy servants Thou defendest;  
Each through Thee the vict'ry gains;  
Each in glory  
Near thy throne forever reigns! ALLEN.

69. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Windham. Hanover.*  
*Sufferings of Christ.*

- p 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 pow'r and love  
 Have made his death a blessing prove ;  
 The dreadful sufferings of thy Son  
 Aton'd for sin, and pardon won.
- 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.
- aff 4 O, for his sake our guilt forgive,  
 And let the mourning sinner live !  
 Jehovah ! hear us in his name,  
 Nor let our hope be turn'd to shame ! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Marlow.*  
*Christ's Obedience and Death.*

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous love,  
 I bless my Savior's name ;  
 He brought salvation from above,  
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- p 2 His dying groan, his flowing wound  
 Shall better please my God,  
 Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,  
 Than goat's or bullock's blood.
- f 3 Let heav'n and all, that dwell on high,  
 To God their voices raise,  
 While lands and seas assist the sky,  
 And join t' advance his praise !
- 4 Zion is thine, most holy God !  
 — Thy Son shall bless her gates,  
 And glory, purchas'd by his blood,  
 For thine own Israel waits. WATTS.

## THIRD VERSION.—C. M. Grafton. Marlow.

*Prayer of Christ in Suffering.*

- 1 "SAVE me, my God!"—the Suff'rer cried,—  
 "The floods my soul o'erflow ;—  
 Why hast Thou turn'd thine ear aside,  
 And left Me in my wo?"
- 2 "Reproachful shame have I not borne?  
 I bear it on this tree,—  
 My hands and feet by fast'nings torn,  
 My soul in agony!"
- 3 "Still, O my God, in mercy hear,  
 And turn this tide of wo ;—  
 Then shall thy servant trust mid fear,  
 And thy salvation know.
- mf 4 "My Father! Thou hast heard my cry!  
 'Tis finish'd! Wo is fled!"—  
 — Thus spake the Suff'rer, stretch'd on high,  
 p> And, dying, bow'd his head.
- p< 5 He died,—but now He lives above,  
 ^ And wears a glorious crown!  
 — He saves the people of his love,  
 But casts the wicked down.
- 6 Good men in shame! behold the cross,  
 And all its blessings claim ;  
 Eternal gain succeeds your loss,  
 A crown succeeds your shame! ALLEN.

## PSALM 70. S. M. Olmutz. Lathrop.

*Prayer for Help.*

- Aff 1 IN mercy help me, Lord,  
 And bring deliv'rance nigh ;  
 O, send thy pow'rful, saving word,—  
 An angel from the sky.
- 2 Mine enemies confound,  
 That would my soul destroy ;  
 Thine arm shall smite them to the ground,  
 That would my peace annoy.
- aff 3 Then with intense delight,  
 All, who salvation love,

Shall here extol thy grace and might,  
And praise thy name above.

- 4 I'm needy, Lord, and poor,  
And chasten'd by thy rod:  
Thou art my Savior evermore,—  
O, tarry not, my God! ALLEN.

71. FIRST VER.—C. M. *Warwick. Howard.*

*Christ our Strength and Righteousness.*

- 1 MY Savior, my Almighty Friend!  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And, since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial way,  
mf And march with courage in thy strength  
< Up to eternal day!
- mp 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
— I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And seek the peace within.
- mf 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King?  
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,  
f Shall thy salvation sing! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Grafton. Burford.*

*Aged Christian's Prayer.*

- Aff 1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,  
The guide of all my days,  
I have declar'd thy heavn'ly truth,  
And told thy wondrous ways!
- 2 Wilt Thou forsake my hoary head,  
And leave my fainting heart?

Who shall preserve me from the dead,  
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age,  
And leave the savor of thy name,  
When I shall quit the stage.

p 4 The land of silence and of death  
Attends my next remove:—

— O, may these poor remains of breath

◊ Teach the wide world thy love! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. St. Thomas.*

*Confidence in God in Old Age.*

Aff 1 BE Thou, my fortress, Lord,  
The rock of my defence ;  
O, save me by thy faithful word,  
My shield and confidence !

2 My hope has lean'd on Thee  
From earliest days of youth,  
Relying on thy mercy free,  
On thy unchanging truth.

3 Then cast me not away  
In feeble, gray, old age,  
Now, while my foes deride and say,—  
No hope his fears assuage.

mf 4 Thou art my hope and strength,  
Thou God of grace and love ;—  
And Thou wilt plant my feet at length  
f< On Zion's hill above !

— 5 Thy righteousness I'll tell ;  
My harp thy praise prolongs,—  
Thou Holy One of Israel,—

f< In never ending songs! ALLEN.

72. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Danvers. St. Pauls.*

*The Kingdom of Christ.*

mf 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,

Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his pow'r,—exalt his throne!

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands ;  
All heav'n submits to his commands ;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
His worship and his fear shall last,  
Till hours, and years, and time be past!

dol 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall He send his influence down ;  
His grace on fainting souls distills,  
Like heavn'ly dew on thirsty hills.

— 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

mf 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;

p Peace, like a river, from his throne

f Shall flow to nations yet unknown! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Lyman. Rothwell.*

*Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

" 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun  
Does his successive journies run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more!

2 Behold the Islands, with their kings,  
And Europe her best tribute brings ;  
From north to south the princes meet  
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,  
There India shines in eastern gold,  
And barb'rous nations at his word  
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

4 For Him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;

mp < His name, like sweet perfume shall rise,  
— With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue  
mp Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

f 6 Blessings abound, where'er He reigns!  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains,  
mp > The weary find eternal rest,  
— And all the sons of want are blest.

f 7 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to their King:  
Angels descend with songs again,  
> And earth repeat the long AMEN! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Wayne. Walton.*

*The Kingdom of Christ.*

" 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the light  
Of glorious sun cheers human sight,  
And firm shall stand his throne of love,  
While silver moon shall shine above.

2 His kingdom wide from sea to sea  
Shall spread the joys of harmony,  
And his just laws shall sin control  
From southern to the northern pole.

3 All kings shall bow down at his feet,  
And humbly render homage meet,—  
All nations shall obey his law,  
And serve their Lord with rev'rent awe.

mp 4 For He the helpless one shall bless,  
The needy and the fatherless:—  
He bringeth back from threat'ning graves,  
And dying souls redeems and saves.

mf 5 Forever shall remain his name,  
While sun shall move in yon blue sky:  
f All nations shall, with loud acclaim,  
Praise the Redeemer from on high! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dalston. Bethel.*  
*Christ the King of Zion.*

- mf 1 THY God, O Zion, reigns,  
 And justice e'er maintains,  
 While sun and moon shall run their race ;
- mp Sweetly his grace comes down,  
 Like rain on grass new mown,  
 As show'rs on earth, man's dwelling place.
- 2 The righteous in his day  
 Shall grow beneath his sway,  
 And peace shall last, while moon shall shine ;
- mf From sea to distant sea  
 He reigns in majesty:  
 The earth shall own his pow'r divine !
- 3 They, who in deserts dwell,  
 Shall know his love full well,  
 And all his foes submit and bow :  
 Behold each nation's king  
 A present fit shall bring,  
 And at his feet shall lay it low.
- mp 4 He hears the suff'rer's cries,  
 And gives the poor supplies,  
 & And guilty, dying souls redeems ;
- mf His mighty, outstretch'd arm  
 Shall shield his friends from harm ;
- In darkest hour his mercy beams.
- 5 His name, ne'er known in vain,  
 Forever shall remain,  
 mf Bright as the glorious sun above!—
- mp In Him the weary rest,  
 — All men in Him are blest,
- mf And all the nations praise his love! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—H. M. *Stow. Haywood.*  
*The Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 TO Thee, Lord! Zion's King,  
 All kings shall humbly bow,  
 The isles their tribute bring,  
 And thy salvation know:
- mf From sea to sea,  
 From east to west, Thy Kingdom blest  
 Shall glorious be!

— 2 Thee Persia, Lord! adores,  
Thee Araby doth greet ;  
And India with her stores  
Is bending at thy feet:  
    Their hands unbound  
The Ethiops lift, And Tartars swift  
mf Thy praise resound!

3 Before Thee idols fall,  
And temples in their pride ;  
On Thee shall all men call,  
And own the Crucified!  
    While sun shall pour  
His glorious light, Thee, Lord, more bright,  
    Shall men adore!                   ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Southampton. Kimball.*  
*Christ's universal Kingdom.*

" 1 JESUS reigns from sea to sea,  
E'en to earth's remotest end ;  
Desert-dwellers bow the knee,  
And his foes before Him bend.

2 Island kings his pow'r shall own,  
Distant princes gifts shall pay ;  
All kings humbly shall fall down,  
All the nations Him obey.

3 He doth help the poor, that cries,  
Helpless ones and the oppress'd,  
Gives the needy full supplies,  
Saves the life of the distress'd.

4 Earth is dress'd in living green,  
Plenty o'er its face is known,  
Fruits are on the mountains seen,  
As the trees of Lebanon.

5 Ever shall his name endure,  
Long as sun shall pour its light ;  
Firm his throne, his kingdom sure,  
Men shall praise Him with delight!                   ALLEN.

SEVENTH VER.—7 & 6. *Yarmouth. Miss. Hymn.*  
*Spread of the Gospel.*

1 JESUS! thy great salvation  
Through all the earth shall flow,

And kings of ev'ry nation  
 Before their King shall bow.  
 Wild Arabs with their plunder  
 Shall bend down at thy feet ;  
 The Persian, fill'd with wonder,  
 Shall star of Bethl'hem greet !

2 The Ethiops with devotion  
 Shall stretch their hands out free,  
 The Isles of ev'ry ocean  
 Shall presents bring to Thee:  
 Thou blessed peace shalt nourish,  
 While moon sheds silver light ;  
 Thy kingdom wide shall flourish,  
 While golden sun shines bright !

3 From sea to sea thy glory  
 In mightier flood shall roll  
 And all shall know thy story,  
 Thy truth from pole to pole !  
 Then let thy name be blessed,  
 Savior of Israel !  
 And praise to Thee addressed  
 By all, that here do dwell !

ALLEN.

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73. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Sunderland, Hebron.*

*Prosperity of Sinners accursed.*

p 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
 'To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,  
 In pride, and robes of honor shine ?

2 But O, their end,—their dreadful end !  
 Thy sanctuary taught me so :—  
 On slipp'ry rocks I see them bend,  
 > And fiery billows roll below !

— 3 Their fancied joys,—how fast they flee ?  
 Just like a dream with morning's light :  
 p Their songs of softest harmony  
 Will cease mid cries of wild affright !

— 4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,  
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;

f Lord, 'tis enough, that Thou art mine,  
My life, my portion, and my God! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. Dundee. *Ferry.*

*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,  
Thy glorious name to bless.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me,  
And, while the 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?  
f God is my soul's eternal Rock!  
The strength of every saint.
- mp 5 Behold, the sinners, who remove  
> Far from thy presence,—die!—  
Not all the idol gods, they love,  
Can save them, when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to Thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
f My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
< And tell the world my joy! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. Calmar. *Olmütz.*

*The Mystery of Providence unfolded.*

- " 1 SURE, there's a righteous God,  
Nor is religion vain,  
Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,  
And felt my heart repine,  
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,  
In robes of honor shine.

- 3 The tumults of my thought  
Held me in hard suspense,  
Till to thy house my feet were brought,  
To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word with light and power  
Did my mistakes amend ;  
I view'd the sinners' lives before,  
But here I learn their end.
- mp 5 On what a slipp'ry steep  
The thoughtless wretches go?  
And O, that dreadful, fiery deep,  
v That waits their fall below !
- 6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,  
My thoughts no more repine ,  
^ I call my God my portion now,  
And all my pow'rs are thine! WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Nuremburg.*

*The Wicked not to be envied.*

- 11 1 THIS at length I know full well,—  
God is good to Israel:—  
None, whose heart is true, need fear,—  
See, their clouded sun shines clear!
- 2 Once, my steps had well nigh fail'd,  
Seeing guilt uncheck'd, unvail'd,—  
Wickedness in pomp and pride,  
Virtue with disgrace allied:—
- 3 Godless men with riches blest,  
By no fears or cares distress'd,  
While my heart was pierc'd with pain,  
And my virtuous toils seem'd vain.
- mf 4 Now the mystery is clear'd,—  
All my doubts have disappear'd:—  
— In thy house I saw their end,  
All the woes, which Thou dost send.
- mp 5 Down a steep I see them slide,  
Whelm'd beneath a burning tide,—  
All their peace and pleasure fled,  
Anguish coming in their stead.

Aff 6 Then I cry in ecstasy,—  
 “Whom have I in heav’n but Thee?  
 Though my earthly frame shall fall,  
 < Thou’rt my strength,—my hope,—my all!”  
 ALLEN.

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74. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Duke Street. Uxbridge.*

*The Lamentation of Israel.*

Aff 1 O GOD! why hast Thou cast us off?  
 Why are we made the wicked’s scoff?  
 Remember, Lord, thy tribes of old,  
 To whom Thou didst thy truth unfold.

2 Remember Zion’s holy mount,  
 Where oft thy people did recount  
 The wonders, which thy hand had wrought ;—  
 > Thy Zion, now to ruin brought!

— 3 Vain was her walled strength around ;  
 Thy temple, burnt down to the ground,  
 Th’ impostor’s mosque now rears its dome,  
 And there imposture finds a home!

Aff 4 How long shall Zion’s foes bear sway?  
 Shall they, O Lord, blaspheme alway?  
 mf Stretch out once more thine arm of might,  
 And put thine enemies to flight!

5 Once Thou didst break the dragon’s head,  
 And in the sea he sunk as lead ;—  
 Once Thou didst cleave the flinty rock,  
 And out the gushing fountain broke!

f 6 Thou art our God, and Thou our King ;  
 Thy pow’r, thy grace, thy love, we sing!  
 O, spread salvation’s joys around,  
 < Let all the earth thy praise resound! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Ferry. Mear.*

*Pleading with God.*

mp 1 HAVE mercy on thy people, Lord,  
 Nor let thine anger rise ;  
 — O, send a cheering, joyful word,  
 Like angel from the skies.

- 2 Of old, my God and King,  
Salvation Thou hast wrought,  
And ever shall thy servants sing  
mf Thy love beyond all thought!
- 3 Once did thy pow'r the sea divide,  
And break the dragon's head ;  
The smitten rock, in mighty tide,  
The streams of water spread.
- 4 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine  
The sable wing of night ;  
Thou mak'st the glorious sun to shine,  
And every feebler light.
- mf 5 Soon let the Sun of Righteousness  
On all lands pour his rays,  
And streams of life refresh and bless  
The thirsty, to thy praise!

ALLEN.

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PSALM 75.—C. M. *Putney Ferry.*

*The Magistrate resolving to be faithful.*

- mf 1 I BEAR the pillars of the state  
With power, which God hath given ;  
Then, fools, be not with pride elate,  
Nor lift your horn to heaven!
- 2 I'll judge the land in righteousness,  
And shield the wrong'd and weak,  
To suff'rers give the quick redress,  
And ev'ry yoke will break.
- 3 There is a Judge, who sits on high;  
Before Him all will stand ;  
p Ah, who can meet his angry eye,  
Or his avenging hand?
- 4 He holds a cup ; the wine is red ;  
'Tis cup of wrath and wo ;  
> The wicked drink, and sink down dead,—  
pp Then drink the cup below!

ALLEN.

76. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Walton. Duke Street.*  
*God great in Zion.*

- mf 11 1 IN Judah God, the Lord, doth dwell,  
 His name is great in Israel ;  
 In Salem we his foot-steps trace,  
 In Zion is his dwelling-place!
- 2 How often hath the Lord  
 Destroy'd the bow, the shield, the sword,  
 And, rising on his people's side,  
 Hath turn'd the raging battle's tide?
- 3 Behold proud Egypt's stout array,  
 Ready to make thy saints their prey!  
 At thy rebuke the mighty deep  
 Engulf'd them all in their dead sleep!
- 4 And there the rider and his horse,  
 The chariot, ling'ring in its course,  
 v All sunk beneath the rushing wave ;—  
 — No idol-god had pow'r to save!
- mf 5 Then, all ye righteous, trust the Lord,  
 And make your refuge in his word ;—  
 His arm will quick your foes destroy,  
 < And lift you up to heav'nly joy! ALLEN.

SECOND VER.—6 & 4. *Oakham. Italian Hymn.*  
*God the Defence of Zion.*

- 11 1 GOD loveth Zion well,  
 And there delights to dwell,  
 And mercy sends ;  
 The bow, the sword, the shield  
 He drives from battle-field:  
 His word doth safety yield  
 To all his friends.
- mp 2 His foes slept heavy sleep ;  
 A deadly calm they keep,  
 Nor find their hands ;  
 — Then fear the Lord on high,  
 To Him lift up your cry ;  
 Before his angry eye  
 No scorner stands.

- mf 3 Surely man's wrath shall bring  
 Glory to Zion's King ;—  
 That wrath He'll stay :—  
 mp Then, struck with mighty fear,  
 mf His voice majestic hear,  
 And draw in rev'rence near,  
 Your vows to pay! ALLEN.

77. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Sunderland. Medway.*  
*Melancholy and Hope.*

- Aff 1 MY heart, O Lord, is dark with fears,  
 My weeping eyes o'erflow with tears ;  
 Yet on thy promise I depend ;  
 O God of love ! deliv'rance send.
- 2 I ponder on the days of old,—  
 Thy wonders, which our fathers told,—  
 My own glad songs in woful night,  
 And outbreak of the morning's light.
- 3 Thus are my deathful fears outliv'd,  
 Thus is my failing hope reviv'd,  
 The past of future times can speak,  
 And faith invigorates the weak !
- 4 Through mighty waters Thou didst lead  
 And deserts wide thy chosen seed ;  
 Their various wand'rings Thou didst trace,  
 And bring them to their dwelling place !
- mf 5 Then in thy guidance will we trust,  
 Thou, who art holy, good, and just !—  
 If Thou in us shalt take delight,  
 < Our darkest hours will gleam with light !

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Marlow. Patmos.*  
*Melancholy and Hope.*

Minor.

- mp 1 WITH mournful voice I cried to God,  
 I sought his gracious ear,  
 When woes, beneath his chast'ning rod,  
 Fill'd my sad heart with fear.

- 2 Will He forever cast me off?  
 His promise ever fail!  
 Has He forgot his tender love?  
 Shall anger still prevail?

Major.

- mf 3 But I forbid this hopeless thought,  
 This dark, despairing frame,  
 Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;—  
 Thy hand is still the same!
- 4 I'll think again of all thy ways,  
 And talk thy wonders o'er,  
 Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,  
 When flesh could hope no more.
- 5 Grace dwells with justice on the throne,  
 And men, who love thy word,  
 Have in thy sanctuary known  
 The counsels of the Lord.      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Southampton.*

*Confidence in God in Trouble.*

- p 1 LORD, in dark, afflictive hour,  
 When bright hope outshines no more,  
 I thy wondrous deeds of old  
 Will to fainting heart unfold.
- aff 2 Canst Thou, Lord, cast off forever?  
 Will thy love refresh me never?  
 Doth thy faithful promise fail?  
 Shall thy servant cheerless wail?
- mf 3 Lord, I learn what Thou hast done,  
 Thou the God of might alone!  
 Thou thy people didst redeem ;  
 Light in darkness did outbeam.
- 4 Thee, O God! the waters saw ;  
 Trembled then the depths with awe,  
 And the clouds the rain outpoured,  
 Thunders through the heav'ns roared!
- 5 Swift thine arrows went abroad ;  
 Who shall dare thy vengeance, God?  
 Lo, the earth with fear doth quake,  
 And asunder mountains break.

- 6 Lord, thy path-way Thou dost keep  
 In the waters of the deep:—  
 Let me trust thy matchless might,  
 Give me for my darkness light!      ALLEN.

78. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martins. Lutzen.*

*God's Works rehearsed to Children.*

- 11 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,  
 Which God perform'd of old,—  
 The work, which all our thought exceeds,  
 And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,  
 His works of pow'r and grace ;—  
 And we'll convey his wonders down  
 Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
 And they again to theirs,  
 That races yet of unborn ones  
 May teach them to their heirs!
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
 Their hope securely stands ;  
 And ne'er forget what God hath done,  
 But keep his just commands!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martins. Marlow.*

*Providence of God rehearsed to Children.*

- 1 LET children hear God's mighty deeds,  
 Which ancient times have known,  
 Which each in Holy Scripture reads,—  
 God's book, safe handed down.
- 2 To us, their sons, our fathers told  
 What wonders God had done ;  
 mf And we will tell God's works of old,  
 Each father to his son!
- 3 Thus generations yet unborn  
 Shall to their unborn heirs  
 Repeat the story in their turn,  
 And they again to theirs;—
- 4 To teach them, that from God most High  
 Their hope should never move,

mp That they may ne'er his wrath defy,  
f < But gain the heav'n above! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Edyfield. Southampton.*

*God's Miracles for Israel.*

- 11 1 WHO can count God's wonders o'er,  
Wrought on Egypt's reedy shore,  
Where at last the first born dies,  
Ere were loos'd the captive's ties?
- 2 Who his wonders by the flood,  
Which as wall for Israel stood,—  
Where, o'erwhelmed in the deep,  
Mighty host slept deadly sleep?
- 3 In the wilderness, behold,  
God his glory did unfold,  
In the pillar'd fire by night,  
And the cloud in noon-day light.
- 4 See,—outgushing from the rock,  
Streams refresh the chosen flock:  
Lo, the feather'd fowl come down,  
And the bread of heav'n is strown!
- 5 Yet, for all these works of power,  
Israel sinn'd yet more and more;  
mp And the race, in guilty path,  
> Sunk beneath Jehovah's wrath.
- mf 6 Greater wonders we behold,  
Wrought by grace and love untold!—  
aff Jesus! may we never be,  
For our sin, destroy'd by Thee! ALLEN.

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79. FIRST VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Olmutz.*

*Zion praying to God.*

- 1 THE heathen feet have stood  
Within thy temple's gate;  
Jerusalem is stain'd with blood,  
And weeps her captive state.
- aff 2 O, Lord, thy servants hear,  
Nor let thine anger burn:

Let thine own saving pow'r be near,  
In mercy, Lord, return!

3 Our many sins forgive,—  
Our guilt has brought us low ;—  
O, let thy humbled children live,  
And thy salvation know!

4 Hear Thou the pris'ner's sigh,  
Rising from dungeon deep,  
And those, who think not but to die,  
In thy great goodness keep.

— 5 So we, thy people freed,  
And rescued from our wrongs,—  
The sheep restor'd, thy pastures feed,—  
f Will lift eternal songs! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Olmutz.*

*Zion's Prayer in Affliction.*

aff 1 TURN Thee, in mercy turn!  
Restore, O Lord, our joy!  
Forever shall thine anger burn,  
Thy people to destroy?

2 On heathens pour thy wrath,  
And cast them down to shame ;  
But us why should thy lightning scath?  
We bear thy holy name!

3 And yet our sins deserve  
The sweeping storm of wo,  
For oft from holiness we swerve,  
And justly are brought low.

4 Help us, O God of love,  
And bring salvation near ;  
mf The glory shall be thine above,  
v And all thy hosts shall hear! ALLEN.

80. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Stonefield. Rockingham.*

*The Church in Affliction.*

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,

And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep,

- 2 Thy Church is in the desert now ;—  
Shine from on high and guide her through ;  
mp Turn us to Thee, thy love restore,  
◊ We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Hast Thou not planted with thy hand  
A lovely vine in this, our land?  
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,  
And heavn'ly dews enrich the ground?
- 4 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nation with the fruit?  
mp But now, O Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 5 Why is her beauty thus defac'd?  
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?  
Strangers and foes against her join,  
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.
- aff 6 Return, Almighty God! return,  
> Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:  
< Turn us to Thee, thy love restore,  
◊ We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Hingham. Stonefield.*

*The Church praying for Mercy.*

- Aff 1 SHEPHERD of Israel! guard thy sheep  
From hungry wolves, which nightly creep ;  
Thy wand'ring flock, O Lord, restore,  
And guide us, that we stray no more.
- 2 How long wilt Thou close up thine ear,  
And our loud pray'r refuse to hear?  
Turn us, O God, and let a beam  
Of mercy from thy face outgleam!
- 3 Is not our cup with tears o'erspread?  
Do we not dip in tears our bread?  
Turn us, O God, and let a beam  
Of mercy from thy face outgleam! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Hingham. Stonefield.**The Church in Affliction.*

- 1 DIDST Thou not plant a lovely vine,  
And call the pleasant vineyard thine?  
Didst Thou not strike down deep its root,  
And hang its boughs with clust'ring fruit?
- 2 Its boughs, like cedars, rais'd their head,  
Its branches o'er the hills were spread ;  
From east to west the vine was seen  
With fruit, and flowers, and living green.
- aff 3 Why is her hedge now broken down,  
And all her beauty overthrown?  
This wasted vine, O Lord, restore,  
And let its clusters swell once more!
- 4 Return, O God of hosts, return,  
And let thy vine no longer mourn ;  
This lovely vine more lovely make,  
And of its fruit let all partake!      ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Edgar. Nuremburg.*

[Repeat first two lines of tune N.]

*Prayer of the Church in Affliction.*

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- mf 1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, O give ear!  
Thou, who o'er the cherubim  
Didst in glorious light appear,  
Send thy beams on visions dim!

## CHORUS.

Lord, revive us ; on us shine ;  
Save us by thy pow'r divine !

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- mp 2 God of hosts! wilt Thou not hear  
Humble pray'r, address'd to Thee?  
Thou dost see our flowing tear,  
Our reproach and infamy.

## CHORUS.

- mf Lord, revive us ; on us shine ;  
Save us by thy pow'r divine !

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- 3 Vine from Egypt Thou didst bring,  
And didst plant in vineyard fair ;

Soon the num'rous branches spring,  
 Soon the clusters hang in air ;  
 From the river to the sea,  
 Soon its branches flourish free !

mp 4 Lo ! thy vineyard's walls o'erthrown,  
 Spoilers freely enter there :  
 Wild beasts waste this vine, thine own ;  
 Burnt up are its branches fair !

CHORUS.

— Lord, look down in love divine ;  
 Visit, Lord, thy wasted vine !

SEMI-CHORUS.

mf 5 Let thy hand, O God of might,  
 With our Leader, Jesus, be !  
 So shall we thy laws ne'er slight,  
 So shall we rejoice in Thee !

CHORUS.

Lord, revive us ; on us shine ;  
 Save us by thy pow'r divine ! ALLEN.

81. FIRST VERSION.—7s. *Bates. Kimball.*

*Praise to God.*

f 1 SING aloud to God, most high,  
 God, our strength, most joyfully ;  
 Timbrel, harp, and psalt'ry's voice,  
 < With the trumpet, should rejoice !

— 2 Such was law to Israel,  
 When their God with them did dwell ;  
 mf We should lift our grateful song,  
 And the praise of God prolong !

— 3 God his servants e'er will bless  
 In his truth and holiness :  
 Let them hearken to his word,  
 He will guard them with his sword.

4 He of old did kindly say,  
 "Had my people kept my way,  
 Soon had I subdued each foe,  
 Making them submissive bow ; —

5 "Safely them through deserts led,  
Them with finest wheat had fed,  
Fed with honey from the rock,  
Guarded from each hostile shock!" ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Bates. Kimball.*

*Praise and Prayer.*

mf 1 SING to God with joy aloud,  
Ye, who to his temple crowd,—  
There your fervent vows to pay,  
As ye keep the solemn day!

— 2 Such the law to Israel,—  
Law, of old regarded well,  
When the harp and psaltery,  
Lord, with trumpet, praised Thee!

3 When thine ancient people prayed,  
Thou wast present with thine aid;  
aff Then, Lord, hear our plaining voice,  
Cause us also to rejoice!

4 Save us from their guilt and wo,—  
Let us thy salvation know;  
On us all thy mercies pour,  
f< Light and joy forevermore! ALLEN.

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PSALM 82.—L. M. *Walton. Alfreton.*

*Magistrates warned.*

" 1 YE Judges of the earth!—behold,—  
On you is fix'd God's searching eye!  
He sees, if love of pow'r or gold  
A righteous sentence e'er turns by.

2 Ye earthly gods to human sight!  
How long will ye true judgment wrest?  
Stretch out your sword,—exert your might,  
To vindicate and guard th' oppress'd.

3 Though ye are gods, yet shall ye die,  
mp And worms your pamper'd flesh shall eat;  
Your souls from lifeless body fly,  
pp And stand before God's judgment seat.

mf 4 O, Thou blest JESUS!—Prince of peace,—  
 To whom all wrongful pow'r must bow,—  
 Let tyrants and oppressors cease,  
 The nations save from crime and wo! ALLEN.

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PSALM 83.—L. M. *Bernard. Duke Street.*

*The Enemies of the Church warned.*

- 1 BEHOLD thy suff'ring Zion, Lord,  
 And let her trust in thy good word ;  
 For lo, her enemies arise,  
 And crafty counsels now devise.
- 2 They say,—“Come, let us smite her well,  
 And crush the name of Israel!”
- mf Confederated foes! in vain  
 A victory ye hope to gain!
- 3 For Zion's King, enthron'd on high,  
 Regards you with a scornful eye,  
 And soon his storm along will sweep,  
 > And bear you to th' unsounded deep!
- 4 Then, turn, ye enemies of God!  
 And flee his swift, avenging rod ;  
 At Zion's gate as suppliants knock,
- mf And safety find on Zion's rock! ALLEN.
- 

84. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Bernard. Hebron.*

*Pleasure of Public Worship.*

- mp 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 ;
- aff My God! my King! why should I be  
 So far from all my joys and Thee?
- 3 Blest are the saints, who sit on high,  
 Around thy throne of majesty ;
- mf Thy brightest glories shine above,  
 And all their work is praise and love!

- 4 Blest are the souls, who find a place  
 Within the temple of thy grace ;  
 V There they behold thy gentler light,  
 ^ And seek thy face, and learn thy might.
- 5 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set  
 To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
 mf God is their strength,—and through the road  
 They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
 Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,  
 Till all before thy face appear,  
 f And join in nobler worship there! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Lyman. Hingham.*

*God and his Church.*

- 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.
- mp 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.
- f 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.
- f 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway  
 The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,  
 And devils at thy presence flee,  
 Blest is the man, who trusts in Thee! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. St. Peters.*

*Love to God's House.*

- ▲ff 1 HOW lovely is thy House, O Lord,  
 The blest pavilion of thy word?

My heart and flesh cry out for Thee,  
O God of love and majesty!

2 The sparrow to her nest resorts,  
Built by the altars of thy courts:—  
My soul, O Lord, with swifter wing  
Flies to thy house, my God and King!

3 The men, who in thy temple dwell,  
Have gladness, which no voice can tell,  
And, while for Thee their spirit longs,  
Their heart bursts out in joyful songs!

— 4 One day within thy courts, O God,—  
Those blessed courts my feet have trod,—  
Is better than a thousand days,  
Spent in earth's heartless, giddy ways.

f 5 Thou art, O Lord, my Sun and Shield,  
Thy Grace, now giv'n, shall glory yield,—  
And all, who find in Thee delight,  
Shall dwell in heav'n's eternal light!      ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. Kendall. Archdale.

*God present in his Churches.*

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

mf 2 There the great Monarch of the skies  
His saving pow'r displays,  
And light breaks in upon our eyes  
With kind and quick'ning rays.

mp 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove  
Descends and fills the place,  
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,  
And sheds abroad his grace.

mf 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare  
The secrets of thy will;  
And still we seek thy mercies there,  
And sing thy praises still.

aff 5 My heart and flesh cry out for Thee,  
While far from thine abode:

When shall I tread thy courts and see  
My Savior and my God? WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—H. M. *Newbury. Murray.*

*Public Worship.*

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
mf To thine abode  
My heart aspires With warm desires  
To see my God!
- 2 O, happy souls, who pray,  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O, happy men, who pay  
Their constant service there!  
mf They praise Thee still ;  
And happy they, Who love the way  
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 heav'n appears.  
mf O, glorious seat,  
When God, our King, Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet! WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—H. M. *Nuremburg. Murray.*

*God a Sun and Shield.*

- 1 TO spend one sacred day,  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy,  
Than thousand days beside:  
Where God resorts,  
I love it more To keep the door,  
Than shine in courts.
- 2 God is our Sun and Shield,  
Our light and our defence ;  
With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
We draw our blessings thence.

He shall bestow  
On Jacob's race Peculiar grace,  
And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves ;  
His hand no good withholds  
From those, his heart approves,  
From pure and pious souls.

Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts, Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in Thee!

WATTS.

SEVENTH VERSION.—3 & 4. *Palestine. Wayland.**Delight in God's House.*

Aff 1 HOW lovely is thy dwelling-place,  
O, Lord, supreme in majesty?  
My soul desires thy courts of grace,  
My heart and flesh cry out for Thee,  
The living God!

— 2 The men, O Lord, are greatly blest,  
Who in thy house as servants dwell,  
Who make thy strength their trust, their rest,  
And drink at thine o'erflowing well  
Of pure delight.

3 One day within thy courts, O Lord,—  
Employ'd in pray'r and grateful praise,  
And pond'ring on thy blessed word,—  
Is better than ten thousand days,—  
Thy courts untrod.

4 For Thou, O God, art as a Shield,  
Protecting them, who trust in 'Thee,  
mf And Thou art gloriously reveal'd  
< A dazzling Sun, outpouring free  
A flood of light!

ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—7s. *Bates. Kimball.**Love to God's House.*

Aff 1 O, HOW lovely and how fair,  
God of hosts! thy temples are?  
Glad my eyes thy courts now see ;—  
Heart and flesh cry out for Thee!

- 2 Blest are they, who here do dwell,  
And thy grace and mercy tell ;  
Who, in Baca's thirsty vale,  
Find the springs, which never fail !
- 3 Hear, O Lord of hosts, our prayer !  
Make us, God, our shield, thy care !  
Look on face of Christ, thy Son,  
Who for us the vict'ry won !
- mf 4 Lord, Thou art a Sun and Shield !  
Grace and Glory Thou wilt yield !  
— To the good Grace here is given,—  
f Endless Glory too in heaven !

ALLEN.

NINTH VERSION.—7 & 4. *Riceborough. Oliphant.*  
*God the Protector of his Saints.*

- 1 LORD, I lift my eyes to Thee,  
To the heav'nly hills on high !  
Thence doth succor come to me  
From thy glorious majesty :  
Thou wilt help me,  
And thine aid is ever nigh.
- 2 He, who doth his Israel keep,  
He, who guards them with his might,  
Ne'er doth slumber, ne'er doth sleep ;  
They are ever in his sight ;  
He is present,  
He doth watch them day and night.
- 3 From all evil He doth shield ;  
He surrounds thee by his power ;  
His protection He will yield,  
When the storms of evil lower ;  
He will bless thee  
Henceforth and forevermore !

ALLEN.

85. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Brewer. Uxbridge.*  
*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, in union sweet,  
Are join'd, since Christ came down from heaven ;

By his obedience, so complete,  
Justice is pleas'd,—and peace is given.

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

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

SECOND VERSION.—H. M. Newbury. Murray.  
*Salvation by Christ.*

mp 1 MERCY and Truth now meet,  
And Righteousness and Peace,  
And hold communion sweet,  
While joys around increase:

mf The Lord, who came in saving power,  
Our lips shall praise, our souls adore!

2 What glory shines abroad,  
And fills our land with light?  
We see our Savior God,  
Pouring his beams most bright!

— O, let our land abundantly  
Bear fruits of holiness to Thee!

3 Thou hast ascended high  
In righteousness and power:—  
May we, in yonder sky,  
With Thee dwell evermore!

mf Thou Lord of love! let all below  
Thy mercy and salvation know! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—6 & 4. Oakham. Italian Hymn.  
*Salvation by Christ.*

f 1 SALVATION!—it is near,  
The humbled soul to cheer,  
And bless our land!  
Mercy and Truth are join'd,—  
Justice and Peace entwin'd ;—  
They form, when thus combin'd,  
A wondrous band!

2 The Truth from heav'n came down,  
And on the earth was known

The world's great light,  
 And Mercy from above,  
 With face of heav'nly love ;—  
 And Peace in hand doth move  
 With stern-fac'd Right!

aff 3 In me, O JESUS! dwell ;  
 My guilty fears expel,  
 My Savior be!  
 Let me unfalt'ring tread,  
 Where thy pure footsteps lead,  
 And, rising from the dead,  
 Ascend to Thee!

ALLEN.

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86. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. Alfreton.*  
*Prayer to God.*

Aff 1 O LORD, bow down thy gracious ear,  
 My earnest supplication hear ;  
 O, save my soul ;—I trust in Thee ;—  
 Let me thy truth and mercy see!

2 Daily, O Lord, I raise my eye,  
 And send to Thee my fervent cry ;  
 O, listen to my mournful voice,  
 Let thy poor servant's soul rejoice!

3 For Thou art good,—thy name is love ;—  
 Thou sendest mercy from above,  
 The humbled sinner dost forgive,  
 And say'st to contrite mourners,—live!

4 To me, O Lord, thy mercy show,  
 < Let me thy great salvation know!  
 mf Light up in me a grateful flame,  
 < That I may ever praise thy name!

ALLEN.

SECOND VER.—S. M. *Paddington. St. Thomas.*  
*God extolled.*

1 THE nations, Thou hast made,  
 Shall all before Thee bow ;  
 Thy holy laws shall be obeyed  
 By all, that dwell below.

2 Lord, by thine outstretch'd hand  
 Are mightiest wonders done,

- By which the world may understand,  
 mf That Thou art God alone!
- aff 3 I will extol thy name,  
 And bless Thee evermore,  
 For Thou hast sav'd my soul from shame  
 By thy good Spirit's power.
- 4 Thine is a Father's love,  
 And thine a Savior's grace ;  
 O, guide me in the path above,  
 And let me see thy face!

ALLEN.

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87. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Brewer. Ellenthorpe.*

*The Church the Birth-place of Saints.*

- 1 GOD, in his earthly temple, lays  
 Foundations for his heav'nly praise:  
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- mp 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house,  
 That pay their night and morning vows ;  
 — But makes a more delightful stay,  
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old?  
 What wonders are of Zion told?
- mf Angels and men shall join to sing  
 The Hill, where living waters spring.
- 4 When God makes up his last account  
 Of natives in his holy mount,  
 'Twill be an honor to appear,  
 As one new-born or nourish'd there! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Old Hundred. Arnheim.*

*Opening a Place of Worship.*

- 1 AND will the great, eternal God  
 On earth establish his abode?  
 And will He from his radiant throne  
 Avow our temples as his own?
- 2 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.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train,  
mf Whilst pow'r divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes and cheer his friends!

— 4 And in the great, decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
mf Thousands were born to glory here!

DODDRIDGE.

THIRD VERSION.—H. M. Stow. *Haddam.*

*Glory of Zion.*

1 HOW blest the holy hill,  
The city of our God!  
He loves his Zion still,  
Spread through the earth abroad;  
Her sons endowing with his grace,  
Rejoicing in this dwelling place!

mf 2 O city of the Lord,  
Whose streets are pav'd with gold,  
The sure, prophetic word  
Thy glories hath foretold;—  
Thy King, descending from on high,  
Array'd in peerless majesty!

— 3 Thy foes, O Zion, bow,  
While to thy gates they throng,  
And they thy blessings know,  
And join thy holy song:—  
The man, O Zion, born in thee,

< Is of eternal city free! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Hamilton. Wilmot.*

*Glory of Zion.*

mf 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
Lo, thy foes, their pow'r all broken,  
Shall proclaim thy praise abroad!

2 Egypt shall receive thy light,  
Babylon her idols burn,

Proud Philistia own thy might,  
Tyre unto thy service turn.

- 3 Oft to Zion it is said,  
"Lo, this man was born in thee!"  
Thy foundation God hath laid;  
Holy are thy sons and free! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—8s & 7s. *Sicily. Cesarea.*

*Blessedness of Zion.*

- mf 1 ZION, O, how blest thy mountain,  
Where doth dwell the Lord, thy God?  
O, how blest thy gushing fountain,  
Pouring streams of life abroad?
- 2 Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
City of our God and king;—  
Fix'd his cov'nant and unbroken:  
f Loud his joyful praises sing.
- 3 Lo, thine enemies are bending,  
mp Struck with fear and rev'rent awe;  
Humbly they, their arms extending,  
Yield themselves to Zion's law.
- mf 4 Zion!—O, how blest thy mountain,  
Where thy sons in safety dwell?  
O, how blest thy gushing fountain,  
< Fount of life,—Salvation's well! ALLEN.

88. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Windham. Sunderland.*

*The Resurrection.*

- Aff 1 SHALL man, O God of life and light,  
Forever moulder in the grave?  
Canst Thou forget thy work of might,  
Thy promise, and thy pow'r to save?
- mp 2 In that deep, silent house of gloom  
Shall peace and hope no more arise?  
No future morning light the tomb,  
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
- mf 3 Cease,—cease, ye fears, and idle dread!  
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,

Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And heav'n with praise and wonder rung!

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors  
Unfold to make his children way ;

f Immortal life its blessings pours,—  
^ They shine in everlasting day!

— 5 The trump shall sound! —*p* In sweet surprise,  
From the dark grave the slumb'ers spring ;

^ Through heav'n, with joy, their myriads rise,  
^ And hail their Savior, and their King!

DWIGHT.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Windham. Sunderland.*

*Immediate Repentance.*

Aff 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day?  
mp How sweet the gospel's charming sound:—  
mf Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,  
While yet a pard'ning 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.

p 4 In that lone land of deep despair  
No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise ;  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Savior call you to the skies.

5 No wonders to the dead are shown,—  
The wonders of redeeming love ;—  
No voice his glorious truth makes known,  
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

6 Silence, and solitude, and gloom  
In these forgetful realms appear ;  
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,  
And hope shall never enter there!

DWIGHT,

THIRD VERSION.—7 & 6. *Zanesville. Miss. Hymn.**Pleading with God in Trouble.*

- Aff 1 O GOD of my salvation,  
 How often have I sighed,  
 And pour'd my lamentation,  
 And for thy mercy cried?  
 My soul is full of trouble,  
 My life draws nigh to death:  
 My joys depart like stubble,  
 I sink with gasping breath.
- 2 Why should thy wrath oppress me,  
 O'erwhelming with its waves?  
 Hast Thou no heart to bless me,  
 No mighty arm, that saves?  
 Deep in the pit of sorrow,  
 In darkness do I lie;  
 No comfort can I borrow,  
 No help, no friend is nigh.
- 3 No longer let thy thunders  
 .mp Peal dreadful o'er my head:  
 — In darkness can thy wonders  
 Wake praises from the dead?  
 Aff Ah, who in utter blindness  
 Can see thy works, O God!  
 And who can speak thy kindness,  
 That sleeps beneath the clod?
- mp 4 Lover and friend departed,  
 And torn from my embrace,  
 My joys, my peace departed,—  
 O, grant me yet thy grace!  
 mf To Thee I lift my prayer,  
 To Thee, O God, I cry;  
 O, check this dark despair,  
 < And bring salvation nigh!

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—8 & 7s. *Sicily. Mt. Vernon.**Prayer in Affliction.*

- Aff 1 LORD, the God of my salvation,  
 Day and night I've cried to Thee;  
 Still my soul in deep prostration,  
 Humbly seeks thy mercy free!

- 2 By thy waves I'm now afflicted,  
Waves of trouble o'er my soul ;—  
Of my sin I'm deep convicted,—  
Waves of guilty conscience roll !
- p 3 Far away my friend and lover  
Hast Thou put in lowly grave :  
When shall I that friend recover ?  
When rise o'er the high swoll'n wave ?
- 4 Must I too in narrow dwelling  
Soon take up my drear abode ?—  
But of Thee what tongue is telling  
In that darkness,—O my God ?
- aff 5 O have pity ! Lord, now spare me !  
From these depths in mercy bring ;  
O'er these waves of sorrow bear me ;
- mf Then thy praise I'll ever sing !      ALLEN.
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89. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Windham. Hebron.*

*Death and the Resurrection.*

- Aff 1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,  
How frail our life, how short the date !  
Where is the man, who draws his breath,  
Safe from disease, secure from death ?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,  
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,  
mp “Must death forever rage and reign ?  
And hast Thou made mankind in vain ?
- 3 “Where is thy promise to the just ?  
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust ?”  
— But faith forbids these mournful sighs,  
< And sees the sleeping dust arise !
- mf 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day  
Wipes the reproach of saints away,  
And clears the honor of thy word :—  
f Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord !      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. P. M. *St. Helens. Midian.*

*Death and the Resurrection.*

- Aff 1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man ;  
How few his hours, how short his span ?

Short from the cradle to the grave:—  
 Who can secure his vital breath  
 Against the rude assaults of death,  
 With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,  
 The race of man was only made  
 For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?  
 Are not thy servants day by day  
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?  
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

mf 3 Hast Thou not promis'd to thy Son,  
 And all his seed, a heav'nly crown?  
 But flesh and sense indulge despair:  
 Forever blessed be the Lord,  
 That faith can read his holy word,  
 And find a Resurrection there!

f < 4 Forever blessed be the Lord,  
 Who gives his saints a long reward  
 For all their toil, reproach and pain.  
 Let all below and all above  
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,  
 And each repeat their loud AMEN. WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Walton. Winchester.*  
*Majesty of God.*

mf 1 O GOD of hosts! no arm, but thine,  
 Can move the mighty orbs above,  
 Or pour the light, with which they shine,  
 The glorious emblems of thy love!

2 Thine are yon countless worlds on high,  
 And thine this earthly ball below;—  
 The land, the sea, the gleaming sky,  
 With all their hosts, thy glories show.

3 Thy strong right hand, thy mighty arm  
 Strikes down the proudest of thy foes,  
 But shields thy servants from all harm;  
 And thus thy truth and mercy shows.

mp 4 How blessed are thy people, Lord,  
 Who hear the sweet and joyful sound

Of grace and goodness from thy word?  
 f Forever shall their songs resound! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Spencer. Medfield.*

*Majesty of God.*

- 1 WITH rev'rence should thy saints appear,  
 And bow before Thee, Lord!  
 Thy high commands with rev'rence hear,  
 And tremble at thy word!
- 2 The northern pole and southern rest  
 On thy supporting hand;  
 Darkness and day from east to west  
 Move round at thy command.
- mf 3 Thy words the raging winds control,  
 And rule the boist'rous deep;  
 X Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
 v The rolling billows sleep.
- 4 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
 Yet wondrous is thy grace,  
 While truth and mercy, join'd in one,  
 Invite us near thy face. WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *Beverly. Marlow.*

*Blessed Gospel.*

- 1 BLEST are the souls, who hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound;  
 Peace shall attend the paths, they go,  
 And light their steps surround;
- mp 2 Pure is the joy, their spirits drink  
 Through their Redeemer's name;  
 ◇ Nor can their rock-built hope e'er sink,  
 — O'erwhelming them with shame.
- 3 The Lord our confidence sustains,—  
 He strength and glory gives;  
 mf Israel! thy King forever reigns,  
 Thy God forever lives! WATTS.

90. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Medway, Nazareth.**Man mortal, God eternal.*

- 1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,  
 Thou art our rest,—our safe abode ;  
 High was thy throne, ere heav'n was made,  
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long Thou didst reign, ere time began,  
 Or dust was fashion'd into man ;  
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,  
 When time shall cease, still firm and sure.
- mp 3 But man,—weak man,—is born to die,  
 Made up of guilt and vanity ;  
 Thy dreadful sentencce, Lord, is just,—  
 “Return, ye sinners, to your dust!”
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
 Sweeps us away ;—our life's a dream,—  
 An empty tale,—a morning flower,—  
 Cut down, and wither'd in an hour!
- aff 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,  
 And kindly lengthen out our span,  
 Till a wise care of piety  
 Fit us to die and dwell with Thee!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Somers. Salisbury.**Mortality of Man.*

- mf 1 THOU art our moveless rock, O Lord,  
 From age to age, unchang'd, the same ;  
 Before the mountains, at thy word,  
 Or earth, or stars in being came,  
 Thou art the God of majesty,  
 Both from and to eternity.
- mp 2 Thou say'st to man, “to dust return,”  
 And bidd'st man's generations die ;  
 But while our fleeting life we mourn,  
 A thousand years are to thine eye  
 But yesterday, when past in flight,  
 Or as a transient watch of night.
- 3 Man comes forth as the morning flower ;—  
 mf      Then it is green and flourishing,

- But soon it feels a blasting power ;—  
 mp At evening 't is a wither'd thing ;—  
 — So Lord, thy breath wastes us away,  
 And we soon pass to night from day.
- 4 Thou dost our sins before Thee place,  
 Our secret sins before thy sight ;  
 Therefore our days have fled apace,  
 Our years depart as meteor's light ;—  
 And if threescore and ten we gain,  
 Yet soon they're gone, in toil and pain!

ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Ferry*. *Lutzen*.*Men frail ; God eternal.*

- Aff 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home!
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;—  
 mf Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure!
- 3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- aff 4 Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope in years to come,  
 Be Thou our guard, while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home! WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Medfield*. *Dundee*.*Breathing after Heaven.*

- Aff 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 heav'n 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 thy own work complete ;  
 mf Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
 And own, thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,  
 All glorious, like our Lord,  
 And the poor service, we have done,  
 Meet a divine reward!                      WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Lathrop.*

*Frailty of Life.*

- mp 1 LORD, what a feeble piece  
 Is this, our mortal frame?  
 Our life,—how poor a trifle 'tis,  
 That scarce deserves the name.
- 2 Our moments fly apace,  
 Nor will our minutes stay ;  
 Just like a flood, our hasty days  
 Are sweeping us away.
- 3 Well, if our days must fly,  
 We'll keep their end in sight,  
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
 mf And let them speed their flight!
- mp 4 They'll sooner waft us o'er  
 This life's tempestuous sea:—  
 Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore  
 Of blest Eternity!                      WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Edyfield.*

*Mortality of Man.*

- mf 1 ERE the mountains lifted high  
 Their proud summits to the sky,  
 Ere the earth was man's abode,  
 Thou wast, Lord, th' eternal God!
- mp 2 Man Thou turnest to the grave;  
 From his doom no pow'r can save:  
 As the rivers seek the sea,  
 So rush mortals, Lord, to Thee!
- 3 They're like grass, which now is seen,  
 In the morn, in dewy green,

But, ere evening spreads its shade,  
Cut down, wither'd in the blade.

4 Lord, thy sentence sad is just;  
Guilt doth smite us to the dust:—

— Teach us so to count our days,  
As to walk in wisdom's ways.

aff 5 Ere we quit this mortal sphere,—  
Let thy saving love appear,—  
Glory to our children show,—

mf Let the world thy mercy know!

ALLEN.

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91. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Stonefield. St. Peter's.*  
*Safety in public Perils.*

" 1 HE, who hath made his refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode ;  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power  
Shall be my fortress and my tower ;  
I, that am form'd of feeble dust,  
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man!—thy Maker's care  
mp Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,—  
Satan, the fowler, who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 If vapors, with malignant breath,  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death ;  
Israel is safe!—The poison'd air  
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

— 5 But if the fire, or plague, or sword  
Receive commission from the Lord  
To strike his saints among the rest,—  
Their very pains and deaths are blest! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Nottingham. Princeton.*  
*Protection ; Guardianship of Angels.*

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,  
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,

Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,  
And try, and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter, where you dwell ;  
Or, if the plague come nigh,  
And sweep the wicked down to hell,—  
'T will raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
Your feet in all their ways,  
To watch your pillow, while you sleep,  
And guard your happy days.

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Olmutz.*  
*Perfect Safety in God.*

mf 1 OF Thee I'll say, O Lord,  
In confidence of love,  
My rock and refuge is thy word,—  
< Firm as the heav'ns above!

mp 2 From cunning fowler's snare,  
From pestilential breath  
My soul is shielded by thy care,  
And sav'd from shafts of death.

3 Beneath thy wings outspread  
Securely will I rest,  
Nor aught of evil ever dread,  
If with thy favor blest.

4 No direful form by night,  
Nor arrow's point by day  
Shall ever strike me with affright,  
Or whelm me with dismay.

mf 5 Though thousands at my side  
Fall hopeless to the grave,  
Th' almighty arm, to me allied,  
My soul will surely save!

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Edyfield.*  
*Safety in God.*

" 1 HE, who with his God doth dwell,  
Shall beneath his shade abide:  
He his hope assur'd shall tell,—  
"God's my Refuge, where I hide!"

- 2 Thee from deadly snare He'll save,  
Thee from fatal pestilence ;  
Broad o'er thee his feathers wave,  
His firm truth is thy defence.
- 3 Thousands fall down at thy side,  
But it ne'er comes nigh to thee ;  
Thou shalt see, though he deride,  
What the sinner's doom shall be !
- 4 "O Jehovah! I will make  
Thee my Rock and castled Tower!"—  
Safely shalt thou sleep and wake,  
Shielded from each evil power.
- 5 Angels bear thee on their wings,  
Lest thou dash against a stone ;  
Heedless of the adder's stings  
Thou shalt tread the dragon down.
- 6 "Trusting me," Jehovah says,  
"I will rescue him from wo ;  
I will hear him, when he prays,  
My salvation shall he know!"

ALLEN.

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92. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Orford. Hingham.*

*Worship of God: the Lord's Day.*

- mp 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 cares shall seize my breast ;  
— O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp, of solemn sound !
- mf 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine?  
How deep thy counsels, how divine?
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
Like brutes they live,—like brutes they die ;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
> Blast them in everlasting death.

mf 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desir'd or wish'd below,  
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ

f In that eternal world of joy! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—H. M. Newbury. Murray.

*The Lord's Day: Praise to God.*

mp 1 HOW calm this day of rest?  
How pure the sabbath's light?  
I'll praise Thee with the blest,  
With sweetness of delight:

f Thy praise the voice shall echo round,  
◊ With deep ton'd organ's solemn sound!

— 2 O Lord! thy works are great,  
Thy thoughts are very deep!  
Ah! who can estimate  
The counsels, Thou dost keep?  
What mortal man can comprehend  
Thy ways unbounded,—without end?

mp 3 The wicked, flourishing,  
Refusing Thee to own,  
Are like the grass of spring,  
By sweeping scythe cut down:  
They are destroyed by thy power,  
By Thee, Most high forevermore!

mf 4 But men, whom Thou dost know,  
In whom Thou dost delight,  
Like tallest cedars grow  
On proud Libanus' height:  
Within thy house they strike their root,  
And in old age shall still bear fruit! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION—7s. Grant. Wilmot.

*Daily Worship of God.*

mf 1 O, HOW good and excellent,  
With a glad and high intent,

Lord, thy name to celebrate,  
Thee to praise, supremely great!

2 Thee to praise with morning light,  
And thy faithfulness at night;  
On the harp with solemn sound  
Thy high praises to resound?

3 Vast thy works, mine eye surveys!  
O, how wonderful thy ways,  
With'ring to the sinner's pride,  
But with goodness e'er allied!

mp 4 Like the palm, with leaves outspread,  
Lifting high its beauteous head,  
Grow the righteous; like the tree  
On Libanus waving free!

5 In old age still fruit they bear,  
Nourish'd in thy courts with care:  
Still thy name they celebrate,  
Thee they praise, supremely great!

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—10s. & 11s. Osborne. Lyons.

*Worship of God, who blesseth the Righteous.*

mf 1 'T IS good to give thanks to God in the sky,  
'T is good to extol thy name, O most High,  
To show forth thy kindness with each morning's light,  
Thy faithfulness too with the dark coming night:

2 'Tis good on the ten-stringed harp and guitar  
To sound forth, O Lord, thy praises afar;  
For Thou, by thy work, dost now make me rejoice,  
And I will exult with my heart and my voice.

3 How great and how wondrous, Lord, are thy works?  
mp Thy counsel, how deep in darkness it lurks?  
— The brutish do not thy designs understand,  
Nor fools e'er acknowledge thy all-swaying hand.

4 When wicked men spring and flourish as grass,  
mp As quickly they fade and from the earth pass;  
— But Thou, O Jehovah, abidest fore'er,  
And Thou to the good man wilt always be near.

5 The righteous do grow, as palm tree uprears,  
They flourish like cedar, Lebanon bears;

In house of the Lord they are planted and grow,  
Their flourishing state all, that see them, may know.

- 6 They still do shoot forth, though far gone in years,  
With greenness of leaf ;—their fruit too appears ;  
To show, that Jehovah is good and upright,  
With him is no darkness, but all is pure light! ALLEN.

93. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Duke Str. St. Pauls.*

*God the eternal Sovereign.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ; He dwells in light,  
Girded with majesty and might ;—  
The world, created by his hands,  
Still on its first foundation stands.
- mf 2 But, ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundations laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God!
- mp 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
> And aim their rage against the skies ;  
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!  
> At thy rebuke the billows die!
- mf 4 Forever shall thy throne endure ;  
Thy promise stands forever sure ;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Arnheim. Old Hundred.*

*God's Dominion and Majesty.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, exalted high,  
The Lord of strength and majesty :  
He rear'd the fabric of the world,  
And in its circling path-way hurl'd.
- 2 Thy throne, O God, is fix'd of old,  
From depths of distant time untold ;  
Through all thy works thy pow'r shines bright,  
And none can meet thine arm of might.
- mf 3 The ocean floods lift up their voice,  
And mingle with the torrent's noise ;—

mp Thy word shall calm the troubled shore,  
More mighty, than the ocean's roar.

— 4 Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure ;  
Thy truth forever shall endure ;  
And holiness becomes the place,  
Where Thou dost dwell in pow'r and grace.

ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dudley. Dalston.*

*God's Power.*

11 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crown'd ;  
Array'd in robes of light,  
Begirt with sov'reign might,  
And rays of majesty around.

2 In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine empire rage and roar ;  
In vain with angry spite  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.

3 Let angry nations rage,  
And all their pow'rs engage ;  
Let swelling tides assault the sky :  
The terrors of thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down ;—  
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true,  
Thy grace is ever new ;  
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove :  
Thy saints with holy fear  
Shall in thy courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting love!      WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—10 & 11s. *Osborne. Lyons.*

*Majesty of God.*

1 IN goodness and love God reigneth on high,  
He reigneth above, beyond the blue sky ;  
With majesty gleaming, He girds himself round,  
His glory outstreaming, his foes to confound.

- 2 The world He hath made ; none moves it but He ;  
 Its beauty display'd, his might we may see ;  
 His throne is all-glorious, and ever endures,  
 His name, all-victorious, his servants assures.
- 3 The floods all in vain have lifted their voice,  
 Their waves dash in vain with bellowing noise ;  
 The Lord, high enthroned, is stronger than they,  
 The ocean, deep toned, his word doth obey.
- 4 How sure is thy word, how fix'd thy command ?  
 How firm, O our Lord, thy purposes stand ?  
 Then all should adore Thee, like angels above,  
 And bow down before Thee, with awe and with love !

ALLEN.

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94. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Ward.*

*God all-seeing and Righteous.*

- aff 1 HOW long shall wicked men, O Lord,  
 Utter the proud and scornful word ?  
 How long thine heritage oppress,  
 And, cruel, slay the fatherless ?
- 2 The Lord, they say, shall ne'er behold :—  
 " But why, ye fools, so blindly bold ?  
 Shall He, who form'd man's curious eye,  
 Not see man's conduct from on high ?
- 3 Shall He, who form'd the hollow ear,  
 The voice of wickedness not hear ?  
 Shall He, who gave the world its light,  
 His mansion have in rayless night ?
- aff 4 Sure, God man's inmost thoughts must know ;  
 And he is blest, who feels the blow,  
 Mindful of sorrow's kind design,  
 And, chasten'd, learns the law divine! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION—C. M. *Dundee. Patmos.*

*Deliverance from Temptation.*

- 1 WHO will arise, and plead my right  
 Against my num'rous foes ;  
 While earth and hell their force unite,  
 And all my hopes oppose ?

- 2 Had not the Lord,—my Help, my Rock,—  
Sustain'd my fainting head,  
My life had felt a fatal shock,  
My soul been with the dead.
- > 3 While floods of dark and mournful thought  
Within my bosom roll,  
— Thy boundless love forgiveness brought ;  
^ Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 4 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,  
And frame pernicious laws ;  
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,  
He will defend my cause! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Edyfield.*

*God's Omniscience and Justice.*

- " 1 THOU, to whom revenge belongs,  
Mark, O God, all human wrongs,  
Check the loftiness of pride,  
Scatter evil doers wide!
- 2 Lord, how long shall men oppress  
Widows and the fatherless,  
And on strangers fix a yoke,  
Which is never to be broke?
- 3 Longer shall th'impious, Lord,  
Utter boastful, scornful word,—  
That Thou seest not with thine eyes?—  
When, ye fools, will ye be wise?
- 4 He, that form'd the hollow ear,  
Shall He not each whisper hear?  
He, that form'd the crystal eye,  
Sees He not from yonder sky?
- 5 God, th' omniscient Pow'r, discerns  
Sinners in their guilty turns,—  
And in great, last, reck'ning day  
Drives them from his throne away! ALLEN.

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95. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Lancaster. Uxbridge.*

*Worship: Canaan lost.*

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise:

God is a sov'reign King, rehearse  
His honors in exalted verse.

mp 2 Come, let us hear his voice to day,  
The counsels of his love obey ;  
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew  
The sins and plagues, that Israel knew.

3 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,  
And view those ancient rebels dead :  
Accept th' offer'd grace to day,  
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

mf 4 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,  
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates :  
Believe,—and take the promis'd rest ;  
Obey,—and be forever blest!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Appleton. Uxbridge.*  
*Praise to God.*

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty King,  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great,  
A King superior far to all,  
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

3 The depths of earth are in his hand,—  
The rolling sea at his command ;—  
The strength of hills, that reach the skies,  
Subjected to his empire lies.

mp 4 In these, his courts, do we appear,  
To offer our thanksgivings here ;  
mf To Him we bring in joyful songs  
The praise, that to his name belongs!      TATE.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Santee. Marlow.*  
*Praise to God: Reverent Worship.*

Major.

mf 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice ;  
When his salvation we proclaim,  
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 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fix'd the seas, what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.

4 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face ;  
O, may the creatures of his power  
Be children of his grace.

Minor.

mp 5 Now is the time, He bends his ear,  
And waits for your request ;  
Come, lest He soon refuse to hear,  
And ye shall lose his rest!                      WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. M. *Bender. Lisbon.*

*Worship of God.*

f 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

mp 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
— We are his works, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.

4 To day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God!                      WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Hamilton. Wilmot.*

*Praise to God.*

mf 1 COME, O come, and let us sing  
Praises to our heav'nly King ;

- Our salvation's rock extol ;  
 ff Let his praise in thunders roll !
- mf 2 Come, and praise Him with your voice ;  
 Make with psalms a joyful noise !  
 God, the Lord on high, is great,  
 Thron'd above in royal state !
- 3 In his hand are places deep ;  
 His the tow'ring mountains steep ;  
 His the sea, which He hath made,  
 His the land, in green arrayed,
- mp 4 Come, and let us humbly bow,  
 Come, before the Lord bend low ;  
 He's our God ;—O then, to day,
- mf Gladly praise Him, and obey! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—6s. *Chaplin. Alps.**Exhortation to worship God.*

- mf 1 UNTO the house of God  
 Let us, his people, flock,  
 And praise thence sound abroad  
 To our salvation's Rock:—  
 The Lord, our God, is great,  
 Enthron'd in high estate !
- 2 His are earth's caverns deep,  
 And hills, in strength that stand,  
 The depths, where waters sleep,  
 And his the firm, dry land:—  
 These and their hosts He made,  
 And thus his pow'r displayed.
- 3 O, come, then, and bow down,  
 Before Jehovah kneel ;  
 mp Come, lest ye meet his frown,  
 And his displeasure feel:—  
 O, come, to gain his rest,  
 And be forever blest! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Dort. Italian Hymn.**Worship of God.*

- " 1 O, COME, and let us sing  
 Unto the Lord, our King,

Rock of our might!  
 Exulting we'll rejoice,  
 And make melodious noise,  
 Singing with loudest voice  
 Songs of delight!

2 The Lord, our God, is great,  
 And glorious in estate,  
 Thron'd in the sky:  
 His is the ocean deep,  
 And vales, where torrents sweep,  
 And his the mountain steep,  
 Giant-like high.

mp 3 O, come, and let us bow,  
 And humbly kneel down low,  
 Praising the Lord!  
 He with a shepherd's care  
 Leads us in pastures fair;  
 And ever shall we share  
 Joys from his word!

ALLEN.

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96. FIRST VER.—L. P. M. *Nashville. St. Helens.*  
*The God of the Gentiles.*

1 LET all the earth their voices raise  
 To sing the choicest song of praise,  
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name:  
 His glory let the heathen know;  
 His wonders to the nations show,  
 And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He fram'd the globe, He built the sky,  
 He made the shining worlds on high,  
 And reigns complete in glory there:  
 His beams are majesty and light;  
 His beauties, how divinely bright?  
 His temple, how divinely fair?

mf 3 Come, the great day,—the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall feel his saving power,  
 And barb'rous nations fear his name;  
 Then shall the race of men confess  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his courts his grace proclaim! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Marlow. Santee.**Christ's Coming.*

- 11 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;  
His new discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son ;  
mp His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
— And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea ;—  
mp Ye mountains, sink,—ye valleys, rise,—  
Prepare the Lord his way !
- 4 Behold, He comes,—He comes to bless  
The nations as their God,  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad !
- 5 But, when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
mp How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear !      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Palmer. Turin.**Joyful Praise to God.*

- f 11 1 SING a new and grateful song,  
Song of praise, O earth, to God!—  
Vales and hills! his praise prolong ;  
^ Ocean! roll his praise abroad:  
Saints, extol his holy name,  
Loud salvation's joys proclaim !
- f 11 2 God is great,—supreme in might,  
High enthron'd beyond the sky,  
Cloth'd in dazzling beams of light,  
Deck'd with glorious majesty :—  
Give the Lord the glory due,  
Worship Him, whose word is true !
- 3 Say among the heathen throng,—  
"God, th' Almighty, reigns above,

Come, and join your grateful song,  
 Come, and taste redeeming love!  
 Satan's kingdom soon must fall,—  
 JESUS triumphs over all!"

- 4 Fields and forest trees, rejoice!—  
 Let earth's hosts exult and sing;  
 Let the heav'ns lift up their voice,  
 JESUS reigns their Lord and King:  
 Lo, He comes his saints to bless,  
 Judging all in righteousness! ALLEN.

97. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Monmouth. Medway.*

*Christ the sovereign Judge.*

- f 1 HE reigns, the Lord, the Savior, reigns!  
 Praise Him in evangelic strains:  
 Let distant islands lift their voice,  
 And the whole earth in songs rejoice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,  
 But grace and truth support his throne:  
 Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,  
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- mp 3 In robes of judgment, lo, He comes!  
 Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs!  
 — Before Him burns devouring fire;  
 v 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,  
 f And sing, for your redemption's nigh! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Blendon. Arnheim.*

*Christ's Incarnation.*

- mf 1 THE Lord is come: the heav'ns 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 ;  
 f But Judah shout,—but Zion sing,  
 And earth confess her sov'reign King! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Brewer. Uxbridge.*

*Grace and Glory.*

- 1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high  
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:  
 Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
 His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O, ye, who love his holy name,  
 Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:  
 He guards the souls of all his friends,  
 And from the snares of hell defends.
- mf 3 Immortal light and joys unknown  
 Are for the saints in darkness sown ;  
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
 The sacred honors of the Lord,  
 His name of love extol and bless,  
 And triumph in his holiness. WATTS.

FOURTH VER.—L. M. *Warrington. Winchester.*

*God the Support of Zion.*

- mf 1 GOD reigns,—let all the earth rejoice,  
 And sea girt-isles lift up their voice ;—  
 Though clouds surround Him, yet his throne  
 Is built on righteousness alone.
- mp 2 His swift-wing'd lightnings from the skies  
 Smite down his boldest enemies ;  
 The nations, dazzled at the sight,  
 Tremble before the God of might!
- 3 Zion, triumphant, is made glad,  
 Though all her humbled foes are sad ;  
 All idols totter to the ground,  
 f While Zion's shouts are heard around!
- 4 Thus light for righteous men is sown,  
 And gladness, by them only known ;

mf Then in the Lord exult, ye good,  
And pour your hearts in thankful flood! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *Littlefield. St. Johns.*

*God's Majesty.*

- 1 LET earth rejoice, for God alone  
Rules the wide world with might;  
Dark clouds surround his lofty throne,  
Yet all his ways are right.
- mf 2 His angry thunders, long and loud,  
Diffuse a mighty dread;  
His lightnings leap out from the cloud,  
v And strike the sinner dead.
- mp 3 The hills, like wax, now melt away  
Before th' avenging Lord;  
His righteous pow'r the heav'ns display,  
The terrors of his word!
- 4 Fear not, ye friends of God on high,  
He guards you with his might;  
mf Gladness breaks on you from the sky,  
Bright beams of heav'nly light! ALLEN.
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98. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Marlow.*

*Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*

- " 1 JOY to the world; the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King:  
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,  
And heav'n 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  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love!           WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Southampton.*

*Songs to God.*

- " 1 LET the harp your hands employ,  
Sing new songs of praise and joy ;  
God hath glorious wonders done,  
And his arm hath vict'ry won.
- 2 God his great salvation shows,  
Scatt'ring wide his banded foes,  
To his servants from above  
Giving tokens of his love.
- f < 3 Pour, then, organ's solemn sound,  
Let the harp-strings quick rebound,  
Lift up grateful, loudest praise,  
◇ Joyful songs of honor raise !
- f 4 Let the sea in gladness roar,  
> As its waves break on the shore ;  
ff Let the rushing torrent's voice  
With the mountain cliffs rejoice !
- 5 For our God, in grand array,  
Comes his justice to display ;—  
Cloth'd in heav'n's eternal light,  
He will judge the world aright!           ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Southampton.*

*Praise to Christ for his Salvation.*

- f " 1 COME, ye saints, and loudly sing,  
Lift up songs to Christ, your King!  
Great his vict'ries o'er the foe,—  
Let your praises ever flow !
- 2 His salvation now hath spread  
Life and joy among the dead ;  
Floods of light from yonder skies  
He hath pour'd on cloud-dimm'd eyes.
- 3 Mercies, long ago foretold,  
Wond'ring pagans now behold ;—  
All the heathen soon shall see  
God's salvation, rich and free !

- 4 Harp, and voice, and organ's sound!  
Praises of the Lord resound!
- ff Ocean! in thy fulness roar,  
Thund'ring praises to the shore!
- 5 Torrents! hast'ning to the sea,  
Join your loudest melody!
- > Hills and mountains! shout aloud;  
v JESUS comes to judge the proud!
- mp 6 All the earth shall meet his eye,  
When his throne flames glorious nigh;  
Ransom'd sinners, lift your voice!
- mf Hosts of heav'n and earth, rejoice!      ALLEN.

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99. FIRST VER.—S. M. *Southfield. St. Thomas.*

*Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns on high!  
Let all the nations fear;  
mp Let sinners dread his anger nigh,  
And saints his name revere.
- mf 2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns!  
Let earth adore its Lord;  
Bright cherubs, in the heav'nly plains,  
Swiftly fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,  
His honors are divine:  
His church shall make his wonders known,  
For there his glories shine!
- mp 4 How holy is his name?  
How terrible his praise!  
— Justice and truth his love proclaim  
In all his works of grace.      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Pentonville. St. Thomas.*

*A holy God worshipped.*

- 1 EXALT the Lord and bless,  
And worship at his feet;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his choice,  
When Aaron serv'd Him there,  
When Moses rais'd his earnest voice,  
He check'd his people's fear.

3 Oft He forgave their guilt,  
Nor would destroy their race ;  
And oft He made His vengeance felt,  
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord, our God,  
Whose grace is still the same ;  
He still doth hold a righteous rod,  
He's jealous of his name.

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.*

*Praise to God and Christ.*

mf 1 THE Lord, Jehovah, reigns  
O'er worlds of light above,  
And o'er earth's hills and plains  
Out-beams his pow'r and love:—

< Ye people, hearken to his word!

◇ Ye nations, bow before the Lord!

mf 2 In Zion Christ is great,  
Exalted as her King,  
And glorious his estate ;  
Your songs of gladness sing:—

mp O, give to Him the homage meet,  
And humbly worship at his feet!

— 3 The saints were heard of old,—  
Pursued by mighty foes,—  
When unto God they told  
Their dangers and their woes:  
From pillar'd cloud and fire his voice  
Oft bade their humbled souls rejoice.

mp 4 Then fear and praise the Lord,  
And keep his statutes still ;  
Revere his holy word,  
And worship at his hill ;—

mf Extol with joy his glorious name,

< And all his wondrous deeds proclaim! ALLEN.

100. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Old Hundred. Brewer.**Praise to our Creator.*

- mf 1 YE nations of the earth, rejoice  
 Before the Lord, your sov'reign King ;  
 Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,  
 With all your tongues his glories 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!
- 4 The Lord is good ;—the Lord is kind ;—  
 mf Great is his grace,—his mercy sure ;—  
 And the whole race of man shall find  
 His truth from age to age endure!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Appleton. Brewer.**Praise to God.*

- 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 Our frame his sov'reign pow'r hath made ;  
 On clay He breath'd, and form'd us men ;  
 And when, like wand'ring 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?
- f 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;  
 < High as the heav'ns our voices raise :  
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
 >> Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise!
- f 5 Wide, as the world,—is thy command,—  
 " Vast, as eternity,—thy love ;

> Firm, as a rock,—thy truth must stand,  
 > When rolling years shall cease to move!

WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Dover.*

*God extolled.*

mf 1 IN God, most High, rejoice,  
 Extol Him, all ye lands!  
 < In joyful songs lift up your voice,  
 And keep his just commands.  
 — 2 He made us by his word,  
 And feeds us from above ;  
 We are the people of the Lord,  
 p The children of his love.  
 mf 3 Enter his gates with praise,  
 His wondrous works proclaim ;—  
 To God your grateful anthems raise,  
 And bless his holy name.  
 4 For God, the Lord, is good,  
 And we his glories hail!  
 ◇ His truth, like mountain rocks, hath stood,  
 — His mercy ne'er can fail! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Edgar. Nuremburg.*

*Praise to Christ.*

" 1 COME, and make a joyful noise,  
 All ye lands, to Christ, the King!  
 < Come, with gladness lift your voice,  
 — And before his presence sing:  
 He hath made us by his might ;  
 We are his by ev'ry right!  
 2 Come into his gates with praise ;  
 Offer thanks unto his name ;  
 < Songs in grateful wonder raise,  
 All his saving works proclaim ;  
 > Great his mercy, as his power!  
 > Firm his truth forevermore! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—11s. *Pittsfield. Portuguese H.*

*Exhortation to praise God.*

mf 1 O, MAKE a glad noise unto God, thron'd in light,  
 And serve Him, ye nations, with holy delight ;

Extol Him, ye people, with harp and with song,  
And give Him the praises, which to Him belong.

- 2 For He is our God, and in glory arrayed ;—  
By Him were our bodies most wondrously made ;  
mp And we are the sheep of his pasture and fold ;  
He feeds us and leads us in heat and in cold.
- mf 3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and joy ;  
His praise in his house all your hearts should employ ;  
O, bless Him, for He is your Father and Friend,  
His truth and his mercy endure without end! ALLEN.

PSALM 101.—L. M. *Walton. Duke Street.*

*The Magistrate.*

- 1 OF mercy, O, my heav'nly King,  
And righteous judgment I will sing:  
While I thy judgment fear, teach me  
In mercy's path to follow Thee!
- 2 Uprightly will I walk, O Lord,  
Guided by counsel from thy word ;  
But haughty looks and scorning pride  
Shall never in my house abide.
- 3 The good and faithful of the land  
Shall ever be at my right hand:  
But men, who 'gainst thy truth rebel,  
Shall never in my presence dwell.
- 4 The wicked in their crimson stain,  
Deeming the sacred law in vain,  
mf I'll strike with strong, avenging hand,  
And them destroy from off the land.
- mp 5 Thus in the final, judgment day,  
When God's pure justice shall bear sway,  
His wrath the wicked shall destroy;—  
mf The good shall dwell in heav'nly joy! ALLEN.

102. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Windham. Medway.*

*Saints die; Christ lives.*

- 1 IT is the Lord, our Savior's hand  
Weakens our strength amidst the race ;

Disease and death at his command  
Arrest us and cut short our race.

aff 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon:  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, while with grief and death we strive,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,  
mf "Our Father and our Savior live;  
Christ is the same through every age!"

— 4 The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments, shall be laid aside:  
mf Thy throne, O Lord, stands firm and high;  
Thy church forever must abide! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Farnsworth. Medway.*

*Prayer for Zion.*

mf 1 FOR Zion, Lord, arise in might,  
And put her enemies to flight;  
— And, while thy servants lift their prayer,  
Her desolated state repair.

2 Her ruin'd wall do they not mourn?  
mp Return, O God of love, return!  
In thy great glory now appear,  
And all her fallen stones uprear.

mf 3 So shall all kings thy glory see,  
And heathen nations rev'rence Thee,  
And distant ages shall proclaim  
f Recorded honors to thy name! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. *Windham. Medway.*

*Prayer for Christ's Kingdom.*

mf 1 GREAT is thy pow'r:—Thou, Lord, wilt bring  
All nations to thy Zion's hill;  
There shall they praise their mighty King;  
< Thy glory the wide earth shall fill!

— 2 Thou, from thy Sanctuary's height,  
From heav'n, dost this low earth behold,  
> To pour in dungeon-gloom thy light,  
— And mercy to the lost unfold;—

3 Thy name in Zion to declare,  
 Thy praises in Jerusalem,  
 To hear the humble suppliant's prayer,  
 And give, for shame, heav'n's diadem!

mf 4 O, hasten, Lord, this blessed hour,  
 When chains shall fall, and woes shall flee,  
 When all man's tribes shall feel thy power,  
 And all shall lift their songs to Thee! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. Marlow. Nottingham.

*Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

" 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice ;  
 Behold the promis'd hour !  
 > Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
 < And comes t' exalt his power.

mp 2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,  
 Are precious in our eyes ;  
 < Those ruins shall be built again,  
 mf And all that dust shall rise !

— 3 The Lord Jerusalem shall raise,  
 And stand in glory there ;  
 Nations shall celebrate his praise,  
 And kings his name declare.

4 He frees the souls, condemn'd to death ;  
 And, when his saints complain,  
 It will be found, that praying breath  
 Was never spent in vain.

5 This shall be known, when we are dead,  
 And left on long record,  
 f That ages, yet unborn, may read,  
 < And trust, and praise the Lord! WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. Ferry. Grafton.

*Man frail; God unchangeable.*

mp 1 MY days, like shadows do decline,  
 Like grass I fade away ;  
 mf But Thou,—O Majesty divine,  
 Hast one eternal day!

mp 2 O, spare thy servant, ere I die:—  
 — Of old, ere time's first flight,

By Thee was fram'd the arched sky,  
Fill'd with the stars of light.

mp 3 These all shall perish, as a flame,  
> Extinguish'd, disappears ;  
— But ever art Thou, Lord, the same,  
And endless are thy years !

aff 4 Then spare thy servant, Lord, and prove  
Thy faithfulness to me,  
For Thou art still the God of love,  
And mercy dwells with Thee !

5 Thy changeless word let none distrust:—  
Our children shall arise,  
len And, while the fathers sleep in dust,  
mf Flourish before thine eyes ! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—6s. *Chaplin. Alps.*

*Prayer in Sickness.*

Aff 1 O, LORD, now hear my prayer,  
Hide not thy face from me ;  
Oppress'd with grief and care,  
I lift my soul to Thee :  
O hear me, as I cry,  
And bring salvation nigh !

2 O, quickly send thine aid,  
For life doth waste as smoke ;  
mp My frame is now decayed,  
> The springs of life are broke :  
— O, hear my groaning voice ;  
Let not my foes rejoice.

mp 3 Return, O God, return !  
Reveal to me thy love ;  
No longer let me mourn,  
But bless me from above :  
mf Then will I praise thy power,  
And mercy evermore ! ALLEN.

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103. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Lancaster. Uxbridge.*

*God's Goodness.*

" 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;  
Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad.

Let all the pow'rs within me join  
In work and worship so divine.

mp 2 'Tis He, my soul, who sent his Son  
To die for crimes, which thou hast done ;  
He owns the ransom and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

3 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 threat'ning graves.

4 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,  
And often gives the suff'rer rest,  
But will his justice more display  
In the great, last, rewarding day!      WATTS.

SECOND VER.—L. M. *Duke Str. Tallis E. Hymn.*  
*God's Mercy.*

" 1 THE LORD, how wondrous are his ways?  
How firm his truth? How large his grace?—  
He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence He makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread  
The starry heav'ns above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,—  
Exceeds the highest hopes, we raise.

p 3 How slowly doth his wrath arise?—  
v On swifter wings salvation flies:  
— And, if He lets his anger burn,  
How soon his frowns to pity turn?

4 His wondrous love and grace are sure  
To all the saints and shall endure ;  
From age to age his truth shall reign,  
Nor children's children hope in vain.      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Medfield. Grafton.*  
*God's Goodness.*

1 THE Lord is merciful and kind,  
To anger ever slow ;  
The chains, we wear, He will unbind,  
And wondrous goodness show.

- 2 His grace,—as heav'n o'er earth stands high,—  
Is great to men, He loves ;  
As far as east from western sky,  
— The Lord our sins removes.
- p 3 Full well our feebleness He knows,  
For us He made of clay :  
Man flourishes, like blooming rose,  
But soon he fades away.
- 4 Yet never shall God's mercy fail  
To such, as Him do love ;  
His faithful word they'll rapt'rous hail  
mp In their blest home above! ALLEN.

FOURTH VER.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Paddington.*  
*Mercies of God.*

- " 1 BLESS, O my soul, the Lord ;  
Let all within me join,  
His mercies grateful to record,  
Whose favors are divine!
- 2 The Lord extol and bless,  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness  
And without praises die.
- mp 3 He gives the conscience peace ;  
'T is He relieves thy pain,  
'T is He, who heals thy strong disease,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known ;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.
- mf 5 Bless, O my soul, the Lord ;  
Let all within me join,  
His mercies grateful to record,  
Whose favors are divine! WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Olmutz.*  
*Mercies of God.*

- 1 MY soul, extol his name,  
Whose mercies are so great,

mp Whose anger is so slow to flame,  
So ready to abate.

— 2 As the blue heav'ns on high  
This lowly ball transcend,  
So far his grace and majesty  
Beyond our thoughts extend.

mp 3 The pow'r of sin suppress'd,  
Lo, his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

mf 4 My soul, extol his name,  
Whose mercies are so great,

mp Whose anger is so slow to flame,  
So ready to abate!

WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. St. Thomas.*

*Praise to God from Angels and Men.*

mf 1 PRAISE God in joyful strains,  
Whose throne is fix'd on high ;  
O'er all the heav'nly world He reigns,  
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,  
And swift to do his will,  
Bless ye the Lord with pure delight,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Ye hosts, who wait t' obey  
The orders of your King,  
And guard his churches, when they pray,  
Join in the praise they sing:

4 While all his works unfold  
Their Maker's glorious power,  
My soul, with grateful joys untold,  
Shall praise Him evermore!

WATTS.

SEVENTH VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Dover.*

*Praise to God for his Mercies.*

mf 1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul,  
Extol his holy name,  
Nor cease, while shining worlds shall roll,  
His goodness to proclaim!

mp 11 2 The Lord my sin forgives,  
My sickness doth remove,  
My faint and dying hope revives,  
And cheers me with his love.

mf 3 And though my body dies,  
My youth renew'd shall spring,  
As eagle, moulting for the skies,  
Mounts up on mighty wing!

— 4 O, bless the God of love,  
Who guides thee to thy rest,—  
mf Thy dwelling-place in heav'n above,  
With all the ransom'd blest!

ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—8 & 4. *Palestine. Wayland.*

*God's great Mercies.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, extol his name,  
His grace and love, my soul, proclaim!  
He pardons thine iniquities,  
And all thy sad infirmities  
His mercy heals.

2 As the blue arch of heav'nly sky  
Above this lower world is high,  
So great the mercy of the Lord,  
Which his most pure and holy word  
To man reveals.

mp 3 He knows this feeble frame of clay,  
He sees how fleeting is our day,  
For man is but a blooming flower,  
Which, struck by wind of blighting power,  
Withers and dies!

mf 4 Yet they, who fear their heav'nly King,  
His mercy shall forever sing,  
— And, while their children here are blest,  
They in God's cov'nant love shall rest  
In yonder skies!

ALLEN.

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104. FIRST VER.—7s. (v. 1-4) *Nuremb. Pleyel's H.*  
*God's Majesty.*

11 1 LORD, supreme in majesty!  
Glory is thy ornament,

Light a vestment is to Thee,  
Heav'n Thou spreadest as thy tent!

2 Far above is plac'd thy throne,  
Thy pavilion in the sky ;  
Clouds, thy chariot, bear Thee on,—  
Thou on wings of winds dost fly!

3 Tempest is thy messenger,  
Swiftly going from his Lord ;—  
Flaming fire thy minister,  
Bearing quick thy wrathful word.

Aff 4 I will fear Thee, O most High,  
And revere thine awful power!  
I will dread thy Majesty,  
And extol Thee evermore!

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. (v. 5–9.) *Nuremb. Kimball.*

*God the Creator.*

1 EARTH'S foundations God hath laid,  
Rob'd it with the splendid flood,  
And with beauteousness arrayed:—  
Waters o'er the mountains stood.

mf 2 Lord, at thy rebuke they fled ;  
They thy mighty voice obey ;  
When they hear thy thunders dread,  
They in terror haste away!

∧ 3 Then uprose the mountains high,  
∨ Then sunk down the valleys deep,  
— In th' appointed place to lie ;—  
Hill and vale their stations keep.

4 Thou to sea hast plac'd its bound ;  
It shall ne'er thy law defy,  
To o'erwhelm again the ground,  
Causing living things to die!

ALLEN.

THIRD VER.—7s. (v. 10–18.) *Nuremburg. Kimb.*

*God's Providence.*

1 VALLEYS Thou didst fill with springs,  
Which from mountain sides outburst ;  
Drink to herds each streamlet brings,  
Wild beasts too there quench their thirst.

- 2 O'er the fountains and the streams  
 Birds among the branches dwell ;—  
 Gazing glad on wat'ry gleams,  
 They their joyful warblings swell.
- 3 From thy cloud-built stores, we know,  
 Dews and rains refresh the ground ;  
 Grass for cattle green doth grow,  
 Seed for man too doth abound.
- 4 Thou for man dost bring forth bread,  
 And dost make his face to shine ;  
 Lo, with corn he's nourished,  
 And his heart is glad with wine.
- 5 Flowing sap thy trees do yield,  
 Cedars on Libanus' height,  
 Where the birds their nests do build,—  
 Fir trees, where the storks do light.
- 6 Mountains Thou didst rear on high,  
 Whose flint-paths the wild goats trace,—  
 Rocks, to which the conies fly,  
 Finding there sure hiding place!                    ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. (v.19–24.) *Wilmot. Wilson.*

*Seasons: Day and Night.*

- 1 THOU the moon didst set, O Lord,  
 Changeful seasons to divide ;  
 Sun too knoweth, at thy word,  
 To go down at even tide.
- 2 Darkness Thou dost make,—the night,  
 When wild beasts creep forth most shy,  
 When young lions roar with might,  
 Seeking food from God on high!
- 3 When the sun doth rise, they flee,  
 In their dens they lay them down ;  
 Man to labor goes out free,  
 Till the shade o'er earth is strown.
- mf 4 Lord, thy works are manifold,  
 Spread on high and on this ball ;  
 They thy glories do unfold,—  
 Wisely hast Thou made them all!                    ALLEN.

FIFTH VER.—7s. (v. 24–30.) *Nuremb. Kimball.**All Creatures depend on God.*

- 1 EARTH thy treasures, Lord, displays,  
Fill'd with life, of small and great ;  
Sea presents, to our amaze,  
Throngs beyond our estimate.
- 2 There float ships in majesty,  
As the swans, that stem the tide ;  
There the wondrous monsters lie,  
Playing too in joy or pride.
- 3 All thy creatures wait on Thee,  
Seeking, Lord, their daily food:  
Thou dost feed them lib'rally,  
Thou their hearts dost fill with good.
- mp 4 They are struck with wild dismay,  
When thy face from them doth turn ;  
Thou their breath dost take away,  
Then to dust they quick return !
- 5 When is sent thy Spirit forth,  
They at once are newly born:  
Thou dost then renew the earth,  
And with beauty dost adorn.

ALLEN.

SIXTH VER.—7s. (v. 31–35.) *Wilmot. Granby.**God's Glory: God praised.*

- 1 GOD'S praise ever shall endure,  
Naught his purpose can destroy,—  
Firm his throne, his kingdom sure,  
On his works He looks with joy.
- mp 2 Earth his frowning face doth know,  
Trembling, fearing his fierce ire ;  
If He touch the mountains, lo !  
Out they burst in smoke and fire !
- 3 While I live, as is most meet,  
Praises of my God I'll sing ;  
Songs of Him shall still be sweet,  
Ceaseless notes to Him I'll bring.
- mf 4 Streams of joy forever roll ;  
God, their source, will I adore:—

Praise the Lord, thy God, my soul!

f Praise the Lord forevermore! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VER.—6 & 4. *Oakham. Italian Hymn.*

*God's glorious Majesty.*

1 O LORD, supreme in might,  
Dwelling in heav'nly light,  
Where myriads bow ;  
We too would rev'rence Thee,  
Array'd in majesty ;

mp We humbly bow our knee,  
And bend down low.

— 2 Man's eyes thy glory blinds;  
Thou walkest on the winds,  
And raging storm ;  
The tempest and the fire  
Are angels of thine ire ;  
And all earth's judgments dire  
Thy will perform.

mp 3 Then, sinner, fear God's power,  
And flee th' avenging hour,  
Which guilt must prove:

mf Lord, let him turn to Thee,  
And taste thy mercy free,  
That he thy face may see  
In heav'n above!

ALLEN.

105. FIRST VER.—C. M. *Albany. Nottingham.*

*Israel a Type of the Church.*

1 THE Lord himself chose out their way,  
And mark'd their journeys right ;  
Gave them a leading cloud by day,  
A fiery guide by night.

2 They thirst ; and waters from the rock  
In rich abundance flow,  
And, foll'wing still the holy flock,  
Ran all the desert through.

mp 3 O wondrous stream! O type most plain  
Of ever flowing love!

— So Christ, our Rock, shall life maintain,  
Till we shall dwell above.

4 Thus, guarded by th' Almighty hand,  
The chosen tribes possess'd  
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,  
And there enjoy'd their rest.

mf 5 Then let the world forbear its rage,  
The Church renounce her fear ;  
Israel must live through ev'ry age,  
And be th' Almighty's care!

WATTS,

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Kimball.*  
*God's wonderful Works to be praised.*

" 1 O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord,  
Call ye on his holy name,  
All his deeds and faithful word,—  
Word of promis'd good, proclaim!

2 Sing to God ; sing hymns and psalms,  
Talk of all his wondrous ways ;—  
Fear of Him all passion calms,  
Love to Him each pow'r o'ersways.

3 Once He spread a cloud-form'd tent,  
Once He rear'd the pillar'd light,  
When his ancient people went  
Desert-wand'ers day and night.

4 Smote He not the flinty rock ?  
Straight the waters gushed out,  
Following his chosen flock,  
As they wander'd round about.

5 Lord, conduct thy people still  
Through the perils of their way,  
Till they reach the heav'nly hill,—  
Land of rest, their home for aye!

ALLEN.

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106. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Mendon. Ellenthorpe.*  
*Praise to God; Communion with Saints.*

" 1 TO God, the great, the ever blest,  
Let songs of honor be address'd ;

His mercy firm forever stands,  
Give Him the thanks, his love demands.

— 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?  
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?  
Blest are the souls, who fear Thee still,  
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did  
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;  
And with the same salvation bless  
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

mf 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid their triumphs with my voice!  
This is my glory, Lord, to be  
Join'd to thy saints, and near to Thee! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Danvers. Uxbridge.*

*Praise to God.*

mf 1 O, RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love,  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Has stood and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,—  
Not only vast, but numberless?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise?

aff 3 O, may I worthy prove to see  
Thy saints in full prosperity ;  
That I the joyful choir may join,  
And count thy people's triumph mine!

mf 4 Let Israel's God be ever blest  
His name eternally confess'd:  
Let all his saints, with full accord,

f Sing loud Amens.—Praise ye the Lord! TATE.

THIRD VERSION.—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.*

*Forgetfulness of God.*

mf 1 THE Lord did Israel save,  
His wondrous pow'r to show ;  
He led them through the wave,  
And did their foes o'erthrow:—

p O'er Egypt's host the tide did sweep ;—  
They sunk, as lead, in mighty deep!

— 2 Then they believ'd his word,  
And bless'd his holy name ;  
In songs they praise the Lord,  
His works of might proclaim ;  
mp But soon, alas, forget his power,  
And madly trespass more and more!

— 3 Full oft the Lord did hear,  
When in their wo they cry ;  
Full oft did He appear  
To bring salvation nigh:—

f Let us, O Lord, thy mercy know,  
And let our praises ceaseless flow!      ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Oakham. Italian Hymn.*

*God praised for his Mercy.*

1 GIVE thanks to God above,  
Exhaustless source of love  
In ages past ;  
His word is ever sure,  
His mercy shall endure,  
And good men shall assure,  
While time shall last.

2 Who can his deeds express,  
Mighty and numberless,  
His deeds of grace?  
The holy seers of old  
Did in dim sketch unfold  
His scheme of love untold  
In Jesus' face.

aff 3 O Lord! how blest are they,  
Who all thy laws obey,  
And mercy know?—  
As Thou didst set them free,  
In mercy visit me,  
Give me true liberty,  
And joy bestow!

4 Thy people's hope and weal  
Unto my soul reveal  
In thy great love!

Then I with them shall rise,  
 In sweet and glad surprise,  
 To dwell in yonder skies,—  
     In heav'n above!

ALLEN.



107. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Nottaway. Rothwell.*

*Israel led to Canaan.*

- 1 GIVE thanks to God:—He reigns above ;  
 Kind are his thoughts ; his name is love ;  
 His mercy ages past have known,  
 And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 In their distress when Israel cried,  
 God was their Savior and their guide ;  
 He led their march far wand'ring round ;  
 'T was the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 3 So, when our first release we gain  
 From sin's own yoke and Satan's chain,  
 We have a desert to pass through,  
 With perils, such as Israel knew.
- 4 God feeds and clothes us all the way,  
 He guides our footsteps, lest we stray ;  
 mf He guards us with a pow'ful hand,  
 And brings us to the heav'nly land!
- 5 O, let us then with joy record  
 The truth and goodness of the Lord!  
 How great his works? How kind his ways?—  
 f Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Bernard. Appleton.*

*Nations and Individuals corrected for Sin.*

- mp 1 THE prosp'rous nation is brought low,  
 Affliction bends them to the dust ;  
 Chasten'd for sin, they bondage know,  
 And find, that God on high is just.
- 2 Proud princes sink down into shame,  
 And wander in a desert path ;  
 Dishonoring God's holy name,  
 They see his pow'r, they feel his wrath.

3 Yet He the poor doth set on high,  
 Their troubles and their griefs removes ;  
 He guards them with his watchful eye,  
 And richly blesses them, He loves.

4 For this shall not good men rejoice,  
 And scorers shrink in shame away?

mf O, praise the Lord with joyful voice,  
 And all his holy laws obey!

ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—L. M. Walton. Uxbridge.

*God punishing and rewarding.*

1 RIVERS into a wilderness,  
 The water-springs into dry ground,  
 A fruitful land to barrenness  
 The Lord doth change, where sins abound.

2 The wilderness into a pool,  
 The dry ground into water-springs,  
 Clear, as the crystal, deep and cool,—  
 He changeth, when his love He brings.

3 And there He makes the hungry dwell,  
 That they a city fair may build ;—  
 Their fields and vineyards, nurtur'd well,  
 The fruits of increase amply yield.

mf 4 O, that each desert heart might know  
 The renovating pow'r of God!  
 That streams of life o'er earth might flow,

ff And spread salvation's joys abroad! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. Wilmot Kimball..

*Praise to God for his Faithfulness.*

mf 1 PRAISE the Lord, for He is good ;  
 Firmly has his mercy stood,  
 And his promise is secure ;—  
 Firm his mercy shall endure.

— 2 Say, ye ransom'd of the Lord,  
 Who have known his faithful word,—  
 Is his promise insecure?  
 Fails his mercy to endure?

3 Once ye stray'd in desert wide ;—  
 Fainting, to the Lord ye cried ;

Then the Lord rebuk'd your grief,  
And his mercy brought relief.

mf 4 O, that men would praise the Lord  
For his good and faithful word,  
For his works of grace and love,  
Leading men to heav'n above! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martin's. Mear.*  
*The Sailor's Psalm.*

1 SEAMEN, who plough the wat'ry field,  
And ocean harvest reap,  
Oft see the pow'r of God reveal'd,  
When tempests lash the deep.

2 The gallant ship, in proud array,  
Spreads her white wings and flies ;  
O'er the blue desert steers her way,  
Beneath unclouded skies.

mf 3 But soon she feels the raging gale ;—  
Dark clouds rush through the air,  
Fierce dashing waves her strength assail,  
And fearful lightnings glare !

— 4 She mounts on mighty wave so steep,  
Her topmast strikes the sky ;—

v Then down she plunges in the deep,  
Where unknown monsters lie.

— 5 The shipmen reel now to and fro,  
As heaving billows rock ;  
Their hopeless eyes around they throw,  
And dread the whelming shock.

mf 6 But there is ONE, whose arm can quell  
The rage of foaming wave,  
Whose word can hush the tempest's yell,  
And from dark ruin save! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martin's. Mear.*  
*The Sailor's Psalm.*

mf 1 TO God, who rides the storm in might,  
Who thunders from the sky,  
Who launches forth the bolts of light,  
And lifts the billows high,—

- 2 To Him the shipmen, in their grief,  
Their earnest pray'r address,—  
aff “Save us, O Lord! O give relief,  
And bring from deep distress!”
- 3 God hears their cry ;—and straight the roar  
> Of howling tempest dies ;—  
> The swelling surges dash no more,—  
mp Sweet blushes tinge the skies.
- 4 O, what a breathing time is then!  
When sea, like infant, sleeps,  
mf And glorious sun shines forth again!—  
— The ship her course soon keeps.
- 5 The fav'ring wind swells ev'ry sail,  
But storms no more annoy ;—  
At last their port the seamen hail,  
And enter it with joy!
- 6 Seamen! praise God ; and ev'ry day  
Your course to heav'n shape well ;  
Nor give the raging passions sway,  
mp Which wreck the soul in hell.

ALLEN.

SEVENTH VER.—S. M. *Westminster. St. Thomas.**The Seaman's Psalm.*

- 1 AS ocean-trav'lers free  
Their untrod path-way keep,  
The mighty works of God they see,  
His wonders in the deep.
- 2 For at his word the wind  
mf Doth lift his angry voice:—  
God doth the raging storm unbind,  
Then crested waves rejoice!
- 3 Up to the sky they're borne,  
> Then to the deep plung'd low ;  
mp With dark despair their heart is torn,  
Now reeling to and fro!
- 4 Then to the Lord they cry,  
Mid all their sad affright,  
mf And God doth hear them in the sky,  
And saves them by his might!

- > 5 He speaks ;—the storm is still ;—  
 p The waves sleep, as a child :  
 mf And O, what joy the seamen fill,  
 Losing their terrors wild ?
- 6 Now soon the fav'ring breeze  
 Doth swell their full-spread sail ;  
 They swiftly sweep along the seas,  
 And soon their haven hail !
- 7 O, that these men would praise  
 Th' Almighty Pow'r above,  
 And, while their grateful songs they raise,  
 Their God would fear and love ! ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Kimball.*

*The Seaman's Psalm.*

- 1 THEY, who ocean's path-way keep,  
 See God's wonders in the deep :—  
 He commands the stormy wind,  
 And the tempest doth unbind !
- 2 Darkest clouds o'erspread the sky,  
 And the rushing storm is nigh !  
 Ah, how vain is human power  
 In the raging tempest's hour ?
- 3 Guideless now their ship is driven !  
 Now upborne aloft to heaven,  
 Then they plunge with dipping prow  
 > In the dark abyss below !
- † 4 Loud the tempest lifts his voice,  
 Deep-ton'd is the ocean's noise :—  
 p Who can clear the stormy night ?  
 Who can quell the ocean's might ?
- 5 Now to God they lift their cry  
 And He brings salvation nigh :  
 p Calm succeeds the ocean's roar,  
 And the tempest howls no more !
- 6 Then the fav'ring gales arise,  
 And their haven meets their eyes !—  
 Let them enter, Lord ! most blest,  
 Haven of eternal rest !

7 O, that men would praise the Lord  
 For his love and faithful word!  
 O, that they, who plough the deep,  
 Might his holy statutes keep! ALLEN.

NINTH VERSION.—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.*  
*God punishing and rewarding.*

1 BEHOLD the works of God!  
 When men in sin abound,  
 He dries the rivers broad,  
 And curses all the ground:  
 In land, once affluent with good,  
 In vain the guilty search for food.

2 But, when from sin they turn,  
 Then bursting founts behold!  
 Then murm'ring rills return,  
 Green spring, and autumn's gold ;  
 mf Then all the land is fill'd with joy,  
 And grateful songs each tongue employ.

— 3 In peace the hungry dwell,  
 And sow the soften'd field:  
 The vineyards fragrant smell,  
 And fruits profusely yield:  
 There's none, who cries for want of bread,  
 Abundance o'er the land is spread.

4 Thus wise men learn aright  
 The kindness of the Lord:  
 mp A home of sweet delight  
 Is theirs, who keep his word!  
 And they a lasting home shall know,  
 Where streams of heav'nly joy do flow! ALLEN,

TENTH VERSION.—6 & 9. *Rowley.*  
*Praise to God for his wonderful Works.*

I O GIVE thanks to the Lord,  
 For He's true to his word,  
 And his mercy forever endures!  
 Let the ransom'd say so,  
 Whom He sav'd from the foe,  
 And whose safety his mercy ensures,

- 2 All unguided by star,  
They did wander afar ;  
In the wilderness was their lone way ;  
Then with hunger and thirst,  
Where no streams did outburst,  
Lo, their soul was o'erwhelm'd with dismay.
- 3 And in grief they did cry  
To Jehovah on high,  
And He sav'd them from all their distress ;  
He did lead them aright,  
And He gave them delight  
In the city, his presence doth bless.
- 4 O, ye men, give ye praise!  
And with gratitude raise  
Of your songs unto God the glad sound ;  
Both below and above  
For his wonders of love  
Gladly spread his high praises around!

ALLEN.

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108. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Baltimore. Rothwell.*  
*Praise to God.*

- 1 MY joyful heart exults in Thee,  
My tongue, O God thy praise shall sound,  
With stringed harp's loud melody,  
And send thy name in songs around!
- 2 Thy mercy great unto the skies,  
Thy truth's pure radiance, like the light,  
Thy glories, beaming on our eyes,  
Our souls extol with sweet delight.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, O our God!  
Above the heav'ns, which show thy power ;  
Let thy great name be spread abroad,  
And all earth's millions Thee adore!
- 4 Go forth,—Redeemer of the world!  
That we triumphant shouts may raise!  
Let idols from their seats be hurl'd,  
And all the earth thy glory praise!

ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Wilmot.**Praise to God.*

- 1 LORD, I have a ready tongue,  
Quick to sing, and give Thee praise ;  
mf Wake, my soul, in joyful song ;  
Harp! thy notes of honor raise !
- aff 2 Early, Lord, I will awake ;  
Gladly praise thy holy name ;  
All the people I will make  
Praise to hear, which I proclaim.
- 3 For thy goodness, Lord, is great,  
Reaching to the heav'ns on high,  
And thy truth, which sinners hate,  
Reacheth far beyond the sky.
- 4 Save, O Lord, with thy right hand,  
Those, whom Thou dost freely love ;  
Let them keep thy just command,  
Guide Thou them to heav'n above! ALLEN.

PSALM 109.—C. P. M. *Norway. Foster.**Christ's Prayer and Exaltation.*

- 1 "I LOV'D them, but my life they sought ;  
Against me without cause they fought,  
And hatred gave for love ;  
Yet for my murderers I prayed,  
And by my blood God's vengeance stayed,—  
His judgments from above.
- 2 "I said,—Lord, hear my bitter cry,  
Let thy redeeming hand be nigh,  
To bring me from my wo ;  
That man may see thy wondrous pow'r,  
And hope for mercy's joyful hour,  
And thy salvation know!"
- 3 Thus JESUS pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,  
For, though He died, He liv'd again,  
mf And lives forevermore ;  
He rose triumphant from the grave,  
And ever reigns with pow'r to save!—  
Savior! we Thee adore! ALLEN.

110. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Appleton. Duke Str.*  
*Messiah's Power.*

- " 1 THUS the eternal Father spake  
To Christ, the Son, "Ascend, and sit  
At my right hand, till I shall make  
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed ;  
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,  
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 "That day shall show, thy pow'r is great,  
When saints shall flock with willing minds,  
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,  
Where holiness in beauty shines!"
- mf 4 O blessed pow'r, O glorious day!  
What a large vict'ry shall ensue?  
And converts, who thy grace obey,  
Exceed the drops of morning dew!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Beverly. Dedham.*  
*Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.*

- " 1 JESUS, our Lord! ascend thy throne,  
And near thy Father sit ;  
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,  
And make thy foes submit.
- 2 Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,  
To plead for us above:  
Jesus, our King, forever gives  
The blessings of his love.
- 3 God shall exalt his glorious head,  
And his high throne maintain ;  
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,  
Who dare oppose his reign.      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.*  
*Christ a King and Priest.*

- mf 1 AT God's right hand, behold,—  
Triumphant from the dead,  
O'er all things made the head,—  
JESUS his seat doth hold:

And He his word will wide extend,  
His rod of strength, to earth's far end!

— 2 In holiness arrayed,  
    Made willing by his voice,  
    His people will rejoice,—  
    By them his grace displayed ;  
And they more num'rous to the view,  
Than crystal drops of morning dew!

mf 3 O, spread Christ's name abroad!  
mp A Priest, whose blood was spilt,  
    He expiates our guilt,  
    And pleads for us with God!

mf Praise Him! for once He drank, we know,  
— For us of turbid stream of wo! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Southampton. Kimball.*

*The Messiah's Power and Kingdom.*

- " 1 GOD hath said to Zion's King,  
    "At my right hand take thy seat,  
    Till subjected I shall bring  
    All thy foes low at thy feet.
- 2 "Out of Zion goes the word,  
    Sceptre of thy conqu'ring might ;  
    Rule amidst thy foes the Lord!  
    On the darkness pour the light!
- 3 "Lo, thy subjects shall arise,  
    More than conqu'ring kings e'er knew,  
    Num'rous shall they meet thine eyes,  
    As the drops of morning dew.
- 4 "Thou art kingly Priest fore'er,  
    King of righteousness and peace ;  
    All the kings thy pow'r shall fear ;  
    Wide thy kingdom shall increase.
- 5 "Thou shalt see with victor's look  
    All thy foes discomfited ;  
    Drinking in the way the brook,  
    Thou shalt, conqu'ring, lift thy head!" ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Oakham. Italian Hymn.*

*Converts to Christ.*

- " 1 TRIUMPHANT from the dead,  
    O'er all is Christ the head ;

Him we adore!  
 From Zion shall extend  
 To earth's remotest end  
 The word, which He doth send,—  
 His rod of power!

2 Made willing by his voice,  
 His people will rejoice,  
 In virtue bright,—  
 More num'rous to the view,  
 Than crystal drops of dew,  
 Decking each leaf's green hue  
 By morning's light.

3 A Priest, whose blood was spilt,  
 He expiates our guilt,  
 And pleads with God;  
 For us He drank of wo,  
 Which in his way did flow;  
 His name through earth below  
 Is spread abroad!

ALLEN.

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111. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. *Santee. Marlow.*  
*God's Works.*

" 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong  
 To my almighty God;  
 He has my heart, and He my tongue  
 To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works, his hand hath wrought?  
 How glorious in our sight?  
 And men in ev'ry age have sought  
 His wonders with delight.

— 3 Nature and time, and earth and skies  
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:  
 mp What shall we do to make us wise,  
 But learn to read thy name?

— 4 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace  
 Is our divinest skill;  
 And he's the wisest of our race,  
 Who best obeys thy will!

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Dedham. Marlow.**God's Works and Mercy.*

- " 1 GREAT is the Lord ; his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs!  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
He gives his children food,  
And, ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his cov'nant sure ;—  
Holy and rev'rend is his name ;—  
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They, who would grow divinely wise,  
Will fear the Lord and love ;—  
mf From men let ceaseless praises rise  
To God, supreme above!                      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Olmutz.**God's Works of Power and Mercy,*

- " 1 THE works of God are great,  
And glorious to the eye;  
On them his saints will meditate,  
And ponder them with joy.
- 2 His wondrous works He made  
To be remember'd well:  
In brightest majesty arrayed,—  
His glory who can tell?
- 3 His ways are true and right,  
All his commandments sure ;  
His word pours out its cheering light,  
And ever shall endure.
- mp 4 His gospel speaks of love,—  
mf Salvation from on high,—  
Of JESUS, coming from above  
To bring redemption nigh!                      ALLEN.
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112. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Ward.**Blessedness of the Pious and Charitable.*

- " 1 THRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,  
Loves his commands, and trusts his word!  
Honor and peace his days attend,  
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,  
To works of mercy still inclined ;  
He lends the poor some present aid,  
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,  
That fill his neighbors round with dread,  
His heart is arm'd against the fear,  
mf For God with all his pow'r is there!
- " 4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,  
Draws heav'nly courage from his word:  
Amidst the darkness light shall rise  
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Ward.**Blessedness of the Good Man.*

- " 1 THAT man is blest, who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;  
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,  
And with successive honors crown'd.
- 2 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be  
An inexhausted treasury ;  
His hands, while they his alms bestow,  
His glory's future harvest sow.
- 3 The soul, that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
v Shines brightest in affliction's night ;—  
p The sweet remembrance of the just  
v Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust. TATE.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Corinth. Dedham.**Blessedness of the Good Man.*

- 1 HAPPY is he, who fears the Lord,  
And follows his commands,  
Who lends the poor without reward,  
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

- mp 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 No evil tidings shall surprise  
 His well establish'd mind ;  
 His soul to God, his refuge, flies,  
 And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 His works of piety and love  
 Remain before the Lord ;  
 mf < Honor on earth and joys above  
 Shall be his sure reward!

WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.**Blessings upon the Righteous.*

- " 1 YE people, praise the Lord!  
 The man, who stands in awe,  
 And trembles at God's word,  
 And keeps his holy law,  
 Is now and shall be ever blest,  
 For God's rich mercies on him rest!
- 2 His children, too, shall share  
 A blessing from on high ;  
 The Lord's paternal care  
 To them is ever nigh:—  
 The race of holy men and good  
 Shall ne'er be swept by vengeful flood.
- 3 The soul, renew'd, upright,  
 Escapes the sinner's doom,  
 ^ And sees a cheering light  
 > In sorrow's deepest gloom ;—  
 mf His deeds of kindness and of love  
 Draw down God's blessings from above!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.**The upright Man blessed.*

- " 1 HE'S blest, who stands in awe,  
 And keeps God's holy law ;  
 His children too shall share  
 The Lord's paternal care ;

Riches to him the Lord assures ;  
His righteousness fore'er endures.

2 The soul, upright, renew'd,  
With faith and love endued,  
In sorrow's darkest night  
Beholds a heav'nly light:—  
Thus gladden'd in the deepest gloom,  
This man ne'er meets the sinner's doom.

3 His charities, wide spread,  
Bring blessings on his head ;  
His righteousness unmoved,—  
For all his goodness loved,—  
He shall, when he shall come to die,  
f Forever dwell in yon blue sky! ALLEN.

PSALM 113.—S. M. *Pentonville. Paddington.*

*Exhortation to praise God.*

mf 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Your God on high extol,  
And spread his name and praise abroad,  
< While ceaseless ages roll!

— 2 From eastern dawn of light,  
To where the sun goes down,  
Lift ye your voice in pure delight,  
And all God's mercies own.

mf 3 For who is like our God,  
Enthron'd in heav'n on high,—  
His glory beaming all abroad  
In dazzling majesty?

— 4 Yet He regards the poor,  
And lifts him from the dust ;  
< And He will bless forevermore  
The good man and the just! ALLEN.

114. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Baltimore. Uxbridge.*

*Miracles of Israel's Journey.*

“ 1 WHEN Israel march'd from Egypt's land,  
Obedient to the Lord's command,

- The sea disclos'd a passage wide,  
And Jordan turn'd his flood aside.
- 2 What ail'd thee, sea, that thou in dread  
Didst leave thy dark and oozy bed?  
What ail'd thee, Jordan, that in awe  
Thy tide roll'd back, 'gainst nature's law?
- 3 'T was God, who spake the mighty word ;  
With rev'rence sea and river heard ;—  
Then tremble, earth, before the might  
Of God, enthron'd in heav'nly light!
- 4 Behold, the affrighted mountains quake,  
And all their rock-crown'd summits shake:  
They trembled at his presence there,  
Where thunders did his name declare.
- 5 He smote the rock by Moses' rod,  
When Israel in the desert trod,  
And out there gush'd the living stream ;  
On dying men the waters gleam!      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Nuremburg.*

[Exact copy of parallelism of the Hebrew.]

*God's Works in Behalf of Israel.*

- 11 1 WHEN from Egypt Israel came,  
Jacob's house from chains and shame,  
Judah was God's sacred place,  
Israel was his throne of grace.
- 2 Then the sea beheld and fled,  
Jordan fell back tow'rds its head!  
Then the mountains leap'd like rams,  
Then the hills too skipp'd like lambs.
- 3 Why, O sea, fledd'st thou away?  
Jordan too, whence thy dismay?  
Whence, ye mountains, snow-clad, white,  
Whence, ye hills, your wild affright?
- 4 Tremble, earth! before the Lord,  
At the God of Jacob's word,  
Who the rock to pool did change,  
Flint to living fount most strange.—

- 5 JESUS! thron'd in pow'r above,  
 Greater wonder show in love:—  
 From each flinty heart below  
 Let repenting thoughts outflow!      ALLEN.

115. FIRST VER.—S. M. *Pentonville. St. Thom.*

*The Vanity of Idols.*

- 1 NOT unto us be praise,  
 But glory, Lord, to Thee!  
 The honors of thy truth we raise,  
 Of love and mercy free!
- mf 2 They ask, "Where's now your God?"—  
 "In heav'n," our lips reply,  
 "And through the universe abroad  
 No pow'r can his defy!"
- 3 Their gods, their stone-hew'd blocks,  
 Were cut by human hand;  
 So weak, they cannot bear rude shocks,  
 But fall down in the sand.
- 4 With mouths, they cannot speak;  
 With eyes, they cannot see;  
 On their dull ear no sounds can break,  
 With feet, they cannot flee.
- mf 5 O stupid worshippers!—  
 Israel! on God rely!  
 He grace, and strength, and joy confers;—  
 Your help,—He's always nigh!      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Kimball.*

*Trust in God, not in Idols.*

- 1 "WHERE'S your God?" the heathen cry;  
 Firmly do our lips reply,  
 mf "God in heav'n has built his throne,  
 Through the earth his will is done!"
- 2 Vain to idol gods they pray,  
 Gods of silver, gold, and clay,  
 Who to loudest pray'r are deaf,  
 Who can give no glad relief.

- mf 3 Israel! trust thou in the Lord ;  
 Make your shield his faithful word ;  
 He can hear, and see, and bless,—  
 He can save in righteousness!
- 4 All God's servants are most blest,  
 Destin'd for eternal rest ;
- f Praise your God, who lives and reigns,  
 Praise Him with unceasing strains! ALLEN.

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116. FIRST VER.—C. M. *Dundee. Downs.*  
*Gratitude for Mercies.*

- Aff 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 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!
- 3 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love ;—  
 From Thee I ne'er will stray again ;  
 Ne'er shall my purpose move.
- 4 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record ;
- mf Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the Lord! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Olmutz. Dover.*  
*Praise for Escape from Death.*

- 1 THE Lord hath heard my voice,  
 Therefore I love his name ;  
 In Him forever I'll rejoice,  
 f And give Him loud acclaim!
- mp 2 Oppress'd with fear of death,  
 To Him I rais'd my cry ;  
 — The Lord restor'd my fainting breath,  
 And brought deliv'rance nigh.

3 Return now to thy rest,  
My soul, well nigh o'erthrown!  
Forever let the Lord be blest,  
Whose mercy thou hast known.

4 I'm sav'd now from my fears,  
My feet from slipp'ry path,  
My eyes from bitter flowing tears,  
v My soul from endless wrath!

— 5 What thanks, then, do I owe  
For all this love to me?  
mf I'll pay, O Lord, my solemn vow  
By ceaseless praise to Thee! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—6s. *Chaplin. Alps.*

*Recovery from Sickness.*

Aff 1 THE Lord, my God, I love,  
Who bow'd to me his ear  
And me did kindly hear,  
And sav'd me from above:—  
I'll pray, O Lord, to Thee,  
So long, as life shall be!

2 My soul! seek now thy rest!  
Restor'd my fainting breath,  
And brought from brink of death,—  
Thy God hath made thee blest!

mf Then give Him grateful praise,  
And walk in his right ways!

aff 3 What shall I render Thee  
For all thy wondrous love,  
And mercy from above,  
Pour'd richly down on me?

mf The cup of joy I'll take,  
And songs of praise will wake!

— 4 In thee, O Salem blest!  
Within Jehovah's house  
I'll pay my solemn vows,  
To Him in wo address'd:—  
My soul, from bonds set free,

aff I yield, O Lord, to Thee! ALLEN.

117. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Mendon. Old Hundred.*  
*Exhortation to praise God.*

- f 1 FROM all, who dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
- mf Eternal truth attends thy word :
- f Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more !      WATTS.

SECOND VER.—L. M. *Arnheim. Old Hundred.*  
*The Nations exhorted to praise God.*

- f 1 O COME, ye nations, praise the Lord !  
 For firm as mountains is his word,  
 And naught our confidence shall shame !  
 Come, all ye people, praise his name !
- 2 Great is his kindness and his love:—  
 Forever shines his truth above,
- mf And faithful is his word of power:—
- f O, praise Jehovah evermore !      ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Tallis Chant. Marlow.*  
*Praise to God.*

- mf 1 YE nations, once in darkest night,  
 Now cheer'd by glorious beams,  
 Praise ye the Lord, who gives you light,  
 Whose radiant truth outgleams !
- 2 His mercy and his love are great,  
 And firm his faithful word ;
- f Ye nations, then, with joy elate,  
 In songs extol the Lord !      ALLEN.

FOURTH VER.—S. M. *Westminster. Silver Street.*  
*The Nations called to praise God.*

- f 1 O, COME, Jehovah praise,  
 Extol his glorious name ;  
 Your grateful songs, ye nations, raise,  
 And all his works proclaim !

- p 2 How wonderful his love?  
 — How sure his faithful word?  
 f Forever shines his truth above:  
 ff Ye nations, praise the Lord! ALLEN.

FIFTH VER.—P. M. *Hymn*, ‘*The Lord is great.*’  
*Praise to God.*

- f 1 THE Lord is great, O praise Him, every nation!  
 O praise Him in your songs of joy;  
 Let praise to God for all his great salvation  
 All people’s lips and hearts employ!
- p 2 His grace flows freely from ten thousand fountains,  
 — As sun’s pure light shines free abroad;  
 f< His truth is firmer, than the rock-built mountains:  
 ff Then HALLELUJAH sing aloud! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Wilmot.*  
*The Nations exhorted to praise God.*

- f 1 SING, ye nations, songs of joy,  
 Hymns of praise to God on high;  
 ◇ Firm as mountain-rocks his word;  
 f Sure the promise of the Lord!
- mp 2 Bright his beams of truth and love,  
 Great his mercy from above!  
 f People of the Earth! proclaim  
 ff All the glories of his name! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—10 & 11. *Warrenton. Lyons.*  
*Praise to God.*

- f 1 O, PRAISE ye the Lord, ye nations around;  
 With joy, all ye people, praise his great name;  
 mp To us do his mercies and kindness abound,  
 His truth, it is always unchang’d and the same!
- f 2 O, praise ye the Lord for wonders of love  
 And glorious displays of infinite power!  
 O, praise the Redeemer, who came from above,  
 p< Who died for us once, but who lives evermore!  
 ALLEN.

118. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Rothwell. Walton.*  
*Hosanna to Christ.*

- " 1 LO, what a glorious Corner-Stone  
The Jewish builders did refuse!  
But God hath built his Church thereon  
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,  
The joy and wonder of our eyes!  
This is the day, that proves it thine,  
The day, that saw our Savior rise.
- 3 By grateful saints his praise be spread ;  
mf Hosanna! let his name be blest!  
A thousand honors on his head,  
With peace, and light, and glory rest!
- 4 In God's own name He comes to bring  
Salvation to our dying race ;  
f Let the whole church address their King  
With hearts of joy and songs of praise! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Marlow. Coventry.*

*Christ the Foundation of the Church.*

- " 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon  
And his eternal praise.
- 2 The builders, foolish and unblest,  
Reject it with disdain ;  
mf Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,  
> And envy rage in vain.
- 3 What though the gates of hell withstand?  
Yet shall this building rise:  
mf Rear'd, Lord, by thine almighty hand,  
'Tis wondrous in our eyes! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Howard. Colchester.*  
*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 THIS is the day, the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
By all on earth let praise be paid,  
And all around his throne.

- 2 To day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, from heav'n who came  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God his Father's name  
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne !
- f 5 Hosanna in the loudest strains,  
The church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heav'ns, in which He reigns,  
Shall give Him nobler praise !      WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Dover.**Salvation by Christ.*

- " 1 SEE, what a living Stone  
The builders did refuse !  
Yet God hath built his church thereon  
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son ;  
mf Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest  
As the chief corner-stone !
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wondrous in our eyes ;  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise !
- mf 4 This is the glorious day,  
That our Redeemer made ;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;  
Let grateful praise be paid !
- f 5 Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood !  
Bless Him, ye saints, He comes to bring  
Salvation from your God !      WATTS.

FIFTH VER.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Silver Street.*

*Christ the Foundation of the Church.*

- " 1 SEE, what a glorious Stone  
The builders did despise,—  
JESUS, the Christ, God's only Son,  
Descended from the skies!
- 2 Yet on this rock is placed,—  
This corner stone well tried,—  
Zion's broad temple undefaced,  
Which shames each house of pride.
- mf < 3 Still higher shall it rise,  
Expanding in extent,  
Till it shall greet all human eyes  
In joyful wonderment!
- f 4 Then shall one temple-song  
Sound from all lips abroad,  
One song from earth's uncounted throng,  
ff One song of praise to God! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—6s. *Chaplin. Alps.*

*Praise to God.*

- mf 1 GIVE thanks unto the Lord,  
And come in rapt'rous mood  
To praise Him, who is good,  
And faithful to his word:—  
Let Israel now say,  
His mercy lasts for aye!
- 2 Within the good man's tent  
You hear a gladsome voice,  
For He doth e'er rejoice  
In mercies to him sent:—  
Thy own right hand of might,  
O Lord, his foes shall smite.
- 3 On failing vision, dim,  
God shed his splendors great;—  
Then ope to me his gate,  
To render praise to Him:
- mf 'Tis GOD, who light doth show!  
f Let praise, then, ceaseless flow! ALLEN.
-

119. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Ward.**Love to God's Word.*

- mf 1 O, HOW I love thy law, O Lord,  
 And ponder on thy precious word?  
 From this full fount of light and love  
 I draw the wisdom from above.
- 2 Thy word,—a lamp of purest light,  
 Outbeaming on the darksome night,—  
 Shall guide me, lest my feet should stray,  
 And lead me in the heav'nward way.
- 3 O, how I love thy holy word?  
 What joys and hopes thy truths afford?  
 Not honey to my mouth so sweet,  
 As some sure promise, which I meet!
- 4 As rainbow bird, 'mid beauteous flowers,  
 Roves and each nectar cup explores,  
 So to thy op'ning truths I haste,  
 And food of heav'n in wonder taste!      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Medfield. Dedham.**Instruction from Scripture.*

- 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,  
 And guard their lives from sin?  
 Thy word the choicest rule 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 'T is, like the sun, a heav'nly light,  
 That guides us all the day;  
 And, through the dangers of the night,  
 A lamp to lead our way.
- mf 4 Thy word is everlasting truth!  
 mp How pure is every page?  
 — That holy book shall guide our youth,  
 And well support our age.      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Meriden. Warwick.**Delight in the Scriptures.*

- Aff 1 O, HOW I love thy holy law!  
 'T is daily my delight;  
 And thence my meditations draw  
 Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day  
 To meditate thy word;  
 My soul with longing melts away  
 To hear thy gospel, Lord!
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage?  
 How well employ my tongue?  
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage
- < Yields me a heav'nly song! WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martin's. Irish.**Perfection of Scripture.*

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join  
 To form one perfect book;—  
 Great God! if once compar'd with thine,  
 How mean their writings look?
- 2 Not the most perfect rules, they gave,  
 Could show one sin 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 pow'rs of nature fall,  
 And can no further go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God  
 By works, their hands have wrought;  
 But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
 Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 5 Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace  
 Fall far below thy word;  
 But perfect truth and righteousness  
 Dwell only with the Lord. WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION—C. M. *Dedham. Litchfield.**Value of the Bible.*

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage ;  
mf There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage !
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove  
With ever fresh delight.
- mf 3 'T is a broad land, of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
- mp 4 The best relief, that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
mf Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
> And our eternal rest !                      WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—C. M. *Melrose. Winter.**Breathing after Holiness.*

- Aff 1 O, THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !
- 2 O, send thy Spirit down,—to write  
Thy law upon my heart ;  
No slanders let my tongue indite,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere :  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;

Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
mf Nor let my head, or heart, or hands  
Offend against my God. WATTS.

SEVENTH VERSION.—C. M. *Howard. Dundee.*

*Holy Resolutions.*

- 1 O, THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour  
Might dwell upon my mind!  
Thence I derive a quick'ning power,  
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
mf 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's and Satan's hateful bands,  
And set my feet at large? WATTS.

EIGHTH VER.—S. M. *Westminster. St. Thomas.*

*God's Word a Light.*

- 1 THY word is to my feet  
A lamp of brightest beams,  
A light, that in my path I meet,  
Which in thick darkness gleams.
- 2 My vows I will perform,  
Thy holy laws to keep,  
Nor sin amid affliction's storm,  
When toss'd on boist'rous deep.
- 3 Though sinners lay a snare,  
And spread a net for me ;  
mf Yet shall thy word and watchful care  
My glad deliv'rance be!
- 4 My soul thy law reveres,  
And loves thy precepts sage,  
mf And they shall be, through endless years,  
My joy and heritage! ALLEN.

NINTH VER.—7s. (v. 1–8.) *Lincoln. Pleyel's Hymn.**Happiness of the Righteous.*

- 1 BLEST are men of lives upright,  
Who the law of God observe,  
Keep his statutes with delight,  
And from Him do never swerve!
- 2 Blest the men of fervent prayer,  
Seeking God with their whole heart,  
Shunning error's paths with care,  
And who ne'er from Him depart.
- aff 3 Lord! my steps I pray Thee guide;  
Keep me in thy perfect way;  
Then my steps shall never slide,  
Nor my soul e'er meet dismay.
- 4 Thee I'll praise with heart sincere,  
When I've learn'd thy righteous word:  
Thy pure laws will I revere;—  
Me forsake not, O my Lord!            ALLEN.

TENTH VER.—7s. (v. 9–16.) *Lincoln. Pleyel's H.**Instruction from Scripture.*

- 1 HOW shall young man cleanse his way?  
Let him keep thy guiding word:—
- aff With my heart to Thee I pray,  
Let me not forsake Thee, Lord!
- 2 In my heart thy word I hide,  
That my joys no sins may blight:  
Thou art blest, let me abide  
In thy statutes with delight.
- 3 Thy just judgments with my voice  
Will I speak with courage bold:  
In thy truth do I rejoice,  
More than in the treasur'd gold.
- 4 Oft my soul shall ponder well  
Thy commands and then obey:
- aff Never, Lord, may I rebel,  
Never from thy statutes stray!            ALLEN.

XI VER.—7s. (v. 17–24.) *Prentiss. Nuremburg.**Guidance by God's Word.*

- aff 1 DEAL with me in mercy, Lord,  
Let me live, and keep thy word;

Let my eyes thy laws behold,  
Wondrous things to me unfold!

2 Pilgrim in the earth, I stray,—  
Let me not forsake thy way ;  
Keen the thirstings of my soul,  
Lord, to know thy law's control!

— 3 Humble Thou the scornful pride,  
Turning from thy laws aside ;  
Scorn and shame from me remove,  
For thy statutes I do love!

4 Falsely though my foes accuse,  
On thy law I yet will muse ;  
Thy good word is my delight,

mf Thou wilt guide my steps aright! ALLEN.

XII VER.—7s. (v. 25–32.) *Prentiss. Nuremburg.*

*Quickening by God's Word.*

Aff 1 CLEAVING to the dust, O Lord,  
Quicken me by thy good word ;  
I my ways to Thee confess'd,  
Thou hast heard and made me blest!

2 Thy right way, O make me know,  
Then thy wondrous works I'll show ;—  
Now my soul doth melt for care,  
Let thy word my strength repair.

3 Hollow ways from me remove,  
Let me thy good law approve ;  
Path of truth is my free choice,  
In thy judgments I rejoice.

4 To thy word do I adhere ;  
Save me then from shame and fear ;  
With sweet joy enlarge my heart,

mf Then from Thee I'll ne'er depart! ALLEN.

XIII VERSION.—7s. (v. 33–40.) *Edyfield. Kimball.*

*Divine Instruction.*

Aff 1 TEACH thy statutes, God of light!  
Then I'll keep thy laws aright ;  
Give me vision of thy way,  
Then from Thee I ne'er shall stray,

- 2 In thy law O guide me still,  
For I greatly love thy will ;  
To thy word my heart incline,  
Check all selfishness of mine.
- 3 Turn from objects vain my eyes,  
Make me in thy path-way wise :  
Let thy word confirm my soul,  
Let thy fear my steps control.
- 4 Base reproach from me remove,  
All thy ways are truth and love :  
How I've long'd thy truth to know ?  
Then let mercies to me flow! ALLEN.

XIV VERSION.—7s. (v. 41–49.) *Grant. Edyfield.*

*Delight in the Truth.*

- Aff 1 LET thy mercies come to me,  
Then salvation I shall see,—  
To reproach can then reply,  
Since on Thee my hopes rely.
- 2 Take not, Lord, thy word away ;  
On thy judgments do I stay,  
And shall feel thy law's control,  
< While eternal ages roll!
- mf 3 I will walk at liberty,  
For thy word shall make me free ;  
With proud kings my tongue is bold,  
Thy good statutes to unfold.
- 4 In thy truth will I delight,  
For thy word beams on me bright ;  
Thy commandments will I keep,  
mp On them meditating deep. ALLEN.

XV VERSION.—7s. (v. 49–56.) *Grant. Edyfield.*

*Delight in the Word.*

- Aff 1 PROMIS'D blessings let me see,  
For thy truth I trust, O Lord !  
This in sorrow comforts me,—  
I am quicken'd by thy word.
- 2 Me in scorn do proud men hold,  
Yet from Thee I've not declin'd :

Viewing, Lord, thy ways of old,  
 p I the sweetest comfort find.

— 3 Horror hath my soul dismayed,  
 Seeing men who sin and rage:  
 Lord, thy laws my songs are made  
 In my house of pilgrimage.

aff 4 And thy name in darkest night  
 Has assuag'd my grievous mood ;  
 Thus I taste of sweet delight,—  
 Joy, that comes to all the good!      ALLEN.

XVI VER.— 7s. (v. 57–64.) *Wilmot. Nuremberg.*  
*God's Law obeyed.*

Aff 1 THOU'RT my portion, Lord on high ;  
 I have said, I'll keep thy word :  
 Thee I've sought most earnestly ;  
 Thy rich gifts to me accord.

2 Lord, I've thought upon my way,  
 And to Thee have turn'd my feet ;  
 Quick, not yielding to delay,  
 I have render'd homage meet.

3 Robb'd by bands of wicked men,  
 Yet from Thee I've not declined ;  
 Thee at night I'll praise again  
 For thy judgments right and kind.

— 4 My companions fear thy name,  
 Steadfast walk in thy good way ;  
 mf Earth and heav'n thy love proclaim ;

— Lord! thy word make me obey!      ALLEN.

XVII VERSION.— 7s. (v. 65–72.) *Lincoln. Wilson.*  
*Benefit of Afflictions.*

aff 1 GOOD, according to thy word,  
 Are thy dealings, O my Lord!  
 Give me holiness and light,  
 For thy truth is my delight.

2 Free from sorrow, I did stray ;—  
 Now thy precepts I obey ;  
 Thou art good to me, my God!  
 Teach me by affliction's rod.

3 Though traduc'd by proud men's lies,  
On thy truth my soul relies ;  
While their joys all goodness blight,  
In thy law is my delight.

4 Lord, 't is good to feel thy rod,  
Thus I learn thy law, O God!  
Which of more esteem I hold,  
Than the yellow heaps of gold.

ALLEN.

XVIII VERSION.—7s. (v. 73–80.) *Wilmot. Wilson.*

*Prayer for Mercy.*

Aff 1 THOU hast built my wondrous frame,  
Teach me, Lord, to love thy name ;  
They rejoice, who fear Thee, Lord,  
For I trusted in thy word.

2 All thy judgments, Lord, are right ;  
Mercy shines in sorrow's night ;  
O, let mercies comfort me,  
For thy promises are free !

3 Let me tender mercies prove,  
Let me live, for Thee I love :—  
Break the pride of causeless foes ;  
In thy truth my hopes repose.

4 They, who fear Thee, with me join ;  
All in righteous cause combine ;  
Make me in thy statutes sound,  
Then shall shame no hopes confound. ALLEN.

XIX VERSION.—7s. (v. 81–88.) *Grant. Edyfield.*

*Reliance on the Word, and Prayer.*

Aff 1 FOR salvation, Lord, I sigh,  
On thy word my hopes rely ;  
Weeping, I do ask for rest ;  
Render, Lord, my sorrows blest.

2 Lo, my shrivell'd frame decayed !  
Yet from Thee have I not strayed :  
Longer must I bear my woes,  
Ere Thou judge my raging foes ?

3 Proud men dug a pit for me  
In atrocious enmity :

Lord, thy statutes all are true,  
Grant me thy protection due.

- 4 Lord, my heart with sorrow breaks,  
Yet my soul ne'er Thee forsakes ;  
Make me now alive to Thee,  
So from guilt shall I be free! ALLEN.

XX VER.—7s. (v. 89–96.) *Prentiss. Nuremburg.*

*God's Law immutable.*

- 1 EVER, Lord, in heav'n above  
Stands thy word in truth and love ;  
Earth thy statutes doth obey:  
Fixed law shall ne'er decay.
- 2 All thy ordinance fulfil,  
All are servants of thy will:  
mp I had died in sorrow's night,  
But thy law was my delight!
- 3 With thy law I ne'er will strive,  
'Thou hast made my soul alive:  
aff I am thine ; thy word I love ;  
Let me thy salvation prove.
- 4 Lord, my foes have lain in wait,  
Yet thy truth I meditate ;  
To perfection bounds I see,  
But thy word runs boundlessly! ALLEN.

XXI VERSION.—7s. (v. 97–104.) *Wilmot. Wilson.*

*Excellence of God's Word.*

- Aff 1 O, HOW much I love thy word,  
Which I daily ponder, Lord?—  
Word, which makes thy servant wise,  
Wiser than my enemies.
- 2 Learned teachers I excel,  
For I know thy records well ;  
I surpass philosophers;  
Wisdom thy good word confers.
- 3 Turning from all evil ways,  
Thee I serve, and give Thee praise ;  
From thy precepts I've not strayed,  
Thou thy judgments hast displayed.

- p 4 Sweet thy word, 't is sweet repast,  
Sweet, like honey to my taste ;  
— Through thy word I knowledge gain,  
And from evil ways refrain. ALLEN.

XXII VER.—7s. (v. 105–112.) *Lincoln. Pleyel's H.*  
*God's Word a Lamp.*

- 1 TO my paths thy word's a light,  
To my feet a lamp most bright ;  
Lord, my vows I will observe,  
Nor from truth and duty swerve.
- aff 2 Bow'd by many sorrows, Lord,  
Quicken me by thy good word !  
Take the off'rings, which I pay,  
Make me thy just laws obey,
- 3 Though wild danger waits around,  
In thy law my feet are found ;  
Sinners lay their snares for me,—  
By thy precepts I am free !
- 4 In thy word do I rejoice,—  
My good heritage and choice ;  
Thee I serv'd in times now past,  
Nor will swerve, while time shall last !

ALLEN.

XXIII VER.—7s. (v. 113–120.) *Lincoln. Turin.*  
*Support from the Word.*

- 1 TO vain thoughts my heart is steel'd,  
While I love thy statutes, Lord ;  
Thou my hiding place and shield,  
Firm I trust thy faithful word !
- 2 Evil doers ! go from me,  
I'll not in your footsteps tread,  
But God's law keep constantly,  
So shall God lift up my head !
- < aff 3 Hold me by thy mighty hand,  
Let not my bright hopes betray ;  
Make me love thy just command,
- mp On thy mercies let me stay !

- 4 Foes Thou treadest under foot,  
 For thy judgments they deride ;  
 While they perish, branch and root,  
 mp Lord, in Thee will I confide.

ALLEN.

XXIV VERSION.—7s. (v. 121–128.) *Lincoln. Turin.**Love to the Word.*

- aff 1 JUSTLY have I walk'd O Lord,  
 Leave me not to vengeful sword ;  
 Be Thou surety for my soul,  
 And oppressing pow'r control.
- 2 For thy love my eyes, Lord, fail,  
 When shall I salvation hail?  
 In thy mercy deal with me,  
 Let me thy right statutes see.
- 3 I'm thy servant ; let me know  
 In what path my steps should go:  
 Lord, 'tis time for Thee t'arise,  
 For thy word do men despise.
- 4 I do thy commandments love,  
 More than gold, which fires approve ;  
 I thy precepts have deem'd right,  
 Hating what offends thy sight.

ALLEN.

XXV VERSION.—7s. (v. 129–136.) *Wilmot. Wilson.**Love to God's Word.*

- 1 LORD, thy judgments true and deep,  
 My glad soul doth love and keep ;  
 Thy good word brings heav'nly light,  
 On dark minds outbeaming bright!
- 2 As, in desert, trav'ler thirsts,  
 So for Thee my heart now bursts ;  
 aff Look on me, thy mercy show,  
 As to those, thy love that know.
- 3 Let thy statutes be my guide,  
 Let no sin turn me aside ;  
 From oppression save me, Lord,  
 Grateful thus I'll keep thy word.
- 4 On me let thy face outshine,  
 Teach me thy good law divine ;

Rivers, Lord, run down mine eyes,  
For thy precepts men despise.

ALLEN.

XXVI VER.—7s. (137–144.) *Prentiss. Nuremburg.*

*God's Word a Support.*

1 JUSTICE, Lord, dwells in thy sight,  
All thy judgments are upright ;  
Faithful is thy word and true,  
Men thy righteousness may view.

2 In my heart my zeal hath burned,  
For my foes from Thee have turned :  
Pure thy word, like gold refined,  
And I store it in my mind.

3 While contempt and shame I prove,  
I the more thy precepts love ;  
Thy good law shall e'er endure,  
For 'tis truth, unmix'd and pure.

mf 4 Though dark woes o'ercloud my light,  
Yet thy laws are my delight ;  
Ne'er thy testimony dies,—  
I shall live, by Thee made wise!

ALLEN.

XXVII VER.—7s. (v. 145–152.) *Waterbury. Turin.*

*Prayer and Confidence in God.*

aff 1 WITH full heart to Thee I pray,  
Hear me, Lord, I'll keep thy way ;  
Earnestly to Thee I cried,  
Save me, lest my footsteps slide.

2 Ere the dawn of light I prayed,  
On thy word my hope I stayed ;  
I night-watch anticipate,  
On thy word I meditate.

3 Hear my voice, in mercy hear,  
Bring thy quick'ning judgments near,  
For mine enemies are nigh,—  
Men, who thy just threats defy.

mf 4 Thou art nearer still, O Lord,  
True and faithful is thy word :  
Long thy counsels have I known,  
They shall never be o'erthrown!

ALLEN.

XXVIII VER.—7s. (v. 153–160.) *Prentiss. Nuremb.*

*Dependence on God's Word.*

Aff 1 SEE me, pierc'd with sorrow's dart,  
Yet from Thee I'll not depart ;  
Plead my cause, deliv'rance give,  
Make me by thy word alive.

— 2 From thy foes salvation's far,  
They with thy good statutes war ;  
Lord, thy wondrous love is great,  
Let no fears my hopes abate.

3 Num'rous enemies combine,  
Yet from Thee I'll not decline ;  
Sinners I with grief beheld,  
Who against thy word rebell'd.

Aff 4 See, how much thy law I love,  
Shed on me light from above ;  
Ever are thy records true,  
Judgments past the future shew.

ALLEN.

XXIX VER.—7s. (v. 161–163.) *Prentiss. Nuremburg.*

*Love to God's Law.*

1 PERSECUTORS wake my fears,  
Yet thy word my heart reveres ;  
In the word I find delight,  
As one finds the treasures bright!

2 Perfidy and lies I hate,  
In thy truth my joys are great ;—  
aff Oft each day I praise thy name,  
And thy judgments, Lord, proclaim.

3 They have peace, who love thy law,  
Naught their souls from Thee shall draw ;  
In thy mercy I confide,  
Nor will go from Thee aside.

4 Thy good precepts have I loved,  
And my love by works have proved ;  
Thy commandments I've obey'd,  
Thou my ways, Lord, hast surveyed.

ALLEN.

XXX VER.—7s. (v. 169–176.) *Wilmot. Wilson.*

*Joy in the Word.*

Aff 1 LET my cry to Thee come near,  
Give me wisdom from thy word ;  
My loud supplication hear,  
Save me by thy promise, Lord!

— 2 Thee my lips shall joyful praise,  
When thy laws shine on me bright:  
mf Grateful song my tongue shall raise,  
For thy laws are just and right!

— 3 Save me by thy hand most strong,  
I have made thy word my choice ;  
For thy mercy, Lord, I long,  
Greatly in thy word rejoice!

◇ 4 Kept by Thee, I'll praise and pray,  
Me thy judgments shall uphold:

p Like a sheep I've gone astray,

mf Shepherd! bring me to thy fold!

ALLEN.

XXXI VERSION.—6s. *Chaplin. Alps.*

*Excellence of God's Word.*

p 1 HOW sweet I find thy word,  
Delicious ev'ry hour!  
Sweeter, than honey stored,—  
Sipp'd from the fragrant flower,—  
In wondrous bee-form'd cell,  
In which the builders dwell!

f 2 O what celestial light  
Thy word doth shed on me?  
Resplendent, and most bright  
Its beams are pour'd out free!  
Each dark and frightful shape  
Doth quickly make escape!

3 Pour light upon my mind,  
Let me thy glory see!  
Give me pure joys refined,  
The joys, that spring from Thee!

p Let me sweet truth e'er love,  
And dwell in light above!

ALLEN.

120. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Hebron. Rockingham.**Complaint of Strife; Desire of Peace.*

- 1 I SOUGHT the Lord in my distress,  
 God heard my humble, earnest cry ;  
 Then, trav'ler in this wilderness,  
 To God lift up confiding eye !
- 2 Although in Kedar's tents I dwell ;  
 Yet, while my duty binds me here,  
 Among the sons of Ishmael  
 My soul shall never shrink with fear.
- mf 3 For gentleness and peace I cry ;  
 But lo, their banner waves from far,  
 And, lifting up their spears on high,  
 They shout aloud for cruel war !
- mp 4 Come the blest hour, when strife shall cease,  
 > And angry passions die away,—  
 — When o'er the earth the sons of peace  
 mf Shall hold a mild, unquestion'd sway! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Pentonville.**Prayer against Slander and Strife.*

- aff 1 DISTRESS'D, on God I call,  
 And He doth hear my cries ;  
 O save me, Lord, from lips of gall,  
 From tongue, that utters lies !
- 2 What doth such tongue to Thee ?  
 It burns, like coals, that glow ;  
 It pierces, like the arrow free,  
 Sent from the well-bent bow.
- 3 In robbers' tents I dwell,  
 In dreary wilds afar ;  
 p Though I the voice of peace love well,  
 mf They furious cry for war !
- 4 Soon come the blessed day,  
 When blast of war shall cease,  
 And all the earth shall own the sway  
 Of JESUS, Prince of Peace! ALLEN.

121. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Appleton.**God's protecting Care.*

- 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 guides our feet, He guards our way ;  
His morning smiles bless all the day ;  
He spreads the wings of night, and keeps  
p The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
- mf 3 Israel! a name divinely blest !  
— Securely thou may'st rise and rest ;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 4 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.
- 5 On thee foul spirits have no power ;  
And, in thy last departing hour,  
Angels, who trace the airy road,  
mf Shall bear thee homeward to thy God! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *St. Martin's. Mear.**God's Protection.*

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Aloud for help I call ;  
My help's from God, who made the skies,  
And shap'd this earthly ball.
- 2 He will both guard and guide thee well,  
And wakeful will thee keep ;  
For He that keepeth Israel,  
Nor slumber knows, nor sleep.
- 3 Jehovah will thy keeper be,  
Thy shade from burning beam ;  
The sun shall not by day smite thee,  
Nor moon with blighting beam.
- mf 4 The Lord shall compass thee about,  
Protect thee with his power,

Thy coming in and going out  
Shall guard forevermore! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *St. Thomas. Olmutz.*

*God the Protector of his Servants.*

- 1 TO God I lift mine eyes,  
By whom the heav'ns were made ;  
And He to help me will arise  
With his almighty aid.
- 2 In slipp'ry paths 't is He  
My faithless feet shall keep ;  
And Israel's God my guard shall be,  
When all, but He, shall sleep.
- mp 3 No sun shall smite by day,  
Nor blasting moon by night,  
mf For God's my shade from burning ray,  
My shield from mildew's blight.
- 4 From this time forth his love  
My feet within my door  
Shall keep, and when without I rove,—  
f And bless me evermore! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—H. M. *Stow. Darwell.*

*God our Preserver.*

- " 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid,  
The God, who built the skies,  
And earth and nature made:—  
God is the tow'r,  
To which I fly: His grace is nigh  
In ev'ry hour!
- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
Nor fall in fatal snare,  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Protects me with his care:—  
Those wakeful eyes  
That never sleep, Shall Israel keep,  
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,

Shall take my health away,  
 If God be with me there:—  
 Thine arm of might  
 Shall be my shield, And safety yield  
 By noon and night.

4 Hast Thou not giv'n thy word  
 To save my soul from death?  
 And I can trust my Lord  
 To keep my mortal breath:—  
 I'll go and come,  
 Nor fear to die, Till from on high  
 Thou call me home.

WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Wilson.*

*Divine Protection.*

" 1 LORD, to Thee I lift mine eyes,  
 Up to Thee in heav'nly light!  
 Thou didst make the earth and skies;  
 Thou dost help me with thy might!

2 Thou, th' unsleeping Watchman near,  
 Guardest well my slumb'ring hour!  
 Naught shall wake my hopeless fear,  
 Nor me bend to evil power!

3 Not the scorching sun by day,  
 Nor the moon shall hurt at night;  
 Thou, who dost all nature sway,  
 Shalt protect me by thy might!

4 When my earthly course is run,  
 Ended all my work below,  
 Thou wilt raise me to thy throne,  
 Where pure joys forever flow!

ALLEN.

122. FIRST VER.—C. M. *Howard. Colchester.*

*Zion loved.*

mf 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,  
 "In Zion let us all appear,  
 And keep the solemn day!"

- 2 I love her gates, by saints e'er trod!  
The church adorn'd with grace,  
Stands, like a palace, built for God,  
To show his milder face.
- mf 3 Up to her courts, with joys 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 heav'nly grace  
Be her attendants blest!
- 5 For Zion, which I love full well,  
mf I'll pray, while life remains:  
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
f Here God, my Savior, reigns! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Inverness. Boylston.*

*The Lord's Day.*

- dol 1 HOW sweet the Sabbath bell,  
When all is still around?  
As on the list'ning ear it fell,  
It seem'd a holy sound!
- 2 It calls us to the place,  
Where all the good repair;—  
mf There God is present with his grace;  
< The God of love is there!
- aff 3 Thou, Lord, in mercy great  
Wilt surely visit them,  
Who seek thy Zion's sacred gate,  
And love Jerusalem!
- 4 O bless thy holy city, Lord,  
The temple of thy love,  
p And let thy pure and peaceful word  
< Guide us to heav'n above! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—S. P. M. *Dudley. Bethel.*

*Zion extolled.*

- " 1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I  
To hear the people cry,

“Come, let us seek our God to day!”

Yes, with a cheerful zeal,

We come to Zion’s hill,

And here our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorn’d with wondrous grace,  
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 fix’d his royal throne ;  
He sits for grace and judgment here :  
He bids the saint be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

mp 4 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
— To bless the soul of ev’ry 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!”  
mf For here my friends and kindred dwell ;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well! WATTS

FOURTH VERSION.—H. M. Stow. Murray.

*The dying Believer.*

mp 1 O DAY of rapture sweet,  
When now, O Salem blest,  
At last my willing feet  
Approach thy gates of rest!  
mf For lo! upon my wilder’d sight  
< There dawns celestial, glorious light!

f 2 E’en now my spirit soars!  
Thy star-deck’d domes arise ;  
I see thy wide-spread doors,  
O Salem in the skies!

- I hear, outbursting from thy throng,  
 ff Undying joy in endless song!
- mp 3 Mother of cities! hail!  
 Th' abode of HIM, who died!  
 — Though earth's foundations fail,  
 Thine moveless shall abide:  
 And ne'er shall war or battle's sound  
 Be heard thy peaceful walls around!
- 4 O, for an angel's wing,  
 To bear me upward free!—  
 f I come, O Salem's King!  
 I mount aloft to Thee!  
 I come, to join thy saints above,  
 ff> With joys sublime of heav'nly love! ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Olivet. Italian Hymn.*

*Love to Zion.*

- " 1 GLADLY I heard them say,  
 God let us praise to day  
 Within his courts:  
 Jerusalem! in thee,  
 Within thy gates most free,  
 Where saints thy beauty see,  
 My heart resorts.
- 2 O pray for Salem's peace,  
 And for her great increase;  
 Her friends are blest:  
 Peace be within thy walls,  
 Sweet liberty to thralls,  
 Whom Zion's message calls  
 To endless rest! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Wilson.*

*Love to the City of God.*

- " 1 HOW the word my soul did rouse,  
 When I heard the people say,—  
 "Let us go unto God's house,  
 There adore, and praise, and pray!"
- 2 Salem! city of the Lord!  
 O, what hosts resort to thee,

Guided by the sacred word,  
Thanks to bring with melody?

3 There, array'd in glorious light,  
Sits thy King, Jehovah's Son,  
Full of mercy, yet with might  
Ruling on his judgment-throne!

mp 4 Pray for Salem's lasting peace!  
Blest are they, who Zion love;  
Joys to them shall long increase,—  
They her walled strength shall prove.

5 For my lov'd companions' good  
I'll now say, "Great peace to thee!"  
For God's house, where I have stood,  
"Peace! abide eternally!" ALLEN.

123. FIRST VERSION.—S. M. *Westminster. Olney.*

*Waiting on God.*

Aff 1 WE lift our eyes to Thee,  
O Thou, the God of love!  
We pray Thee in thy mercy free  
To bless us from above.

2 As to his master's hand  
The servant looks with fear,  
So we before Thee waiting stand,  
And Thee, our Lord, revere!

mp 3 Have mercy, O our God!  
Have mercy on our soul,  
For we are chasten'd by thy rod;—  
Afflictive torrents roll.

— 4 Although the scorner smile,  
Reproaching the oppress'd,  
Though, in their ease, proud men deride,—

mf Yet, Lord, thy friends are blest! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Turin.*

*Pleading with God.*

Aff 1 LORD, to Thee we lift our eyes,  
Thou, who dwellest in the skies!

Humbly bow we at thy throne,  
Trusting in thy pow'r alone.

- 2 Lord, on Thee our eyes do wait ;  
Help our weak and tempted state :  
On our souls have mercy now,—  
We, thy servants, are brought low.
- 3 Scorners see us in their pride,  
And our confidence deride :  
Know they not, thine arm of might  
Shall their wickedness requite ?
- mf 4 Lord, have mercy, and now hear  
Griefs, we pour out in thine ear :  
Send salvation from the sky,  
Then thy praise we'll lift up high!

ALLEN.

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PSALM 124.—7s. *Kimball. Nuremburg.*

*Song for Deliverance.*

- 1 HAD not God been on our side,—  
Now may rescued Israel say,—  
Then our foes, in their fierce pride,  
Us had swallow'd as their prey.
- 2 Then had they, with wrath and scoff,  
Smitten us without control :  
Then proud waters swept us off,  
Then the stream gone o'er our soul!
- 3 Praise to God! His pow'rful arm  
Us hath shielded ; by his care  
We've escap'd the fatal harm,  
As the bird from fowler's snare :
- 4 Broken is the snare, the game  
Gladly in the air doth fly!—  
mf We confide in God's great name,  
Maker of the earth and sky!

ALLEN.

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125. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Trenton. Timsbury.*

*The Safety of the Righteous.*

- mf 1 THEY, who in Zion's God confide,  
Like Zion's rock shall firm abide,

Which, fix'd, can never be removed,—  
By tempest and by flood unmoved.

2 Jerusalem is fenc'd around  
By mountains as a lofty mound ;—  
So shall their God's encircling arm  
Protect his people from all harm.

— 3 Though rod of wicked men may smite,  
It ne'er abides on the upright:—  
aff Do good, O Lord, unto the good,  
To them, who in right ways have stood.

— 4 But they, who turn to crooked ways,  
Shall see God's judgments with amaze,  
> And sink despairing down to hell ;—  
mf But peace abides on Israel! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Mornington. Beverly.*  
*Saint's Trial and Safety.*

mf 1 FIRM and unmov'd they stand,  
Who rest their souls on God ;  
Firm as the mount in Judah's land,  
On which the ark abode.

2 No walls so safe could prove  
To Salem's happy ground,  
As God's eternal arms of love,  
Which ev'ry saint surround.

mp 3 What though they trembling feel  
The Father's chast'ning blow?  
His mercy shall their sorrows heal ;  
mf Their joys will overflow.

aff 4 Lord, bless the good and wise,  
And lead them safely on  
< To the bright gates of paradise,  
Where Christ, their Savior's gone! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—H. M. *Zebulon. Marah.*  
*The Righteous Safe.*

f 1 THEY, who in God do trust,  
Like Zion's mount shall stand,  
Moveless by human hand:—  
Thus firm remain the just!

The Lord his people guards around,  
As hills Jerusalem surround!

— 2 The wicked with their rod  
    May righteous men annoy,  
    But shall not them destroy;—  
mf They're shielded by their God!  
The clouds, which darken now their sight,  
Shall soon give way to heav'nly light!

aff 3 O Lord! to them do good,  
    Whose hearts are right with Thee,  
    While men, from truth who flee,  
    Are swept with vengeful flood:  
For peace let Israel Thee adore,  
f< And make her glad forevermore!      ALLEN.

126. FIRST VER.—C. M. *Litchfield. Medfield.*

*God's great Mercy.*

1 WHEN God outpour'd a gracious beam,  
And chang'd my mournful state,  
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
The grace appear'd so great.

mf 2 "Great is the work!" my neighbors cried,  
And own'd thy pow'r divine;  
"Great is the work!" my heart replied,  
"And be the glory thine!"

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

4 Let those, who sow in sadness, wait,  
Till the fair harvest come;  
They shall confess, their sheaves are great,  
f And shout the blessings home!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Olmutz. Olney.*

*Wonderful Deliverance.*

1 WHEN, Lord, Thou didst redeem  
Thy Zion from her chains,

We seem'd to be like men, who dream,  
And sung with joy's loud strains.

2 The heathens, at the sight,  
Exclaim'd, as God they own,—  
mf “Surely, their God, the God of might,  
For them great things hath done!”

3 “The Lord hath done great things  
For us,”—Our lips reply,  
We therefore bring our offerings  
With an exceeding joy.

mp 4 They, who in tears do sow,  
— In joy shall reap at last:—  
The precious seed, design'd to grow,  
With weeping they broad-cast;—

5 But,—ye at last shall find,—  
mf The sower glad shall come,  
His full-ear'd, yellow sheaves to bind,  
f And shout his harvest home! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—H. M. Harwich. *Triumph.*

*Joy in God's Mercy.*

1 WHEN Zion was restored,  
And turn'd her captive state,  
Her sons their God adored,  
Their hearts with joys elate;  
So, when our God redeems our souls,  
f Our pleasure like a torrent rolls!

— 2 We were like them, who dream,  
We tasted joys untold,  
So strange did freedom seem:  
We said, as Zion's sons of old,—  
mf “The Lord for us hath great things done!  
He hath a wondrous vict'ry won!”

— 3 God's promise ne'er deceives:  
mp The men, in tears who sow,  
— Shall bind their full-ear'd sheaves,  
And joyful harvest know:  
The weeping sow'r again shall come,  
f And bring the ample harvest home! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Nuremburg.**Joyful Deliverance.*

- " 1 WHEN the Lord set Zion free,  
 Then our mouth was fill'd with joy ;  
 Sav'd from sad captivity,  
 Then did songs our tongues employ !
- 2 'Mid the heathen, where they strayed,  
 They did cry,—“The vict'ry 's won!  
 Great the pow'r for us displayed,  
 God for us great things hath done !”
- aff 3 Turn again our captive state,  
 As the streams are turn'd by Thee ;  
 Then we'll gladly say, “How great,  
 Lord, thy pow'r, that sets us free !”
- mp 4 Doth the sower sow in tears ?  
 mf Yet he reaps with harvest song :  
 mp Weeping, lo, the seed he bears ;  
 f Singing, brings his sheaves along !      ALLEN.

127. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Walton.**Success and Happiness from God.*

- " 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost  
 And pains to build the house are lost :  
 If God the city will not keep,  
 The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What, if you rise before the sun,  
 And work and toil, when day is done,  
 Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
 To shun that poverty, you dread ;—
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest :  
 He can make rich, yet give us rest ;  
 Children and friends are blessings too,  
 If God, our Sov'reign, make them so.
- 4 Happy the man, to whom He sends  
 Obedient children, faithful friends !  
 How sweet our daily comforts prove,  
 When they are crown'd with his rich love ?

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Clyde. Uxbridge.**Success from God.*

- 11 1 UNLESS the Lord the house uprear,  
 Unless as Guardian He appear,  
 The builder's toils shall nothing gain,  
 The city's watchman wakes in vain.
- 2 Poor man! in vain you early rise,  
 And labor still in evening skies!  
 Fruitless your work, you well may weep;  
 While God gives his beloved sleep.
- 3 Children are gracious gifts of God,  
 As swift-wing'd arrows sent abroad;  
 Their fathers' cause they vindicate,  
 And drive the en'my from the gate.
- f 4 Children of Jesus! rise in might,  
 And all his foes with arrows smite,—  
 — Arrows of truth, keen and inflamed;  
 mf Then shall ye never be ashamed! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Nottingham. Marlow.**God's Blessing necessary.*

- 11 1 IF God to build the house deny,  
 The builders work in vain;  
 And towns without his wakeful eye  
 An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,  
 Your painful work renew,  
 And, till the stars ascend the skies,  
 Your tiresome toil pursue:
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,  
 In vain, till God has blest;  
 But, if his smiles attend your care,  
 Ye shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends  
 Shall real blessings prove,  
 Nor all the earthly joys, He sends,  
 If sent without his love. WATTS.
-

128. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Hebron. Uxbridge.**A holy Family.*

- 1 BLEST is the man, who fears the Lord,  
 And walks by his unerring word,  
 For God doth condescend to dwell  
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 2 To Him may each assembled house  
 Present their night and morning vows ;  
 Their servants and their rising race  
 Be taught his precepts and his grace.
- mp 3 Then shall the charms of wedded love  
 Still more delightful blessings prove,  
 mf And parents' hearts shall overflow  
 With joys, that parents only know !
- 4 When nature droops, our aged eyes  
 Shall see our children's children rise,  
 Till, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,  
 mf And join the family above! DODDRIDGE.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Lathrop. Calmar.**Family Blessings.*

- 1 THAT man is blest indeed,  
 Who fears the Lord on high,  
 Who in his holy book doth read,  
 And serves Him faithfully.
- 2 For surely thou shalt eat  
 Of thine own industry ;  
 Around thee richest blessings meet,  
 And happy shalt thou be !
- 3 Thy wife, a fair house-vine,  
 The clust'ring fruit hath borne ;  
 Like olive plants thy children join,  
 Thy table to adorn.
- 4 And thee the Lord will bless  
 From Zion's holy hill,  
 And Salem's good and great success  
 Thine eyes shall ponder still !
- 5 A happy race and free  
 Fulfil God's promise well ;

mf Thy children's children thou shalt see,  
And peace on Israel! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—H. M. Bradford. Murray.

*Blessedness of him, who fears God.*

1 THE man, who fears the Lord,  
And in his ways doth rest,  
Still trembling at his word,  
Is now and shall be blest:  
His toil shall surely prosper well,  
And in sweet safety he shall dwell.

2 Thy wife, a fruitful vine,  
Which grows in wondrous grace,  
Whose tendrils round thee twine,  
Adorns thy dwelling place ;  
mf Thy children, like fair olive trees,  
Which wave their branches in the breeze !

— 3 From Zion's heav'nly hill,  
Where thou dost dwell in love,  
The Lord shall bless thee still,  
mf With joys, like those above  
v And, when thy fleeting life is o'er,  
mf Thou shalt be blest forevermore !

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. Edyfield. Grant.

*Happy Dwelling of the Righteous.*

1 BLEST is he, that feareth God,  
He, that in his ways hath trod ;  
Thou thy labor's fruit shalt eat,  
Peace and good with thee shall meet.

2 Lo, thy wife is fruitful vine,  
By thy house the tendrils twine,  
And thy children thine eye sees  
Round thee, like young olive-trees.

3 Yes, thy children's children thou  
Joyful in old age shalt know ;  
Thou shalt see and know full well  
Glorious peace in Israel ! ALLEN.

## 129. FIRST VERSION.—H. M. Zebulon. Murray.

*Zion guarded from her Foes.*

- 1 "THOUGH oft our griefs we wail,"  
 May Israel joyful say,  
 "Yet ne'er, in wild dismay,  
 We've seen our foes prevail:  
 mf Our God hath made his mercies known,  
 And Zion's foes hath overthrown!"
- 2 Zion! thy foes shall be,  
 As grass, that quick doth fade  
 In greenness of its blade,  
 When sun shines on it free;—  
 The grass, which on the house-top grows,  
 And which no scythe-man ever mows:
- 3 Which binder ne'er shall find,  
 With which to fill his hands,  
 And with his twisted bands  
 In yellow sheaves to bind,  
 And where no passer by doth say,—  
 "God's blessing be on you for aye!" ALLEN.

## SECOND VERSION.—7s. Bates. Southampton.

*Zion safe.*

- 1 SHE has pass'd through fire and flood,  
 Scenes of torture and of blood;  
 Yet she lives and ne'er shall die!—  
 ZION'S Savior lives on high!
- f 2 Strong thine arm, O Zion's King!  
 Who shall dare defiance bring?  
 Zion's foes shall seek in flight  
 Safety from thy dreaded might!
- 3 Like the house-top grass are they,  
 With'ring in the blaze of day,  
 Which ne'er fills the reaper's hands,  
 Nor in yellow sheaves e'er stands;
- 4 Nor does passer by e'er say  
 To the men in harvest day,  
 "Greet we you with peaceful word;  
 Blessings on you from the Lord!" ALLEN.
-

130. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Lindon. Alfreton.**Forgiveness from God.*

- Aff 1 AS the benighted pilgrims wait,  
 And long and wish for breaking day ;  
 So waits my soul before thy gate ;  
 When will my God his love display ?
- 2 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,  
 Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;  
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
 And find relief from all their pain.
- mf 3 Great is his love, and large his grace  
 Through the redemption of his Son ;—  
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
 And pardons what our hands have done.

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Bladenburg. Lathrop.**Prayer and Trust in God.*

- Aff 1 OUT of the depths, O Lord,  
 I humbly cried to Thee,  
 O hear my supplicating word,  
 And turn thine ear to me !
- 2 If Thou, O Lord, shouldst mark  
 All mine iniquity,  
 My brightest hopes of heav'n were dark,  
 And all my peace would fly !
- 3 But Thou dost take delight  
 In deeds of pard'ning love ;  
 I look to Thee in glory bright,—  
 O save me from above !
- 4 I wait for Thee, O God,  
 More patiently, than they,  
 Who watch for morning beams abroad,  
 Who watch for dawning day.
- 5 O, Israel, trust the Lord,  
 For trust his mercy wins,  
 And Israel by his faithful word  
 He saveth from his sins.

ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—8 & 4. *Palistine. Wayland.**God's Mercy sought.*

- Aff 1 OUT of the depths to Thee I've cried ;  
 Turn not thine ear, O Lord, aside,  
 But hear my supplicating voice,  
 And let my mourning soul rejoice  
 In thy rich love.
- 2 Who, Lord, could stand before thine eyes,  
 If Thou shouldst mark iniquities?  
 Forgiveness yet is found with Thee,  
 That he, who tastes, from sin may flee,  
 And dwell above!
- 3 As watcher waits for morning light,  
 I wait for Thee,—for beams more bright ;—  
 mf O let the day-spring from on high  
 Spread radiant beams through all the sky ;—  
 And joys outpour!
- 4 O, Israel, hope thou in the Lord,—  
 Redemption shines forth in his word:  
 His hand his people will redeem,  
 mf And heav'nly glory on them beam  
 Forevermore!

ALLEN.

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 131. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Bernard. Medway.*  
*Humility.*

- Aff 1 O LORD, my heart, once proud and blind,  
 Now Thou beholdest meek and kind ;  
 I daily now commune with Thee  
 In heav'n-produc'd humility.
- 2 The matters high, beyond my view,  
 My searching thought would not pursue,  
 Content with all thy teaching, Lord,  
 For truth eternal is thy word!
- 3 Subdued and quiet as a child,  
 Let me be calm, although revil'd ;  
 And let me live without offence,  
 Submissive to thy providence.
- 4 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,  
 For Thou art holy, wise, and just ;

In Thee may Israel confide,—  
mf Israel, redeem'd by HIM, who died! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. Dundee. *St. John's.*

*Humility and Submission.*

- 1 IS there ambition in my heart?  
Search, gracious God, and see ;  
Or do I act a haughty part?  
mp Lord, I appeal to 'Thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts,—be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild ;  
Content, my Father, with thy will,  
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind  
^ Shall have a large reward:—  
— Let saints in sorrow be resign'd,  
mf And trust a faithful Lord! WATTS.

132. FIRST VER.—L. M. Mendon. *Ellenthorpe.*

*The House of God.*

- " 1 WHERE shall we go, to seek and find  
An 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.
- mf 3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,  
And reign forever," saith the Lord ;  
"Here shall my pow'r and love be known,  
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,  
And fill their souls with living bread:  
Sinners, who wait before my door,  
With sweet provision shall be fed."
- mf 5 The saints, unable to contain  
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing ;

The Son of David here shall reign,  
 f And Zion triumph in her King! WATTS.

SECOND VER.—L. P. M. *Newbury. St. Helen's.*  
*Zion God's Abode. Dedication Psalm.*

Aff 1 THY servants, in their zeal and love,  
 This house, O Lord, have rear'd for Thee ;  
 Come down in mercy from above,  
 Let this thy habitation be ;—  
 A habitation of the God,  
 Whose name is known through earth abroad !

2 Zion, O Lord, thy chosen seat,  
 Where Thou art ever pleas'd to dwell,  
 And where thy children love to meet  
 Of all thy wondrous works to tell,—  
 Thy Zion, Lord, delight to bless,  
 And clothe her priests with righteousness !

3 By truth, as manna from the cloud,  
 Supply thy hungry poor with bread ;  
 Exalt the low, abase the proud,  
 And quicken into life the dead ;

f Then shall thy praise all lips employ,  
 < Thy saints shall shout aloud for joy! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Marlow. Irish.*  
*God's Presence in Zion.*

mf 1 ARISE ! O King of grace, arise,  
 And enter to thy rest !—  
 Thy church now waits, with longing eyes,  
 Thus to be own'd 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.

mf 4 Here let the son of David reign,  
 Let God's Anointed shine ;

Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and pow'r divine.

- f 5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne ;  
And, as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes. WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. P. M. *Bethel. Dalston.*

*The Church and House of God.*

- mf 1 O ZION, sacred seat,  
Where, in communion sweet,  
Thy sons and daughters joyful sing!  
The LORD, forever blest,  
Makes thee his chosen rest,  
And shows himself thy God and King!

- aff 2 Come now, our King and God,  
And take up thine abode  
Within thy holy Zion here:  
Come with thy Spirit's might,  
And shed serene delight,  
And in thy wondrous grace appear!

- 3 Thou lovest Zion well,  
And in her courts dost dwell,  
And all her ample stores wilt bless:  
Her poor shall find supply,  
When lifting up their cry,—  
The joyful gifts of righteousness!

- 4 In glorious garments drest,—  
Robes of Salvation blest,—  
Her priests the heav'nly blessings bear:  
f Come, shout to Zion's King,  
And hymns of triumph sing ;  
His head th' eternal crown shall wear!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—3, 7, & 4. *Greenville. Greece.*

*God's Presence implored in Zion.*

- 1 HERE, in Zion, dwell forever ;  
Lord, now enter to thy rest!  
Hence depart in anger never!  
Here, Lord, make thy people blest!

Here in mercy,  
Make thy holy people blest!

- 2 In thine ancient Zion, glorious,  
Thou didst dwell in pow'r and love:  
There thy saving word, victorious,  
Pour'd out blessings from above:—

Here, in mercy,  
Send thy word too from above?

- 3 Bless thy Zion with thy treasures ;  
Satisfy her poor with bread ;  
Give them purest, sweetest pleasures ;  
Let them with thy truth be fed:—

Here, in mercy,  
Let them with thy truth be fed!

- 4 As they hear the Savior's story,—  
Of his coming from above,—  
Let them in the Savior glory ;  
Let them taste redeeming love!—

Here, in mercy,  
mp Let them taste redeeming love!—

- 5 Zion's heralds here, Lord, station ;  
Them in wondrous grace employ ;  
And her priests clothe with salvation,  
mf Then her saints shall shout for joy:—

mp Here, in mercy,  
f Let her saints e'er shout for joy! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Wilson.*

*Prayer for God's Presence in Zion.*

- af 1 TO thy house, O Lord, we'll go ;  
Meet Thou with us in thy rest,  
Bending at thy footstool low:—  
Make thy holy Zion blest!

- 2 Lord, with righteousness adorn  
Those, as priests Thou dost employ!  
mf Let them preach a SAVIOR born!  
Let thy saints too shout for joy!

- 3 Thou on David's throne hast placed  
Him,—both David's Lord and Son,—  
JESUS, with bright glory graced,  
Who o'er death the vict'ry won!

- 4 In thy Zion ever dwell  
 As thy chosen rest fore'er:  
 Let the thirsty, at thy well,  
 Drink the waters, pure and clear!
- 5 From thy stores, Lord, we Thee pray,  
 Satisfy her poor with bread:—
- mf Let the crown be bright for aye  
 On thy own Messiah's head!

ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Dort. Italian Hymn.**The Church and House of God.*

- 1 O ZION, sacred seat,  
 Where, in communion sweet,  
 Thy people sing,  
 The LORD, forever blest,  
 Makes thee his chosen rest;  
 By thee He is address'd  
 As God and King!
- aff 2 Come, now, our King and God,  
 And take up thine abode  
 In Zion here:  
 Come with thy Spirit's might,  
 And shed serene delight,  
 And let thy truth's strong light  
 Shine forth most clear!
- 3 Thou lovest Zion well,  
 And in her courts dost dwell,  
 Her stores dost bless;  
 Her poor shall find supply,  
 When lifting up their cry,—  
 Gifts from their God on high  
 Of righteousness!
- 4 Her priests in splendor drest,—  
 Robes of salvation blest,—  
 Rich blessings bear:
- mf Come, grateful tribute bring,  
 And hymns of triumph sing;
- f For Thou, O Zion's King,  
 Heav'n's crown dost wear!

ALLEN.

133. FIRST VERSION.—C. M. Santee. *Arlington.**Brotherly Love.*

- 1 LO, what a pleasant, gladd'ning 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 heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,  
 Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'T is like the oil, divinely sweet,  
 On Aaron's rev'rend head;  
 The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,  
 And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'T is pleasant as the morning dews,  
 That fall on Zion's hill,  
 Where God his mildest glory shews,  
 And makes his grace distil. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. Boylston. *Haverhill.**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, when on Aaron's head  
 They pour'd the rich perfume,  
 The oil through all his raiment spread,  
 And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills  
 The saints are bless'd above,  
 Where joy, like morning dew distils,  
 And all the air is love! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Shirland. Lathrop.**Brotherly Love.*

- 1 HOW pleasant is the love  
Of brethren, who agree,  
Bound by a spirit from above  
In bonds of amity?
- 2 'T is like the ointment shed,—  
Balsam of fragrant smell,—  
On priestly Aaron's sacred head,  
Which down his garments fell.
- 3 The trickling oil spreads o'er  
His beard the odors sweet,  
And thence descends the fragrant shower,  
E'en downward to his feet.
- 4 'T is like the cheering dew,  
Which evening airs distil,  
That soon the faded green renew  
On Hermon's lofty hill.
- 5 Or like the silver drops,  
That shine in morning's light,  
Decking the plants on Zion's tops  
With diamond lustre bright.
- f 6 O Zion! mount of God,  
Where heav'n's rich blessings flow,  
There life and joys are shed abroad,  
That ne'er an end shall know!

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. P. M. *Bethel. Dalston.**Friendship, and Christian Union.*

- 1 HOW pleasant 't is to see  
Kindred and friends agree!  
Each in their proper station move;  
And each fulfil their part  
With sympathising heart  
In all the cares of life and love!
- 2 'T is like the ointment, shed  
On Aaron's sacred head,  
Divinely rich, divinely sweet!  
The oil through all the room

Diffus'd a choice perfume,  
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

- 3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain,  
That water all the plain,  
Descending from the neighb'ring hills ;  
Such streams of pleasure roll  
Through every friendly soul,  
Where love, like heav'nly dew, distils.

WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—H. M. *Tiberias. Harwich.*

*Brotherly Love.*

- 1 HOW beautiful the sight  
Of brethren, who agree  
In friendship to unite,  
And bonds of charity?  
'T is like the precious ointment, shed  
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- dol 2 'T is 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,  
mf And glory rests on all the ground!
- 3 For there the Lord commands  
Blessings a boundless store  
From his unsparing hands,  
Yea, life forevermore:  
mf Thrice happy they, who meet above,  
To spend eternity in love! MONTGOMERY.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Prentiss. Nuremburg.*

*Brotherly Love.*

- 1 O, HOW pleasant and how good,  
When ye, brothers, dwell in love!  
'T is like precious ointment's flood,  
Pour'd on Aaron from above!
- 2 Flow'd the oil adown his beard,—  
Fragrance o'er his garments shed!  
So, by mutual love endear'd,  
mf Heav'nly odors round you spread!

— 3 'T is like dew on Zion's hills,  
 Pour'd in pearly drops at night:—  
 There our God with blessings fills,  
 Spreading affluent delight.

4 Brothers! live in peace always,  
 mp Breathe the spirit from above:  
 — Then shall men in wonder say,  
 mf "See, how Christians dwell in love!" ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—11s. *Pittsfield. Prescott.*

*Brotherly Love.*

1 BEHOLD, O how pleasant and lovely the view,  
 When brothers in peace and in harmony dwell?  
 'Tis fragrant, as oil, which did Aaron bedew,  
 And down to the hem of his vestments it fell.

2 'Tis rich, as the dew drops from Hermon's high  
 hills,  
 Outpour'd on the mountains of Zion around:  
 His Zion the Lord with his truth ever fills,  
 f And there shall his blessings eternal abound!  
 ALLEN.

134. FIRST VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Laban.*

*Worship of God.*

mf 1 BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord,  
 Ye servants of your God,  
 All ye, who love his holy word,  
 And seek his blest abode.

2 In his own house let praise  
 Rise up, like altar's flame ;  
 And in your dwellings raise  
 Glad songs unto his name.

3 The Lord, who made the sea,  
 And earth and heav'n above,  
 From Zion's store-house pour on thee  
 The blessings of his love! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—6 & 4. *Dort. Italian Hymn.**Worship of God in his House.*

mf 1 BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord,

All ye, who love his word,  
Your God proclaim ;Ye, who, a holy band,  
In his blest house do stand,  
O lift up there your hand,  
And bless his name !2 The Lord, enthron'd on high,  
Who made the earth and sky,And worlds of light,  
From Zion shed on thee^    Salvation, rich and free,  
|    And cause thine eyes to see

^           His glories bright !

ALLEN.

135. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Warrington. Winchester.**Vanity of Idols.*1 GREAT is our God ; and He doth keep  
His kingly state beyond the sky ;—  
Through earth and through the ocean deep  
He rules in glorious majesty !2 Of heathen gods, those gods of gold,  
Or stone, which by men's hands were made,  
The nothingness need we unfold,  
Which by themselves is all displayed ?3 For, though with mouths, they cannot speak ;—  
With ears, no vibratory sounds  
On a perceiving mind e'er break ;—  
No cry their slumb'ring sense e'er wounds.4 With eyes full prominent and bold,  
Yet vainly shines on them the light ;—  
Their worshipper they ne'er behold ;  
And he, like them, is void of sight !5 O, ye, who God Almighty fear,—  
The God, whose eye is sun-bright flame,  
pp And who the whisper's breath doth hear,—  
ff Extol and praise his holy name !      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *Nottingham. Marlow.**Praise to God.*

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King ;  
 Your sweetest passions raise ;  
 Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
 Increasing with the praise.
- mf 2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown  
 Are his divine employ ;  
 — Yet lowly saints are near his throne,  
 His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand ;  
 He bids the vapors rise ;  
 Lightning and storm, at his command,  
 f Sweep through the sounding skies !
- 4 Which of the stocks, the heathen trust,  
 Can give them show'rs of rain ?  
 In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,  
 And pray to gold in vain.
- 5 Ye saints, adore the living God,  
 For He your pray'r will hear ;  
 He makes the Churches his abode,  
 And claims your faith and fear.      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Blackburn. Eastport.**Idolatry.*

- 1 THE idol gods of yellow gold,  
 Of silver, brass, or wood,  
 And for large sums to sinners sold  
 In shapes, as moulder would ;—
- 2 These gods have mouths, but do not speak ;  
 With eyes, they cannot see ;  
 And, if their limbs the mortals break,  
 Feel not the injury !
- 3 These gods have ears, but do not hear,  
 Nor through their throat e'er breathe :  
 Like them their worshippers appear,  
 Senseless, who garlands wreathe.
- 4 We bid such folly far depart !  
 But, though unbow'd to block,

If earthly idol have our heart,  
We, too, the Lord do mock!

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—S.M. *St. Thomas. Westminster.*

*Praise to God.*

mf 1 PRAISE ye the Lord on high!  
Praise ye his holy name,  
Extol his glorious majesty,  
And his great love proclaim!

2 O, praise Him, for He's good ;  
And joyful praises sing,  
All ye, who in his house have stood:—  
O, praise your heav'nly King!

3 In heaven is his throne,  
Whose hosts his orders keep ;  
And through the earth He reigns alone,  
And in the mighty deep!

4 The lightning is his sword,  
And executes his will:  
The rushing tempest bears his word,  
And doth his law fulfil.

5 His truth, in swifter might,  
Fulfil his kind intent ;  
It shines forth glorious as the light,  
Kindling the firmament!

f 6 Praise ye the Lord on high!  
Praise ye his holy name,  
Extol his glorious majesty,  
And his great love proclaim!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Grant. Turin.*

*God glorious.*

11 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, extol his name,  
Ye, who in his house adore ;  
All his wondrous works proclaim,—  
Works of majesty and power!

2 God is great and God is good,  
Great in might and rich in love ;  
Heav'n, and earth, and bill'wy flood  
Show his pow'r, below, above.

- 3 Mists, that rise from wat'ry plain,  
Lightnings, gleaming from the cloud,  
Rushing wind and hurricane,  
All his glories speak abroad!
- mp 4 Egypt mourn'd her first-born dead ;  
Egypt's monarch, in his pride,  
v Sank in waters deep, like lead,  
— Smitten by the Pow'r defied.
- 5 Lord, thy name fore'er endures,  
Thy memorial in each age:  
Mercy to thy saints secures  
f Heav'n's high, lasting heritage! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Wilson.**Praise to God.*

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- 1 PRAISE to God, ye righteous, sing ;  
Praise to heav'n's eternal King!

## CHORUS.

All within his temple gate,  
Praise the Lord, supremely great!

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- 2 Sing aloud, with joy proclaim  
All the glories of his name.

## CHORUS.

Through the heav'n and earth the Lord  
Rules by his almighty word.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- 3 Egypt! in the midst of thee  
Wondrous was his majesty!

## CHORUS.

Canaan! all thy kingdoms fell,  
Heritage of Israel!

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- 4 Israel! Jehovah bless,  
God of truth and righteousness!

## CHORUS.

Let his praise from Zion's hill  
Spread, till all the earth it fill! ALLEN.

136. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. Brewer. *Appleton.**Wondrous Works of God.*

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;  
 Mercy and truth are all his ways :
- f Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
 Repeat his mercies in your song !
- 2 He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
 And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
 He fills the sun with morning light,  
 He bids the moon direct the night.
- 3 His people, freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
 He guided to the promis'd land :
- f Give the Lord of lords renown,  
 The King of kings with glory crown !
- mp 4 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
 And felt his pity work within ;  
 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.
- 5 Through this vain world He guides our feet,  
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
- mf Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
 f Repeat his mercies in your song !      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. Baltimore. *Ellenthorpe.**Wondrous Works of God.*

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, whose word is sure,  
 Whose mercies ever shall endure :

## CHORUS.

- mf To Him, o'er all, that live, supreme,—  
 Who pours abroad life's boundless stream !

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- 2 To Him, whose mighty arm hath spread  
 Yon azure arch wide o'er our head :

## CHORUS.

And earth's foundations deeply placed  
 With power divine and skill untraced.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

- 3 To Him, who made the golden sun  
 His course by day untir'd to run :

## CHORUS.

And moon and stars, at coming night,  
To gild the darkness with their light.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

4 To Him, who once th' oppressor's yoke  
From off his chosen people broke :

## CHORUS.

And led them with his outstretch'd hand  
Amidst their foes to Canaan's land.

## CHORUS.

5 To Him, whose arm redeems our souls,  
And raging powers of sin controls:—  
Give thanks to God, whose word is sure,  
Whose mercies ever shall endure! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Amboy. Westford.*

*Wondrous Works of God.*

mf 1 GIVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord,  
His mercies still endure ;  
And be the King of kings ador'd ;  
His truth is ever sure !

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done?  
How mighty is his hand?  
Heav'n, earth, and sea He fram'd alone ;  
How wide is his command?

— 3 The sun supplies the day with light ;  
How bright his counsels shine?  
'The moon and stars adorn the night ;

mf His works are all divine !

mp 4 He saw the nations dead in sin,  
He felt his pity move ;  
How sad the state the world was in?  
How boundless was his love?

5 He sent to save us from our wo ;—  
His goodness never fails ;—  
From death, and hell, and every foe,  
And still his grace prevails.

f 6 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King,  
His mercies still endure ;  
Let the whole earth his praises sing,  
His truth is ever sure. WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Coronation. Dedham.**Praise to God.*

SOLO.

mf 1 GIVE thanks to God beyond the sky,—

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end ;—

SOLO.

Who fram'd the radiant worlds on high ;

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end.

SOLO.

2 He made the sun, day's glorious light,

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end ;

SOLO.

The moon and stars to rule by night ;

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end.

SOLO.

3 He smote th' Egyptian tyrant dead,

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end ;

SOLO.

And through the sea his people led,

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end.

SOLO.

4 He planted them in Canaan's soil,

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end ;

SOLO.

Whose fruits reward their care and toil,

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end.

SOLO.

5 He sent his Son to save our souls,

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end ;

SOLO.

His grace our evil hearts controls ;

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end.

SOLO.

6 He ransoms us from sin and wo ;

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end:—

SOLO.

f To God let ceaseless praises flow!

CHORUS.

His mercy ne'er shall end!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.**Praise to God.*

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord,  
 Supreme beyond the sky,  
 And be his grace ador'd:  
     His power and grace  
 Are still the same, And let his name  
     Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!  
 What wonders He hath done!  
 Earth heard his strong command ;  
 He spread the heav'ns alone:  
     Thy mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure, And ever sure  
     Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son  
 To save us from our wo ;  
 And He the vict'ry won  
 O'er ev'ry hurtful foe:  
     His power and grace  
 Are still the same, And let his name  
     Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks with holy mirth  
 To God, the heav'nly King,  
 And let the spacious earth  
 His works and glories sing.  
     Thy mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure, And ever sure  
     Abides thy word.

WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Adullum.*

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;

Chorus.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo.

- 2 Who with all-commanding might  
Fill'd the new-made world with light ;—

Chorus.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo.

- 3 Caus'd the golden-tressed sun  
All day long his course to run ;

Chorus.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo.

- 4 Horned moon to shine by night  
'Mongst her spangled sisters bright ;

Chorus.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo.

- 5 He with thunder-clasping hand  
Smote the proud of Egypt's land ;

Chorus.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo.

- 6 And his chosen people blest  
With the long-sought Canaan's rest ;

Chorus.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo.

- 7 Us He hath with pitying eye  
Ransom'd from our misery :

Chorus.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo.

8 All the living He doth feed,  
With full hand supplies their need ;

Chorus.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Chorus.

9 Let us therefore warble forth  
His great majesty and worth,  
For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful ever sure.

MILTON.

SEVENTH VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Nuremburg.*

*Perfections and Providence of God.*

- 1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to your heav'nly King ;  
For his blessings far extend,  
And his mercy knows no end.
- 2 Be the Lord your only theme,  
Who of gods is God supreme ;  
He, to whom all lords beside  
Bow the knee, their faces hide :
- 3 Who asserts his just command  
By the wonders of his hand ;  
He, whose wisdom, thron'd on high,  
Built the mansions of the sky :
- 4 He, who bade the wat'ry deep  
In appointed bounds to keep,  
And the stars, that gild the pole,  
Through unmeasur'd ether roll :
- 5 Thee, O sun, whose pow'ful ray  
Rules the empire of the day ;  
You, O moon and stars, whose light  
Cheers the darkness of the night.
- 6 He with food sustains, O earth,  
All, which claim from thee their birth ;

For his blessings wide extend,  
And his mercy knows no end. MERRICK.

EIGHTH VERSION.—11s. *Tappan. Portuguese H.*  
*Praise to God.*

- 1 GIVE thanks to the Lord, who is mighty in power,  
And whom all the heavenly hosts do adore ;  
Give thanks to Jehovah, whom angels obey,  
His mercy endureth forever and aye :
- 2 To Him, who alone doeth wonders of might,  
Who made the high arch and its torches of light,  
The sun, which hath rule o'er the heavens by day,  
The moon, which by night doth his goodness display :
- 3 To Him, who did smite the Egyptians' proud king,  
And out from their land his own people did bring,  
Who led them unharm'd through the midst of the deep,  
While, lo, in the sea, their foes sleep their last sleep!
- 4 Who guided their steps through the deserts of sand,  
And brought them triumphant to Canaan's fair land :  
Give thanks unto God, and his wonders display,  
His mercy endureth forever and aye ! ALLEN.

137. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Randolph. Ramoth,*  
*Zion in Captivity and Tears.*

- p 1 WE wept, where Babel's river flows,  
As Zion in our mem'ry rose ;  
Our harp we hung on willow tree,  
'Twas tuneless in captivity !
- mf 2 But they, who held our chains, did say,  
"Come, strike a cheerful, merry lay ;  
Come, sing us one of Zion's songs,  
That to your pleasant harp belongs !"
- p 3 Our harp has lost its melody,  
Which flow'd in Judah's land so free,  
And ne'er will Zion's song resound,  
Till Zion's hill again is found.

f 4 Then will a song of triumph rise  
 For swift-wing'd judgment from the skies,  
 ff When God shall speak in thunder's tone,  
 mp And smite thee, guilty Babylon! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Randolph. Ramoth.*

*Zion in Captivity.*

p 1 WE wept by proud Euphrates' stream,  
 For Zion was our mournful theme ;  
 Our silent harps on willows hung,  
 Our much-lov'd songs no more are sung.

2 Our foes exclaim in taunting throngs,  
 mf Come sing us one of Zion's songs! ”  
 p How can we sing in foreign land,  
 With slav'ry's chain upon our hand?

mf 3 O Salem! once our happy seat,  
 Where joyful we were wont to meet,  
 — When I forget thee, let my tongue  
 > Be silent, like my harp unstrung!

af 4 Our pitying God beholds our tears,  
 < And with his glorious promise cheers,—  
 “Your chains shall fall, your harps once more  
 f< Their holiest melody shall pour! ” ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Alexandria. Patmos.*

*The Christian mourning his Sins.*

mp 1 CAPTIVES, in distant land we roam,  
 Where Babel's river flows,  
 And think of Zion and our home,  
 And mourn our bitter woes.

2 Ah! who sweet peace or joy can find,  
 Far from his native land,—  
 His limbs by shameful chains confin'd,  
 No harp held in his hand?

3 On willow trees our harps are hung,—  
 Our voices still, as they!  
 Our melodies no more are sung,  
 For night o'erspreads our day!

4 Our masters' taunts our souls annoy ;  
They scoff, with cruel wrongs,—  
mf "Come, strike again your harps of joy,  
And sing your Zion's songs!"

— 5 In foreign land how can we sing?  
How God's own anthems raise?  
aff Shall we again, O Zion's King,  
Thee in thy Salem praise?

6 Restore us to our much-lov'd land!  
Bring us to Zion's hill!—  
Forgetting her, let my right hand  
Forget its harping skill!

7 Then let my tongue in silence be,  
Fast cleaving to its roof!  
If, Salem, thou art not to me  
Beyond all earth's behoof!

ALLEN.

FOURTH VER.—3 & 6. *Lanesboro'. Woodstock.*

[Repeat the third line of tune of W.]

*Zion in Captivity.*

p 1 CAPTIVES, we sat by Babel's stream,  
Our harps on willows hung:  
In gloom no cheering light doth beam,  
No more is Zion's praise our theme,  
No more her songs are sung!

2 Poor captives in a foreign land,  
Our foes exclaim in throngs,—  
mf "Come, strike your harp with merry hand ;—  
Come with your glad, melodious band  
And sing your Zion's songs!"

mp 3 O Salem! once our happy seat,—  
Forgetting thee, let tongue,  
Gone all its notes, melodious, sweet,  
Ne'er more give forth its utt'rance meet,—  
Silent,—as harp unstrung!

— 4 Our God beholds our captive state:—  
He says,—“Your harps once more,  
In Zion's courts, now desolate,  
f Their holiest songs, with gladness great,  
< In melody shall pour!”

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Palmer. Turin.**Zion in Affliction.*

- mp 1 SITTING down by Babel's stream,  
 As we, Zion, thought of thee,  
 Lo, the tear-drops frequent gleam,  
 Flowing from our eye-lids free:  
 Then, our harps too, all unstrung,  
 High on willow trees were hung.
- 2 They, who had us captive led,  
 And who held us in their chains,  
 mf "Come, be merry!" taunting said,  
 "Let us hear your mirthful strains!"  
 Still they said in scornful throngs,  
 "Sing us one of Zion's songs!"
- 3 How can we, poor captives, sing  
 Songs of God in foreign land?  
 How extol our Zion's King,  
 While we wear the captive's band,  
 And the scoffer oft doth cry,  
 "Where's your God, the Lord most High?"
- 4 Salem! if I thee forget,—  
 mf Thee, where Siloa's fountain flows,  
 Thee, where tribes of brethren met,  
 And the smoke of incense rose;—  
 mp Let my right hand lose its skill,  
 len Let my tongue fore'er be still!            ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—10s. *Wilbraham. Savannah.**Zion in Captivity.*

- p 1 POOR captives, sitting down by Babel's stream,  
 Our silent harps we on the willows hung;  
 No more is Zion's praise our joyful theme,  
 No more our sweet and holy hymns are sung.
- 2 Poor captives in a foreign, pagan land,  
 Our foes exclaim, regardless of our wrongs,—  
 "Come, strike your pleasant harps with merry  
 hand,  
 Come, sing us one of your glad Zion's songs!"

- p 3 O Salem! once our glorious, blessed seat!  
 When I forget thee, let my palsied tongue,—  
 Gone all its notes of melody most sweet,—  
 Be silent, like my tuneless harp unstrung!
- 4 Our God beholds our wretched, captive state,  
 And says in tender love,—“Your harps once  
 more  
 In much-lov'd Zion's courts, with joy elate,  
 < Their sweetest, holiest melody shall pour!”

ALLEN.

## SEVENTH VERSION.—10 &amp; 8.

*Zion in Captivity.*

- 1 WHERE flows in silence Babel's stream,  
 We sat down sad; we wept with bitter grief,  
 As we awak'd from home's most pleasant dream,  
 And found ourselves poor thralls without relief;—  
 As we remember'd Zion's hill,  
 O, what deep sorrows did our bosoms fill?
- 2 Our harps, all silent and unstrung,  
 We hang'd upon the weeping, willow trees;—  
 And, when upon the branches there they hung,  
 They seem'd to mourn in every passing breeze:—  
 It was a faint and tuneless sound;—  
 It only made our sorrows more abound.
- 3 The men, who had us captive led,  
 The wasters of our land with cruel wrongs,  
 With taunting and unpitying spirit said,  
 “Come now, and sing us one of Zion's songs!  
 Come now, and very mirthful be,  
 Come, take your harps, and sing most merrily!”
- 4 But how can we, poor captives, sing  
 The Lord's sweet song in foreign, godless land?  
 How can we strike the harp's melodious string?—  
 Salem! if I forget thee, let my hand  
 Forget her cunning, let my voice  
 Cleave silent to its roof, and ne'er rejoice!

ALLEN.

138. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Mendon. Brewer.*  
*God's Mercy.*

- f 11 1 WITH all my pow'rs 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 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 3 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
 To save from sorrow and from sins:  
 The work, that wisdom undertakes,  
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Walton. Ellenthorpe.*  
*God's Mercy praised.*

- Aff 1 WITHIN thy holy temple's bound  
 My songs of praise shall oft resound ;  
 I'll sing thy grace and wondrous love,  
 Thy truth, descending from above.
- 2 Though, Lord, thy throne is fix'd on high,  
 Yet to the lowly art Thou nigh ;  
 And, when thy mourning servants pray,  
 Their night Thou turnest into day!
- 3 Midst trouble though I weary walk,  
 And wrathful foes around me stalk,  
 Thy word my firm support shall be,  
 And all mine enemies shall flee.
- 4 And, when around me shall be spread  
 > The gloomy shadows of the dead,  
 mf Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,—  
 Thy truth unmov'd,—thy promise sure! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.*  
*Praise of the King of kings.*

- Aff 1 O THOU, my heav'nly King,  
 To Thee I'll grateful raise  
 My anthems loud of praise,  
 And in thy temple sing ;

I'll praise Thee for thy truth and love,  
Thy wondrous mercy from above!

2 All kings shall praise Thee, Lord,  
When they thy truth shall know,  
When love to them shall flow,—  
And joy from thy good word ;

Yea, in thy paths they'll gladly sing,  
Extolling Thee, their glorious King!

ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Dort. Italian Hymn.*

*Praise for God's Mercy.*

Aff 1 WITHIN thy house with songs  
I'll meet, O Lord, the throngs,  
Which worship Thee ;  
With my whole heart I'll raise  
My anthems to thy praise,  
For Mercy's bright displays,—  
Thy love to me !

2 Thou art a God of truth,  
Of kindness and of ruth,  
And tender love :  
Thou heard'st my mournful cry,  
And wast a Savior nigh  
From thy bright throne on high,—  
From heav'n above !

3 And ever shall thy hand  
Redeem the contrite band,  
That humbly bow :  
Though in dark, troublous way  
Great evils would dismay,  
My soul on Thee shall stay,  
And safety know !

ALLEN.

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139. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Sunderland, Windham.*

*The all-seeing God.*

Aff 1 LORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me through ;  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

- 2 Within thy circling pow'r I stand,  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand ;  
mf Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God !
- aff 3 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!      WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Hebron. Rockingham.*

*God all-seeing and present every where.*

- Aff 1 O, LORD, I'm ever in thine eye,  
And Thou my secret thoughts dost spy,  
My path Thou compasses around,  
And all my actions Thou dost bound.
- 2 O, whither shall I go, to flee  
The presence of immensity?  
Should I ascend to heav'nly light,  
Thy glory there shines out most bright.
- 3 Down to the grave should I repair,  
Thou wouldst be present with me there ;  
In distant lands beyond the sea,  
Thy Spirit, Lord, would be with me.
- 4 And if I say, the shades of night  
Shall surely hide me from thy sight ;—  
Yet noon of night, like noon of day,  
To Thee will all my deeds display !
- 5 Then teach me, Lord, as in thy view  
The path of goodness to pursue,  
That, when from earth my soul is free,  
I may be present, Lord, with Thee!      ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Spencer. Dundee.*

*God's Omnipresence and Omniscience.*

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

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

mf 3 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!

— Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.

mf 4 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love!

WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. M. *Olmutz. Watchman.*

*Sincerity professed before God.*

1 THE wicked Thou wilt slay,  
In thy great wrath, O God,  
Unless they turn from evil way,  
In which their feet have trod.

2 The men with bloody stain,  
The men, who Thee blaspheme,  
And those, who take thy name in vain,—  
All these my foes I deem.

mp 3 For wicked men I mourn,  
In all their guilt and gloom ;—  
O, let them unto Thee return,  
And flee th' avenging doom!

4 Search me ; my heart survey ;  
aff Be mercy to me given :—  
O make me feel thy Spirit's sway,

< And lead me up to heaven!

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Norwich. Pleyel's Hymn.*

*God's Omnipresence.*

mp 1 WHERE from Thee, can I, Lord, go?  
Whither from thine eye repair?  
If to gloomy world below,

< Or to heaven ;—Thou art there!

— 2 If the morning's wings I take,  
And with speed of light should fly  
Where the western billows break,—  
There, O Lord, I meet thine eye!

- mp 3 If I say, the veil of night  
Spreads o'er me impervious gloom ;  
mf Darkness is with Thee as light,  
Night thy presence doth illumine !  
aff 4 Then, O Lord, the thought of Thee,  
Let it all my steps attend,  
Urging ev'ry sin to flee,  
That in heav'n my path may end!      ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Palmer. Rutland.**God's Omnipresence.*

- 1 LORD, Thou searchest all my heart!  
Ne'er from Thee can I depart ;  
Rising up, or lying down,  
All my ways by Thee are known,  
All my thoughts are seen by Thee,  
God of glorious majesty !  
2 From thy Spirit where shall I,  
From thy presence whither fly?  
Up to heaven? Thou art there!—  
In th' abyss of dark despair?  
Even there is felt thy power,—  
Present justice every hour!  
3 If I fly with morning's wings,  
As the dawn its radiance flings,  
And in distant sea do dwell ;  
There thy hand doth guide me well:  
There Thou, Lord, art near to me,  
There thy glory I shall see.  
4 If I say, " 'T is light reveals,—  
Darkness from thy view conceals! "  
Night shall then to me be day,  
Darkness all my deeds display.  
Night, O God, to Thee shines free,—  
Light and darkness one to Thee.  
aff 5 Then, Jehovah, let me fear  
Thy just scrutiny severe ;  
Nor, when tempter plies his art,  
Let my soul from Thee depart,

Since, O God, thy pow'r is nigh,  
 Since I'm ever in thine eye!

ALLEN.

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PSALM 140.—L. M. *Walton. Duke Street.*

*Prayer for Protection.*

- 1 MINE enemies have laid their snare,  
 The tempter spread his net for me ;  
 aff O, Lord my God, regard my prayer,  
 And let me thy salvation see!
- 2 Each meditated ill prevent,  
 Each wicked project overthrow,  
 Lest, prosp'rous, proud, and insolent,  
 In boastfulness exult the foe.
- 3 Thou wilt the rightful cause maintain,  
 And vindicate the poor oppress'd ;  
 None thy kind aid shall seek in vain,  
 Nor deem his confidence unblest.
- 4 Surely, thy righteous servants, Lord,  
 Thy grace and pow'r shall joyful tell ;  
 mf They shall inherit high reward,  
 And in thy presence ever dwell! ALLEN.

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141. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Walton. Winchester.*

*Worship of God: Prayer for the Righteous.*

- 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 ev'ry 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 wand'ring way!  
 mp Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
 < Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

- mp 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,  
 I'll cry to heav'n for their relief,  
 mf And by my warm petitions prove,  
 How much I prize their faithful love. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Walton. Duke Street.*

*God's Favor sought.*

- Aff 1 LORD, when I cry to Thee, give ear,  
 My earnest supplication hear ;  
 And let my pray'r, like incense, rise,  
 Or smoke of evening sacrifice.
- 2 Teach me the door of speech to guard,  
 And constant keep a watch and ward ;  
 My heart to naught of ill incline,  
 Nor let me from thy word decline.
- 3 But, should I from thy precepts stray,  
 Let righteous men reprove my way ;  
 mf Their wise reproof shall cheer my head,  
 Like oil of gladness o'er me spread! ALLEN.

142. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Windham. Medway.*

*God a Refuge.*

- Aff 1 IN all my straits to Thee I'll cry,  
 To Thee, O Lord, my God, most high,  
 Nor will I cease to seek thy face,  
 And supplicate thy wondrous grace.
- 2 My way is thick beset with snares,  
 And for my soul no brother cares ;  
 Before my num'rous foes I quail,  
 And earthly refuge seems to fail.
- 3 Yet, when I cry to Thee, O Lord,  
 I find a refuge in thy word ;  
 mf Thy promises sustain my soul,  
 And all my restless fears control. ]
- aff 4 Behold me, Lord, brought very low ;  
 My pow'rful foes still bend their bow ;  
 f O, burst my chains and prison-door ;  
 < Then will I praise Thee evermore! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Lathrop. Compton.**Praise for Deliverance.*

- Aff 1 TO Thee, O Lord, I cried,  
 To Thee I made my prayer,  
 When, sorrowful, I mourn'd and sighed,  
 And was o'erwhelm'd with care.
- 2 Then Thou my path didst see,  
 And all my foes didst know ;  
 How they did lay a snare for me,  
 My soul to overthrow.
- 3 When refuge fail'd, O Lord,  
 Then I to Thee did cry,  
 And Thou didst send thy pow'rful word,  
 To bring salvation nigh!
- 4 From prison-gloom to light,  
 From shame to honor brought,—  
 mf I praise thy saving arm of might,  
 < Thy love beyond all thought! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—7s. *Norwich. Pleyel's Hymn.**Prayer to God in Trouble.*

- Aff 1 LORD, to Thee I rais'd my cry,  
 Pour'd to Thee my sad complaint,  
 Show'd my grief with many a sigh,  
 < Sought Thee sorr'wing, weak, and faint.
- mp 2 Overwhelm'd with all my wo,  
 Vainly look'd I round for aid ;  
 Refuge fail'd me here below,  
 Not a friend his love displayed.
- aff 3 Lord, to Thee I rais'd my cry,  
 "Thou," I said," my refuge art ;  
 Send deliv'rance from on high,  
 Cheer my broken, bleeding heart.
- 4 "Bring my soul from prison deep ;  
 Then, with sweets of liberty,  
 mf Harp strings with loud praise I'll sweep,  
 And the good shall honor Thee!" ALLEN.
-

143. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Medway. Luz.**Earnest Supplication.*

- aff 1 GIVE ear, O Lord, unto my cry,  
 And save me, lest my soul should die ;  
 Thy servant with thy favor bless,  
 And answer me in righteousness.
- 2 In judgment enter not with me,  
 For man can ne'er be just with Thee:  
 My sins abase me to the ground,—  
 In vain for help I look around.
- 3 Ah, who this darkness shall dispel,  
 And snatch me from the verge of hell?  
 Who shall my prostrate spirit raise,  
 And change my grief to songs of praise?
- 4 My hands, O Lord, I stretch to Thee,  
 For Thou canst set the captive free:  
 How wonderful thy works of old,  
 When Israel was in bondage sold?
- f 5 The rock-imprison'd waters burst,  
 — And quench'd thy people's raging thirst:  
 aff So, Lord, my raging thirst supply  
 With streams of life from rock on high!
- 6 O, banish, Lord, my guilty fear ;  
 Thy loving kindness let me hear ;  
 Teach me to do thy holy will,  
 And guide me by thy Spirit still!      ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Boylston. Inverness.**Confession and Prayer.*

- 1 NO man, who dwells in dust,  
 In earthly residence,  
 With Thee, O God, can e'er be just,  
 Or plead his innocence.
- aff 2 Then in thy mercy hear,  
 And listen to my cry ;  
 Let thy redeeming pow'r be near,  
 And save me, lest I die!

- 3 I think on by-gone days,  
On all thy works of old:  
O, make to me, too, bright displays  
Of wondrous love untold!
- 4 O, hear me, Lord, with speed,  
For, lo, my spirit fails:  
My strength is but a broken reed,  
My guilt my soul bewails.
- 5 In Thee I yet confide:  
Thy Spirit, Lord, is good;  
For His sake, who for me once died,  
And pour'd the crimson flood,—
- 6 My many sins forgive,  
And shed the heav'nly power,  
And let me in thy presence live,  
mf To praise Thee evermore! ALLEN.

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144. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Warrington. St. Peter's.*  
*God gives the Victory.*

- f 1 BLEST be the Lord, my strength and shield,  
Who arms me for the battle field,  
Whose aid in ev'ry fight is nigh,  
And who o'er sin gives victory!
- 2 Yet must the contest be renewed,  
Till every foe is quite subdued;  
mf Then bow thy heavens and come down,  
And let thy mighty pow'r be known!
- 3 If with thine awful thunder's stroke  
Thou smite the mountains, they will smoke;  
Thine arr'wy lightnings, as they blaze,  
Will fill thy foes with wild amaze.
- aff 4 Save, then, thine heritage, O Lord,  
And guide them by thy faithful word:  
Salvation Thou dost freely give,  
And by thy truth thy servants live! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—C. M. *St. Ann's. Colchester.*

*Victory from God.*

- f 1 FOREVER blessed be the Lord,  
My Savior and my shield!  
He sends his Spirit with his word  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He checks my dark despair,  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And makes my soul his care.
- 3 A friend and helper, so divine,  
Doth my weak courage raise:  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And His shall be the praise! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Blackburn. Medfield.*

*Vanity of Man: God's Condescension.*

- p 1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,  
His frame of brittle clay,  
His life a shadow and a span,  
That quickly flits away?
- 2 O, what is man, the child of death,  
Born of a guilty race,  
That God should keep his failing breath,  
And visit him with grace?
- mf 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down!  
Who shakes the worlds above,  
And mountains tremble at his frown!—
- mp How wondrous is his love? WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—S. M. *Cedron. Aylesbury.*

*God's Condescension: His Mercy sought.*

- mp 1 LORD, what is feeble man,  
The being of a day,  
His life, of utmost length, a span,  
A shade, that flits away?
- 2 Lord, what is man, that Thou,  
From thine exalted height,

Shouldst condescend his ways to know,  
And give the wand'rer light?

3 Great is thy mercy, Lord ;  
mf Thou art my strength and shield ;  
O, arm me with thy glitt'ring sword,—  
Be truth to me revealed !

4 Then shall I gladly see  
Thine outstretch'd arm divine,  
And, while my enemies shall flee,  
f The glory shall be thine! ALLEN.

145. FIRST VERSION.—L. M. *Walton. Winchester.*

*The Greatness of God.*

Aff 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 ev'ry hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 Thy truth and justice brightly beam,  
Thy bounty flows an endless stream,  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,—  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,  
And speak thy Majesty divine:  
mf Let ev'ry realm with joy proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise,  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labor of their tongue.

mp 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:  
mf Vast and unsearchable thy ways,—  
f Vast and immortal be thy praise! WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Baltimore. Timsbury.*

*God great and good.*

- mf 1 I WILL extol Thee, O my King,  
 And joyous bless thy name and sing ;  
 I'll praise Thee now, till time is past,  
 And while eternity shall last.
- 2 Great art Thou, Lord, supreme in might,  
 Thy ways unsearch'd and infinite !  
 Fathers to sons thy works shall praise,  
 And speak of all thy wondrous ways.
- 3 How marvellous thy works, O God ?  
 Thine arm stretch'd out the heav'ns abroad,  
 The earth's foundations Thou didst lay,  
 And heav'n and earth both feel thy sway.
- p 4 Thou, Lord, art good,—thy name is love ;  
 Great is thy mercy from above,  
 mf And all the sons of men shall see  
 The glory of thy majesty !
- 5 Thy mighty acts, thy wondrous power  
 Thy servants praise, while they adore ;  
 Nor shall they cease thy name t' extol,  
 f While everlasting ages roll! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *St. Ann's. Howard.*

*The Greatness of God.*

- Aff 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 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,  
 And, while my lips rejoice,  
 The men, who hear my sacred song,  
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 3 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
 And children learn thy ways ;  
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
 And nations sound thy praise.
- 4 The world is manag'd by thy hands,  
 Thy saints are rul'd by love,

f And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
 > Though rocks and hills remove! WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Corinth. Coventry.*

*The Goodness of God.*

mf 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
 My God, my heav'nly King!  
 Let age to age thy righteousness  
 In sounds of glory sing!

— 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
 His goodness to the skies;  
 ◇ Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
 — And every want supplies.

aff 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord?  
 How slow thine anger moves?  
 How joyful is thy pard'ning word, }  
 Which justice still approves?

— 4 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;  
 mp But saints, who taste thy richer grace,  
 mf Delight to bless thy name! WATTS.

FIFTH VERSION.—C. M. *Ferry. Dundee.*

*Mercy to Sufferers.*

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,  
 Thou sov'reign Lord of all!  
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
 And raise the poor, who fall.

mp 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
 Or virtue lies distress'd  
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
 Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

— 3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,  
 And guides our giddy youth;  
 Holy and just are all his ways,  
 And all his words are truth.

4 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
 And spread his fame abroad;  
 mf Let all the sons of Adam raise  
 The honors of their God! WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—H. M. *Harwich. Stow.*

*Praise to God.*

- ▲ff 1 O, THOU, my God and King!  
 Thy name will I extol,  
 Thy praises will I sing  
 With purest joy of soul,  
 Each day, while I shall dwell below,  
 And while eternal years shall flow!
- 2 Thou, blessed Lord, art great,  
 And great shall be thy praise!  
 How glorious thy estate?  
 How searchless are thy ways?  
 One race shall to another tell  
 Thy mighty deeds ineffable!
- 3 Thy matchless glory high,  
 Thy wondrous works of might,  
 The honor of thy majesty,  
 And all thy splendors bright  
 My joyful tongue shall celebrate,  
 O Thou, my Savior, good and great!
- 4 How rich, O Lord, thy grace?  
 How wonderful thy love?  
 Thy mercies we may trace  
 Around us and above:  
 O'er all thy works thy goodness reigns,  
 And Thee I'll praise in gladsome strains!
- 5 And all thy works shall bring  
 Their praises unto Thee!  
 To Thee, their heav'nly King,  
 All men shall bow the knee;  
 For Thou shalt reign from shore to shore,  
 And hold thy throne forevermore!
- 6 On Thee all eyes do wait,  
 To Thee thy creatures cry;  
 Each craving Thou dost sate,  
 And ev'ry want supply:  
 All nature,—earth, and air, and flood,  
 Bespeaks Thee, Lord, supremely good!

7 To them Thou art most near  
 Throughout this earthly ball,  
 Who Thee do love and fear,  
 And on Thee humbly call:  
 Them Thou wilt hear, and bless, and save,  
 And lift them from their lowly grave.

p 8 When wicked men in gloom  
 And horror shall arise,  
 To meet their awful doom,—  
 — Thy saints in glad surprise,  
 f Shall mount aloft to heav'nly light,  
 And praise Thee with sublime delight! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—7s. *Nuremburg. Kimball.*

*God's Greatness and Mercy.*

Aff 1 THEE I praise, my God, O King!  
 Ev'ry day thy name I'll sing;  
 Ever Thee will I adore,  
 Ever songs of praise outpour!

2 Great art Thou; and none can find  
 Limits to thy boundless mind;  
 None can estimate thy might,  
 Or thy greatness infinite!

3 Yet shall man thy mercies show;  
 Race to race, as ages flow,  
 Of thy wondrous works shall speak,  
 And thy glories, which outbreak!

4 Thou art gracious, full of love,  
 Rich in mercy from above;  
 O'er thy works thy mercies free  
 Speak thy full benignity.

5 Ev'ry living thing below  
 Doth thine ample bounty know;  
 Thou dost feed them from the stores,  
 Which thy lib'ral hand outpours.

6 Lord, in goodness Thou dost hear  
 All, who seek Thee, and who fear;—  
 mf Thou wilt send thy saving pow'r,  
 f They shall praise Thee evermore!

ALLEN.

146. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Rothwell. Duke Street.**Praise for Divine Goodness and Truth.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; my heart shall join  
 In works so pleasant, so divine,  
 Now, while the flesh is mine abode,  
 And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,  
 While onward flow the endless hours ;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely  
 On Israel's God: He made the sky,  
 And earth and seas, with all their train ;  
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 His truth our footsteps ne'er misleads ;  
 He saves th' oppress'd, the poor He feeds ;  
 mp He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,  
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 6 He loves his saints: He knows them well ;  
 mp But turns the wicked down to hell:—  
 f Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns,  
 Praise Him in everlasting strains!      WATTS.

SECOND VER.—L. M. P. *Nashville. Newcourt.**Praise for Divine Goodness.*

- 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 onward flow the endless hours.
- 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 endures forevermore,

He saves the oppress'd, 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 lab'ring conscience peace :  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 He loves his saints ; He knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell :

mf Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :  
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age  
In this exalted work engage :—  
Praise Him in everlasting strains!      WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—S. M. *Dover. Paddington.*

*The Blessedness of trusting in God.*

mf 1 WITH joy praise ye the Lord !  
My soul shall praise Him well ;  
And, while I live, I'll praise his word  
With joys ineffable !

— 2 In princes put no trust,  
Nor lean on son of man ;  
mp For man is but a frame of dust,  
His life is but a span !

3 He, who hath help in God,  
And makes the Lord his stay,  
Shall ne'er, by smiter's angry rod,  
Be smitten to dismay !

— 4 God made the earth and sea,  
And spread the heav'ns around ;  
And He in love and mercy free  
Will make his truth abound.

5 His arm doth save th' oppress'd,  
He gives the hungry food,  
He makes the loosen'd pris'ner blest,  
And fills the soul with good.

6 The film from darken'd eye  
The Lord doth well remove:  
To humbled souls his grace is nigh,  
The righteous He doth love.

7 Widows and fatherless  
May trust his faithful word,  
But wicked men his wrath will press:—

mf With joy praise ye the Lord! ALLEN.

FOURTH VERSION.—7s. *Turin. Kimball.*

*Praise to God.*

mf 1 PRAISE Jehovah, O my soul ;  
Tide of grateful praise should roll !  
While I live, my God I'll bless,—  
God of pow'r and righteousness !

— 2 Put no trust in man of might ;  
God his proudest strength doth smite :  
Lo, he vanisheth from view ;  
All his projects vanish too !

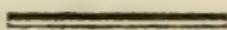
3 Blest is he, whose help is God ;  
God, whose truth doth shine abroad,  
mf God, whose pow'r made earth and sea,  
God of glorious majesty !

— 4 He gives justice to th' oppress'd ;  
Hungry souls his hand hath blest ;  
He pours light on darken'd eyes,  
Lifts the lowly to the skies.

5 God doth love each holy mind ;  
Strangers his protection find ;  
Widows too and fatherless  
Share his wondrous bounteousness !

mf 6 God forever reigns on high ;  
God of boundless majesty !  
f Zion, in thy God rejoice !  
ff Praise Him with exulting voice !

ALLEN.



147. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Brentford. Truro.**God praised for his Works.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to sing  
The praises of our God and King,  
For great is God and great his might,  
His understanding infinite.
- 2 The shining stars He calls by name,  
While they his wondrous pow'r proclaim ;  
He spreads the sky with clouds around,  
Which pour down blessings on the ground.
- 3 He clothes with verdure all the hills,  
The vallies with abundance fills,  
To hungry beast affords supply,  
And hears young ravens, when they cry.
- 4 But greater are his works of grace,  
Which in the soul of man we trace ;  
mp He binds up all the wounded hearts,  
And Gilead's healing balm imparts.
- 5 The meek He lifts up from the dust,  
O'erwhelms the wicked, shields the just:—  
mf Then praise the Lord in joyful song ;  
f Let Zion's harp the strains prolong! ALLEN.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *St. Paul's. Clyde.**God praised for his Works.*

- mf 1 ZION! extol thy God and King,  
Who reigns o'er all the earth below ;  
Let all the earth with praises ring,  
And all men's hearts with love o'erflow!
- 2 Children of Zion! ye are blest!  
— Your King, whose name is Prince of Peace,  
Gives you in quiet bow'rs to rest,  
Nor shall his watchful care e'er cease.
- 3 At his command the snowy showers  
O'erspread the earth like fleecy wool,  
And in strong chains of icy powers  
Are bound the lake, the stream, the pool.

- 4 But soon He makes his wind to blow,  
 And pours more amply beams of light,  
 When, lo, the melted waters flow,  
 And verdure bursts upon our sight!
- mf 5 His greater works demand our song:  
 He sends from heav'n his mighty word,  
 And pours a holy tide along,
- f Where all was frost:—Praise ye the Lord!

ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *Warwick. Marlow.**The Seasons of the Year.*

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud  
 Address the Lord on high:  
 Over the heav'ns He spreads his cloud,  
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down  
 To cheer the plains below ;  
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow  
 Descend and clothe the ground ;—  
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
 In icy fetters bound.
- 4 He sends his word and melts the snow,  
 The fields no longer mourn ;  
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
 And bids the spring return.
- 5 The changing mind, the flying cloud  
 Obey his mighty word:—
- f With songs and honors sounding loud,  
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord!

WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—C. M. *Warwick. Litchfield.**Goodness of God.*

- 1 DELIGHTFUL is the task to sing,  
 On each returning day,  
 The praises of our heav'nly King,  
 And grateful homage pay.

- 2 The countless worlds, which, bath'd 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 tenderness 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.
- 5 Delightful is the task, O Lord,  
With each returning day  
Thy countless mercies to record,  
And grateful homage pay.      SPIRIT OF PSALMS.

FIFTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Oakham. Italian Hymn.*  
*Winter and Spring.*

- mf 1 O ZION, praise thy God!  
Ye, who her courts have trod,  
Extol his name!
- He counts the stars of light,  
Which, in the calm, clear night  
Out-beaming on the sight,  
His pow'r proclaim.
- mf 2 O Zion, praise the Lord!  
He sendeth out his word,  
And hail outpours!
- His snow, like wool around,  
Doth cover all the ground ;  
Greenness no where is found,  
Nor fruits nor flowers.
- 3 Who is the mortal bold,  
That can abide his cold,  
His frosts most keen?  
He makes his winds to blow ;  
And then the waters flow,  
Then vanisheth the snow,  
And earth is green!

- 4 On heart of thick-ribb'd ice,  
 Stiffen'd in sin and vice,  
     O, JESUS, shine!  
 And let thy Spirit melt  
 To tenderness unfelt  
 The soul of wo and guilt,  
     And make it thine!

ALLEN.

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148. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Baltimore. Mendon.*

*Universal Praise to God.*

- f 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord  
 From distant worlds, where creatures dwell ;  
 Let heav'n begin the solemn word,  
 And sound it dreadful,—down to hell.
- 2 Wide, as his vast dominion lies,  
 Make the Creator's name be known:  
 Loud, as his thunder, shout his praise,  
 And sound it lofty, as his throne.
- < 3 JEHOVAH!—'tis a glorious word!  
 mf O, may it dwell on ev'ry tongue ;  
 But saints, who best have known the Lord,  
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- mp 4 Speak of the wonders of that love,  
 Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord!  
 f From all below and all above  
 ff Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—S. M. *Clapton. St. Thomas.*

*Universal Praise.*

- " 1 LET ev'ry creature join  
 To praise th'eternal God ;  
 In this, ye heav'nly hosts, combine,  
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,  
 And moon with paler rays,—  
 Ye wand'ring lights, ye starry gleams,  
 Shine to your Maker's praise!
- 3 He built those worlds above,  
 And fix'd their wondrous frame ;—

By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when you rise,  
Or fall in show'rs or snow ;—  
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,  
His pow'r 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 express'd ;  
But saints, who taste his saving love,  
Should sing his praises best! WATTS.

THIRD VERSION.—C. P. M. *Peru. Rapture.*

*Universal Praise.*

" 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
And praise th' Almighty's name!  
Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell the loud acclaim!

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
Where gay, transporting beauty reigns,  
Ye scenes divinely fair!  
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim ;  
Tell how He form'd your shining frame,  
And breath'd the fluid air.

3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
While all th' adoring throngs around  
His boundless mercy sing ;  
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
pp And touch the sweetest string!

f 4 Loud join, ye spheres, the vocal choir!  
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
The mighty chorus aid ;  
mp Soon as grey evening gilds the plain,  
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,  
And praise Him in the shade.

- 5 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,  
 Who call'd yon worlds from night ;  
 "Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said ;  
 At once th' involving darkness fled,  
 And nature sprung to light !
- f < 6 Thou, mighty, bill'wy deep, rejoice !  
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
 To Him, who bids you roll :  
 p His praise in softer notes declare,  
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
 pp And breathe it to the soul !
- 7 Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing !  
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,  
 Harmonious anthems raise  
 To Him, who shap'd your fairer mould,  
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
 And tun'd your voice to praise.
- mf 8 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
 The feeling heart, the judging head  
 In praise of God employ ;  
 Spread his all-glorious name around,  
 f Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,—  
 ff The gen'ral burst of joy!                    OGILVIE.

FOURTH VERSION.—H. M. *Haywood. Darwell's.*

- " 1 YE boundless realms of joy,  
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;  
 His praise your song employ  
 Above the starry frame :  
 Your voices raise,  
 Ye Cherubim, And Seraphim,  
 'To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
 And sun, that guid'st the day,  
 Ye glitt'ring stars of night,  
 To Him your homage pay :  
 His praise declare,  
 Ye heav'ns above, And clouds, that move  
 In liquid air.

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

FIFTH VERSION.—H. M. *Slow. Darwell's.*

*Praise from all Creatures.*

- " 1 YE tribes of Adam, join  
 With heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
 And offer notes divine  
 To your Creator's praise.  
 Ye holy throng  
 Of angels bright, In worlds of light  
 Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,  
 And moon, that rul'st the night,  
 Shine to your Maker's praise,—  
 With stars of twinkling light.  
 His pow'r declare,  
 Ye floods on high, And clouds, that fly  
 In empty air!
- 3 The shining worlds above  
 In glorious order stand,  
 Or in swift courses move  
 By his supreme command.  
 He spake the word,  
 And all their frame From nothing came,  
 To praise the Lord!
- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels  
 In unknown ages past,  
 And each his work fulfils,  
 While time and nature last.  
 In diff'rent ways  
 His works proclaim His wondrous name  
 And speak his praise.
- 5 Let all the nations fear  
 The God, who rules above ;  
 He brings his people near,

And makes them taste his love:  
 While earth and sky  
 Attempt his praise, His saints shall raise  
 His honors high. WATTS.

SIXTH VERSION.—J. M. *Harwich. Slow.*

*Praise to God from all Creatures.*

- 1 YE wide-spread realms of God,  
 Ye vast, created throng!  
 Publish his name abroad,  
 And lift a noble song!—  
 With gladness  
 Ye Angels high, Beyond the sky,  
 Your Maker bless!
- 2 Thou Sun, great king of day,  
 And Moon, the queen of night,  
 Ye glitt'ring Stars, all pay  
 'To God your homage bright!  
 His pow'r declare,  
 Ye Heav'ns above, And Worlds, that move  
 In ether rare!
- 3 All ye, extol the Lord,  
 For ye from nothing came  
 By his almighty word,  
 For his eternal fame!  
 In ages past  
 Your cycles planu'd,—Ye all shall stand,  
 While time shall last!
- 4 Thou, Earth, with all thy host,—  
 Both mountain, hill, and vale,  
 The sea, the wind, the frost,  
 Snow, vapor, fire, and hail,—  
 Each creeping thing,  
 The beast, the bird, And man be stirred,  
 God's praise to sing!
- 5 Praise ye Jehovah's name,  
 For that alone is great!  
 His honors loud proclaim,  
 His pow'r and kingly state!  
 His glory bright  
 Surpasses high Both earth and sky,—  
 A sea of light! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Dort. Italian Hymn.**Universal Praise.*

- " 1 O PRAISE the Lord on high!  
 Ye hosts in yon blue sky,  
     Begin the song!  
 Sun, moon, and stars of light,  
 Praise Him, whose word of might  
 Made all your glories bright;—  
     The strain prolong!
- 2 O, earth, take up the strain,  
 And through your wide domain  
     God's praise resound!  
 O, mighty deep, whose roar  
 Is rising evermore,  
 His praise from shore to shore  
     Still echo round!
- 3 O, winged fire from cloud,  
 Extol his name aloud,  
     With hail and snow,  
 With mountains tow'ring high,  
 And birds, which heav'nward fly,  
 And tempest rushing by,—  
     All things below!
- 4 Ye, mighty kings, bow down,  
 And God's great glory own,  
     And fear his word!  
 Ye men, both young and old,  
 Your melodies unfold  
 In praise of love untold!  
     Praise ye the Lord!      ALLEN.

EIGHTH VERSION.—7s. *Kimball. Edyfield.**Universal Praise.*

- " 1 YOU, who dwell above the skies,  
 Free from human miseries;  
 You, whom highest heav'n imbow'rs,  
 Praise the Lord with all your powers.
- 2 Angels, your clear voices raise;  
 Him, ye heav'nly armies, praise;  
 Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,  
 All you sparkling eyes of night;

- 3 Waters, hanging in the air ;  
 Heav'n of heav'ns, his praise declare ;  
 His deserved praise record,  
 His, who made you by his word :
- 4 Vapors, lightning, hail and snow,  
 Storms, which, when He bids them, blow,  
 Flow'ry hills and mountains high,  
 Cedars, neighbors to the sky ;
- 5 Savage beasts, all creeping things,  
 All, that cut the air with wings ;  
 Princes, judges of the earth,  
 All of high and humble birth ;
- 6 You, who awful sceptres sway,  
 You, inured to obey ;  
 You, who bow with age's weight,  
 You, who were but born of late ;
- 7 Youths and virgins, flourishing  
 In the beauty of your spring ;  
 Praise his name with one consent:—  
 O, how great! how excellent!        SANDYS.

NINTH VERSION.—10 & 11. *Osborne. Lyons.*

*The Heavens called upon to praise God.*

- mf 1 O, PRAISE ye the Lord, from heaven on high,  
 Ye angels, which dwell in yonder blue sky!  
 O, praise Him, ye hosts, all resplendent above,  
 For all his great wonders of pow'r and of love!
- 2 O, praise Him, thou sun, all glorious in light!  
 O, praise Him, thou moon, the queen of the night!  
 Ye stars in the heav'n, with your glittering rays,  
 O, lift up your song in Jehovah's high praise!
- 3 Ye orbs beyond orbs, new arches of heaven,  
 To reach which the thought in vain has yet striven,  
 O, praise the strong hand, which your topstone did place!  
 Praise God for his power,—his glory,—his grace!

ALLEN.

TENTH VERSION.—10 & 11. *Osborne. Lyons.**Praise to God from the Earth.*

- mf 1 O, PRAISE ye the Lord, from earth here below,  
Ye waters and fire, and vapors and snow!  
Ye winds, which rush quickly, while bearing his word,  
And hail-storm and tempest, O praise ye the Lord!
- 2 Ye mountains, which lift your heads to the sky,  
Ye hills, which in greenness gladden the eye ;<sup>1</sup>  
Ye cedars, outspreading, which heavenward tower,  
O, praise your Creator, the God of all power!
- 3 Ye monsters, which live and float in the deep ;  
Ye birds, with swift wings ; ye earth-bound, which creep ;  
Ye kings of the world, and their subjects, who bow ;  
Ye princes, ye judges, who justice should know ;
- 4 Ye young men and maidens, joyful and fair,  
Ye children, and old with silvery hair,  
O, praise ye the name of Jehovah on high,  
Whose glory transcends both the earth and the sky!

ALLEN.

149. FIRST VER.—C. M. *Putney. Nottingham.**Blessedness of the Saints.*

- " 1 ALL ye, who love the Lord, rejoice,  
And let your songs be new ;  
Amid the church, with cheerful voice,  
His later wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,  
Shall their Redeemer sing,  
And Gentile nations join the praise,  
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,  
Whom sinners treat with scorn :  
The meek, who lie despis'd in dust,  
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their king  
Ev'n on a dying bed,  
And, like the souls in glory, sing,  
For God shall raise the dead.

5 When Christ his judgment seat ascends,  
 And bids the world appear,  
 Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,  
 Who humbly lov'd Him here. WATTS.

SECOND VERSION.—C. P. M. *Peru. Rapture.*

*The Blessedness of Believers.*

- 1 CHILDREN of Zion! praise the Lord,  
 For ye have felt his saving word,  
 His Spirit's wondrous might ;  
 f Then raise a new and joyful song,  
 Which endless ages shall prolong,  
 To JESUS, thron'd in light!
- 2 Ye saints, be joyful in your King!  
 His name in strains harmonious sing,  
 With harp and organ's sound!  
 — His pow'r has reach'd you from above,  
 mp And ye have known redeeming love,  
 And mercy without bound!
- 3 In you the Lord doth take delight,  
 And ye are beauteous in his sight,  
 In meekness all arrayed ;  
 Your Master's seal is on your soul ;  
 Ye've learn'd your passions to control,  
 As He for murd'ers prayed!
- 4 E'en on your dying bed, ye saints,  
 Ye shall, instead of sad complaints,  
 In holy triumph sing!  
 And, when in dust your frame shall rest,  
 mf In glory ye shall be most blest  
 In presence of your King!
- mp 5 But ah! the scorning sinner's doom,  
 When, bursting from his dreary tomb,  
 He wakes to sleep no more!  
 The judgment written he must bear ;—  
 His soul now sinks in deep despair,  
 And woes forevermore!
- 6 O sinner, take the warning given  
 By Him, who came in love from heaven,  
 In love ineffable ;

But who will come again in might,  
 To drive the wicked from his sight,  
 When saints in heav'n shall dwell! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—10 & 11. *Osborne. Lyons.*

*Saints praising God.*

- 11 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, who dwelleth on high,  
 And yet to his saints forever is nigh!  
 Let Zion be joyful in JESUS, her King,  
 And ceaseless his glories ineffable sing!
- 2 Lift up, O ye saints, and all ye blest throng,  
 With timbrel and harp your voice in the song,  
 For well of His love may ye gratefully speak,  
 Who with his salvation adorneth the meek.
- 3 Ye saints, ye should sing, as low in the earth  
 Ye enter the grave,—true place of your birth,—  
 From whence with new pow'rs and new raptures ye'll  
 rise,  
 And wing your swift flight up to God in the skies!
- 4 But, while ye are blest, alas for your foes,  
 And all, who the cause of JESUS oppose!  
 For, rising to judgment, they'll hear with dismay  
 The sentence, that drives them from glory away!  
 ALLEN.

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150. FIRST VER.—L. M. *Mendon. Ellenthorpe.*

*Praise to God.*

- f 11 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 Awake the trumpet's piercing voice,  
 Let organ loud express our joys;  
 p While softer music tunes the lute,  
 The warbling harp, the breathing flute.
- f 3 Let the loud cymbal sound on high;  
 < To softer deeper notes reply:  
 Harmonious let the concert rise,  
 And bear the rapture to the skies!

mf 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! STEELE.

SECOND VERSION.—L. M. *Mendon. Ellenthorpe.*

*A Song of Praise to God.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord of grace and might ;  
 Praise Him, whose glory shines forth bright !  
 Praise Him, who made the worlds on high,  
 And form'd the earth beneath the sky !
- 2 Praise Him for all his wondrous deeds,  
 For mercy, which all thought exceeds,  
 For mighty acts of saving love,  
 Display'd by JESUS from above !
- 3 His praise let trumpet echo round,  
 With harp and organ's solemn sound ;  
 Let Zion's sons exult and sing,  
 Rejoicing in their God and King! ALLEN.

THIRD VERSION.—C. M. *St. Ann's. Marlow.*

*Praise to God.*

- " 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,  
 For there his grace outgleams ;  
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,  
 For there his glory beams.
- 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! WATTS.

FOURTH VERSION.—6 & 4. *Dort. Italian Hymn.*

*Universal Praise.*

- 1 O, COME, and praise the Lord!  
 Come, praise Him for his word,—  
 His word of light!

His glory shines above ;  
 His faithfulness men prove ;  
 O, praise Him for his love  
     With pure delight !

2 For all his mighty deeds,  
 And grace, which thought exceeds,  
     Praise ye his name !  
 For us He sent his Son  
 From his high, heav'nly throne,  
 To die our sins t' atone,  
     And bear our shame !

3 O, let the trumpet sound,  
 And harp-strings quick rebound  
     In his glad praise ;  
 Let organ pour its tide  
 Of praise to Him, who died,  
 And turn'd God's wrath aside,  
     His anger's blaze !

4 O, praise Him with your voice,  
 And in his love rejoice,—  
     His saving power !

f Let ev'ry living thing  
 Extol the heav'nly King,  
 < And let his praises ring  
 ff                      Forevermore !

ALLEN.

FIFTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Wilson.*

" 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye holy throng !  
 Praise Him in a flood of song :  
 Praise Him in his house below,  
 Praise Him, where blest spirits bow !

2 Praise Him for his acts of might,  
 For his glories infinite ;  
 p Praise Him for his deeds of love,  
 Wrought by JESUS from above !

— 3 Praise Him through the world around ;  
 mf Praise Him with the trumpet's sound,  
 f < Praise with organ's loudest swell,  
 Praise with voice of mightier spell !

— 4 All, that breathe the vital air,  
 Wondrous works of God declare!  
 mf < Saints! ye ransom'd, holy throng,  
 ff Praise Him in a flood of song! ALLEN.

SIXTH VERSION.—7s. *Wilmot. Wilson.*  
*Universal Praise to God.*

ff 1 PRAISE the LORD, ye Saints below!  
 Angels too, in heav'n which glow!  
 Praise Him for his mighty deeds,  
 mp And his love, which thought exceeds!  
 ff 2 Praise Him, thron'd in glorious light!  
 Praise Him, God of matchless might!—  
 pp Let the harp's sweet strings rejoice,  
 f And loud trumpet join its noise!  
 — 3 In his praise let timbrels ring;—  
 p Let the flute its softness bring,  
 f While the organ's awful sound  
 ff < In his praise doth shake the ground!  
 — 4 Praise Him on the cymbals sharp;  
 pp Praise with voice, more sweet than harp!  
 mf O, let ev'ry breathing thing  
 f Praise to God, JEHOVAH, sing! ALLEN.

SEVENTH VERSION.—11s. *Tappan. Portuguese H.*

mf 1 O, PRAISE ye the Lord, in his temple of love,  
 And when ye do gaze on his glories above;  
 O, praise Him for works, which are wondrous in  
 power,  
 > And, while ye extol Him, bow down and adore!  
 f 2 O, praise Him with trumpet's hoarse terrors of  
 sound,  
 His praise let the psalt'ry and harp too rebound,  
 With timbrel, and cymbal, and deep organ's roar;—  
 All ye, who have breath, praise the Lord, and  
 adore! ALLEN.



**H Y M N S**  
**FOR**  
**PUBLIC WORSHIP.**



# H Y M N S .

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## OF GOD AND HIS WORKS.

1.

L. M. St. Paul's. Trenton.

*God the almighty Creator.*

- aff 1 ALL-glorious God! thy boundless power  
And wondrous goodness we adore!  
Thou dwellest in eternal light,  
O'er-dazzling to created sight!
- 2 Yet, Lord, the countless worlds, which shine,  
Display thy majesty divine:  
At thy command, O Thou most high,  
They fill'd the arch of yon blue sky.
- 3 When Thou didst say, "Let there be light,"  
< Then glory burst out on the sight:—  
— By Thee were earth's foundations laid,  
And earth in beauty was arrayed.
- 4 But all, which beams out on the eye,  
From earth beneath and yonder sky,  
Are faint reflections of thy power  
And of thy love, which we adore! ALLEN.

2.

L. M. Arnheim. Winchelsea.

*The Creation of the World.*

- 1 GOD spake, and from chaotic night  
At once sprung forth the cheering light,  
The earth in beauty was arrayed,  
All things his wondrous pow'r displayed.

- 2 Teeming with life, air, earth, and sea  
Obey th' Almighty's high decree ;  
To ev'ry tribe He gives their food,  
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 3 But, to complete the wondrous plan,  
From earth and dust He fashions man ;  
mf In man, the last,—in man, the best,  
The Maker's image stands confest.
- 4 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,  
Form Thou my heart and soul anew ;  
Here bid thy purest light to shine,  
And beauty glow with charms divine.

NEEDHAM.

3.

C. M. Nottingham. Newton.

*The Creation.*

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace  
In all his works appears ;  
His goodness through the earth we trace,  
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,  
By Him in wisdom planned ;  
'T was He, who girded, like a robe,  
The ocean round the land.
- 3 In ev'ry stream his bounty flows,  
Diffusing joy and wealth ;  
In ev'ry breeze his Spirit blows,—  
The breath of life and health.
- 4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers  
Upon the face of earth,  
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,  
And rings with infant mirth.
- 5 If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound ;  
mf How beautiful beyond compare  
Will paradise be found!

MONTGOMERY.

4.                                   6 & 4.                   Swanton.   Italian Hymn.

*God the Creator.*

1 GREAT God, enthron'd above,  
The God of might and love,  
    We Thee adore!  
The countless worlds, which shine,  
Are workmanship of thine,  
And show thy skill divine,  
    And wondrous power!

2 Each wand'ring, blazing star,  
From depths of space afar,  
    Which brings dismay,  
The glorious sun most bright,  
The moon with milder light,  
And planets in their flight  
    Thy law obey.

3 The ocean wide, serene,  
The earth array'd in green,  
    Each flow'r, that blows;  
The mountain, tow'ring high,  
mp The brook, soft purling by,  
p The breezes, as they sigh,  
—                   Thy hand disclose.

4 A greater work is thine,—  
Form'd by thy pow'r divine,—  
mf                   Man's deathless mind!  
aff O may th' immortal soul  
Yield to thy law's control,  
Then ages, as they roll,  
    Man blest shall find!

ALLEN.

5.                                   L. M.                   Appleton.   Bowen.

*The Voice of Nature.*

1 NO eagle on his pinions strong,  
Nor warbling nightingale in wood,  
Nor scaly fish,—nor insect throng,  
Nor flow'r with tint of sky or blood,

2 No shaggy beast in forest wide,  
No crystal in its rocky bed,  
No rippling brook,—nor stream of pride,  
No cloud, nor star in silence led,

aff 3 Father of All! but speaks of Thee,  
Of goodness, skill, and pow'r divine!—  
Let me discern thy majesty  
In all these wondrous works of thine! ALLEN.

## 6.

7s. Prentiss. Broad Street.

*All Nature speaking of God.*

- Aff 1 NEVER doth the sun arise,  
Moon or star adorn the skies,  
Without speaking, Lord, of Thee,—  
Of thy glorious majesty!
- 2 Never doth the light outbeam,  
Never murmurs flowing stream,  
But it speaks, O Lord, of Thee,  
Of thy kind benignity!
- 3 Not a beauteous flow'r doth blow,  
Not a blade of grass doth grow,  
But doth speak, O Lord, of Thee,  
Of thy wondrous bounty free.
- 4 Not a bird outspreads his wing,  
Nor on tree doth sweetly sing,  
Without speaking, Lord, of Thee,—  
Source of nature's melody!
- 5 Give me, Lord, an ear to hear  
Notes all ringing loud and clear,  
Which do plainly speak of Thee,—  
God of love and majesty! ALLEN,

## 7.

7s. Grant. Broad Street.

*God seen in Nature.*

- 1 NOT a freckle, or a stain,  
Not a streak or lovely hue  
In the wild-flow'r of the plain,  
As it opens to our view ;—
- 2 Not a tinge on ocean-shell,  
Tinge of blue, or red, or gold,  
But it shows thy pencil well,  
And thy skill, Lord, doth unfold.
- 3 Lo, the water-lily white,  
Spread out on the liquid ground

To the purity of light,  
And its fragrance floating round!

- 4 Sure it speaks of other scene,—  
mp Purest region high above,—  
p Where in stainless white are seen  
All, who breathe around them love! ALLEN.

8. C. M. Heath. Arundel.  
*Creation and Redemption.*

- 1 THY hand, O Lord, hath spread the sky,  
Most glorious to behold,  
Ting'd with the blue of heav'nly dye,  
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 2 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the gazing sight  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.
- mp 3 But, Lord, the wonders of thy grace  
Beam on us from above ;  
Mercy divine in JESUS' face  
mf We see, adore, and love! WATTS.

9. (ii. 67.) C. M. Colchester. St. Ann's.  
*God's eternal Dominion.*

- < 1 GREAT God! how glorious art Thou!  
v What worthless worms are we?  
— Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee!
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere starry skies were spread ;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Created things all naked lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the uprearing of the sky  
'To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To Thee, Lord, nothing old appears,  
To Thee there's nothing new!

- ^ 5 Great God! how glorious art Thou?  
 v What worthless worms are we?  
 — Let men and angels lowly bow,  
 And pay their praise to Thee! WATTS.

10. (ii 168.) L. M. Trenton. St. Paul's.

*God's Perfections.*

- 1 JEHOVAH reigus ; 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 pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil  
 The noblest counsels of his will.  
 mp 4 And will this glorious Lord descend  
 To be my Father and my Friend?  
 mf Then let my songs with angels join ;  
 Heav'n is secure, if God be mine! WATTS.

11. L. M. Hebron. Medway.

*Glory of God. Isa. 6.*

- 1 I SAW a throne uplifted high,  
 The throne of God in yonder sky ;  
 I saw his train of spirits bright,  
 Dwelling in heav'n's eternal light.  
 2 The Seraphim, a glorious band,  
 Before the throne in order stand,  
 Each spreads his wings for ready flight,  
 Or mantles his o'er-dazzled sight.  
 3 All-fill'd with wonder and with love,  
 With joys, which thrill the blest above,  
 They praise the God, they dare not see,—  
 The God of brightest majesty !  
 4 And, while they sing with loud acclaim,  
 'T is thus they shout Jehovah's name,—

f "O, holy,—holy,—holy God!—  
Thy glory spreads through worlds abroad!"

ALLEN.

12.

S. M. Moorfield. Clapton.

*God's Greatness. Isa. 40.*

- 1 WHO in his hollow hand  
Hath measur'd ocean wide?  
And weigh'd the mountains, tho' they stand  
Up-tow'ring in their pride?
- 2 Who meted out the heaven,  
And mark'd each planet's road?  
Who to each star his place hath given?—  
'T was Thou, almighty God!
- 3 As but a bucket's drop  
With Thee the nations be ;  
The ocean isles Thou takest up,  
As little things with Thee.
- 4 We lift to heav'n our eye,  
Thy glory we behold,  
For all the hosts of yonder sky  
Thy majesty unfold.
- 5 Lord! may we fear thy might,  
mp And dread thy righteous power,  
— That we may dwell in thy blest sight,  
mf And praise Thee evermore! ALLEN.

13.

L. M. Appleton. Ellenthorpe.

*God's Glory and Omnipresence.*

- 1 THY Light ten thousand suns outvies,  
Too radiant, Lord, for seraph's eyes!  
Thou present art in this low sphere ;  
Where'er we fly, Thou still art near ;
- 2 Present, when sinners dare thy stroke,  
Present, when saints thine aid invoke ;  
Thou, in its caverns, dost survey  
Pollution with unstained ray.
- 3 Benign,—severe, Thou present art  
In every saint's and sinner's heart,  
Who, from thy presence, feel within  
The just reward, and doom of sin.

Aff 4 Lord! make me pure, as Thou art pure,  
 From tempting world my soul secure ;  
 Thine image stamp ; to copy Thee,  
 Let this my chief ambition be!

KEN.

14. (ii. 166.) C. M. St. Ann's. London.

*The Divine Perfections.*

- 1 HOW shall we praise th' eternal God,  
 That Infinite unknown?  
 Who can ascend his high abode,  
 Or venture near his throne!
- 2 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,  
 Survey the world around ;  
 His wisdom is a boundless deep,  
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- mf 3 Justice upon a dreadful throne  
 Maintains the rights of God,  
 mp While mercy sends her pardons down,  
 Bought with a Savior's blood.
- 4 Now to our souls, immortal King,  
 Speak some forgiving word ;  
 mf Then 't will be double joy to sing  
 The glories of our Lord!

WATTS.

15. (i. 82.) L. M. Enon. Tremont Str.

*God's Greatness ; Man's Vanity.*

- mp 1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood  
 Contend with their Creator, God?  
 Shall mortal worms presume to be  
 More holy, wise, or just, than He?
- 2 Behold, He puts his trust in none  
 Of all the spirits round his throne:  
 But how much meaner things are they,  
 Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay?
- mp 3 From night to day,—from day to night  
 > We die by thousands in thy sight ;  
 mp Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,  
 > We faint and vanish, like the moth.
- mp 4 Almighty Pow'r! to Thee we bow ;  
 > How frail are we?—how glorious Thou?

— No more let sinners dare rebel,  
 > But dread the pow'r, which casts to hell!

WATTS.

16. (ii. 169.) H. M. Stow. Haddam.

*God's Perfections.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns as King,  
 His throne is built on high ;  
 The robes, his covering,  
 Are light and majesty :  
 His glories shine with beams so bright,  
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand  
 Keep the wide world in awe ;  
 His wrath and justice stand  
 To guard his holy law ;  
 And where his love resolves to bless,  
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his works of old  
 Surprising wisdom shines ;  
 Hell's pow'rs by Him controlled,  
 He breaks their dark designs :  
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
 His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

aff 4 And can this mighty King  
 To me, a worm, descend,  
 And may I say, and sing,  
 "My Father and my Friend?"  
 I love thy name, I love thy word ;  
 Join all my pow'rs, and praise the Lord.

WATTS.

17. (ii. 170.) L. M. Hebron. Medway.

*God incomprehensible and sovereign.*

1 CAN creatures to perfection find  
 Th' eternal, uncreated mind?  
 God is a king of pow'r unknown,  
 Firm are the orders of his throne.

2 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,  
 The crooked serpent and the worm :  
 He breaks the billows with his breath,  
 And smites the sons of pride to death.

3 He wounds the heart, and He makes whole ;  
 p> He calms the tempests of the soul ;  
 When He shuts up in long despair,  
 Who can the gloom and mis'ry bear?

— 4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon ;  
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;  
 The pillars of heav'ns starry roof  
 Tremble and start at his reproof.

5 These are a portion of his ways,  
 But these of God are weak displays:  
 Who can endure his light? or stand  
 To hear the thunders of his hand? WATTS.

## 18.

7s.

Bates. German Hymn.

*God's incomprehensible Majesty. Job 40.*

- 1 GOD from out the whirlwind said,—  
 “Gird thy loins, lift up thy head:  
 Where, O mortal, say, wast thou,  
 When the earth I founded low?
- 2 “When I laid its measure broad,  
 And outstretch'd my line and cord?  
 When I plac'd its corner-stone,  
 And the wondrous work was done?
- 3 “When the morning stars did sing,  
 And my sons, all wondering,  
 Made their joyful shouts arise,  
 Echoing through the blazing skies?
- 4 “When the sea my hand confined,  
 And in swaddling-cloud did bind,  
 And did set a bar and door,  
 That it overflow no more?
- 5 “Where wast thou, when I in might  
 Poured out the floods of light?  
 Tell me, where the light doth dwell!  
 Where the darkness hath her cell!
- 6 “Where I keep my treasur'd snow,  
 And the hail, which smites down low?  
 Where I keep my lightnings fierce,  
 Which the wicked quickly pierce?”—

mp 7 Lord, we humbly bend to Thee,  
 < Glorious in thy majesty!  
 mp While we dread thy mighty power,  
 < Shine in love forevermore! ALLEN.

19. S. M. Bender. Watchman

*God unchangeable in Glory. Job 35.*

- 1 BEHOLD the heav'ns and see,  
 Behold yon worlds of light!  
 Then think of God's great majesty,  
 And his resistless might!
- 2 If thou his law dost break,  
 And his blest name revile;  
 Before thee will th'Almighty quake?  
 Canst thou his glory soil?
- 3 Or, if his law thou keep,  
 And walkest in his way,  
 Dost thou give depth to ocean deep,  
 Or light to blazing day?
- 4 'Tis man thy crimes distress,  
 Thyself thy guilt destroys:  
 Thy goodness may thy brother bless,  
 And give to man new joys!
- 5 With God, most just, most right,  
 Avenging pow'r doth dwell:  
 Then tremble at his awful might,  
 And flee th' abyss of hell!

ALLEN.

20. C. M. Colchester. St. Ann's.

*God's Majesty.*

- 1 'THE Lord, our God, is Lord of all,  
 His station who can find?  
 I hear 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.
- 3 He lives, He reigns in ev'ry 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 lifts His red right arm on high,  
And ruin bares the sword.
- 5 He bids his blasts the fields deform ;  
Then, when his thunders cease,  
Sits like an angel 'mid the storm,  
And smiles the winds to peace!

WHITE.

21.

S. M. Shawmut. Mornington.

*God's Majesty ; Man's Weakness.* Job. 40.

- mf 1 HAST thou an arm like God ?  
Or canst thou lift thy voice  
In thunders,—which He sends abroad  
With terrifying noise ?
- 2 Come, deck thyself in pride,  
And stand in bright array ;  
With pow'r and beauty at thy side,  
Thy majesty display !
- mf 3 Come, cast abroad thy wrath,  
And humble all the proud ;  
Let vengeance all the guilty scath,  
< And speak to earth aloud !—
- 4 Then deem not, man of clay,  
Thine arm an arm of dread,  
Nor think, thy hand can turn away  
mp Perdition from thy head! ALLEN.

22.

L.M. Bernard. Winchester.

*The Power of God.*

- 1 BEHOLD yon waterfall, and say,  
While ear is stunn'd with torrent's roar,  
And up-pil'd rocks shake with dismay,—  
Can God no flood of vengeance pour ?
- 2 Can He not shake the sternest soul?—  
The mightiest He can onward bear  
By force, beyond all earth's control,  
> And plunge in deep and dark despair.

mf 3 But lo! the bow of promise gleams  
 O'er all the wild abyss beneath!  
 'T is thus the gospel bright outbeams  
 O'er wrath and curse denouncing death! ALLEN.

23.

(ii. 22.) L. M. Winchester. Hebron.

*God's fearful Justice.*

- 1 O, DREADFUL God, enthron'd on high,  
 How awful is thy thund'ring hand?  
 Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly?  
 Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,  
 And Satan fell beneath thy frown:  
 Thine arrows struck the traitor through,  
 And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 Sodom too felt the fire of hell,  
 And still endures the penal wrath:  
 With endless burnings who can dwell,  
 Or meet Thee in thy vengeful path?
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit;  
 Throw down your arms before his throne:  
 Bend your heads low beneath his feet,  
 Or his strong hand shall crush you down!

WATTS.

24.

6 &amp; 4.

Oakham. Italian H.

*God's Anger to be dreaded. Nah. 1.*

- 1 TO anger God is slow;  
 Yet shall the wicked know  
     His venging power;  
 In whirlwind and in storm,  
 When clouds the skies deform,  
 And lightnings burst in harm,  
     We God adore!
- 2 The rock-built mountains quake,  
 The earth's foundations shake  
     Before his might:  
 mp Ah! who his wrath can bide,  
 When, like a fiery tide,  
 His fury rages wide,  
     And spreads affright?

- 3 Yet God is good on high,  
 And He is ever nigh  
     To men in wo ;  
 A strong-hold in the day,—  
 When sorrows bring dismay,—  
 To all who love his sway:  
     Them He doth know.      ALLEN.

25.

S. M.      Bladenburg.      Mornington.

*God to be feared. Isa. 51.*

- 1 FEAR not, Jehovah cries,  
 The scoffs of sinful men,  
 Revilings of a man, that dies,  
 And sinks to dust again.
- 2 As on the fretted cloth  
 The worm supplies his need,  
 As wool is eaten by the moth,—  
 On man the worm shall feed.
- 3 But my firm truth is sure,  
 And fix'd as heav'n's own sphere ;  
 And my salvation shall endure  
 From age to age, fore'er!
- 4 Why shouldst thou be afraid  
 Of man, that soon must die,  
 Forgetting God, who 'Thee hath made,  
 And stretch'd out yonder sky?      ALLEN.

26.

L. M.      Rothwell.      Ellenthorpe.

*Wisdom and Knowledge of God.*

- " 1 AWAKE, my tongue ;—thy tribute bring  
 To Him, who gave thee pow'r to sing ;  
 Praise Him, who is 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 heav'nly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold,  
 Ten thousand thousand charms unfold!  
 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 trace?  
 Here wisdom shines forever bright:—  
 Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

NEEDHAM.

27.

(i. 117.)

L. M.

Hebron. Nazareth.

*Election sovereign and free.*

- 1 MAY not the Sov'reign Lord on high  
 Dispense his favors, as He will?  
 Choose some to life, while others die,  
 And yet be just and gracious still?
- 2 Shall man reply against the Lord,  
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,  
 The thunder of whose dreadful word  
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
- 3 But, O my soul, if truth so bright  
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight;  
 Still thou his written will obey,  
 And wait the great, decisive day.
- 4 Then He shall make his justice known;  
 And the whole world before his throne  
 With joy or terror shall confess  
 The glory of his righteousness!

WATTS.

28.

S. M.

Pentonville. Paddington.

*God's Decrees, and Election.*

- 1 DESIGN, throughout the world,  
 In all God's works, is found;  
 By law are yonder planets whirled  
 In their wide orbits round.
- 2 And not a blade doth spring  
 On earthly clod below,  
 But God, the glorious heav'nly King,  
 Hath made that blade to grow.
- 3 Each drop in ocean's store,  
 Each pebble too He weighed,  
 Each sand upon the sea-beat shore,  
 When earth by Him was made.

- 4 And hath He no design  
Beyond dead nature's bound?  
Doth He not stretch his meas'ring line  
The human race around?
- 5 Sends He not mercy's voice  
To whom He wills to bless,—  
Still leaving others to their choice,  
In perfect righteousness?
- 6 With rev'rence do we bow,  
And all thy ways approve:  
Lord! let us thy salvation know,  
Thy rich, electing love! ALLEN.

29.

L. M. Hebron. Nazareth.*God's electing Love. Eph. 1.*

- mf** 1 **THE** God and Father of our Lord  
We praise for his redeeming word:  
O, blessed be his holy name!  
Let ev'ry soul his grace proclaim!
- 2 For richest blessings from above  
The Lord, in his electing love,  
Hath shed upon our guilty souls,—  
His Spirit's pow'r, which sin controls ;
- 3 According as in Christ He chose  
To save us from our sins and woes ;  
And chose us, ere the worlds of light  
Had pour'd their radiance on the sight ;
- 4 Design'd us his adopted sons,  
Prepar'd for us bright, heav'nly crowns,—  
In sov'reignty of his own will,—  
That his might be the glory still!
- mf** 5 O, blessed God! O, source of good!  
Our hearts, in gratefulness of mood,  
Will praise Thee, when the worlds of light  
Shall sink in chaos and in night! ALLEN.

30.

6 & 4. Italian H. Dort,*God's electing Love. Eph. 1.*

- mf** 1 **WE** praise for his good word  
The Father of our Lord,  
Enthron'd above ;

We bless his holy name,  
 And with our glad acclaim  
 Electing grace proclaim,—  
 Eternal love!

— 2 Before this earthly ball  
 Had heard his mighty call,  
     Or mountains rose ;  
 Before the sun pour'd light,  
 Before the stars of night  
 Had glitter'd on the sight,  
     Our souls He chose:

3 He chose,—though deeply vile,—  
 In love to reconcile  
     Through Christ, his Son ;  
 To cleanse the fount within,  
 To bring us from our sin,  
 That we might glory win,—  
     A heav'nly crown!

mp 4 And now we taste his love,  
 His mercy from above,  
     Through Christ, the Lamb!—

mf Thy name be ever blest!  
 To Thee be praise address'd  
 In songs, that never rest,  
     Thou great "I AM!"

ALLEN.

31.

4 &amp; 6.

Woodstock. Arlington.

*Gods's electing Love.*

Aff 1 OUR God above,  
 The God of love!  
 Thee we extol and bless ;  
 Our heav'nly King,  
 We'll ceaseless sing  
 Thy grace and righteousness!

2 When all within  
 Was dead in sin,  
 We felt thy quick'ning power ;  
 Thy Spirit's might,  
 Thy heav'nly light  
 We praise, while we adore.

3 Thy sov'reignty  
 O, Lord, we see  
 In this, which Thou hast done ;  
 For Thou didst choose  
 Our bands to loose ;—  
 Our hearts thy grace hath won.

f 4 Then, Lord, our songs  
 With heav'nly throngs  
 Forever shall arise ;  
 And we will sing,  
 O heav'nly King,  
 Thy mercy in the skies!            ALLEN.

32.

C. M.            Medfield, London,

*God condescending to the Humble.*

mp 1 **THOUGH** "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"  
 Seraph to seraph sings,  
 And angel-choirs, with one accord,  
 Worship, with veiling wings ;—

— 2 Though earth thy footstool, heav'n thy throne,  
 Thy way amidst the sea,  
 Thy path deep floods, thy steps unknown,  
 Thy counsels mystery ;—

aff 3 Yet wilt Thou look on him, who lies  
 A suppliant at thy feet,  
 And hearken to the feeblest cries,  
 That reach the mercy-seat.

— 4 Between the Cherubim of old  
 The glory was expressed ;  
 But God, through Christ, we now behold  
 In flesh made manifest.

aff 5 Through Him, who all our sickness felt,  
 Who all our sorrows bare,  
 Through Him in whom thy fulness dwelt,  
 We offer up our prayer!            MONTGOMERY.

33.

(i. 51.)            S. M.            Stonington, Dover.

*Praise for everlasting Mercy.*

Aff 1 **TO** God, the only wise,  
 Our Savior and our King,

Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
That guide us to his throne above,  
Secure from ev'ry snare.

3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
In heav'n, where He his face unfolds,  
With joys divinely sweet.

mf 4 Then all the chosen race  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

f 5 To God, enthron'd on high,  
Wisdom with pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs!      WATTS.

34.      (ii. 60.)      L. M.      Tallis E. H. Rockingham.  
*God's Truth.*

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid  
To Him, who, earth's foundations laid;  
Praise to the God, whose will must be,—  
Who sways the world by his decree!

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word;  
And there, as strong as his decrees,  
He sets his kindest promises.

3 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith,  
T' embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heav'n our own!

4 Then, should the earth's firm pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls shall fear no more,  
Than solid rocks, when billows roar!      WATTS.

35.

L. M.

Arnheim. Old Hundred.

*God our Preserver.*

- 1 BY day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 2 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
aff We to thy guardian care commit,  
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.
- 3 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 4 Though death shall interrupt these songs,  
p And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
mf Our helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

DODDRIDGE.

36.

C. M.

Ferry. London.

*God our Preserver and Benefactor.*

- Aff 1 LORD, in the day Thou art about  
The paths, wherein I tread,  
And in the night, I cannot doubt,  
Thou art around my bed.
- 2 I daily 'scape a thousand shocks,  
I pass by many a pit,  
I sail by many dreadful rocks,  
Where others have been split.
- 3 Whilst others in God's prisons be,  
Bound with affliction's chains,  
I walk at large, secure, and free  
From sickness and from pains.
- 4 O, let my house a temple be !  
mf That I and mine may sing  
Hosannas to thy Majesty,  
And praise our heav'nly King !

MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

37.

S. M. Boylston. Dunbar.

*God all-sufficient.*

- Aff 1 WHEN earthly comforts die,  
 And thorns o'erspread the road,  
 Whither, O! whither shall I fly,  
 But unto Thee, my God?
- 2 When anxious thoughts arise,  
 And sorrows compass round,  
 Amidst ten thousand enemies  
 In Thee my help is found.
- 3 Then at thy feet I'll bow,  
 And in thy mercy trust:  
 If I am sav'd, how good art Thou?  
 And, if I perish, just!
- 4 Perish!—It cannot be,  
 Since Jesus shed his blood;  
 The promise is both rich and free,  
 And He will make it good!      BEDDOME.

38.

L. M. Illinois. Ellenthorpe.

*God's Goodness.*

- mf 1 YE sons of men, with joy record  
 The various wonders of the Lord;  
 And let his pow'r and goodness sound  
 Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heav'ns 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!      DODDRIDGE.

39.

7s.

Broad Str. Rutland.

*God is Love.*

- Aff 1 EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,  
 Air, with all its beams and showers,  
 Ocean's boundless, blue expanse,  
 Heav'n's resplendent countenance;

All around, and all above  
Hath this record,—“God is love!”

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,  
In the woods and by the rills,  
Of the breeze and of the bird,  
By the gentle summer stirr'd ;  
All these songs, beneath, above,  
Have one burden,—“God is love!”

3 All the charities, that start  
From the fountain of the heart ;  
All the quiet bliss, that lies  
In our human sympathies ;  
These are voices from above,  
Sweetly whisp'ring,—“God is love!” PULPIT.

40. (ii. 54.) C. M. Amboy. Stevens.

*God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

Aff 1 MY God! of all my joy the spring,  
The life of my delight,  
Each cheerful day thy praise I sing,  
And bless Thee ev'ry night.

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
Thou art my morning star most clear,  
And Thou my rising sun!

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows, his heart is mine,  
p And whispers, I am his!

mf 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To dwell with Him, my Lord! WATTS.

41. (ii. 94.) C. M. St. Ann's. Colchester.

*God my only Happiness.*

Aff 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting All,  
I've none but Thee in heav'n above,  
Or on this earthly ball.

2 Were I possessor of the earth,  
 And call'd the stars my own,  
 Of good I still should feel the dearth,  
 Were thy rich grace unknown.

3 For transient joys let others thirst,  
 And toil for earthly store ;  
 Lord, I will seek thy mercy first,

mf And I desire no more! WATTS.

42. (ii. 93.) S. M. St. Thomas. Clapton.

*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 ;

mf 'T is paradise, when Thou art here ;  
 mp If Thou depart, 'tis hell.

Aff 3 Thou art the sea of love,  
 Where all my pleasures roll,  
 The circle, where my passions move,  
 And centre of my soul! WATTS.

43. (ii. 41.) L. M. Appleton. Ellenthorpe.

*Vision of God.*

1 UP to the fields, where angels sing,  
 And streams of good forever roll,  
 Gladly I'd mount on eagles' wing ;—  
 But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

aff 2 My Lord, had I a glance of Thee,  
 Kingdoms and thrones would vanish soon ;  
 Vanish, as twilight spectres flee,  
 Or a dim taper dies at noon.

mf 3 Great All in all,—eternal King!  
 Let me but view thy glorious face,  
 And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing  
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace! WATTS.

44.

L. M.

Clyde. Uxbridge.

*Trust in God.*

Isa. 40.

- 1 THE Lord, the everlasting God,  
Who made and spread the earth abroad,  
Ne'er runs a weary course nor faints,  
But is the strength of all his saints.
- 2 The blooming youths shall fade away,  
And vig'rous men shall feel decay;  
But they, who wait upon the Lord,  
And trust the promise of his word,
- 3 Their wasted strength shall quick regain,  
And mount on eagles' wings amain;  
Unwearied they shall run their race,  
And faintless walk with cheerful pace! ALLEN.

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OF THE WORD OF GOD.

45.

(ii.120.)

S. M.

Westminster. St. Thomas.

*The Law and Gospel.*

- 1 THE Lord declares his will,  
And keeps the world in awe;  
Amidst the smoke of Sinai's hill  
Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,  
And, smiling from above,  
Sends down the gospel of his grace,  
The letters of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart  
Our Maker's just commands,  
p The pity of his melting heart,  
— And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 We read the heav'nly word,  
And richest mercy find,  
Obey the statutes of the Lord,  
And trust his promise kind.
- 5 In vain shall Satan rage  
Against a book divine,  
mf Where flaming lightnings guard the page,  
mp Where beams of mercy shine! WATTS.

46.

C. M.

Putney. Arlington.

*The Light and glory of the Word.*

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A pure and cheering light.
- mf 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun ;  
It gives a light to ev'ry age,  
It gives, but borrows none.
- aff 3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him, I love,  
mf < 'Till glory breaks upon my v'ew  
In brighter worlds above! COWPER.

47.

(ii. 15.)

L. M.

Wayne. Duke Street.

*Prophecy and Inspiration.*

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- aff 2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name, who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind :
- mf Here I can fix my hope secure ;  
'T his is thy word and must endure! WATTS.

48.

(ii. 131.)

L. M.

Brewer. Timsbury.

*The Christian Religion excellent.*

- aff 1 LET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Savior, and my Lord!  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And writ the blessings in thy word.

- 2 In vain the trembling conscience thinks  
 To find firm ground to rest upon ;  
 In deep despair the spirit sinks,  
 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 treach'rous art,  
 I'd call them vanity and lies,  
 And bind the gospel to my heart.                      WATTS.

49.

S. M.                      Westminster. St. Thomas.

*God's Word is Light.*

- mf 1 THY word, O Lord, is light,  
 Outbeaming from the sky,  
 Than glorious, shining sun more bright,  
 More gladd'ning to the eye!
- 2 On grave's repulsive gloom  
 It pours its radiance clear :—  
 We look beyond the narrow tomb ;
- mf Eternal scenes appear!
- 3 Immortal life and good  
 To us thy word makes known,—  
 The purest joys' o'erwhelming flood,—  
 Bliss lasting as thy throne!
- aff 4 O, let thy word's blest light  
 Shine on our heav'n-ward way!—  
 In thy sweet truth may we delight,  
 And thy just laws obey!                      ALLEN.

50

(ii. 152.)

C. M.

Litchfield. Newton.

*Sinai and Sion.*

- || 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,

mp Where milder words declare his will,  
< And spread his love abroad.

— 3 Behold the spirits of the blest,  
When faith is turn'd to sight;  
In everlasting peace they rest,  
They dwell in heav'nly light!

4 The saints on earth and all the dead  
But one communion make;

mf All join in Christ, their living head,  
And of his grace partake. WATT.

51. (i.10.) C. M. H. "How beauteous." Epaphras.  
*Zion and the Gospel.*

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Whose tongues salvation's joys repeat,  
And words of peace reveal!

2 How joyfully they sing?  
How sweet their tidings are?  
mf "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 in past years  
All sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light!  
Prophets and kings would see it rise,  
But died without the sight!

5 The watchmen's voice prolongs  
The notes, their hearts employ;  
< Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy!

mf 6 The Lord displays his power  
Through all the earth abroad;  
f Let every nation now adore  
Their Savior and their God! WATTS.

52. (ii.138.) L. M. Arnheim. Old Hundred.  
*The Power of the Gospel.*

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above;



Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;  
God will make new heav'ns and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Borne on saints' last, dying breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
f< Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ !

MONTGOMERY.

55.

H. M. Harwich. Haddam.

*Praise to God.*

1 YE holy angels bright,  
Which stand before God's throne,  
And dwell in glorious light,  
Praise ye the Lord, each one !  
God's praises sound,  
For in his sight With sweet delight  
Ye do abound !

2 My soul, bear thou thy part,  
Exult in God alone !  
With grateful, well-tun'd heart  
Sing thou the songs of love !  
Thou art his own,  
Whose precious blood, Shed for thy good,  
His love made known.

3 With thy triumphant flock  
Let me, Lord, numbered be,  
Built on th' eternal rock,  
Let me thy glory see :  
The heav'ns so high  
With praise shall ring, And all shall sing  
In harmony !

4 The sun is but a spark  
From the eternal Light ;  
Its brightest beams are dark  
To that most glorious sight !  
Then the whole choir  
With one accord Shall praise the Lord  
Forevermore !

R. BAXTER.

56.

C. M.

Litchfield. York,

*Praise to Father, Son, and Spirit.*

- 1 FATHER of glory! to thy name  
Immortal praise we give,  
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,  
And bid us, rebels, live.
- 2 Immortal honor to the SON,  
Who makes thine anger cease ;  
Our lives He ransom'd with his own,  
And died to make our peace!
- 3 To thy almighty SPIRIT be  
Immortal glory given,  
Whose influence brings us near to Thee,  
And trains us up for heaven. PRATT'S COLL.

57.

7s.

Nuremburg. Blue Towu.

*Meeting of Christians.*

- mp 1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,  
When the saints together meet,  
When the Savior is the theme,  
Whose keen pains their souls redeem.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move ;  
He beheld the world undone,  
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;  
How He left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love :  
With our wretched hearts He strove,  
Fill'd our minds with grief and fear,  
Brought the precious Savior near.
- mp 5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,  
Where the saints in glory meet ;  
Blessed Savior, Thou the theme,  
Whose keen pains our souls redeem!

BURDER'S COLL.

58.

C. M.

Downs. Dedham.

*Meeting of Christians.*

- 1 WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,  
Come, let us now rejoice,  
While we our Savior's praise proclaim  
With cheerful hearts and voice.
- 2 In vain, dear Savior, here we meet,  
Unless thy face we see ;  
Thy presence makes a heav'n most sweet,  
Where'er we meet with Thee !
- 3 Then, blessed Jesus, condescend  
To meet us with a smile ;  
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence send,  
And give us heav'n awhile !      LEAVITT'S COLL.

59.

S. M.

Laban. Dover.

*Prayer for Instruction.*

- Aff 1 TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see ;  
And what I do in any thing,  
To do it, as for Thee !
  - 2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to Thee I tend :  
In all I do be Thou the way,  
In all be Thou the end.
  - 3 All may of Thee partake :  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from Thee.
  - 4 If done beneath thy laws,  
Ev'n servile labors shine ;  
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.
- MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

60.

S. M.

Inverness. Utica.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 OUR heav'nly Father, hear  
The pray'r, we offer now ;—

Thy name be hallow'd far and near,  
To Thee all nations bow!

2 Thy kingdom come! Thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above!

3 Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles defend,  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.

mf 5 Thine, then, forever be  
Glory and pow'r divine;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heav'n and earth are thine! MONTGOMERY.

61.

7s. Kimball. Pleyel's Hymn.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

1 GOD, our Father! whom we love:  
Hallow'd be thy blessed name,  
Here obey'd, as high above,  
Let the world thy pow'r proclaim.

2 Day by day our bread bestow;  
All our crimson guilt forgive,  
As we Lord forgiveness show,  
Nor allow revenge to live.

3 Let the tempter ne'er prevail;  
From all ill our souls defend;  
mf Thine's the kingdom, ne'er to fall,  
Pow'r and glory without end! ALLEN.

62.

7s.

Wilmot. Broad Street.

*Prayer for a Blessing on public Worship.*

1 IN thy house when now we sing,  
Tune our hearts, O heav'nly King!  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness!

2 While to Thee our pray'rs ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend ;—  
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads ;—  
Hear ,—for Jesus intercedes!

3 While we hear thy word with awe,  
While we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's wondrous love  
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

4 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn ;  
This, at evening, we shall say,—  
“We have walk'd with God to day!”

MONTGOMERY.

63.

C. M. Litchfield. York.

*At the Beginning of public Worship.*

1 LORD! when we bow before thy throne,  
And our CONFESSIONS pour,  
O, may we feel the sins, we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

2 When we disclose our wants in PRAYER,  
O, bend our wills to thine ;  
Firm may we trust our Father's care,  
Our Father's pow'r divine!

3 And, when with heart and voice we strive  
Our grateful hymns to raise,  
Let heav'nly love within us live,  
And fill our souls with PRAISE. PRATT'S COLL.

64.

C. M. Colchester. London.

*Before Sermon.*

1 ALMIGHTY God! Eternal Lord!  
Thy gracious pow'r make known ;  
Touch by the virtue of thy word,  
And melt the heart of stone.

mf 2 Speak with the voice, that wakes the dead,  
And bid the sleeper rise!

— O, let his guilty conscience dread

mp The death, that never dies!

— 3 Let us receive the word, we hear,  
Each in an honest heart ;

Lay up the precious treasure there,  
And never with it part.

- 4 Now let our darkness comprehend  
The light, that shines most free:  
Thy Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,  
To guide our steps to Thee!      PRATT'S COLL.

65.

7s.

Wilmot, Pilton.

*After Sermon.*

- 1 SAVIOR! bless thy word to all,  
Quick and pow'ful let it prove;  
O, may sinners hear thy call!  
Let thy people grow in love.
- 2 Lord! thy gracious message bless,  
Follow it with pow'r divine;  
Give the gospel great success:—  
'Thine the work,—the glory thine.
- 3 Savior! bid the world rejoice;  
Send, O send thy truth abroad!  
Let the nations hear thy voice,—  
Hear it, and return to God!      KELLY.

66.

C. M.      Medfield. Dundee,

*The good Seed.*

- 1 LET not of Christ and man the foe  
Thy holy truth remove;  
In ev'ry heart, Lord, let it grow,  
To bring forth fruits of love!
- 2 Let not the cares of this vain world  
The rising plant destroy,  
But let it yield a hundred fold  
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 3 Nor let thy word,—which, if we hear,  
Will raise us to thy throne,—  
Return to Thee, and witness bear,  
That we reject thy Son.
- 4 Oft as the sower spreads the seed,  
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,  
That all, who to thy truth take heed,  
Its saving pow'r may know!

MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

67.

L. M.,

Dalton, Nazareth.

*Close of Worship.*

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord:  
 To thy great name be praises given  
 For all the treasures of thy word,  
 For all that truth, that guides to heaven.
- 2 O, may our grateful hearts retain  
 What we've been taught of good and right,  
 And we, through thy rich mercy, gain  
 A dwelling place with Thee in light! ALLEN.

68.

8, 7 &amp; 4,

Greenville. Sicilian Hymn,

*Close of Worship.*

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;  
 Let our souls be glad in Thee ;  
 Faith, and hope, and love possessing,  
 May we, Lord, thy glory see,  
     And forever  
 May we sing thy mercy free!
- 2 Lord, we praise Thee for thy kindness,  
 For the wonders of thy love,  
 For thy truth, that beams on blindness,  
 For thy Spirit from above:—  
     O, that never  
 From thy path our feet may rove! ALLEN.

69.

8s, 7s &amp; 4.

Greenville. Sicilian Hymn.

*Close of Worship.*

- 1 GLORIOUS God! though now retiring  
 From this temple of thy grace,  
 Let our souls be still aspiring  
 To thy holy dwelling-place:  
     Let us ever  
 Thirst and long to see thy face!
- 2 Lord, again may we assemble  
 In this lowly house of prayer ;  
 Here may conscious sinners tremble,  
 Then unto thy love repair ;  
     Let them never  
 Of thy mercy's pow'r despair!

- 3 But should we, O house beloved,  
 Ne'er again within thee meet,  
 May we, Lord, by thee approved,  
 Dwell on high in heav'nly seat,—  
                   There forever  
 Rend'ring Thee our praises meet!      ALLEN.

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THE LORD'S DAY.

70.           (ii. 14.)   S. M.           Inverness. St. Thomas.

*The Lord's Day.*

- 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;  
 mp Here we may sit, and see Him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amidst the place,  
 Where my dear Lord hath been,  
 — Is sweeter, than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And sit and sing herself away  
 To everlasting bliss!                   WATTS.

71.                   S. M.                   Gerar. Utica,

*Sabbath.*

- mp 1 SWEET is the day of rest,  
 To weary mortals given,  
 The day of all the sev'n most blest,—  
 An emblem faint of heaven!
- 2 All earthly cares, depart,  
 And cease, all earthly woes,  
 To vex this day my heav'n-bent heart:—  
 O Lord, give me repose!

3 Thou from the grave didst rise  
 This day in wondrous power ;  
 This day didst mount up to the skies  
 To reign forevermore!

mf 4 O blessed hope, that we,  
 mp Though mould'ring in the dust,  
 < A bright and glorious morn shall see,  
 mf And praise Thee with the just! ALLEN.

72.

C. M. Albany. York.

*The Sabbath.*

mp 1 SWEET is the dawn of holy day,  
 Hallow'd, of old, to rest ;  
 All worldly cares now put away,—  
 Our joys are pure and blest.

— 2 Th' Almighty said, "let there be light,"  
 And straight the light was seen ;  
 mf All nature stood forth fair and bright,—  
 The earth in living green!

— 3 Creation ended, then He said,  
 "Let sabbath peace return,  
 While beauty o'er the earth is spread,  
 While glorious sun shall burn."

4 An emblem of the day sublime,  
 Whose beams shall still delight,—  
 When ended is the course of time,—  
 In heav'nly glory bright! ALLEN.

73.

C. M. Dedham. Christmas.

*The Lord's Day.*

1 AND now another week begins,  
 This day we call the Lord's ;  
 This day He rose, who bore our sins,  
 He, who his friends rewards.

mp 2 Hark! how the angels sweetly sing!  
 Their voices fill the sky ;  
 They hail their great, victorious King,  
 And welcome Him on high.

mf 3 We'll catch their notes ; we, too, will sing  
 Of Christ, our risen Lord ;

Of Christ, the everlasting King,  
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

- f 4 Hail, mighty Savior! Thee we hail!  
High on thy throne above;  
E'en when our heart and flesh shall fail,  
We'll sing thy matchless love!      KELLY.

74.      (ii. 72.)      C. M.      Howard. Christmas.  
*Lord's Day; Resurrection of Christ.*

- mp 1 BLESST morning, whose first dawning light  
Beheld our rising God!  
mf This day He burst, with arm of might,  
His rock-hewn, low abode!
- 2 Ye raging and confed'rate foes!  
Your counsels are in vain!  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst your feeble chain!
- 3 Almighty Lord, to thy great name  
These sacred hours we pay,  
mf And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day!
- 4 Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King;  
f Let heav'n and earth loud anthems raise,  
And glad hosannas sing!      WATTS.

75.      L. M.      Farnsworth. Brentford.  
*The Sabbath.*

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord! we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire  
With ardent love and strong desire.
- 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be  
From ev'ry mortal trouble free;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 O, long expected day, begin!  
Dawn on this world of wo and sin:  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
To sleep in death and rest in God! DODDRIDGE.

76.

L. M.

Hebron. Nazareth.

*Sunday.*

- 1 O, DAY, most calm, and pure, and bright!  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;  
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,  
Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
- 2 The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;  
The week were dark but for thy light ;  
Thy torch doth show the heav'nward way,  
Up where God's presence fills the sight.
- 3 Sundays the firm-fix'd pillars are,  
On which heav'n's palace arched lies ;  
The other days fill up the spare  
And hollow room with vanities.
- 4 On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful, than even hope,—  
God's favor and eternal life!      HERBERT.

77.

7s.

H. "Safely &amp;c." Turin.

*Sabbath Day.*

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
God has brought us on our way:  
Let us now a blessing seek  
On this holy Sabbath-Day:  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest!
- 2 Lord! we pray for pard'ning grace  
Through the dear Redeemer's name ;  
Show thy reconciled face,  
Blot out all our sin and shame:  
From our worldly care set free,  
May we rest this day with Thee!
- 3 May the Gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints:—  
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.      NEWTON.

78.

L. M.

Hebron. Nazareth.

*Sabbath Evening.*

- 1 LORD, as this Sabbath's morning broke  
O'er island, continent, and deep,  
Thy far-spread family awoke,  
Thy Rest all round the world to keep.
- 2 Not angel-trumpets sound more clear,  
Not elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays  
Yield sweeter music to thine ear,  
Than humble pray'r and thankful praise.
- 3 And not a pray'r, a tear, a sigh  
Hath fail'd to day some suit to gain ;  
To those in trouble Thou wast nigh,  
Thou hast remov'd the heart's deep pain.
- 4 Thy poor were bountifully fed,  
Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod,  
Thy mourners have been comforted,  
The pure in heart have seen their God.
- 5 Yet one pray'r more ;—and be it one,  
In which both heav'n and earth accord !  
Fulfil thy promise to thy SON,  
Let all, that breathe, call JESUS Lord !

MONTGOMERY.

79.

8 &amp; 7.

Cesarea. Westborough.

*Sabbath Evening.*

- mp 1 PEACEFUL is the Sabbath Even,  
When its calm gilds all below,—  
Emblem of the rest of heaven,  
Where sweet joys forever flow.
- 2 While the world has ceas'd its toiling,  
And its din no longer rolls,  
Worldly cares are not despoiling  
Of pure bliss our deathless souls.
- 3 We have found to day the treasure,  
Richer than the yellow gold ;  
We have tasted, too, the pleasure,  
Of a sweetness all untold.
- mf 4 Truth is prizeless gem, all-glowing,  
Dazzling to the gazing sight ;

- mp Love is joy's pure stream, o'erflowing,  
Which in heav'n doth spread delight.
- 5 O, that we might have our dwelling,  
f Where the soul full rapture knows!  
There unceasing songs are swelling,  
And the Sabbaths never close! ALLEN.

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OF CHRIST AND REDEMPTION.

80. (i. 2.) L. M. Warrington. Winchelsea.  
*The Divinity and Humanity of Christ.* John 1.
- 1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word ;  
With God He was ; the Word was God,  
And must divinely be ador'd !
- 2 By his own pow'r were all things made,  
By Him supported, all things stand ;  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 But lo, his heav'nly form He leaves:  
The Word descends and dwells with clay ;  
The form of men He now receives,  
Dress'd in such feeble flesh, as they.
- 4 Archangels leave their high abode  
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel! WATTS.
81. (i. 16.) C. M. Dedham. Bowdoin Square.  
*Praise to Christ.*
- 1 HOSANNA to the royal Son  
Of David's ancient line!  
His natures two,—his person one,—  
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David, here we find,  
And offspring is the same ;  
Eternity and time are join'd  
In our Immanuel's name.

- 3 Blest He, who comes, our souls to gain,  
 With peaceful news from heaven!  
 f Hosannas in the highest strain  
 To Christ, the Lord, be given.
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
 Th' Hosanna on their tongues,  
 f Lest stones and rocks should rise and break  
 Their silence into songs! WATTS.

82. (i. 92.) S. M. Shawmut, Lisbon,  
*Christ the Wisdom of God.*

- 1 SHALL Wisdom loudly cry,  
 And not her speech be heard?  
 God's Word, outspeaking from the sky,  
 Deserves it no regard?—
- 2 "I was his chief delight,  
 His everlasting Son,  
 Before He said,—Let there be light,—  
 Or nature was begun.
- 3 "When He adorn'd the skies,  
 And built them, I was there,  
 'To order when the sun should rise,  
 And marshal every star.
- 4 "When He pour'd out the sea,  
 And spread the flowing deep,  
 I gave the flood a firm decree  
 In its own bounds to keep.
- 5 "Upon the empty air  
 The earth was balanc'd well ;  
 With joy I saw the mansion, where  
 The sons of men should dwell.
- 6 "Then come, receive my grace,  
 Ye children, and be wise ;  
 Happy the man, who keeps my ways!  
 mp The man, who shuns them, dies! WATTS.

83. (i. 3.) S. M. Westminster. St. Thomas.  
*Nativity of Christ.*

- 1 THE angel hosts appear  
 O'er Bethl'hem's honor'd plain,

While thus the wond'ring shepherds hear  
The heav'nly, rapt'rous strain:—

2 “Glory to God on high,  
And heav'nly peace on earth ;  
Good will to men, to angels joy,  
At the Redeemer's birth!”

3 In worship so divine  
Let saints employ their tongues:  
With the celestial host we join,  
And loud repeat their songs ;—

4 “Glory to God on high,  
And heav'nly peace on earth ;  
Good will to men, to angels joy,  
At our Redeemer's birth!”

WATTS.

84.

H. M. Murray, Weymouth.

*On the Birth of Christ.*

mp 1 HARK! what celestial notes,  
What melody we hear!

p Soft on the morn it floats,  
And fills the ravish'd ear!  
The tuneful shell,  
The golden lyre, And vocal choir  
The concert swell.

2 Th'angelic hosts descend  
With harmony divine ;  
See, how from heav'n they bend,  
And in full chorus join!

mf “Fear not,” say they,  
“Great joy we bring ; Jesus, your King,  
Is born to day!

3 “Glory to God on high!  
Ye mortals, spread the sound,  
And let your raptures fly  
To earth's remotest bound ;

For peace on earth  
From God in heaven, 'To man is given  
At Jesus' birth!” LEAVITT'S COLL.

85.

8 &amp; 7.

Cesarea. Westborough.

*Song of Angels at Bethlehem.*

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

mf Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;  
Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.

— 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,  
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,

f “Glory in the highest,—glory,—  
Glory be to God most high!

mp 3 “Peace on earth,—good will from heaven,  
Reaching far, as man is found!—

— Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven,—  
f Loud our golden harps shall sound!

4 “Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heav'n and earth, his praises sing!

mp O, receive, whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

— 5 “Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn his name, and taste his joy;  
Till in heav'n ye sing before Him,—

f Glory be to God most high!” CAWOOD.

86.

C. M.

Beverly. Christmas Chant.

*On the Birth of Christ.*

p 1 THE ev'ning sky was bright,  
And all the air was still,  
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,  
Near Bethl'hem's honor'd hill:—

mf 2 When lo, around them shone  
A dazzling flood of day,  
And glorious angel from God's throne  
Came down in dread array.

— 3 Their fears he bid depart;—  
“Behold, good news I bring,  
Tidings of joy to ev'ry heart,  
The birth of Israel's King.

4 “God's promis'd work is done,  
And Light shines forth this morn,

For Christ, the virgin-mother's Son,  
In Bethlehem is born!

5 "A manger holds the child,  
Who comes the world to save,  
Whose voice shall calm the tempest wild,  
And wake the silent grave!"

— 6 He said, and straight appear  
The hosts of angels bright,  
Whose notes come swelling on the ear,—  
The melody of light!

7 'T was Heav'n's new Song of Love ;  
mf "Glory," the hymn began—  
"Glory to God in heav'n above,  
Good will on earth to man!" ALLEN.

87. C. M. Dedham. St. John.

*The Coming of Christ.*

1 HARK, the glad sound!—"the Savior's come!  
The Savior promis'd long!  
Let ev'ry heart give Him a home,  
And ev'ry tongue a song.

2 He comes to break the chain accurst  
From Satan's wretched thrall:  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters fall!

3 He comes the films of vice t' unbind,  
To clear th' obstructed way,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, that broken hearts may prove  
The wonders of his cure ;  
He comes with treasures of his love  
T' enrich the humble poor.

mf 5 Our glad hosannas, Jesus, King!  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
f < And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
mf With thy beloved name! DODDRIDGE.

88. (ii. 79.) C. M. Eastport. Bangor.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
We, wretched sinners, lay ;  
No cheerful beam of hope was there,  
No spark of glimm'ring day !
- 2 The Son of God, the Prince above,  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and O, amazing love !  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats on high  
With joyful haste He sped,  
Assum'd our flesh, that He might die,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- Aff 4 O, for this love let rocky hearts  
In grateful floods outbreak,  
And mortal tongues, ere life departs,  
The Savior's praises speak !
- mf 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;  
Strike all your harps of gold ;  
Yet, when ye raise your loudest voice,  
His love can ne'er be told! WATTS.

89. (ii. 103.) C. M. Patmos. Stephen.

*The Love of Christ to Man.*

- 1 SO strange, so boundless was the love,  
That pitied dying men,  
God sent his Son from heav'n above,  
To give them life again.
- Aff 2 Thy hands, dear JESUS, did not bear  
Avenging rod or sword ;  
But Thou in mercy didst appear  
With reconciling word.
- 3 We trust, O Lord, thy mighty name,  
We take the offer'd grace ;
- mf Thy wondrous love we glad proclaim,  
And give the Father praise! WATTS.

90. (ii. 104.) S. M. Laban. St. Thomas.

*Mediation of Christ.*

- mf 1 TRIUMPHANT songs raise high,  
And matchless mercy praise ;

Let the wide earth and arched sky  
United anthems raise !

— 2 Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief beloved chose,  
And bade Him lift our race above,  
From their abyss of woes.

3 No angry thunder rolls,  
No terror clothes his brow ;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

mp 4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels, doom'd to die.

aff 5 We yield, O Lord, each thought ;  
We lay a humble claim  
To the salvation, Thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.      WATTS.

91.      (ii. 47.)      L. M.      Wayne. Truro.

*Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.*

mf 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 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Announce Thee pow'rful, wise, and good,  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.

mp 3 But love outshines from JESUS' face,  
The brightest image of thy grace :  
Thou, in the person of thy Son,

mf Hast all thy mightiest works outdone.

mp 4 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;

mf JESUS ! a glorious name I deem !

f Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !

ff Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !      WATTS.

92.

C. M.,

Dundee. Newton.

*Christ in the Temple.* Luke 2.

- 1 ASHAM'D be all the boast of age,  
 Be hoary learning dumb,  
 Expounder of the mystic page,  
 Behold an infant come.
- aff 2 O Wisdom, whose unfading power  
 Beside the Eternal stood,  
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,  
 The land, the sky, the flood ;
- 3 Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile  
 An infant form to wear ;  
 To bless thy mother with a smile,  
 And lisp thy falter'd prayer.
- 4 But in thy Father's own abode,  
 With Israel's elders round,  
 Conversing high with Israel's God,  
 Thy chiefest joy was found.
- 5 So may our youth adore thy name,  
 And, Savior, deign to bless  
 With fost'ring grace the timid flame  
 Of early holiness! HEBER.

93.

S. M.

Laban. St. Thomas.

*Transfiguration.* Math. 17.

- 1 JESUS the mount ascends,  
 He goes up there to pray ;  
 mf A brightness, that all light transcends,  
 Then beam'd a tenfold day !
- 2 Celestial forms appear,  
 Array'd in purest white,  
 And speak with Him of suff'rings near,  
 And death from Jewish spite.
- 3 The scene fills them with dread,  
 And o'er the apostles' eyes  
 A bright and fearful cloud is spread,  
 O'er mantling all the skies.
- 4 Out of that cloud is given  
 A voice from God above,—

mf "Behold, this is my Son from heaven ;  
Him hear, O men, and love!" ALLEN.

94. 8 & 7. Sicily. Missionary H.

*Christ Conquering. Isa. 63.*

1 WHO is this, that comes from Edom,  
All his raiment stain'd with blood,  
To the captive speaking freedom,  
Bringing and bestowing good ;  
Glorious in the garb, He wears,  
Glorious in the spoil, He bears?

2 'Tis the Savior, now victorious,  
Trav'ling onward in his might ;  
'Tis the Savior, O how glorious  
To his people is the sight !  
Satan conquer'd and the grave,  
Jesus now is strong to save?

mf 3 Mighty Victor, reign forever,  
Wear the crown, so dearly won !  
Never shall thy people, never  
Cease to sing what 'Thou hast done !  
Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;  
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes !

EPIS. COLL.

95. (ii.137.) L. M. Hebron. American Chant.

*Miracles, and Resurrection 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.

mp 3 He dies:—the heav'ns in mourning stood !  
f< He rises,—and appears a God !  
— Behold the Lord ascending high,  
No more to bleed, no more to die !

mf 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!      WATTS.

96.      (ii. 114.)      C. M.      Litchfield. Tolland.

*Christ's Death and Dominion.*

- 1 I SING my Savior's wondrous death ;  
He conquer'd, when He fell ;  
" 'Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd?" our Immanuel cries,  
The dreadful work is done !  
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,  
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 The saints from his propitious eye  
Await their several crowns,  
And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns!      WATTS.

97.      L. M.      Windham. German Hymn.

*The Atonement of Christ.*

- 1 " 'TIS finish'd!"—so the Savior cried,  
And meekly bow'd his head, and died!  
" 'Tis finish'd!"—yes, the race is run,—  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd!" Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore:  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
The Jewish rites no more remain.
- 3 " 'Tis finish'd!"—yes, his dying groan  
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone ;  
Millions shall be redeem'd from death  
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.
- 4 " 'Tis finish'd!"—Heav'n is reconciled,  
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoiled:  
Peace, love, and happiness again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- mf 5 " 'Tis finish'd!"—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round:
- f " 'Tis finish'd!"—let the echo fly  
Through heav'n and hell, through earth and sky.

STENNETT.

98.

S. M.

Boylston. Fairfield.

*A crucified Savior.*

- 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 piercing smart,  
And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For love of us He bled,  
And all in torture died;  
mp 'Twas love, that bow'd his fainting head,  
And op'd his gushing side.
- aff 4 I see, and I adore,  
In sympathy of love;  
I feel the strong, attractive pow'r  
To lift my soul above.
- 5 In Thee our hearts unite,  
Nor share thy griefs alone,  
But from thy cross pursue their flight  
mf To thy triumphant throne! DODDRIDGE.

99

S, 7 &amp; 4.

Sicily. Greenville.

*Death of Christ.*

- 1 HARK! a voice, awaking wonder  
'Mongst the angels of the sky,  
Voice, that rends the rocks asunder,  
Breaking forth from Calvary:  
"It is finish'd!"—
- f Voice, that shakes the earth and sky!
- 2 "It is finish'd!"—O what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford!  
Heav'nly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:  
"It is finish'd!"
- mf Saints, the dying words record!
- 3 "Finish'd"; all the types are ended  
Of the Jewish shad'wy law;

“Finish’d” all, that God intended ;—  
 Death and hell no more shall awe:

“It is finish’d”!

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

BURDER’S COLL.

100. (ii. 76) C. M. Archdale. Cambridge.  
*Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

mf 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,  
 Who cloth’d himself in clay:  
 From death He rose up in his might,  
 And tore the bars away.

2 The Conqu’ror see ascending high,  
 He wears a glorious crown!  
 Behold, what mercy in his eye,  
 What blessings He sends down!

3 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings!  
 High your sweet voices raise!  
 Let men and all created things  
 Sound forth Immanuel’s praise! WATTS.

101. 8 & 7. Sicily. Westborough.  
*Christ dying and rising.*

mp 1 SEE the Lord of life expiring,  
 While the cross its victim holds!  
 E’en in death his love, untiring,  
 Pours a pray’r for blood-stain’d souls.

2 At his wo the sun is shrouded  
 Mid his journey in the skies:  
 Lo, the earth, with darkness clouded,  
 Trembles, as its Maker dies!

mf 3 See the Crucified arising,  
 Bursting from his rock-hew’d cell,  
 Now, with triumph, all surprising,  
 Conqueror of death and hell!

4 See Him up to heav’n ascending,  
 Great in glory and in might,  
 Throngs of angels round Him bending,  
 As He rises up to light!

mp 5 Now for sinful men He’s pleading,  
 Holy Lamb of sacrifice,

Ever for them interceding  
With his Father in the skies.

- aff 6 Blessed JESUS! to Thee bowing,  
We entreat thy pard'ning love!  
mf Bring us to the joys o'erflowing,  
In thy presence, Lord, above! ALLEN.

102. 7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Sharp.

*Ascension of Christ.*

- f 11 1 ANGELS! roll the rock away!  
Death! yield up the mighty prey!  
See!—the Savior leaves the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom!
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise  
Loudest trump of joyful praise!  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo to the rapt'rous sound!
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!  
See Him rising to the skies:  
King of glory! mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 4 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs;  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!  
Praise Him in the noblest songs  
From ten thousand, thousand tongues!
- GIBBONS.

103. 8, 7 & 4. Oliphant. Tamworth.

*Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 HE is ris'n!—Then why, ye weeping,  
Linger ye about his tomb?  
Here no longer is He sleeping,  
He hath gone to heav'n, his home:  
He is risen!  
Where He dwells, ye too may come!
- 2 Now for you He's interceding  
At the throne of God on high,  
He with blood for you is pleading,  
Lest for sin your souls should die:  
He is pleading;  
Why, desponding, should you sigh?

- 3 Come to Him ; in Him believing,  
 Naught your hope shall overthrow ;  
 Cease, then, all your tears and grieving,  
 Rather let your joys o'erflow :
- aff               Blest Redeemer !  
 May we all thy mercy know !               ALLEN.

104.       (ii, 89.)   C. M.   Nottingham, Christmas.  
               *Christ's Victory.*

- 1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !  
 'The prince of darkness flies,  
 And all his hosts, with broken wing,  
 Fall headlong from the skies.
- 2 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !  
 All hail, incarnate Love ?  
 Thy praise the faithful angels sing,  
 And crown thy head above !
- 3 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame  
 Through the wide world shall run ;  
 Eternal ages shall proclaim  
 The triumphs, Thou hast won !       WATTS.

105.                       7s.           Wilson. Blue Town.  
               *Christ's Resurrection.*

- " 1 HARK ! the herald angels say,  
 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to day !  
 f    Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
 Let the glorious tidings fly.
- p 2 Love's redeeming work is done !  
 Th' battle's fought, the vict'ry won !  
 Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;  
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the seal, the guard !  
 Christ the gloomy gates unbarr'd :  
 Death in vain forbids his rise ;  
 Christ has open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !  
 mf "Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?"  
 — Once He died our souls to save ;  
 mf "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

106. (i. 63.) L. M. Rothwell. Effingham.

*Christ's Exaltation.*

- Aff** 1 **WHAT** equal honors shall we bring,  
To Thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes, that angels sing,  
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is He, who once was slain,  
The Prince of life, who groan'd and died ;  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Honor immortal now is thine,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn,  
While round thy head bright glories shine,  
Deck'd with a crown without a thorn! **WATTS.**

107. C. M. Coronation. Christmas.

*Coronation of Christ.*

- mf** 1 **ALL** hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call ;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- p** 4 Ye sinners, tasting love most sweet,  
Instead of bitter gall,  
— Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
**f** And crown Him Lord of all!
- 5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe  
Of this wide, earthly ball  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
**f** And crown Him Lord of all!
- 6 O, that with yonder holy throng  
We at his feet may fall ;

mf There join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all! DUNCAN.

108. L. M. Duke Street. Missionary Chant.  
*Christ living.*

- 1 THE Savior lives, no more to die ;  
The Savior lives, enthron'd on high :  
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;  
He lives, eternally to save.
- 2 The Savior lives, to wipe the tear ;  
The Savior lives, to quell all fear ;  
He lives, bright mansions to prepare ;  
He lives, to bring his servants there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears :  
Let 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.

PRATT'S COLL.

109. (ii. 108.) C. M. Dedbam. New Conway.  
*Access to God by a Mediator.*

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above ;  
There sits our Father in the skies,  
Upon a throne of love!
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath  
And shot devouring fire ;  
No lightning now outbreaks to scath,  
Nor roll the thunders dire.
- 3 Now we may bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord :  
No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double, flaming sword.
- 4 The peaceful gates of heav'nly joy  
Are open'd by the Son ;  
mf Our notes of praise we'll lift up high,  
And reach th' almighty throne.

5 To Thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate above,  
And glory to th' eternal King,  
Now on a throne of love!           WATTS.

110.           (ii. 90.)           C. M.           Dundee.           Canterbury.

*Pardon by Christ.*

1 HOW passion all our reason blinds?  
Our sin, how deep it stains?  
And Satan holds our captive minds  
Fast in his hateful chains.

2 But to our heart a voice comes home,  
Outbreaking from God's word,  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My ears the tidings glad receive ;  
I run to this relief ;  
aff Thy promise, Lord, I would believe ;  
O, help my unbelief !

4 O, save me in my great distress ;  
Erom error's way recall ;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My JESUS and my All!           WATTS.

111.                           L. M.                           Ramoth.           Nazareth.

*The Atonement of Christ.*

1 BETHESDA'S pool, through virtue given  
By angel coming down from heaven,  
Disease in all its strength subdued,  
And wak'd the song of gratitude.

2 The fountain, fill'd with Jesus' blood,  
Who came in grace and love from God,  
Hath pow'r to heal the strength of sin,  
And make the guilty pure within.

aff 3 Blest JESUS, in thy cleansing pool  
Our crimson guilt make white as wool ;  
Our palsied energies renew,  
And we will give Thee praises due!   ALLEN.

112.

C. M.

Hymn, "There is &amp;c." Newton.

*The Fountain opened. Zech. 13.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain, fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from IMMANUEL'S veins ;  
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- aff 3 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd church of God  
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 Ere since, by faith, I saw the stream,  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be, till I die.
- mf 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save,  
 — When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
 > Lies silent in the grave!
- aff 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,  
 Unworthy though I be,  
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
 A golden Harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,  
 And form'd by pow'r divine,  
 mf To sound, in God the Father's ears,  
 No other name, but thine! COWPER.

113.

(ii. 95.)

C. M.

Bangor. Wantage.

*Christ pierced by Sin.*

- Aff 1 AMAZING grief!—o'erwhelming wo!  
 Behold my bleeding Lord!  
 The Jews, his kindred, struck the blow,  
 But us'd the Roman sword.
- 2 What keen and bitter agonies  
 My dear Redeemer bore,

When on the tree he, dying, cries,  
As nails his body tore!

3 'Twere you, my sins, that made Him bleed,  
That made Him groan and die;  
You were his torturers indeed,  
You rear'd that cross on high!

4 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
Till melting waters flow,  
Till tears outburst, beyond control,  
In undissembled wo. WATTS.

114. (i. 142.) S. M. Boylston. Olmutz.  
*The Atonement of Christ.*

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God;  
Each wand'ring in a different way,  
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,  
When God our wand'rings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
Upon the Shepherd's head?

3 How glorious was the grace,  
When Christ sustain'd the stroke?  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and his breath  
Were taken both away,—  
Join'd with the wicked in his death,  
And made as vile as they.

5 But God his head shall raise  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And Him a num'rous seed shall praise,  
To recompense his pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,  
"A portion with the strong:  
He shall possess a large reward,  
And hold his honors long." WATTS.

115. C. M. Martyrs, Wantage.  
*Looking at the Cross.*

mp 1 MY Savior, hanging on the tree,  
In agony and blood,

Methought, once turn'd his eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

- 2 Sure never, till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word He spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair ;  
I saw, my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail Him there !
- 4 Alas ! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain ;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain !
- 5 A second look He gave, which said,—  
“I freely all forgive :  
This blood is for thy ransom paid ,  
I die, that thou may'st live !”
- 6 O Savior ! who for me didst die,  
I praise thy mercy's power !  
O, bring me to thy throne on high,  
To praise Thee evermore !

EPISC. COLL.

116.

(i. 150.) H. M.

Stow. Haddam.

*Characters of Christ.*

- 1 JOIN ev'ry glorious name  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
Which mortal men proclaim,  
Or angels ever bore,  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my SAVIOR forth.
- 2 Great PROPHET of the Lord !  
Thy name my tongue would bless ;  
I hear thy joyful word  
Of peace and righteousness ;—  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven !
- 3 Atoning PRIEST for sin,  
A victim on the tree !  
Make pure my soul within,  
A Ransom be for me !

Thy pow'rful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne!

4 JESUS, my conqu'ring Lord,  
Exalted, glorious KING!  
Thy sceptre and thy sword;  
Thy reigning grace I sing!  
Thy majesty and pow'r I greet,  
I humbly bow beneath thy feet!

WATTS.

117.

6 &amp; 4. Dort. Italian Hymn.

*The predicted Messiah. Isa. 53.*

aff 1 OUR griefs He sure hath borne ;  
For us his flesh was torn,  
His blood did flow :  
See Him his spirit yield  
A Victim, as revealed :—  
We by his stripes are healed,  
And sav'd from wo.

2 We all have gone astray,  
And wander'd from his way,  
Like straying sheep :  
On Him our sins were laid :  
And He, all undismayed,  
Our heavy debt hath paid  
In sorrows deep.

3 As gentle lamb is led  
Unto the slaughter dread,  
He meek is found :  
For others' sins he died !  
For us the purple tide,  
Outbursting from his side,  
Flow'd to the ground !

4 He went down to the grave,  
But rose again to save  
In glorious might :  
And now, enthron'd above,  
His matchless grace and love  
He makes the nations prove  
With sweet delight !

ALLEN.

118. (i. 137.) L. M. Duke Street Ellenthorpe.

*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 NOW to the pow'r of God supreme  
 Be everlasting honors given ;  
 He lights our path with mercy's beam,  
 He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.
- 2 'Twas his own purpose, that begun  
 To rescue rebels, doom'd to die ;  
 He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,  
 Before He spread the starry sky.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,  
 And makes his Father's counsels known,  
 Declares the great transactions past,  
 And brings immortal blessings down.
- 4 He dies! and in that dreadful night  
 Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy:  
 mf Rising, He brought our heav'n to light,  
 And took possession of the joy! WATTS.

119. (i. 135.) L. M. Nazareth. Brentford.

*Love to Christ.*

- 1 COME, glorious Lord, descend and dwell  
 By faith and love in ev'ry breast,  
 Then shall we taste and know full well  
 mf The joys, that cannot be express'd!
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength ;  
 And let our rescued spirits prove,  
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
 Of thine unmeasurable love.
- 3 Now to the God, whose arm defends,  
 Be praise from all the ransom'd throng;  
 To Him, whose pow'r all thought transcends,  
 Be thanks in everlasting song! WATTS.

120. L. M. Belville. Newcourt.

*Heavenly Beauty.*

- 1 JESUS now dwells in wondrous light ;  
 His throne is all encompass'd round  
 And hid by brightness from man's sight ;

And underneath his feet are found  
Thunder and lightning, flaming fire,  
Which bring his just, avenging ire.

- 2 But how can we, whose feeble eyes  
Are dull'd by beams, the sun doth shine,  
E'er see undazzled 'neath the skies  
That glory, peerless and divine,  
Compar'd with whose least splendid spark  
Both moon and glorious sun are dark?
- 3 What's good is beautiful and fair:  
How great, then, must that beauty be,  
Which all His goodness doth declare?  
His truth, his love, his mercy free,  
His wisdom, grace, and guided might,—  
Thus lending of himself a sight? SPENSER.

121.

L. M.

Belville. Newcourt.

*Heavenly Love.*

- Aff 1 O WELL of Love! O Flow'r of Grace!  
O Morning-Star! O Lamp of Light!  
The image of thy Father's face,  
The King of Glory, Lord of Might?  
Can we requite Thee for thy good,  
Or prize enough thy precious blood?
- 2 My soul! the story of his life  
Survey, his pure, unfaulty ways,  
His canker'd foes, his toil, his strife,  
His poverty, his sharp assays;  
And think, thy sins his sorrows wrought,  
Then melt, and groan in grieved thought.
- 3 Then give thyself to Him most free,  
And world's desire in thee will die,  
And thy pure-sighted eyes shall see  
His heav'nly beauty's blaze on high,  
And thou shalt feel celestial love  
Kindled by sight of things above! SPENSER.

122.

(ii. 148.)

C. M.

Litchfield, Arlington,

*God reconciled by Christ.*

- Aff 1 DEAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus and my God!

Who can resist thy heav'nly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again ;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.

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

WATTS.

123. (i. 145.) C. M. Nottingham. St. James.

*Christ and Aaron.*

Aff 1 JESUS! in Thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more,  
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,  
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 Once in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Did Aaron in the vail appear,  
Before the golden throne.

3 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood,  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God  
Shows his own sacrifice.

4 Jesus, the glorious King, doth reign  
On Zion's heav'nly hill,  
Looks like a Lamb, that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.

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! WATTS.

124. (i. 149.) L. M. Clyde. Timsbury.

*Offices of Christ.*

Aff 1 JOIN all the names of love and power,  
That ever men or angels bore,  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

- 2 Great PROPHEt, let me bless thy name ;  
 By Thee the joyful tidings came  
 Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,  
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 JESUS, my great High PRIEST, has died ;  
 I seek no sacrifice beside ;  
 His blood did once for all atone,  
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my KING,  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing ;  
 Thine is the vict'ry, and my soul  
 I yield, O Lord, to thy control.      WATTS.

125.      (ii. 142.)      S. M.      Inverness. Fairfield,

*Faith in 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 heav'nly Lamb  
 Takes all our sins away,  
 A sacrifice of nobler name,  
 And richer blood, than they.
- mp 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 cursed tree,  
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- mf 5 Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove ;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his bleeding love!      WATTS.

126.      (i. 61.)      L. M.      Truro. Timsbury.

*Christ a Priest and King.*

- Aff 1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know  
 The wonders of his dying love,

Be humble honors paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T is He, who saving mercy brings,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;  
'T is He, who makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our celestial King,  
Be praise by all, from sin released,  
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing!

4 Behold, He comes on flying clouds,  
And ev'ry eye shall see Him move!  
Though dark despair the wicked shrouds,  
To us He shows his pard'ning love!

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day ;  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariot long delay. WATTS.

127.

C. M.

Stevens. Colchester.

*Love to Christ.*

- Aff 1 DO I not love Thee, Savior blest?  
Then let me nothing love:  
Shut from my heart each joyful guest,  
Which Thou dost not approve.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill,  
My Savior's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast Thou a lamb in all thy fold,  
I would disdain to feed?  
Or can I dread, midst scoffers bold,  
Thy holy cause to plead?
- 4 I love Thee, Lord, I love thy voice ;  
But O! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
'That I may love Thee more! DODDRIDGE.

128. (i. 125.) C. M. Ferry. Arundell.

*Compassion of Christ.*

**Aff** 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His wondrous mercy we would trace,  
And his amazing love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy of soul,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He strong temptations can control,  
For He has felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And, in his measure, feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.

4 By humble faith then let us seek  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain, however weak,  
Grace in the trying hour.

WATTS.

129. S, M, Westminster. Watchman.

*Prisoners of Hope.*

1 PRIS'NERS of hope, arise,  
And see your Lord appear :  
Lo! on the wings of love He flies,  
And brings redemption near.

2 Redemption through his blood  
He calls you to receive :  
"Look unto me, the pard'ning God!  
"Believe," He cries, "believe!"

**aff** 3 The reconciling word  
We thankfully embrace,  
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,  
A blood-besprinkled race.

4 We yield to be set free :  
Thy counsel we approve ;  
**mf** Salvation, praise, ascribe to Thee,  
And glory in thy love!

WESLEY'S COLL.

130.

H. M.

Newbury. Haddam.

*The Year of Jubilee.*

- 1 FAIR shines the morning-star!  
The silver trumpets sound,  
Their notes re-echoing far,  
While dawns the day around!
- mf Joy to the slave!—the slave is free!  
It is the year of Jubilee!
- 2 Pris'ners of hope! in gloom  
And silence left to die,  
With Christ's unfolding tomb  
Your portals open fly:
- mf Rise with your Lord!—He sets you free:  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for naught  
The land, your fathers won,  
Behold, how God hath wrought  
Redemption through his Son!  
Your heritage again is free,  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold  
For debts, to justice due;  
Ransom'd, but not with gold,  
He gave himself for you:  
The blood of Christ hath made you free!  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 5 Captives of sin and shame  
O'er earth and ocean, hear  
An angel's voice proclaim  
The Lord's accepted year:
- mf Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,  
It is the year of Jubilee! MONTGOMERY.

131.

(i. 14.) L. M.

Clyde. Rothwell.

*Christ's Love.*

- 1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
'Tis God, who justifies their souls;  
And mercy's stream flows full to them,  
And o'er their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
'Tis Christ, who suffer'd in their stead,

And, all their sorrows to dispel,  
Behold Him rising from the dead!

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

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

mf 5 Faith has an overcoming power,  
It triumphs in a dying hour:  
Christ is our life, our joy, our love!  
No pow'r his mercy shall remove!           WATTS.

132.     (i. 127.)     L. M.           Nazareth. St. Paul's.

*Christ's Invitation.*

- 1 COME, all ye weary and unblest ;  
Ye heavy laden sinners, come!  
From all your toils I'll give you rest,  
And raise you to my heav'nly 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 "Bless'd 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."

Aff 4 Jesus! we come at thy command,  
With faith, and hope, and grateful love ;  
We yield our spirits to thy hand  
To mould us for thy house above!     WATTS.

133.     (i. 112.)     C. M.           Stephens. Colchester.

*The Brazen Serpent.*

- 1 THE Hebrew prophet rais'd, of old,  
The brazen serpent high ;  
And all the wounded, who behold,  
Cease to despond and die!

- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,  
And live!"—the prophet cries ;  
mf But Christ exerts a nobler pow'r,  
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Savior hung!  
High in the heav'ns he reigns!  
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,  
Look and forget their pains.
- mp 4 When God's own Son is lifted high,  
< A dying world revives ;  
The Jew beholds redemption nigh,  
Th' expiring Gentile lives! WATTS.

134. (ii. 118.) L. M. Clyde, Timsbury,  
*The Priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies ;  
"Revenge," the blood of Abel cries:  
mp But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,  
Speaks "peace" as loud from ev'ry vein:
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high ;  
— Behold, He lays his vengeance by,  
And rebels, who deserve his sword,  
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
- mf 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,  
Who gave his life a sacrifice ;  
Now He appears before our God,  
And for our pardon pleads his blood. WATTS.

135. S. M. Lathrop, Olmutz,  
*Crucified to the World by the Cross.*

- Aff 1 O, SUFF'RER on the cross,  
Expiring on the tree,  
May I regard all things but loss,  
Compar'd with knowing Thee!
- 2 For sin outpour'd, thy blood  
Doth wash away my stain,  
Doth cleanse me with its crimson flood,  
And make me pure again.
- 3 Thou didst subdue the grave,  
And rise to heav'nly light ;

And Thou hast now all pow'r to save  
From narrow house of night.

- 4 O, teach me first to die,  
And then from death restore ;  
Give me a mansion, Lord, on high,  
Where all thy name adore ! ALLEN.

136. (ii. 139.) L. M. Brentford, Bulfinch Str.  
*The Example of Christ.*

- Aff 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord !  
I read my duty in thy word,  
But in thy life the law shines bright,  
It stands in characters of light.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such defence 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  
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here !  
Then God, the Judge, my name shall own  
Amongst the blest before his throne ! WATTS.

137. 7s. Norwich. Hampton.

*Christ our Example in Suffering.*

- 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye, that feel the tempter's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour :  
Lo, his sweat and anguish'd sigh !  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die ?
- 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 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb ;  
 There, adoring at his feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete ;  
 "It is finish'd!"—hear the 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 hath taken Him away?  
 Christ is ris'n!—He meets our eyes!  
 Savior! teach us so to rise! MONTGOMERY.

138. (ii. 140.) C. M. Kendall. Bowdoin Square.  
*Example of Christ and Saints.*

1 THE saints above once here below  
 Bedew'd their couch with tears:  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

2 I ask them, whence their vict'ry rose?  
 They, with united breath,  
 mf Say, "Jesus conquer'd all our foes ;  
 We triumph by his death!"

— 3 They mark'd the footsteps, which He trod,  
 His zeal inspir'd their breast,  
 And, foll'wing their incarnate God,  
 They gain'd the promis'd rest.

4 The Lamb we praise with pure delight  
 For his own pattern given,  
 While clouds of witnesses in sight  
 Show the same path to heaven. WATTS.

139. (i. 97.) L. M. Brentford. St. Paul's.  
*Christ our Righteousness.*

1 BURIED in shadows of the night,  
 We lie, till Christ restores the light ;  
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

mp 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
 Till his atoning blood appears ;  
 Then we awake from deep distress,  
 mf And sing, "The Lord, our righteousness."

- 3 Jesus beholds, where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- aff 4 Poor, helpless worms in Thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness ;  
Thou art our mighty All,—and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee!

WATTS.

140. (i. 119.) C. M. Kendall. Bowdoin Square.

*Effects of the Gospel.*

- 1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme ;  
The myst'ries, that we speak,  
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,  
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls, enlighten'd from above,  
With joy receive the word ;  
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love  
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savor of his name  
Restores their fainting breath,  
But unbelief perverts the same  
> To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his grace around,  
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,  
In vain Apollos sows the ground  
And Paul may plant in vain!

WATTS.

141. L. M. Duke Str. Trenton.

*Behold the Man!* John 19.

- 1 BEHOLD the Man! How glorious He!  
Before his foes He stands unawed,  
And, without wrong or blasphemy,  
He claims to be the Son of God.
- 2 Behold the Man! By all condemned,  
Assaulted by a host of foes ;  
His person and his claims contemned,  
A man of suff'rings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the Man! So weak He seems,  
His awful word inspires no fear ;

But soon must he, who now blasphemeth,  
Before his judgment-seat appear.

- 4 Behold the Man! Though scorn'd below,  
He bears the greatest name above;  
mf The angels at his footstool bow,  
And all his royal claims approve!

MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

142.

S. M.

Olney. Watchman.

*Gospel Invitations.*

- mp 1 THE Spirit's voice doth break  
In softness,—“Sinner, come;”  
The Bride, the Church of Christ, doth speak  
To all his children,—“come!”

- 2 Let him, that heareth, say  
To all about him,—“come!”  
Ye souls athirst, come, while you may,—  
To Christ, the fountain, come!

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O, let him freely come;  
Come now to Zion's holy hill,  
For JESUS bids thee come!

- mf 4 Lo! JESUS, thron'd in power,  
Declares, “I quickly come!”  
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour:  
JESUS, my Savior,—come! EPISC. COLL.

143.

(i. 98.)

S. M.

Boylston. Utica.

*Christ our Savior.*

- 1 HOW heavy is the night,  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ with his reviving light  
On our dark souls arise?

- 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heaven;  
But, in his righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiven.

- 3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways;  
His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.

- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree  
 To hold our souls in vain ;  
 mf He sets the sons of bondage free,  
 And breaks the sinful chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways  
 To bring us near to God,  
 mf 'Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,  
 And thine atoning blood! WATTS.

144.

7s.

Nuremburg. Washington Str.

*A Savior in Trouble.* Luke 8.

- 1 FLOATING on the inland sea,  
 Jesus found unbroken sleep,  
 Though the waves were raging free  
 On the face of storm-lash'd deep.
- 2 Now a voice breaks on his ear,—  
 "Master! save us, or we die!  
 Save us, or we perish here!  
 Lord, awake! to Thee we cry!"
- mf 3 Jesus said, "Cease, storm, to blow!  
 > Waves! be calm, as infant's sleep!"  
 mp Straight his word the tempests know ;—  
 > Ruffled lake finds calmness deep!
- 4 Tempted souls, whom dangers fright,  
 Trembling, tost on mountain waves,  
 mf Call on JESUS with your might ;  
 Trust in Him, for JESUS saves! ALLEN.

145.

L. M.

Enon. Italy.

*Behold the Lamb.*

- 1 DOES conscience all thy sins, so great,  
 Array before thy weeping eyes?  
 And dost thou sink beneath their weight?  
 mf "Behold the Lamb of sacrifice!"
- 2 Hear'st thou the thunders of the law?  
 Do lightnings gleam along the skies?  
 "A hiding place" the prophet saw ;  
 mf "Behold the Lamb of sacrifice!"
- mp 3 With awful judgment-pomp in view  
 Dread'st thou the day, when dead men rise?

The Judge is thy Redeemer too ;  
mf "Behold the Lamb of sacrifice!"

4 O, think of that bright day and good,  
When voice of men and angels cries,

f Like rush of mighty water-flood,—  
"Behold the Lamb of sacrifice!" ALLEN.

146.

L. M.

Hebron. Haydn.

*Christ standing at the Door.*

1 JESUS is standing at the door,  
He knocks for entrance to the heart ;  
On you rich blessings He would pour,  
Salvation's joys He would impart.

mp 2 And shall the Savior knock in vain,  
And will ye shut him from your soul?  
Shall beggars thus a Prince disdain,  
Who comes each sorrow to control?

af 3 JESUS! our hearts we open wide ;  
We would thy blessed presence know ;  
O, enter in, and here abide,  
While everlasting ages flow! ALLEN.

147.

7s.

Nuremburg. Broad Street.

*Christ giving Sight to the Blind.*

af 1 "I WAS blind, but now I see!"  
Lord, how great thy love to me!  
Thou didst speak the word, and lo,  
Light outshines, and joys o'erflow!

2 Darkness now hath pass'd away,  
Nature shines in beams of day ;  
Ev'ry object doth express  
Goodness, grace, and loveliness.

3 Path to paradise on high,  
Where the dwellers never sigh,  
Way to heav'nly glory bright,  
Thou hast open'd to my sight!

4 Ever as a child of day  
May I walk the upward way,  
Till Thou bring me, in thy love,  
To eternal light above! ALLEN.

148. L. M. Uxbridge. Timsbury.

*Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 ONCE on the raging seas I rode ;  
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blowed  
The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 2 The gloomiest horror then was mine ;  
Ah, how could I death's current stem?  
But suddenly a star did shine,  
mf It was the star of Bethlehem!
- 3 It was my guide, my saving light ;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
And through the storm and dreadful night  
It led me to the port of peace.
- 4 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
mf I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever and forevermore,  
The star, the star of Bethlehem!      WHITE.

149. (ii. 88.) C. M. Kendall. Bowdoin Square.

*Salvation.*

- mf 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- mp 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;  
— But, lighten'd by the grace within,  
We see a heavn'ly day.
- f 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
< Conspire to raise the sound!      WATTS.

150. (ii. 4.) L. M. Clyde. Timsbury.

*Salvation by Christ.*

- Aff 1 HERE at thy cross, my Savior-God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love!  
O, wash me, JESUS, in thy blood,  
And fit me for a throne above!

- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie,  
Resolv'd, 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 vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- mf 4 I'm safe ; and naught my soul shall harm ;  
Thy blood shall cleanse my guilt away ;  
Thy voice each rising fear shall calm,  
< And guide me up to realms of day!      WATTS.

151.

H. M.

Newbury. Haddam.

*Ancient Types of Christ.*

- 1 ISRAEL, in ancient day,  
Not only had a view  
Of Sinai in a blaze,  
But learn'd the gospel too:  
In types and figures they might trace  
The features of the Savior's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,  
And blood-besprinkled door,  
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
And once applied with power,  
Would teach the need of other blood  
To reconcile an angry God.
- Aff 3 JESUS! I love to trace,  
Throughout the sacred page,  
The footsteps of thy grace  
The same in ev'ry age:  
O, grant, that I may faithful be  
To clearer light, vouchsaf'd to me!      COWPER.

152.

7s.

Kimball. Blue Town.

*Redeeming Love.*

- mp 1 MOURNING souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears:  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 2 Welcome all, by sin oppress'd,  
Welcome to the Savior's rest!

Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love!

mf 3 He subdued th' infernal powers,  
His tremendous foes and ours;  
From their long-held empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love!

4 Praise, then, JESUS, conqu'ring King!  
Strike aloud each tuneful string!  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love!

LANGFORD'S COLL.

153.

8 & 7.

Worthing. Sicilian Hymn.

*Miracle of Love.*

Aff 1 HAIL! my JESUS ever blessed!  
Only Thee I wish to sing;  
Unto Thee my song's addressed,  
Thee, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

2 O! what mercy flows from heaven?  
CHRIST, from Thee, enthron'd above?  
Love I much? I've much forgiven;  
I'm a miracle of love!

f 3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!  
mp Praise the Lamb, who died for me!  
While, astonish'd, I admire  
God's rich love and mercy free!

aff 4 O, what wondrous grace from heaven,  
From the Savior, thron'd above?  
Love I much? I've much forgiven;  
I'm a miracle of love!

WINGROVE.

154.

C. M. Kendall. Bowdoin Square.

*Thirsting for Christ.*

Aff 1 O, FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart, that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone!

- 3 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine ;  
Sincere, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 4 My heart, Thou know'st, can never rest,  
Till Thou create my peace,  
Till of my Eden, repossess'd,  
From ev'ry sin I cease.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above,  
And write thy name upon my heart,—  
Thy new, best name of love! WESLEY'S COLL.

155.

L. M. Belville, Martin's Lane.

*Trust in Christ.*

- Aff 1 O LAMB! O Lamb! could I behold  
And keep my eye still fix'd on Thee,  
The Tempter's snares, though manifold,  
Could never fright or trouble me ;  
For through thy all-atoning blood  
I still should find a way to God.
- 2 For from thy death springs forth a light,  
Which clearly shows our sins forgiven,  
Dispels the clouds of nature's night,  
Assures us, that we're heirs of heav'n:  
No more can darkness fill that heart,  
Which doth not from the Savior part.
- 3 Astonish'd at thy feet I fall ;  
Thy love exceeds my highest thought:  
Henceforth be Thou my all in all,  
Thou! who with blood my soul hast bought ;  
O may I hence more faithful prove,  
And ne'er forget thy dying love!

MORAVIAN COLL.

156.

8. 7. &amp; 4. Brest. Calvary.

*Trust in Christ.*

- 1 O, MY soul, what means this sadness!  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness ;  
Bid thy restless fears be gone:  
Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in Him alone.

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 able  
 To subdue the pow'r of sin.

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 :

mf           Therefore praise Him,—  
 Widely spread his fame abroad!   FAWCETT.

157.   (ii. 59.)           C. M.   Nichols.   Nottingham,  
                             *Paradise on Earth.*

1 WHEN Christ, with all his graces crown'd,  
 Sheds his kind beams abroad,  
 'T is a new heav'n on earthly ground,  
 mf   The paradise of God !

2 A blooming Eden, full of joy,  
 In this wild desert springs ;  
 And every sense I straight employ  
 On sweet, celestial things.

— 3 The fragrant plants around appear,  
 And each his glory shows ;  
 The rose of Sharon blossoms here,  
 The fairest flow'r, that blows.

4 Yet to the garden in the skies  
 My feet would rather go ;  
 mf   For there unwith'ring flow'rs arise,  
 And joys perpetual grow!           WATTS.

158.                   7 & 6.           Missionary Hymn.

*Christ's Love to Man.*

1 WISE men have measur'd mountains,  
 And fathom'd depths of seas,  
 Have trac'd the hidden fountains,  
 And search'd deep mysteries ;  
 But they have fail'd to measure  
 What most might blessings prove,

mp And fail'd to find the treasure  
Of Christ's most wondrous love.

— 2 But sure no rock-crown'd mountain  
^ So lofty lifts its head,  
— And from no welling fountain  
Such joys are widely spread:—  
The love of Christ, transcending  
mf Yon heav'ns' exalted height,  
Is flowing love,—ne'er ending,—  
In God's own glorious light!

ALLEN.

159.

8s.

Wilworth. Wanworth.

*Love to Christ.*

aff 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;  
And join with the armies above  
To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine  
Shall be my eternal employ;—  
To feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeem'd with his blood  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his blest presence to dwell;

4 To shine with the angels of light,  
With saints and with seraphs to sing;  
To view with eternal delight  
My Jesus, my Savior, my King!

mf 5 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey;  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
And pass in a moment away:

6 The crown, that my Savior bestows,  
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
My joy everlastingly flows,—  
mp My God, my Redeemer is mine!

FRANCIS.

160. (i. 108.) S. M. Olney. Watchman.

*Christ Beloved.*

- 1 **THOUGH** with our mortal eyes  
 We've not beheld the Lord,  
 aff His name imparts the sweetest joys ;  
 We love Him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
 Of our Redeemer's face ;  
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
 To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And, when we taste thy love,  
 mf Our joys divinely grow  
 Unspeakable, like those above,  
 And heav'n begins below! **WATTS.**

161. 7s. Edyfield. Pilgrim.

*Love to Christ.*

- aff 1 **JESUS!** all-atoning Lamb,  
 Thine, and only thine I am ;  
 'Take my body, spirit, soul ;  
 Only Thou possess the whole !
- 2 Whom have I on earth below ?  
 Thee and only Thee I know ;  
 Whom have I in heav'n, but Thee ?  
 Thou art all in all to me !
- 3 All my treasure is above ;  
 All my riches is thy love ;  
 Who the worth of love can tell ?  
 Boundless, and unsearchable !
- 4 Thou, O Love, my portion art :  
 Lord, Thou know'st my guileless heart :  
 Other comforts I despise :  
 Love be all my paradise.
- 5 Nothing else can I require :  
 Love fills up my whole desire ;  
 All thy other gifts remove,  
 Still Thou giv'st me all in love !

**WESLEY'S COLL.**

162.

L. M. Hingham. Miss. Chant.

*My Redeemer liveth.*

Aff 1 "I KNOW, that my Redeemer lives ;"  
 What joys and hopes this sentence gives?  
 The Savior lives, who once was dead,  
 Exalted now my glorious Head!

2 He lives,—to silence all my fears,  
 To wipe away my bitter tears,  
 To plead for me with God above,  
 To bless me with his saving love.

3 He lives,—my kind and heav'nly Friend,  
 And He will love me to the end ;  
 mf His praises I will joyful sing,—  
 My Teacher, and my Priest, and King!

4 He lives,—all glory to his name!  
 JESUS, Redeemer, still the same:  
 mp O, the sweet joy, this sentence gives,—  
 "I know, that my Redeemer lives!" MEDLEY.

163.

7s. Nuremburg. Pilgrim,

*Love to Christ.*

Aff 1 HOLY Lamb! who Thee receive,  
 Who in Thee begin to live,  
 Day and night they cry to Thee,—  
 As Thou art, so let us be!

2 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind!  
 To thy cross my Spirit bind:  
 Earthly passions far remove ;  
 Swallow up my soul in love.

3 JESUS! when thy light we see,  
 All our soul's athirst for Thee:  
 When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,  
 All our heart dissolves in love.

4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,  
 Love unspeakable are thine!  
 Praise by all to Thee be given,—  
 All on earth, and all in heaven!

WESLEY'S COLL.

164.

7s.

Edyfield. German Hymn.

*Love to Christ.*

[From the Latin of Xavier.]

**Aff 1** JESUS, Savior, Thee I love,  
Not for hope of joys above,  
Not for dread of pain below,  
But for what of Thee I know.

**2** On the cross outstretch'd, I see  
What Thou didst endure for me :  
O, what anguish Thou didst bear,  
Pierced by the nails and spear?

**3** Should I not Thee, JESUS, love,—  
Not for hope of joys above,—  
Not for dread of pain below,—  
But because thy blood did flow?

**4** JESUS, Savior, I love Thee,  
Just as Thou didst love e'en me ;  
**mf** Thou art, Lord, my Savior-King,  
And thy praise I'll ever sing! ALLEN.

165.

(ii. 5.)

L. M.

Truro. Timsbury.

*Praise to Christ.*

**Aff 1** LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll  
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,  
And read my Maker's broken laws  
Repair'd and honor'd by the cross:—

**2** When I behold sin, hell, and death  
All vanquish'd by thy dying breath,  
And see the man, that groan'd and died,  
Sit glorious by his Father's side ;

**mf 3** My passions rise and soar above ;  
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love :  
Fain would I reach eternal things,  
And learn the notes, that Gabriel sings!

WATTS.

166.

(ii. 15.)

L. M.

Clyde. Rothwell.

*Delight in Christ.*

**1** FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;  
Let my religious hours alone :  
Fain would my eyes my Savior see ;

**aff** I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee!

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
 And kindles with a pure desire:  
 Come, blessed JESUS, from above,  
 And cheer my soul with heav'nly love.

mf 3 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!  
 In Thee thy Father's glories shine:  
 And they, who dwell in thy blest sight,  
 Do dwell in heav'n's eternal light! WATTS.

167.

L. M. Hebron. German Hymn.

*Union to Christ.*

Aff 1 LORD, take my heart, and let it be  
 Forever clos'd to all but Thee!  
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
 That pledge of love forever there.

2 How blest are they, who still abide  
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side?  
 Who life and strength from thence derive,—  
 By Thee who move, in Thee who live!

3 How can it be, Thou heav'nly King,  
 That Thou shouldst us to glory bring!  
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
 Deck'd with a never fading crown!

MORAVIAN COLL.

168.

L. M.

Hebron. Nazareth.

*Prayer to Christ.*

Aff 1 WHEN rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
 When sinks my heart in waves of wo,  
 JESUS! thy timely aid impart,  
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

2 Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;  
 O, burst these bonds, and set it free!  
 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
 Nail my affections to thy cross!

3 Savior, where'er thy steps I see,  
 Undaunted will I follow Thee!  
 O, let thy hand support me still,  
 And lead me to thy holy hill!

4 If rough and thorny be the way,  
 My strength proportion to my day;

The toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace!

WESLEY'S COLL.

169.

7s.

Turin. Redeeming Love.

*Prayer to Christ.*

Aff I SAVIOR! when in dust to Thee

Low we bow th' adoring knee ;  
O, by all the pains and wo,  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear us, as to Thee we cry !

2 By thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,—  
By the dread, permitted hour  
Of th' insulting tempter's power,—  
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,  
Hear us, as to Thee we cry !

3 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and tort'ring scorn ;  
By the gloom, that veil'd the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—  
From thy seat above the sky  
Listen to our humble cry !

4 By the deep, expiring groan,  
By the sad, sepulchral stone,  
— O! from earth to heav'n restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
From thy throne in yon blue sky,  
Listen, listen to our cry !

GRANT.

170.

7 & 6.

Richmond. Amsterdam.

*Prayer to Christ.*

aff 1 JESUS! Thou dost reign above,  
And Thou shalt reign below ;  
Naught thy kingdom firm shall move,  
Thy purpose overthrow:  
All the earth thy light shall see,  
All the earth shall praise thy power ;  
Lord, thy glorious majesty  
Let heav'n and earth adore !

- 2 JESUS, Savior! make us thine,  
 And stamp thine image here ;  
 Grant us, Lord, thy grace divine,—  
 With thy sweet mercy cheer.  
 Thou hast ransom'd us from hell,  
 Thou hast sav'd us by thy blood ;  
 O, that we in heav'n may dwell,  
 To praise Thee with the good! ALLEN.

171.

8 &amp; 7. Worthing. Greenville.

*Prayer to Christ.*

- aff 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down,  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy grace receive ;  
 Suddenly return,—and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave.
- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation,  
 Pure and spotless let us be ;  
 Let us see thy great salvation  
 Perfectly restor'd in Thee:
- 4 Chang'd from glory into glory,  
 Till in heav'n we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

WESLEY'S COLL.

172.

8s &amp; 7s.

Sicily. Greenville.

*Prayer to Christ for Mercy.*

- aff 1 JESUS! save me, or I perish!  
 Guilt weighs heavy on my heart:  
 Fled the hopes, I once did cherish,  
 All delusions now depart.
- 2 Shall I trust in tales of error?  
 Shall I deem the danger slight?  
 Ah, what scenes of fear and terror  
 When eternal truth shines bright?
- 3 I am lost, but Thou canst save me ;  
 Save me, Lord, for thine own sake!

In atoning blood now lave me ;  
Of thy love let me partake !

- 4 Fled the hopes, I once did cherish,  
All delusions now depart ;  
JESUS! save me, or I perish!  
JESUS! cheer my broken heart!      ALLEN.

173.

C. M.      Litchfield. Stephens,

*Prayer to Christ for Mercy.*

- Aff 1 JESUS, Redeemer, Savior, Lord,  
The weary sinner's Friend!  
Be Thou my help ; pronounce the word,  
And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Deliv'rance, peace, and joy proclaim,  
And life and liberty ;  
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,  
A Savior prove to me !
- 3 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,  
Thou wilt victorious prove ;  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love !
- mf 4 Speak, Lord! the deaf shall hear thy voice,  
The blind his sight receive,  
< The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,  
> The heart of stone believe!      WESLEY'S COLL.

174.

8, 7 &amp; 4.

Zion. Greenville.

*Prayer for Christ's Guidance.*

- Aff 1 GENTLY, Lord, O! gently guide us,  
As in tearful vale we move,  
And, whate'er in life betide us,  
Give us mercy from above:  
O! refresh us,  
O, refresh us with thy love !
- 2 Though ten thousand ills surround us,—  
Cares, and fears, and bitter throes,—  
Though afflictive arrows wound us,  
Though assail'd by num'rous foes ;—  
JESUS! Savior!  
O, redeem us from our woes !

- mp 3 Bring us, Lord, to peaceful dwelling  
 In thy presence in the sky ;  
 — There shall we be ever telling  
 Of thy grace,—for Thou didst die ;  
 mf Yes, Redeemer!  
 For us, sinners, THOU didst die! ALLEN.

175.

L. M.

Nashville. Mayhew.

*Prayer to Christ.*

- Aff 1 O LOVE, how cheering is thy ray?  
 All pain before thy presence flies ;  
 Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,  
 Where'er thy healing beams arise:  
 ( JESUS, nothing may I see,—  
 Nothing desire or seek,—but Thee!  
 2 More hard than marble is my heart,  
 And foul with sins of deepest stain:  
 But Thou the mighty Savior art,  
 Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain:  
 Ah, soften, melt this rock,—and may  
 Thy blood wash all these stains away!  
 3 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,  
 In weakness be thy love my power!  
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,  
 JESUS!—in that important hour,—  
 mf In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
 And save me, who for me hast died!

WESLEY'S COLL.

176.

L. M.

Belville. Newcourt.

*Wrestling Jacob. Gen. 32.*

- aff 1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,  
 Whom still I hold but cannot see!  
 My company before is gone,  
 And I am left alone with Thee:  
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
 And wrestle, till the break of day.  
 2 I need not tell Thee who I am ;  
 My woful case and sin declare ;  
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name,—  
 Look on thy hands, and read it there!  
 But who,—I ask Thee,—who art Thou ?  
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now!

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
 I never will unloose my hold ;  
 Art Thou the man, that died for me?  
 The secret of thy love unfold:—  
 Wrestling I will not let Thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
 And murmur to contend so long?  
 I rise superior to my pain:—  
 < When I am weak, then am I strong!  
 mf And when my all of strength shall fail,  
 O Stranger, I shall then prevail! C. WESLEY.

177.

L. M. Belville. St. Helen.

*Wrestling Jacob.* Gen. 32.

aff 1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak,  
 But confident in self-despair ;  
 Speak to my heart,—in blessings speak ;  
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:  
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move!  
 And tell me,—if thy name be Love!

2 'T is Love!—'t is Love!—Thou diedst for me ;  
 pp I hear thy whisper in my heart ;  
 mf The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
 Pure, universal Love Thou art ;  
 To me, to all, thy mercies move,  
 Thy Nature and thy name is Love!

— 3 I know Thee, Savior, who Thou art,  
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;  
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
 But stay and love me to the end:  
 mf Thy mercies never shall remove,  
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

— 4 Lame, as I am, I take the prey ;  
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome ;  
 mf I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;  
 Through never ending years to prove,  
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love!

C. WESLEY.

178.

C. M.

Latrobe. York.

*Think upon Me.* Neh. 5.

aff 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When, groaning, on my burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
In love remember me.

3 If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Reproach and shame shall be,  
mf I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,  
mp If Thou remember me.

— 4 The hour is near ; consign'd to death,  
I own thy just decree ;  
Blest Savior, with my parting breath  
mp I'll cry,—remember me!      HAWEIS.

179.

C. M.

Nichols. Nottingham.

*Praise to Christ.*

mf 1 SING, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,  
Your great Deliv'rer sing ;  
Ye pilgrims, tending Zion-ward,  
Be joyful in your King !

— 2 His hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road,  
Till ye the heav'nly prize have won,  
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on ev'ry head,  
While pain, and scenes of sad annoy,  
Like shadows, all are fled.

mf 4 March on, for your Redeemer's nigh ;  
Pursue his footsteps still ;  
With joyful hope still fix your eye  
On Zion's heav'nly hill!      DODDRIDGE.

180.

8 &amp; 7. Worthing. Sicilian Hymn.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- aff 1 HAIL, Thou once despised JESUS!  
 Thou didst free salvation bring ;  
 By thy death Thou didst release us  
 From the tyrant's deadly sting.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid ;  
 Great High Priest, by God anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 Humble sinners are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of thy blood :  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made for man with God.
- mf 4 JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,  
 There forever to abide :  
 All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side!      RIPPON'S COLL.

181.

S. M. St. Thomas, Silver Street.

*Praise to Christ.*

- aff 1 AWAKE, and sing a song  
 Of praise to Him, who died ;  
 Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue  
 To pour your joy's full tide.
- mp 2 Sing of his dying love ;  
 ^ Sing of his rising power ;  
 — Sing, how He intercedes above  
 For those, whose sins He bore.
- mf 3 Sing on your heav'nward way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day  
 In Christ, th' eternal King!
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
 mp "Ye blessed children, come ;"  
 Soon will He call us hence away,  
 And take his wand'ers home.
- mf 5 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue  
 Pour melody's full tide,

mp And sweeter voices tune the song  
In heav'n to Him, who died! HAMMOND.

182.

7s.

Pleyel's H. Hamburg.

*Preaching Christ.*

- 1 WOULD you win a soul from hell?  
mp Then of JESUS, Savior, tell!  
Of the wonders of his love,  
Coming down from heav'n above:
- 2 How the crimson blood did flow,  
Down his cross to earth below,  
From his hands, and feet, and side,  
As in mighty grief He died!
- mf 3 Tell, how JESUS left the grave,  
And has now all pow'r to save,—  
Bidding ev'ry soul return,  
Lest he soon in torment burn!
- 4 Tell, how JESUS pardons sin,  
Purifying all within;  
How He gives the weary rest,  
How He makes his servants blest! ALLEN.

183.

(ii. 91.)

C. M.

Kendall. Bowdoin Square.

*The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

- aff 1 OF pure delights what flowing streams,  
What glories fill the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his outshining grace?
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love  
Sit smiling on his brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Lord, while our faith enjoys this sight,  
We long to leave our clay;  
We too would dwell in heav'nly light,  
And there our homage pay! WATTS.

184.

7s.

Hotham. Falmouth.

*Praise of the Lamb. Rev. 7.*

- 1 LO, before the throne there stood,  
From the earth by goodness won,

- Rob'd in white, a multitude,  
 Countless, shouting as but one,—  
 f “Praise and glory to our God,  
 Sitting on his heav'nly throne ;  
 Glory to the Lamb, whose blood  
 For our sins doth well atone !”
- 2 Angels too, while they adore,  
 Rapt in wonder, prostrate, said,—  
 mf “Wisdom, majesty, and power,  
 Honor, glory, thanks be paid  
 mp To the Lamb, that once was slain,  
 Unto whom we lowly bend,  
 f And to God in loudest strain,—  
 < Ceaseless,—ages without end!      ALLEN.

185. (i. 1.) C. M. St. John's. Nottingham.  
*A New Song to the Lamb.* Rev. 5.

- aff 1 THE glories of the Lamb survey,  
 Amidst his Father's throne:  
 New honors to his name now pay,  
 And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
 The church adore around,  
 mp With vials full of odors sweet,  
 And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,  
 And these the hymns, they raise:  
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
 He loves to hear our praise.
- f 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
 We praises loud proclaim ;—  
 Salvation, glory, joy remain  
 Forever to thy name !
- mp 5 Thou has redeem'd our souls with blood,  
 Hast set the pris'ners free,  
 Hast made us kings and priests to God ;  
 mf And we shall reign with Thee!      WATTS.

186.

6 &amp; 4.

Dort. Italian Hymn.

*Christ's Triumph.*

- mf 1 LET us awake our joys,  
Strike up with cheerful voice,  
Each creature sing:  
Angels, begin the song;  
Mortals, the strain prolong  
In accents sweet and strong,  
"JESUS is King!"
- 2 He vanquish'd sin and hell,  
And our last foe will quell;  
Mourners, rejoice!  
His dying love adore,—
- mf Praise Him, now rais'd in power,  
Praise Him forevermore,  
With joyful voice!
- 3 All hail the glorious day,  
When through the heav'nly way  
Lo, He shall come!
- mp While they, who pierc'd Him, wail,  
— His promise shall not fail;  
Saints, see your King prevail:—
- mf Great SAVIOR, come!

KINGSBURY.

187.

(i. 62.)

C. M.

Westford. Melody.

*The Lamb worshipped. Rev. 5.*

- mf 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;—
- aff "Worthy the Lamb!"—our lips reply,  
For He was slain for us!"
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and pow'r divine,  
And blessings more, than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine!
- mf 4 Let all beneath and in the sky  
Their songs in concert raise,

Exalt thy wondrous glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise!

- 5 The whole creation join in one  
To bless in joyful strain  
The Father, sitting on the throne,  
And Christ, the Lamb once slain!      WATTS.

188.

7s.

Edyfield. Pilgrim.

*Praise of Christ in Heaven.*

- mp 1 O, HOW sweet in heav'n to sing  
Wondrous love of Christ, our King;  
There extolling His blest name,  
Who once bore the sinner's shame?
- 2 'Tis a song, that ne'er shall close,  
While time's current endless flows;  
'Tis a song of pure delight,  
Sung by saints, array'd in light!
- aff 3 JESUS! shall I join that song?  
Shall my voice thy praise prolong?  
Bring me to thy heav'nly throne,  
All thy love to me make known?
- 4 I would join the heav'nly throng,  
I would raise my endless song,—  
mf "Glory, honor, praise to Thee,  
Who didst die in shame for me!"      ALLEN.

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OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

189.

L. M.

Belville. Newcourt.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- aff 1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,  
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,  
Descend and with a flame most bright  
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;  
O, make our hearts thy chosen home!  
Come, condescending Spirit, come!
- 2 In our cold breasts O strike a spark  
Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel,  
Nor let us wander in the dark,

Nor lie benumm'd and stupid still ;  
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,  
And make our hearts thy constant home.

- 3 Let pure devotion's fervor rise ;  
Let every pious passion glow :  
mf O, let the raptures of the skies  
Be kindled in our hearts below !  
mp Come, condescending Spirit, come,  
And make our souls thy constant home !

DAVIES.

190. (ii. 34.) C. M. Litchfield. Arlington.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

- Aff 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers !  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- mp 2 Alas ! we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys !  
Our souls no warm aspirings know  
For high, 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.
- mp 4 Shall we, O Lord, forever be  
In this poor, lifeless state ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And thine to us so great ?
- mf 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers !  
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
And that shall kindle ours !

WATTS.

191. L. M. Clyde. Trenton.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- aff 1 COME, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire !  
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire ;  
Now to my soul thyself reveal,  
Thy mighty working let me feel.

- 2 O make me teachable and mild,  
And may I, as a little child,  
My lowly Master's steps pursue:  
In love create Thou all things new.
- 3 Let earth no more my heart divide,  
With Christ may I be crucified;—  
Dead to the world, and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys.
- 4 Besprinkled with atoning blood,  
May I indeed be born of God:  
Thy witness with my spirit bear,  
mf That God, my God, inhabits there!

WESLEY'S COLL.

192.

L. M.

Hebron. Alfreton.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- af 1 O SPIRIT of the Living God!  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race!
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give pow'r and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,  
Confusion order in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- mf 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
'The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till ev'ry kindred call Him Lord!

MONTGOMERY.

193.

C. M.

Dedham, Arundel.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- af 1 SPIRIT of Truth, to Thee we pray,  
To Thee for help we cry,  
To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality.

- 2 No heav'nly harpings soothe our ear,  
 No mystic dreams we share ;  
 Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
 And bless Thee in our prayer.
- 3 When tongues shall cease, and pow'r decay,  
 And knowledge empty prove,  
 Do Thou thy trembling servants stay  
 With faith, with hope, with love!      HEBER.

194.

L. M.      Brewer.      St. Paul's.

*Prayer for the Spirit's Guidance.*

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With peace and comfort from above ;  
 Display to us thy glorious light,  
 And fill our souls with pure delight.
- 2 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 footsteps stray.
- 3 Lead us to God,—our final rest,  
 To be with Him forever blest:  
 Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,—  
 mf Fulness of joy forever there!      BROWN.

195.

S. M.      Haverhill.      Olmutz.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- Aff 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
 With beams of heav'nly light ;  
 Come, make our hearts thy blessed home,  
 And give us pure delight.
- 2 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 mf To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
 And new create the whole!
- mp 3 Our guilty spirits heal  
 By pow'r of JESUS' blood,  
 mf And to our wond'ring view reveal  
 The secret love of God.
- 4 Our wand'ring thoughts reclaim,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,

mf And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never dying love! HART.

196. 7s. Edyfield. Broadstreet,

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- 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 pow'r 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 sadden'd heart of mine ;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine ;  
mf Cast down ev'ry idol throne,  
Reign supreme,—and reign alone! REED.

197. H. M. Murray. St. Phillip's.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- Aff 1 O THOU, that hearest prayer,  
Now hear 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 children's wants supply ;  
Much more wilt Thou thy love display,  
And answer, when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heav'nly Father Thou!  
We, children of thy grace!  
O, let thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place ;

So shall we feel the heav'nly flame,  
And all unite to praise thy name.

PRATT'S COLL.

198. (ii. 133.) L. M. St. Peter's. Ellenthorpe.

*Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we adore,  
And praise the wonders of thy power ;  
It brings the heav'nly blessings down  
From God, the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy glorious pow'r doth work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin,  
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.

mp 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,  
mf Thy cheering words awake our joys ;  
< Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
> And calm the surges of the mind. WATTS.

199. (i. 95.) C. M. Manchester. Newton,

*Regeneration by the Spirit.*

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites, that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth  
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sov'reign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace,  
Born in the image of his Son  
A new, peculiar race !
- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,  
Blows on the sons of flesh,  
New-models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- mf 4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise  
From the long sleep of death ;  
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath! WATTS.

200. (ii. 130.) C. M. Newton. Christmas.

*The new Creation.*

- 1 ATTEND while God's exalted Son  
Doth his own glory shew!  
Behold, He sits upon his throne,  
Creating all things new.
- aff 2 Mighty Redeemer, set me free  
From my old state of sin;  
O, make my soul alive to Thee,  
Create new pow'rs within.
- 3 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,  
And mould my heart afresh;  
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 4 Far from the regions of the dead,  
From sin, and earth, and hell,  
In the new world, by grace outspread,  
I would forever dwell. WATTS.

201. C. M. Christmas. Peterborough.

*Regeneration by the Spirit.*

- 1 CAN aught beneath a pow'r divine  
The stubborn will subdue?—
- aff 'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 2 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise;  
'To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darken'd eyes;
- 3 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live:—  
A beam of heav'n, 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,  
mf Almighty Lord, be thine! STEELE.

202.

C. M.

Ipswich. Nazareth.

*Regeneration by the Spirit.*

- Aff 1 O LORD, on darkness shed thy light,  
And send thy renovating might ;  
Create anew each guilty heart,  
And thine own image now impart.
- 2 Nor will nor pow'r of man can change  
The love to sin, so fix'd and strange:  
No voice but thine can wake the dead,  
And lift them from corruption's bed!
- 3 O, Thou, who art enthron'd above,  
Now send thy Spirit down in love,  
And let thy keen and pow'ful word  
Pierce like the edge of glitt'ring sword.
- 4 Inspire the soul with love divine ;  
Lord, make the will submit to thine,  
mf And let the warm affections rise  
To things eternal in the skies! ALLEN.

203.

S. M.

Haverhill. Olmutz.

*Prayer for the Holy Spirit.*

- Aff 1 O, HOLY Spirit! come,  
With energy divine!  
On nature's deep and cheerless gloom  
In truth's bright splendor shine!
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, now,  
Sent from Messiah's throne!  
Let penitential thoughts outflow  
From smitten hearts of stone!
- 3 O, Holy Spirit, come  
mp And speak with mercy's voice!  
mf O, come, and make each heart thy home ;  
< Let ev'ry soul rejoice! ALLEN.

204.

C. M.

Kendall. China.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold  
A world, by sin destroyed:  
Creating Spirit, as of old,  
Move on the formless void!

- 2 If sang the morning stars for joy,  
When nature rose to view ;  
What strains will angel-harps employ,  
When Thou shalt all renew ?
- 3 And, if the sons of God rejoice,  
A Savior's name to hear ;  
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,  
If Christ to them appear ?
- 4 Lo, ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,  
Assembling round the throne,  
The new creation shall ascribe  
To sov'reign love alone !      PRATT'S COLL.

205.

C. M.

Kendall. China.

*The Spirit sent.*

- 1 LET songs of praise now fill the sky !—  
Christ, our ascended Lord,  
Sends down the Spirit from on high,  
Fulfilling thus his word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heav'nly breath,  
New life creates within :  
He raises sinners from the death,  
The woful death of sin.
- 3 The things of God the Spirit takes,  
And unto men doth shew ;  
The humble soul his temple makes,  
God's image stamps anew.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above  
With thy celestial fire ;  
O come, with flames of zeal and love  
Our hearts and tongues inspire !      COTTERILL.

206.

8, 6 &amp; 4.

Greenwood.

*The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.*

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,  
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame  
To teach, convince, subdue ;

All pow'rful 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 breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

5 And ev'ry virtue, we possess,  
And ev'ry vict'ry won,  
And ev'ry thought of holiness  
Are his alone.

aff 6 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness pitying see ;  
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee! SPIRIT OF PSALMS.

207.

L. M. Belville. St. Helen's.

*Prayer for the Comforter.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!  
Attest, that I am born again ;  
Come, and baptize me now with fire,  
Nor let thy former gifts be vain ;  
I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;  
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

2 Where is the clear, undoubted seal,  
That ascertains the kingdom mine?  
The pow'rful stamp, I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine!  
O, shed it in my heart abroad,—

mf Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God! WESL.

208.

(i. 144.) C. M. Kendall. China,

*The witnessing Spirit.*

aff I 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 the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood,  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home!      WATTS.

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OF SINNERS.

209. (i. 57.)      C. M.      Canton. Bangor.

*Original Sin.*

- 1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look  
On our original;  
How is our nature dash'd and broke  
In our first father's fall?
- mp 2 To all, that's good, averse and blind,  
And prone to all, that's ill,  
What dreadful darkness veils our mind?  
How obstinate our will?
- 3 How strong in our degenerate blood  
The old corruption reigns,  
And, mingling with the crooked flood,  
Wanders through all our veins!
- aff 4 Yet, mighty God, in wondrous love  
On us thy Spirit breathe,  
And let thy grace prevail above  
The tempter, sin, and death!      WATTS.

210. (ii. 159.)      C. M.      Patmos. Dundee.

*Unconverted State.*

- 1 GREAT King of glory and of grace!  
We own with humble shame,

How vile is our degen'rate race,  
And our first father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,  
The poison reigns within ;  
Makes us averse to all, that's good,  
And willing slaves to sin.

3 We live estrang'd afar from God,  
And love the distance well ;  
With haste we run the dang'rous road,  
That leads to death and hell.

4 And can such rebels be restored,  
Such natures made divine ?  
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,  
And feel this pow'r of thine.

Aff 5 We raise our Father's name on high,  
Who his own Spirit sends,  
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,  
And turn his foes to friends.

WATTS.

211. (ii. 153.) C. M. Canton. Bangor.

*Disease and Madness of Sin.*

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood ;  
The only balm is sov'reign grace,  
And the physician God,

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
And we draw near to death ;  
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead  
With his almighty breath,

3 Madness by nature reigns within,  
The passions burn and rage,  
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,  
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise :  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds, they know,  
We drink the pois'nous gall,

And rush with fury down to wo,—  
But Heav'n prevents the fall.

- 6 The man, possess'd among the tombs,  
Cuts his own flesh and cries:  
He foams and raves, till JESUS comes,  
And the foul spirit flies!                      WATTS.

212.

C. M.      St. John's. Peterborough.

*Necessity of a new Heart.*

- 1 IF, Sinners! ye in heav'n would dwell,  
And lasting good attain ;  
Then on Christ's teaching ponder well,—  
"Ye must be born again!"
- 2 Ye worldlings! toiling day and night  
The treasur'd gold to gain,  
Should not this word your treasures blight,—  
"Ye must be born again?"
- 3 Ye idol-worshippers of earth,—  
Of forms, though lovely, vain ;—  
Ye need indeed a heav'nly birth,—  
"Ye must be born again!"
- Aff 4 O Thou, whose Spirit doth renew  
And glorious vict'ry gain,  
In thine own image make them new ;  
"Let them be born again!"                      ALLEN.

213.

(ii. 158.)

L. M.

Cabot.

Windham.

*Few saved; Almost a Christian.*

- 1 BROAD is the road, that leads to wrath,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross"  
Is the Redeemer's great command ;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The soul, that sinks down weak and faint,  
And leaves the righteous path, once trod,  
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,  
And ne'er shall dwell in heav'n with God.

- 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.      WATTS.

214.      (ii. 160.)      L. M.      Ward. Medway.  
    *Custom in Sin.*

- 1 LET the wild leopards of the wood  
 Put off the spots, that nature gives ;  
 Then may the wicked turn to God,  
 And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves  
 Wash out the darkness of their skin ;  
 The dead as well may leave their graves,  
 As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,  
 'T will not endure the least control ;  
 None but a pow'r divinely strong  
 Can turn the current of the soul.
- aff 4 Great God! I seek thy pow'r divine,  
 Thy Spirit, sent down from above,  
 'To renovate this heart of mine,  
 And fill it with thy heav'nly love!      WATTS.

215.      L. M.      Belville. St. Hellen's.  
    *Blindness to God.*

- 1 A FILM, impervious to the light,  
 Conceals the present God from sight,  
 O'er all his works deep darkness throws,  
 Though all his works his pow'r disclose,  
 And man, amidst the fullest blaze  
 Of truth divine, no truth surveys.
- mf 2 He sees the glorious sun arise,  
 Shining majestic in the skies,  
 His light and heat diffusing wide,  
 Where mists and darkness were allied ;  
 — But naught he sees of skill divine,  
 Teaching the orb of day to shine.
- 3 He sees the silver moon at night,  
 Scatt'ring her pale and gentle light,

And countless stars with glitt'ring ray,  
That make the heav'nly arch so gay ;  
But full orb'd moon and spankled sky  
Strike but in vain his sensual eye.

af 4 Lord, take this native film from me,  
That I thy pow'r and love may see  
In worlds, just glimm'ring on the sight,  
And in the forms around me bright ;

mf Then I with lifted hands shall cry,  
"Thee I adore, great God on high!" ALLEN.

216.

L. M. Hebron. Wells.

*Unchristian Zeal.*

1 A ZEAL, not kindled from on high,  
Oft glares, like lightning, on the eye,  
Like lightning too, it aims to scath,  
Blazing the minister of wrath.

2 The honied words of peace and love,  
Of pure designs, like His above,  
Are like the distant lightning-stream,  
A gentle, soft, imposing gleam.

3 But bring the distant lightning near ;  
The roaring thunder-breath you hear,  
And hissing, blasting bolts of fire  
Wild terror and deep awe inspire.

4 Strange shafts! in heav'nly quiver found,  
Spending their fury on the ground:  
Strange zeal! that launches truth divine  
With earthly, vengeful, proud design!

5 "Christian disciples! learn of Me,  
Your Pattern, from all passion free:  
I'm of a meek and lowly heart,  
My aim eternal joys t' impart!" ALLEN.

217.

S. M. Shirland. Watchman.

*Corrupted Youth.*

1 CHEER'D by the orb of day,  
I've seen the morning bright,  
Each object drest in pure array,  
But soon all chang'd to night.

&gt;

- mf 2 The storm is raging high,  
The thunder speaks aloud,  
The lightnings gleam upon the eye,  
Out-bursting from the cloud.
- 3 And such too oft is youth,  
Now thoughtless, bright, and gay,  
Array'd in guilelessness and truth,  
And open as the day.
- 4 But soon how chang'd? The face  
O'erspread with clouds of care,  
The might of passions you may trace,  
> And conscience speaks despair!
- Aff 5 O, Lord, the heart renew,  
And love and faith restore,  
Then shall blest scene delight our view,  
And Eden bloom once more! ALLEN.

## 218.

C. M.

Patmos. Marlow.

*Sinners warned and exhorted.*

- 1 SINNERS, now listen to the Lord ;  
His mercy speaks to day ;  
He calls you by his sov'reign 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 pass your toilsome days  
To reap immortal wo.
- 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 ev'ry sin ;  
Submit to Him, your sov'reign Lord,  
And let Him reign within.

6 His love your highest thoughts exceeds ;  
 He pardons like a God:  
 He will forgive your sinful deeds  
 Through a Redeemer's blood!      FAWCETT.

219.

7s.      Kimball. Broad Street,

*Prepare to meet God.*

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?  
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
 Can thy heart or hands endure  
 In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared!  
 Awful terrors clothe his brow!  
 For his judgment stand prepared,  
 Thou must either break, or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,  
 Frighted hills and mountains flee ;  
 Heart of boldest sinner quakes ;  
 What will then become of thee?
- 4 Who his coming may abide?—  
 You, that glory in your shame,  
 Will you find a place to hide,  
 When the world is wrapt in flame?
- 5 Earth you soon must leave, alas!  
 Soon you must resign your breath,  
 And your souls be call'd to pass  
 Through the iron gate of death.
- 6 Listen, then, to JESUS' voice,  
 Quickly your short day improve ;  
 Scorn the world's pretended joys,  
 Seek the things, that are above!      NEWTON.

220.

8, 7 &amp; 4.      Brest. Calvary.

*Sinners warned.*

- 1 SINNERS! will ye scorn the thunder,  
 Rolling dreadful o'er your head?—  
 Rebel angels hear with wonder,  
 Shrinking back with awful dread ;  
     Rebel angels,  
 Trembling, shrink with awful dread.

2 They were left in wrath to perish ;  
 But for you the Savior died !  
 O, what love then should ye cherish  
 For the Suff'rer crucified?  
     JESUS, Savior,  
 Ye should love,—the Crucified.

3 But, if love be not prevailing,  
 Then in wrath the sinner dies!—  
 At the judgment unavailing  
 > All your agony and cries!  
     O, how dreadful?  
 Vain your agony and cries!      ALLEN.

221.

S. M.

Boylston. Olmutz.

*The Sinner warned.*

1 HOW will the soul abide  
 The terrors of that day,  
 When earth and heav'n, in ruin wide,  
 Astonish'd flee away?

2 But, ere beneath the ground  
 The trump shall wake the dead,  
 Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound  
 What joyful tidings spread?

3 Then fear not pain and loss ;  
 His wrath ye cannot bear ;  
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
 And find salvation there.

mf 4 So shall ye joyful rise,  
 When the last day shall come ;  
 With Christ forever in the skies  
 Shall be your happy home!      LEAVITT'S COLL.

222.

8, 7 &amp; 4.

Sicily. Greenville.

*The Sinner warned.*

1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,  
 Now with sweetest voice she calls ;  
 Listen, ere your being fails you,  
 Ere the hand of justice falls ;  
     Hear, O sinner!  
 mp 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

— 2 See! the storm of vengeance breaking  
 O'er the path, you dare to tread ;  
 Hear the awful thunders speaking  
 Loud and louder o'er your head ;  
     Turn, O sinner!  
 Lest the lightnings strike you dead!

mp 3 Haste, O sinner! Jesus calls you ;  
 Seek his mercy while you may ;  
 Soon approaching death appals you,  
 Soon your life will pass away:  
     Haste, O sinner!  
 You must perish, if you stay.      REED.

223.

C. M.      Patmos. Winter.

*Destruction of Sodom.*

1 WITH radiant beams the sun arose  
 On Sodom's fated tow'rs ;  
 In pleasure's round, and false repose  
 They spend the cheerful hours.

2 In vain God's servant pleads,—“O fly!  
 Behold destruction near!”—  
 “Bewilder'd prophet!” they reply,  
 And ridicule his fear.

3 But sudden o'er the trembling ground  
 The heav'ns tremendous lower,  
 And streams of fire and brimstone round  
 In torrents downward pour!

4 Sinners, behold ; the warning take,  
 And heav'nly joy secure:  
 > How can ye dwell in fiery lake,  
 Or deathless worm endure?      HAWEIS.

224.

C. M.      Martyrs. Wantage.

*The Sinner warned.*

mp 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;  
 Repent!—thy end is nigh!  
 Death is not far,—it may be near,—  
 O, think, before thou die!

2 Reflect,—thou hast a soul to save ;  
 Thy sins,—how high they mount!

What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters,—and there's no defence ;—  
His time there's none can tell:  
He'll in a moment call thee hence,—  
To heav'nly bliss,—or hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume ;  
But, ah! destruction stops not there ;—  
p Sin kills beyond the tomb!

mf 5 To day the gospel calls ; to day,  
Sinners, it speaks to you:  
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,  
And mercy will ensue. HART.

## 225.

7s.

Norwich. Fairfax.

*Sinners exhorted to repent.*

mp 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Cover'd with his flowing blood!—  
Sinful soul, what has thou done?—  
Murder'd God's beloved Son!

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Drove the nails, that fix'd Him there,  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierc'd Him with a soldier's spear ;  
Made his soul a sacrifice:—  
For a sinful world He dies!

3 Will you let Him die in vain?  
Still refuse the proffer'd good?  
Open tear his wounds again,  
Trample on his precious blood?—

mf No!—with all my sins I'll part!  
SAVIOR!—take my broken heart!

LEAVITT'S COLL.

## 226.

7s.

Norwich. Broad Street.

*Instant Submission.*

1 WHY, O sinner, wilt Thou die?  
Now sweet mercy calls to thee,

Summons to the bliss on high,  
Offers joys immortal, free!

2 Turning from these calls thine ear,  
Dost thou not,—with trembling awe,—  
Loud, terrific thunder hear,—  
Voice of God's most holy law?

3 Canst thou meet its bolt of fire,  
Swift, consuming, as it smites?  
Flee then, flee th' avenging ire  
Now, while mercy's voice invites!      ALLEN.

227.

7s.      Norwich, Broad Street.

*Instant Submission.*

1 SINNER, wilt thou still delay,  
Still refuse thy God t' obey?  
Sure his Law condemns thee now:  
Sure He wears an angry brow.

2 Yet his Gospel speaks of love,  
Points to JESUS, thron'd above,  
In whose blood,—the Lamb once slain,—  
Thou mayst wash thy guilty stain.

3 Flee, then, flee, while mercy calls,  
Ere the storm of vengeance falls,  
Ere the Almighty's glitt'ring wrath  
Strike thee with its lightning-scath!      ALLEN,

228.

L. M.      Uxbridge. Windham.

*Immediate Choice of God.*

I FRAIL, dying man! Choose thou this day,  
Whom thou wilt love and whom obey:—  
Ere there shall dawn to-morrow's light,  
Thine eyes may close in death's dark night.

— 2 Poor, guilty man! Choose thou this day,—  
While grace may wash thy sins away:—  
Would'st thou still bear the guilty stain?  
Shall Jesus call to thee in vain?

3 Subject of God! Choose thou this day,—  
While thunders of his wrath delay:—  
Bend thy proud will to his command,  
Or thou in judgment canst not stand.

- 4 Immortal man! Choose thou this day,—  
 And walk in Zion's holy way:—  
 Would'st thou not dwell with all the good,  
 Where pleasure rolls its living flood? ALLEN.

229.

7s.

Rutland. Turin.

*Instant Acceptance of Mercy.*

- 1 DOES the pris'ner, as he lies  
 In the dungeon-darkness deep,  
 Need entreaties to arise,  
 And from bonds to freedom leap?—  
 Godless man! to sin a thrall,  
 Hear'st thou not the gospel call?
- 2 Does the wretch, whose drowning cry  
 Draws the needful help to save,  
 Turn away, when aid is nigh,  
 Sinking down in wat'ry grave?—  
 Godless man! of struggling breath,  
 Why wilt thou go down to death?
- 3 Does the felon, as his gaze  
 Turns on dreadful gallows-tree,  
 Word of pardon,—in his maze,—  
 Trample under foot, though free?—  
 Godless man! shall pard'ning love  
 Vainly come down from above? ALLEN.

230.

S. M.

St. Thomas. Dover.

*Repent or you will die.*

- 1 YE saw the scoffer's pride,  
 Ye saw his scornful eye,  
 And then how suddenly he died:—  
 "Repent, or you will die!"
- 2 The old man of the world,  
 Unmindful of the sky,  
 From life and hope is quickly hurled:—  
 "Repent, or you will die!"
- 3 The youth, a morning flower,  
 Unfolding beautifully,  
 Is cut down in an evil hour:—  
 "Repent, or you will die!"

4 The toiler on the ground,—  
 No treasure sought on high,—  
 Is swept away, and no where found:—  
 “Repent, or you will die!”

5 Lo, on the sick bed tost,  
 The dying man doth cry,  
 “Harvest is past, and I am lost!”—  
 “Repent, or you will die!” ALLEN.

231. (i. 118.) S. M. Boylston. Watchman.

*Neglect of the Gospel.*

1 THE law by Moses came,  
 But peace, and truth, and love  
 Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,  
 Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God  
 Their diff'rent works were done ;  
 Moses a faithful servant stood,  
 But Christ a faithful Son.

3 The man, who durst despise  
 The law, by Moses given,  
 Behold, how terribly he dies,  
 Struck by avenging heaven!

4 But sorer vengeance falls  
 On that rebellious race,  
 Who hate to hear, when JESUS calls,  
 And dare resist his grace. WATTS.

232. (i. 93 ) L. M. Uxbridge. St. Paul's.

*Christ obeyed or resisted.*

1 THUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord,  
 “Blest is the man, who hears my word,  
 Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
 And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 “The soul, that seeks me, shall obtain  
 Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain ;  
 Immortal life is his reward,  
 Life and the favor of the Lord.

3 “But sinners, who my voice despise,  
 Shall never dwell in glorious skies ;

Fools, who against my grace rebel,  
Seek death, and love the road to hell." WATTS.

233.

S. M.

Boylston. Cornhill.

*Now is the accepted Time.*

1 TH' accepted time is now,—  
And now salvation's day ;  
Come,—to the Savior's sceptre bow ;  
Seek mercy, while ye may !

2 Th' accepted time is now,—  
Th' atoning blood is near ;  
Tomorrow, in the grave laid low,  
Your guilt no fount can clear,

3 Th' accepted time is now,—  
The Spirit strives to-day ;  
But, if He meets a harden'd brow,  
Ye drive Him far away.

4 Th' accepted time is now,—  
God speaks to day, in love ;  
But soon stern justice strikes the blow,  
Which conscience will approve.

5 Th' accepted time is now,—  
And heav'n may be your home ;  
Tomorrow, in the depth of wo,  
Despair may be your doom !

mp  
>

ALLEN,

234.

7. &amp; 6.

Amsterdam. Maclay,

*Flight of Time.*

1 TIME is winging us away  
To our eternal home ;  
Life is but a winter's day,—  
A journey to the tomb:

mp

Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
Blooming beauty lose its charms,  
All, that's mortal, soon shall be  
Enclos'd 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:

mf But the Christian shall enjoy  
 Health and beauty, soon, above,  
 Far beyond the world's alloy,  
 Secure in Jesus' love! BURTON.

235.

L. M.

Medway. Wells.

*Importance of Time.*

- mp 1 O TIME, how few thy value weigh?  
 How few will estimate a day?  
 Days, months, and years are rolling on,  
 The soul neglected,—and undone.
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys  
 Our life its precious hours destroys,  
 While death stands watching at our side,  
 Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
 Your Maker gave you here a place?  
 Was it for this his thoughts design'd  
 The frame of your immortal mind?
- mf 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime  
 He fashion'd all the sons of time ;  
 Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be  
 The heirs of immortality.
- 5 This season of your being, know,  
 Is giv'n to you your seeds to sow ;  
 Wisdom's and folly's diff'ring grain  
 In future worlds is bliss, and pain.
- 6 Then, careful, ev'ry day review ;  
 Idle or busy, search it through ;  
 And, whilst probation's minutes last,  
 Let ev'ry day amend the past. SCOTT.

236.

L. M.

Duke Street. Wells.

*The Time is short.*

- 1 THE time is short! How many die,  
 Struck by an arrow from the sky?  
 If such, O man, may be thy fate,  
 Prepare then, ere it be too late.
- 2 The time is short! Then, sinner, flee,  
 Ere sudden vengeance smiteth thee!  
 Enter the ark of safety now,  
 Lest soon the waters o'er thee flow.

- 3 The time is short! Then, sinner, haste,  
 Let not thy moments run to waste ;  
 Flee from the woes, which long endure,  
 And make eternal blessings sure.
- 4 The time is short! Then, Christian, pray,  
 That God his mercies would display ;  
 O, pray, that God would now outpour  
 His Spirit's renovating power!
- 5 The time is short! Then, Christian, rise,—  
 mf By strenuous effort seek the skies ;  
 Toil now for Him, who came to save,  
 mp For all are idlers in the grave! ALLEN.

237.

7s.

Kimball. Broad Street.

*Danger of Delay.*

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

238.

C. M.

Grafton. Canterbury.

*The Alarm.*

- mp 1 O, STOP, poor sinner ; stop and think,  
 Before you further go:  
 For will you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting wo?
- 2 O, be entreated now to stop!—  
 Unless you warning take,  
 Ere you shall be aware, you drop  
 > Into the burning lake!

- 3 O, say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his law disown?  
And fear you not his iron rod,  
Which strikes the wicked down?
- mp 4 O, can you stand in that dread day,  
When judgment comes with ire,  
And when the earth shall melt away,  
As wax before the fire?
- 5 As yet there is a hope for you,  
That you may mercy taste:  
O, give the Lord the homage due,  
And give it now in haste!
- 6 It was for sinners JESUS died;  
Them He invites to come,  
And none, who come, shall be denied:—  
Come now, “There yet is room!” NEWTON.

239.

L. M.

Ipswich. St. Peters.

*To-Day.*

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,  
Now is the time to make your choice;  
Say, will you be forever blest,  
And with the glorious JESUS rest?
- 2 Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?  
Will you with Christ forever reign?  
Say, will you to mount Zion go?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,  
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;  
Come, white-hair'd man, and you shall prove  
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Behold! He's waiting at your door;  
Make now your choice; O, halt no more;  
Say, sinners, say; what will you do?  
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- mp 5 O, must we bid you all farewell?  
And will you plunge your souls in hell?  
Lord, hear us now, while still we pray,  
And change them, ere the burning day!
- 6 Once more we ask you in his name,  
While now his grace remains the same,

Say, will you to mount Zion go?  
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?

LEAVITT'S COLL.

240.

8, 7 &amp; 4.

Brest. Greenville,

*Lost and saved.*

- 1 SINNERS! hear you not the thunder,  
 How it rolls along the sky,—  
 Striking mortals' ears with wonder—  
 mp "Sure the guilty soul shall die?"  
     Curse declaring,—  
 "Sure the guilty soul shall die!"
- 2 Flaming darts the bolt from heaven,  
 Smiting sinners to the dust:  
 Then they sink, to ruin driven,  
 Crying, sinking,—"Lost! O, lost!"  
     Sad, despairing,  
 Saying ever, "Lost! O, lost!"
- 3 Flee, O flee this doom, so wretched!  
 P Lo, the Savior, on the tree  
 In his agony outstretched,  
 Dies for thee; for thee and me:  
     O, amazing!  
 Dies for thee!—for thee and me!
- 4 Claims He love, and rev'rence awful?  
 Canst thou, sinner, these decline?  
 Come, O come, say now most joyful,  
 mf "JESUS, SAVIOR, *I am thine!*"  
     Add, while praising,  
 "JESUS, SAVIOR, THOU ART MINE!" ALLEN.

241.

C. M.

Medfield, Wantage.

*The dying Sinner.*

- mp 1 O, 'T IS a fearful thing to die!  
 To leave this mortal state,  
 Away from earthly things to fly,  
 And meet our endless fate.
- 2 How gloomy on his dying bed  
 The sinner gazes round!  
 On him no cheerful beams are shed,  
 By him no joy is found.
- 3 When ask'd, if any light doth shine,—  
 If he of hope can tell;

mp Dying, he gives no joyful sign,—  
No sign, that all is well!

aff 4 Lord, let me know a spiritual birth,  
And taste a Savior's love,

mf That, joyful, I may leave the earth,  
And rise to Thee above! ALLEN.

242. (i. 89.) L. M. Winchester. German Hymn.  
*Youth and Judgment.*

1 YE sons of Adam, young and vain,  
Though love of pleasure in you reign,  
And mirthful be each day; yet know,  
There is a day of judgment too!

2 Your God beholds your thoughts and words,  
His book your secret sins records;  
The works of darkness, you have done,  
Must all appear before the sun.

3 Almighty God, turn off their eyes  
From earth's alluring vanities,  
mf And let the thunder of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord! WATTS.

243. (i. 91.) L. M. Hanover. Windham.  
*Advice to Youth.*

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood  
Remember your Creator, God;  
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,  
When thou shalt say, "My joys are gone!"

mp 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;  
The soul in agonies of pain  
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,  
> But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

aff 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;  
'Teach me to know how weak my frame,  
And, when my soul must hence remove,

mf Give me a mansion in thy love! WATTS.

244.

S. M.

Boylston. Dunbar.

*The Sinner awakened.*

- Aff 1 TO Thee, O God, I call,  
 In this distressing hour ;  
 In anguish at thy feet I fall,  
 And plead the Savior's power.
- 2 My sins, O God, are great,  
 And deep my guilty stain ;  
 I tremble on the brink of fate,  
 Expos'd to endless pain.
- 3 Death threatens all around,  
 From which I cannot flee ;  
 mp No help, no help, O God, is found,  
 But what is found in Thee !
- 4 For me display thy power,  
 And make my pride submit ;  
 Unlock, unlock this prison door,  
 And bring me from the pit.
- 5 Give me immortal light,  
 And save my soul from hell ;  
 Or, banish'd to eternal night,  
 I there must ever dwell.
- 6 O, help me with thy love,  
 And give me grace divine :  
 My guilt and darkness, Lord, remove,  
 And let my soul be thine ! H. ALLINE.

245.

8, 7 &amp; 4.

Brest. Greenville.

*Sinners invited.*

- 1 SINNERS, will ye scorn the kindness,  
 Shown to you from heav'n above ?  
 Can you with unthankful blindness  
 Disregard a Savior's love ?  
 While the angels
- mf Loud extol the Savior's love ?
- 2 Lo, for you God's Son descended,  
 Laid aside his heav'nly form,  
 As a servant, unattended,  
 Came to dwell with man, a worm !  
 O, amazing !  
 Came to dwell with man, a worm !

- mp** 3 See, for you the Savior wounded,  
 See his hands, and feet, and side  
 Streaming blood, while earth, astounded,  
 Trembles, as He groan'd and died!  
 O, amazing!
- p** Trembles, as He groan'd and died!
- 4 Can your hearts be still all frozen,  
 Though the Savior died for you?  
 Come, O come, with all the chosen,  
 Take the crown, held up to view!
- mf** O, how wondrous!  
 Sinners, crown of life for you! **ALLEN.**

246.

6s.

Alps.

*Sinners invited to Liberty.*

- 1 YE sinful, dying thralls,  
 In chains by Satan bound,  
 To you the SAVIOR calls,—  
 O, sweet, and joyful sound!
- 2 He bids you to arise  
 From dungeon's cheerless gloom,  
**mf** And gaze upon the skies,  
 Where ye may have your home.
- 3 He bids you to be free  
 From guilty fears and wo:  
 The joys of liberty  
 Ye all through Him may know.
- mp** 4 Shall JESUS call in vain?  
 And will you, wretched, wear,  
 Fore'er your heavy chain  
 In deep and dark despair?
- 5 Ye sinful, dying thralls!  
 Blest freedom ye may know:  
 To you the Savior calls,—  
 O, hear Him,—love Him NOW! **ALLEN.**

247.

6 &amp; 4. Spiritual Songs. p. 114.

*Jesus inviting Sinners.*

- 1 TO you the SAVIOR calls,  
 From heav'n above;  
 To you, ye sinful thralls,  
 In wondrous love!—

mp 2 Why, sinners, will ye die,  
And lose your souls?  
From wave of vengeance fly!  
See how it rolls!

3 To JESUS hearken now:  
Dare not delay,  
Lest you the flood o'erflow  
And sweep away!

ALLEN.

248.

6 &amp; 4.

Spiritual Songs, p. 114.

*Jesus inviting Sinners.*

1 TO DAY the Savior calls!  
Ye wand'rers, come;  
O, ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls!  
O, listen now:  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow!

3 To-day the Savior calls!  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of vengeance falls;  
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!  
Yield to his pow'r:  
O, grieve Him not away;  
'Tis mercy's hour.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

249.

8, 7 &amp; 4.

Brest. Greenville,

*Sinners entreated to hear.*

1 SCORN, O sinners, will you render  
For the message from above?—  
Ev'ry sentence, O how tender!  
Ev'ry line is full of love!  
Listen to it,  
Ev'ry line is full of love!

2 Zion's heralds, now returning,  
News from Zion's King proclaim,—  
"Pardon to each rebel mourning,

Free forgiveness in his name:"

How important!

Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls! lo, strength they proffer;  
Fearful hearts! they quell your fears;  
Mourners! they sweet comfort offer,  
And would chase the falling tears:  
Tender heralds!  
They would chase the falling tears.

4 False professors, worldlings dying,  
Callous hearers of the word!  
While the messengers are crying,  
Take the warnings, they afford!  
We entreat you,  
Take the warnings, they afford!

5 O, ye angels, round us hovering,  
Waiting spirits! speed your way,  
Hasten to yon star-bright covering,  
Tidings bear to heavn'ly day,—

“Rebel sinners

Glad the message will obey!” ALLEN'S COLL.

250.

7s.

Norwich. Fairfax.

*Expostulation with Sinners.*

- 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?  
Christ, your Savior, asks you, why?  
Will you let Him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die!  
God, the Spirit, asks you, why?  
He, who all your lives hath strove,  
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
- 4 Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?—  
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
Will ye grieve your God, and die? MONTG. COLL.

251.

C. M. Tremont. Sp. Songs, p.120.

*The Sinner invited to return.*

p 1 RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,

mf Thy Father calls for thee ;

v No longer now an exile roam,

v In guilt and misery ;

p Return, return !

p 2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,

mf 'Tis Jesus calls for Thee :

— The Spirit and the Bride say,—come :

p O, now for refuge flee :

Return, return !

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,

— 'Tis madness to delay :

p There are no pardons in the tomb,

And brief is mercy's day :

Return, return ! SPIRITUAL SONGS.

252.

7s.

Norwich. Broad Street.

*Turn ye.*

1 SOLEMN is the message sent

From Jehovah in the sky,—

p “Sinful men, repent, repent !

Turn ye, sinners, lest ye die !”

mf 2 Joyful do the tidings flow,—

“JESUS now doth reign on high,

Free salvation to bestow ;

mp Turn ye, sinners, lest ye die !”

3 Shall the Savior plead in vain ?

Will ye Him, who bled, deny,

Bearing still your guilty stain ?

“Turn ye, sinners, lest ye die !”

4 He may come, your hopes to blight,

Swift as arrow in the sky,

And as thief in darksome night :

“Turn ye, sinners, lest ye die !”

mf 5 He will come, the Judge of all ;

mp Then the unreclaim'd will cry,

And for help in vain will call :

p “Turn ye, sinners, lest ye die !

ALLEN.

253

5 &amp; 6, or 10 &amp; 11. Lyons, St. Michaels,

*Good News to Sinners.*

1 COME, sinners, attend,  
 Glad tidings we bring  
 From JESUS, your friend,  
 From JESUS, the King ;  
 For sin He atoned,  
 And ye may now live ;  
 On high He's enthroned,  
 Salvation to give!

mp 2 Though now ye may smite  
 In anguish your breast ;

mf Yet JESUS gives light,  
 In Him there is rest ;  
 And he, that believeth,  
 And loveth the Son,  
 Forgiveness receiveth,  
 And heav'n hath won!

ALLEN.

254.

S. M. Olmutz. St. Thomas.

*Invitation to Sinners.*

1 SINNERS, you're in the path,  
 That leads to dark abyss:

mp O, flee from God's o'erwhelming wrath,  
 mf And seek the heav'nly bliss.

— 2 We too once went astray  
 And wander'd from our God:

mf Come, walk with us the upward way,  
 That leads to blest abode!

3 We'll do you good, O friends!  
 Come ye with us, O come ;—  
 Then, when our toilsome journey ends,  
 The same shall be our home! ALLEN.

255.

L. M. Hebron. Miss. Chant.

*Christknocking at the Door of the Heart. Rev. 3.*

mp 1 BEHOLD, a stranger at the door!  
 He gently knocks ; has knock'd before ;  
 Has waited long, is waiting still ;  
 You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will ;—the very friend, you need ;  
The man of Nazareth,—'tis He!  
With garments dyed on Calvary!
- p 3 O, lovely attitude! He stands,  
With melting heart and laden hands:  
O, matchless kindness! And He shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- f 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy, and thine,—  
That hateful, hell-born monster,—sin,—  
And let the heav'nly stranger in.
- 5 If thou art poor,—and poor thou art,—  
Lo! He hath riches to impart ;  
Not wealth, in which mean av'rice rolls ;  
O, nobler far,—the wealth of souls!
- mp 6 Art thou a weeper? Grief shall fly,  
For who can weep with Jesus by?  
No terror shall thy hopes annoy,—  
No tear, except the tear of joy!
- 7 Admit Him, ere his anger burn,  
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,  
When at his door denied you'll stand! GRIGG.

## 256.

8, 7 &amp; 4.

Greece. Greenville.

*Sinners invited.*

- mp 1 SINNERS! lo, the message tender  
Comes to you from heav'n above!  
Now your hearts to JESUS render,  
He is worthy of your love ;  
JESUS, Savior!  
He is worthy of your love!
- 2 See Him on the cross outstretched ;  
'Twas for you He bled and died!  
'Twas for you, deprav'd and wretched,  
Blood outgushes from his side:  
Lo, for sinners  
JESUS groan'd, and bled, and died!

— 3 Now the grace, that sin forgiveth,  
 In the gospel is announced ;—  
 “He, that loves the Savior, liveth ;  
 Pardon’d shall he be pronounced !”

Yes, ye sinners,  
 Free forgiveness is announced.

mf 4 Come, then, now, for mercy calleth,  
 Stay not till tomorrow’s light ;

mp Ere the evening’s curtain falleth,

> Ye may sink in endless night :

mf O, come quickly,

Come and dwell in heav’n’s own light! ALLEN.

257.

L. M. Hebron. Duke Street.

*Sinners invited to Christ.*

1 COME, now, ye sinners, to your Lord,  
 In Christ to paradise restored:  
 His proffer’d benefits embrace,  
 The plenitude of gospel grace:—

2 A pardon, written with his blood,  
 The favor and the peace of God ;  
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
 The mystic joys of penitence :

mp 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,  
 The meltings of a broken heart ;  
 The tears, that tell your sins forgiv’n ;  
 The sighs, that waft your souls to heav’n :

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
 Th’ unutterable tenderness ;  
 The genuine, meek humility ;  
 The wonder, “why such love to me !”

5 Th’ o’erwhelming pow’r of saving grace,  
 The sight, that veils the seraph’s face ;  
 The speechless awe, that dares not move,

pp And all the silent heav’n of love !

WESLEY’S COLL.

258.

7s. Pleyel’s H. Broad Street.

*Prisoners called to Liberty.*

1 PRIS’NERS! JESUS now doth call ;  
 He gives freedom to the thrall ;

He invites you to be free ;  
He bestows sweet liberty !

- 2 Why, ye pris'ners, as ye sigh,  
Will ye choose in gloom to die?  
Do ye wish your chains to keep?  
> Do ye love your dungeon deep?
- 3 Hearken now to mercy's calls,  
Ye, who now are Satan's thralls:  
mf Quick your fetters cast away ;  
Come out quickly, while you may !
- mp 4 Lest perchance the penal hour  
Meets you with avenging power ;  
Lest stern justice find you there,  
> And you perish in despair! ALLEN.

259.

C. M.

Litchfield. St. James.

*God our Hiding-Place.* Ps. 32.

- 1 WHEN gloomy clouds spread o'er the sky,  
And darkness thickens round,  
Sudden the forked lightnings fly,  
Loud thunders rock the ground:
- 2 But louder thunders o'er my head  
My heart with terror fill ;  
mp And storms of wrath divine I dread,  
Which soul and body kill!
- mf 3 See, on the whirlwind's rapid wing  
The King of terrors ride,  
And with Him desolation bring !  
mp \* Myself where can I hide?
- 4 "Haste, sinner! haste," the Savior cried,  
"Behold my wounded form!  
The cleft of my deep-pierced side  
Shall hide thee from the storm!" HAWES.

260.

(ii. 150.)

C. M.

Grafton. Wantage.

*The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

- 1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts  
To practice on the mind ;  
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.

2 She pleads for all the joys, she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence ;  
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,  
And chains it down to sense.

3 So on a tree divinely fair  
Grew the forbidden food ;  
Our mother took the poison there,  
And tainted all her blood. WATTS.

261. (i. 115.) C. M. London. Dundee.  
*Conviction by the Law.*

1 LORD, once my eyes no danger saw,  
My conscience felt no dread !  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought, my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright :  
But, since the precept came  
With a convincing pow'r and light,  
I find, how vile I am !

3 I'm like a helpless captive, sold  
Under the pow'r of sin ;  
I cannot do the good, I would,  
Nor keep all pure within.

4 Thy law seems now most just and good,  
And all my hopes are slain ;  
O for some purifying flood  
To wash away my stain !

aff 5 My God ! I cry with ev'ry breath  
For thy kind pow'r to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave ! WATTS.

262. 7s. Pleyel's H. Broad Street.  
*Conviction by the Law.*

1 LORD, my conscience once was calm ;  
Naught I fear'd of penal harm ;  
But thy law has come with light,  
Op'ning all my guilt to sight.

2 Now sin's mountain height I see,  
Now my heart's enormity ;

Blasted are my hopes most vain,  
All my tow'ring pride is slain.

**Aff** 3 Lord, have mercy on the slave!  
Shew me, Lord, thy pow'r to save!  
Break the yoke of sin and hell;  
Bring me, Lord, in heav'n to dwell!      ALLEN.

263.

C. M.      London. Dundee.

*Sinner resolving to go to Christ.*

- 1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And make this last resolve:—
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus; at his throne  
My sins I will deplore;  
**mp** I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his saving power.
- 3 "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps He may command my touch,—  
**mf** And then the suppliant lives!
- 4 "I can but perish, if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know,  
**v** I must forever die!"—
- 5 I see thee go; I hear thee say,  
"Forgive, and save,—O King!"—  
I see his sceptre's gentle sway!—  
**f** O, sinner, live, and sing!      E. JONES.

264.

7s.      Kimball. Pilgrim.

*The Sinner joining the People of God.*

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort no where 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,  
Ev'ry idol I resign.
- 5 Tell me not of gain or loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power ;  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour :
- 6 "Follow me" ;—I know thy voice ;  
aff JESUS, Lord, thy steps I see ;  
Now I take thy yoke by choice,—  
Light thy burden now to me! MONTGOMERY.

265. (i. 101.) L. M. Sterling. Ellenthorpe  
*Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.*

- mp 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 doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love ;  
The SON with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The SPIRIT takes delight to view  
The holy soul, He formed anew ;  
mf And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King. WATTS.

266. L. M. Ellenthorpe. Duke street.  
*Joy in Heaven. Luke. 15. 10.*

- mf 1 HEARD ye not ring a shout of joy  
Through all the arches of the sky?  
It was a rapt'rous song of praise,  
Which angels in God's presence raise.
- 2 But why this joy, this shout, this song,  
Swelling from all the heav'nly throng?—

- mp Because the stubborn heart relents ;  
Because the sinful man repents !
- mf 3 Because God's grace and pow'r divine  
In soul renew'd most glorious shine ;  
— Because the wretch, condemn'd to die,  
Flees from the coming misery :—
- 4 Because in purifying flood  
The soul is wash'd in JESUS' blood,  
And tastes the bliss of pardon'd sin,
- mf And gains the crown, which faith can win.

ALLEN.

## 267.

7s. Nuremburg. Redeeming Love.

*Joy in Heaven.*

- 1 THERE was joy, great joy in heaven,  
When this goodly world to frame  
Jesus in his glory came ;
- mf Shouts of joy were heard on high,  
And the stars sang from the sky,  
“Glory unto God in heaven.”
- 2 There was joy, great joy in heaven,  
When of love the midnight beam  
Dawn'd on th' tow'rs of Bethlehem ;  
And along the echoing hill
- mp Angels sang,—“On earth good will,  
Glory unto God in heaven.”
- 3 There is joy, great joy in heaven,  
When the sheep, that went astray,  
'Turns again to virtue's way ;—  
When the soul, by grace subdued,  
Sobs its pray'r of gratitude,
- mf Then there's joy, great joy in heaven! HEBER.

## 268.

S. M. Peutonville. Olmutz.

*The lost Child.*

[The fact referred to occurred near Sackett's Harbor.]

- 1 THE anxious search was vain  
The wilder'd child to find ;  
But pity call'd them out again,—  
The neighbors good and kind.

- 2 In far-stretch'd rank they spread,  
Wisely their toils combin'd,—  
With law, "A single horn, if dead ;  
Alive, a double wind."
- 3 "Hark!"—as the father lies,  
With ear close to the ground,  
He to the weeping mother cries,—  
p "Alas! the single sound!"
- f 4 "Oh, no! it rings once more!  
< Horn, gun, and shout resound!—  
mp O God! we praise Thee and adore!—  
Our child alive is found!"
- 5 So when the wilder'd soul  
To God is reconcil'd,  
mf Through heav'n's wide arch the shouts do roll  
For lost, recover'd child! ALLEN.

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 OF CHRISTIANS.

269.

C. M. St. Ann's. Archdale.

*Covenant with God.*

- 1 O, HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice,  
On Thee, my Savior God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its joys abroad.
- mp 2 'Tis done ; the great transaction's done ;  
I'm his,—the Lord is mine!  
mf In conflict I've the vict'ry won  
Through his kind pow'r divine!
- 3 Now rest, my long divided heart,—  
Fix'd on this centre, rest ;  
mp Ah, who would grudge with earth to part,  
In heav'n to be most blest?
- aff 4 My God, who heard the solemn vow,  
That vow shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless a bond so dear! DODDRIDGE.

270.

L. M.

Uxbridge. Newcourt.

*Dedication to God.*

- af 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ;  
 With full consent thine I would be,  
 And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
 Among the children of thy grace,  
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
 But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thee my new Master now I call,  
 And consecrate to Thee my all ;  
 Lord, let me live and die to Thee;  
 Be thine through all eternity!      DAVIES.

271.

(ii. 10.)

C. M.

Colchester. Archdale.

*Parting with earthly Joys.*

- 1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight  
 And bids the world farewell !  
 Farewell, illusions gay and bright,  
 But leading down to hell !
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,  
 Nor seek your friendship more ;  
 The happiness, that I approve,  
 Lies not within your power.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth,  
 That suits my large desire ;  
 mf To boundless joy and solid mirth  
 My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,  
 From sin and dross refined,  
 Still springing from the throne of God,  
 And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd climb the heav'nly way ;  
 mp There sits my Savior, cloth'd in love ;  
 mf There beams eternal day!      WATTS.

272. (ii. 11.) L. M. Luz. Nazareth,

*Parting with earthly 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 black despair;  
 And, whilst I listen'd to your song,  
 Your streams had well-nigh borne me there!
- 3 Thy matchless grace I, Lord, adore,  
 That warn'd me of that dark abyss,  
 That sav'd me from the treach'rous shore,  
 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 thy heav'nly throne, O God,  
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll;  
 — There would I fix my last abode,  
 And drown the sorrows of my soul. WATTS.

273. C. M. Blackburn. Wantage.

*Repentance.*

- 1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart  
 Has wander'd from the Lord!  
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
 Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls,—“Return!”  
 Aff Dear Lord! and may I come?  
 My vile ingratitude I mourn:  
 O, take the wand'rer home!
- 3 And canst Thou,—wilt Thou yet forgive,  
 And bid my crimes remove?  
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
 To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace! thy healing power,  
 How glorious,—how divine,—

- That can to life and bliss restore  
 > So vile a heart, as mine!
- Aff 5 Thy pard'ning love,—so free,—so sweet,—  
 Dear Savior, I adore!  
 O, keep me at thy sacred feet,  
 And let me rove no more! STEELE.

274. (ii. 74.) S. M. Boxford. Aylesbury.  
*Ingratitude to God deplored.*

- 1 IS this the kind return?  
 Are these the thanks we owe?  
 Thus Love, eternal Love to spurn,  
 Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 On us God bids the sun  
 Shed his reviving rays;  
 For us the skies their circles run,  
 To lengthen out our days.
- 3 The brutes their God obey,  
 And bow to men their necks;  
 But man, more brutish far, than they,  
 His easy reign rejects.
- Aff 4 Turn,—turn us,—God of love,  
 And mould our souls afresh!  
 O, send thy Spirit from above,  
 And give us hearts of flesh!
- 5 Let past ingratitude  
 Provoke our weeping eyes;  
 And with thy mercy's ceaseless flood  
 Let hourly thanks arise! WATTS.

275. L. M. Medway. Windham.

*Penitence.*

- mp 1 ALLUR'D by pleasure's flatt'ring tongue,  
 My heart with anguish oft is wrung;  
 I mourn the change, which sin has wrought,  
 But, ah! I mourn not, as I ought.
- 2 Again the vile enchantress smiles,  
 Again ensnares me by her wiles;  
 Sin's thorny path again I tread,  
 And find, it leads but to the dead.

Aff 3 Save me, Lord JESUS, from my sin,  
And heal this leprosy within ;  
Cause the repenting tears to flow,  
And snatch me from eternal wo!

4 If still unhumbled, cast me down ;  
Let all my pride be overthrown:  
If humbled, O let peace descend,  
And all my doubts and anguish end! ALLEN,

276.

S. M. Lathrop. Olmutz,

*Penitence.*

mp 1 SEEST thou that glist'ning eye,  
From which the tear doth roll?  
Or dost thou hear that broken sigh,  
Outbursting from the soul?

— 2 Blest is that tear:—'tis bright,  
As glitt'ring diamond-gem,  
Reflecting quick the vivid light,  
In monarch's diadem.

3 Blest is that sigh:—'tis heard  
By Him, enthron'd on high,  
Who quickly sends his peaceful word  
To bring salvation nigh.

aff 4 Lord, we have need to weep,  
And need our breast to smite!

mp O, give us all contrition deep,—

mf Then heav'n's most cheering light! ALLEN.

277.

C. M. Grafton. Elgin,

*Penitence.*

Aff 1 THINE eye, intent on all my ways,  
Has seen, O Lord, my sin,  
The hourly follies of my days,  
And all the guilt within.

2 This heart of mine is hard and cold,  
Of most oppressive weight ;  
O, for the grace, unbought with gold,  
To change my wretched state!

3 With Thee, O Lord, is matchless might,  
And matchless mercy too ;

Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
Which hide Thee from my view.

- 4 Disclose the riches of thy love  
To me, most poor and vile ;  
mf Then shall I hope for joys above,  
And serve Thee without guile! ALLEN.

278. (ii. 105.) C. M. Eastport. Marlow.

*Repentance from the View of God's Goodness.*

Minor.

- mp 1 AND live we, wretches, yet and move?  
And do we yet rebel?

Major.

- 2 'T is boundless,—'t is amazing love,  
That bears us up from hell!

Minor.

- mp 2 Our weighty guilt would sink us low,  
Down to the penal flames ;  
And vengeance aims the dreadful blow,  
To crush our feeble frames.

Major.

- 3 Almighty goodness cries,—“Forbear !”  
And straight the thunder stays:—

Minor.

- mp And shall we still his vengeance dare,  
And weary out his grace?

Major.

- mf 4 No more shall sinful lust command,  
No more will we obey :  
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,  
And drive thy foes away. WATTS.

279. C. M. Medfield. York.

*The Penitent. Luke 7.*

- 1 ASHAM'D to lift her streaming eyes  
His holy glance to meet,  
She pour'd her costly sacrifice  
Upon the Savior's feet.
- 2 Oppress'd by sin, by fear abashed,  
And sinking in despair,

With tears his sacred feet she washed,  
And wip'd them with her hair.

mf 3 "Depart in peace," the Savior said,  
"Thy sins are all forgiven!"

mp The trembling sinner rais'd her head  
In peaceful hope of heaven! NETTLETON'S COL.

280. (ii. 106.) C. M. Bangor. Wantage.

*Repentance at the Cross.*

mp 1 O, IF my soul was form'd for wo,  
How would I vent my sighs,  
Repentance should, like rivers, flow  
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins the Lord of life  
Hung on the cursed tree ;  
For them He bore the bitter strife,  
For thee, my soul, for thee !

3 O, how I hate these lusts of mine,  
Which JESUS crucified,—  
The sins, that nail'd his hands divine,  
And pierc'd his sacred side !

mf 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die !  
My heart has so decreed :

aff O, send thy Spirit from on high  
To make me thine indeed !

WATTS.

281. L. M. Belville. Eaton,

*Meditation on the Cross.*

1 MY soul, inspir'd with holy flame,  
Review with most regardful eye  
That cross, whence thy salvation came,  
On which the Lord for thee did die ;  
For in that object is delight,—

mf In Jesus heav'nly glory bright !

aff 2 To Thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes,  
I stretch my hands to Thee above ;  
My heart presents its sacrifice,  
Its humble gratefulness and love ;

To Thee myself and all I give ;  
To Thee I die ! to Thee I live ! RALEIGH.

282.

8 &amp; 7.

Wilmot. Blue Town.

*Forgiveness.*

- mp 1 SWEET, as angels' notes in heaven,  
When to golden harps they sound,  
Is the voice of sins forgiven,  
To the soul, by Satan bound!
- 2 "Sinner"! JESUS said,—“I've lov'd thee  
With an everlasting love;  
Justice has in Me approv'd thee;  
'Thou shalt dwell with Me above!”
- 3 Sweet, as angels' harps in glory,  
Was that heav'nly voice to me,  
When I saw my Lord before me  
Bleed and die to set me free!
- mf 4 Saints! attend with holy wonder!  
Sinners! hear and sing his praise!  
'Tis the God, that holds the thunder,  
Shows himself the God of grace! SWAIN.

283.

(i. 9.)

C. M.

Spencer. Miller.

*Proffered Mercy.*

- 1 IN vain our transient life we waste  
To gather empty wind;  
The choicest blessings, which we taste,  
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall well supply  
Our souls with heav'nly meat,  
With such, as saints can satisfy,  
With such, as angels eat!
- 3 Come, and He'll pity from his throne,  
And wash our guilty stains  
mp In the dear fountain, that his Son  
> Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 4 Our heart, more hard than flinty rock,  
Which terrors cannot move,  
And can at awful threat'nings mock,  
mp Shall be dissolv'd by love.
- 5 Then shall his Spirit dwell within,  
And deep engrave his law,

And, breaking all the pow'r of sin,  
To swift obedience draw. WATTS.

284. C. M. Downs, Arlington.

*Gospel Invitation.*

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;  
The gospel doth its message send,  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 "Ho, ye, who, hung'ring after joys,  
Feed only on the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind!—
- 3 "Eternal wisdom hath outspread  
A soul-reviving feast:  
Ye all may taste the heav'nly bread,  
The highest and the least.
- v mf 4 "Ho, ye, who pant for living streams  
And pine away and die !  
Lo, here the living fount outgleams !  
Lo, springs that never dry !
- 5 "The streams of mercy and of love  
Here swell and overflow ;  
Salvation in yon heav'n above  
Your dying souls may know!" WATTS.

285. C. M. Peterborough. Tolland,

*Forgiveness.*

- 1 O GOD, my sins are manifold,  
Against my life they cry ;  
Thy records all my guilt unfold ;  
Condemn'd, my hopes all die ;  
Wilt thou my trembling soul release,  
That to despair is driven ?
- mp "Forgive,"—outcries a voice of peace,  
"And thou shalt be forgiven."
- 2 My foemen, Lord! are fell and fierce,  
They spurn me in their pride ;  
My soul with ridicule they pierce,  
My patience they deride.

Arise, O King! and be the proud  
To righteous ruin driven ;

mp "Forgive,"—was heard from awful cloud,  
"As thou would'st be forgiven."

— 3 Sev'n times my pard'ning love they know,  
Sev'n times they sin again,  
They practise still to work me wo,  
They triumph in my pain ;  
But on them shall my vengeance break,  
To just resentment driven !

mp "Forgive!"—the voice of thunder spake,—  
"Or never be forgiven!" HEBER.

286.

C. M. Tremont. Kendall.

*Free Pardon.*

1 RETURN, O wanderer! now return,  
And seek thy Father's face!  
Those new desires, which in thee burn,  
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer! now return!  
He hears thy humble sigh:  
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,  
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer! now return ;  
Thy Savior bids thee live:  
Go to his feet,—and, grateful, learn  
How freely He'll forgive!

4 Return, O wanderer! now return,  
And wipe the falling tear:  
Thy Father calls ; no longer mourn!  
'Tis love invites thee near! COLLYER.

287.

L. M. Hebron. Alfreton.

*The Female Convert.*

1 AS truth reproves her worldly heart,  
Seest thou her cold and scornful eye?  
To heav'nly hopes it says,—"Depart;  
I ask not for the joys on high!"

2 Alas, the images of good,  
Which fill that eye, are forms of earth,—

Illusive shapes of fancy's brood,—  
The pride of life, and transient mirth.

- 3 But grace, rich grace her soul renews,  
And cheers with bliss of holy love ;  
mp And now a contrite tear bedews  
That eye, turn'd meekly up above.
- 4 No pearl from Ceylon's gem-pav'd sea,  
Nor diamond from Golconda's shore,  
Doth shine so pure and beautifully,  
As tearful eye,—that scorns no more !
- mf 5 What glorious images now press,  
And crowd within th' enraptur'd eye?—  
Visions of truth and holiness,  
And heaven's illimitable joy?
- 6 And on that eye shall darkness rest?  
Yes, for a while ; as diamond's ray  
May slumber in the mine unblest,—  
Its grave,—until it finds the day.
- 7 But sleeping eye, when final morn  
mf The dead shall wake, will kindle bright,  
And gleam, like gem from darkness torn,  
Reflecting CHRIST's eternal light! ALLEN.

288. (i. 87.) L. M. Winchester. Nantwich.

*God dwelling with the Humble.*

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,  
"I sit upon my holy throne ;  
My name is God ; I dwell on high,  
Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 "But I descend to worlds below ;  
On earth I have a mansion too ;  
The humble spirit and contrite  
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 "The humble soul my words revive,  
I bid the mourning sinner live,  
Heal all the broken hearts, I find,  
And ease the sorrows of the mind."
- Aff 4 O, may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,  
Lest we should faint, despair, and die !

Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
The methods of thy chast'ning love. WATTS.

289.

L. M. Hebron. Quito.

*Christ's regard to the Humble.* Mat. 12.

- 1 WHEN conscience to the heart within  
Reveals the penalty of sin,  
To Thee, O Lord, my wants I plead:  
Thou dost not "break the bruised reed."
- 2 When anxious doubts assail my soul,  
And dark'ning horrors round me roll,  
I seek the beamings of thy face ;  
Thou dost not "quench" the spark of grace.
- aff 3 O, raise that drooping reed anew,  
Refresh its root with heav'nly dew ;  
And fan the spark, till, pure and bright,  
It swells into a burning light! CUNNINGHAM.

290.

(i. 111.) C. M. Peterborough. Bowdoin Square.

*Salvation by Grace.*

- 1 MY soul, thy God forever praise ;  
Forever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways  
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 2 'Tis not by works of righteousness,  
Which our own hands have done ;  
mf But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,  
Abounding through his Son.
- mp 3 'Tis from the mercy of our God,  
That all our hopes begin ;  
'Tis by the water and the blood,  
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 4 '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.
- mf 5 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face! WATTS.

291.

7s.

Rutland. Turin.

*Jesus looked on him.* Luke 22.

- 1 BY th' apostle thrice denied,  
 When the SAVIOR turn'd his eye,  
 In his look there was descried  
 Strength of love, which cannot die,—  
 Pity for the fallen one,  
 Mercy, which the wand'rer won!
- 2 O, what gushing, bitter tears  
 Down the rigid cheek then flowed?  
 Now the swordsman meek appears,  
 In the dust in sorrow bowed ;  
 Now he seeks forgiving love,  
 Now he finds strength from above.
- 3 Lord, although in tempting hour  
 Oft our souls, in guilty pride,  
 Have withstood the Spirit's power,  
 And thy blessed name denied ;  
 Yet on us have mercy too,  
 And our thankless hearts renew! ALLEN.

292.

S. M.

Beverly. Shirland.

*Convert.*

- 1 SEEST thou that worldly heart?  
 Seest thou that scornful eye,  
 Which says to heav'nly thoughts,—“Depart ;  
 I ask no joys on high!”
- 2 Now see that heart renew'd,  
 And fill'd with heav'nly love!  
 That eye, with contrite tears bedew'd,  
 And meekly turn'd above!
- 3 Lord, shall that eye soon close  
 In darkness of the tomb?  
 Yet Thou wilt wake it from repose,  
 And with heav'n's light illumine! ALLEN.

293.

(ii. 103.)

C. M.

Colchester. Archdale.

*Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

- 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
 Nor 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 drive me from the just.
- 3 Firm, as his throne, his promise stands,  
And He'll at last restore  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my name in love  
Before his Father's face;  
And in Jerusalem above  
Appoint my soul a place.      WATTS.

294.

L. M.      Ipswich.      Alfreton.

*Not ashamed of Jesus.* Mark 8.

- mp 1 ASHAM'D of JESUS! Can it be?  
Mortals, O Lord, asham'd of Thee?  
mf Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor:  
O, may I scorn it more and more!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! Just as soon  
Might midnight blush to think of noon:  
Asham'd of Jesus! Sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus!—Of that Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?  
O, no!—My soul, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- mp 4 Asham'd of Jesus!—Yes, I may,  
When I've no sins to wash away ;  
No ills to flee, no joys to crave,  
No hell to fear, no soul to save!
- 5 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—  
f < Till then I boast a Savior slain!  
mp And O, may this my portion be,—  
That SAVIOR, not asham'd of me!      GRIGG.

295.

(i. 102.)      L. M.      Hebron.      Alfreton.

*The Beatitudes.*

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls, who see  
Their emptiness and poverty ;

Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows  
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the men, who upward press,  
Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;  
'They shall be well supplied, and fed  
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest they, whose kind affections move,  
Who melt with sympathy and love ;  
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts, renewed,  
With heav'nly graces are endued ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
Children of God shall they be called,  
From woes of hatred disenthralled.

8 Blest are the suff'ers, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
mf Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;  
Glory and joy are their reward! WATTS.

296. (ii. 106.) C. M. Litchfield. Stephens.

*Difficult Way to Heaven.*

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 Beloved self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed,

Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.

3 The love of fame, the love of gold  
Must cease our hearts to sway ;  
Th' unruly tongue must be controlled,  
And our whole soul obey.

4 When wrongs oppress, and doubts assail,  
With suff'rings, grief, and care,  
A patient spirit must prevail,  
And earnest be our prayer!

5 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm  
Fulfil a task so hard?  
mf Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward. WATTS.

297. (i. 143.) C. M. Newton. Nottingham.

*Children of God.*

1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within ;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave  
Do they perform his will ;  
But with the noblest pow'rs, they have,  
His sweet commands fulfil.

3 They find access at ev'ry hour  
To God within the veil ;  
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,  
And joys, that never fail.

mf 4 O happy souls ! O glorious state  
Of overflowing grace !  
To dwell within the heav'nly gate,  
And see their Father's face !

Aff 5 Lord, I address my prayer to Thee ;  
Call me a child of thine ;  
Send to my heart thy Spirit free,  
To form my soul divine.

6 There shed thy richest love abroad,  
And make my comforts strong ;

mf Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"  
With an unwav'ring tongue. WATTS.

298. C. M. Heath. St. James.

*Retirement.*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far,  
Where Satan, with malignity,  
Doth wage successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade  
With pray'r and praise agree ;  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those, who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the heart,  
And grace its mean abode,  
What peace and hope Thou dost impart,  
With love to Thee, O God?
- 4 As sweet-ton'd nightingale prolongs  
Her solitary lays,  
My soul no witness of her songs  
Desires, nor human praise.

Aff 5 Author of life, my Shield, my Sun,  
Blest source of light divine,  
And,— all harmonious names in one,—  
My SAVIOR! Thou art mine! COWPER.

299. 7s. Enfield. Broad Street.

*Charitable Man.*

- 1 OFT his silent spirit went,  
Like an angel from the throne,  
On benign commissions bent,  
In the fear of God alone.
- 2 Then the widow's heart would sing,  
As she turn'd her wheel, with joy ;  
Then the bliss of hope would spring  
On the outcast orphan boy.
- 3 To the blind, the deaf, the lame,  
To the ignorant and vile,  
Stranger, captive, slave, he came  
With a welcome and a smile.

- 4 Help to all he did dispense,  
Gold, instruction, raiment, food,  
Like the gifts of Providence,  
To the evil and the good.
- 5 Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown  
Shall eternity record,  
Which he durst not call his own,  
For he did them to the Lord! MONTGOMERY.

300.

L. M. Rockingham. Effingham.

*Love to Parents.*

- 1 TO honor those, who gave us birth,  
To cheer their age, to prize their worth,  
Is God's command to human kind,  
And own'd by ev'ry grateful mind.
- mp 2 Trace, then, the tender scenes of old,  
And all our infant days unfold;  
Survey the mother's love, and care  
To form the lisping lips to prayer;
- 3 Nor hold from mem'ry's glad review  
The fears, which all the father knew,  
The joys, that mark'd his thankful gaze,  
As virtue crown'd maturer days.
- 4 When press'd by sickness, pain, or grief,  
How anxious they to give relief?  
Our dearest wish they held their own;  
Till our's return'd, their peace was flown.
- aff 5 God of our life, each parent guard,  
And death's sad hour, O! long retard;  
Be theirs each joy, that gilds the past,  
And heav'n our common home at last!

ALEXANDER'S COLL

301.

L. M. Arnheim. Old Hundred.

*Prayer for ourselves and Children.*

- aff 1 IN Thee our fathers sought their rest,  
And were with thy protection blest:  
Behold their sons! In thy rich grace  
Grant us with Thee our fathers' place!

- 2 Through all the thorny paths, we tread,  
Ere we are number'd with the dead,  
When friends desert, and foes invade,  
Be Thou our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell on earth no more,  
To Thee, great God! may we ascend,  
And find an everlasting Friend.
- 4 To Thee our infant race we'll leave ;  
Them may their fathers' God receive ;  
That voices, yet unform'd, may raise  
mf Succeeding hymns of joyful praise.

DODDRIDGE.

302. (i. 129.) L. M. Hebron, Germany.  
*Abraham offering his Son.*

- 1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly 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 ;  
mp His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 9 "Abrah'm, forbear," the angel cried,  
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried ;  
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed!"
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour  
The Lord displays deliv'ring power ;  
mf The mount of danger is the place,  
Where we shall see surprising grace! WATTS.

303. (i. 113.) C. M. Colchester. Wareham.  
*Promise to Abraham.*

- 1 HOW large the promise, how divine,  
To Abrah'm and his seed ;  
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
Supplying all their need!"
- 2 His mercies unto those, He loves,  
From age to age endure ;

The Angel of the cov'nant proves  
And seals the blessings sure.

3 JESUS the ancient word ne'er breaks,  
To our great fathers given ;  
Young children to his arms He takes,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.

mf 4 Our God, how faithful is his word?  
Unchanging is his love ;  
The promis'd good, on sure record,  
Our children too shall prove!      WATTS.

304.      (i. 94.)      C. M.      Spencer.      Canterbury.  
*Justification by Faith.*

1 VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men  
On their own works have built ;  
Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile guilty stand  
Without a murm'ring word,  
Transgressors of the just command,  
Condemn'd before the Lord.

3 God's righteous law we ask in vain  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and doom to pain  
Is all, the law can do.

mf 4 JESUS! thy wondrous love we bless ;—  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness,  
That makes the sinner just!      WATTS.

305.      S. M.      Inverness.      Olmutz.  
*Justification by Faith.*

1 WOULDST thou with God be just  
In dreaded judgment day?  
On what then, mortal, dost thou trust?  
Where is thy hope and stay?

2 On worth dost thou rely,—  
On deeds of goodness done?  
And dost thou claim reward on high,  
And deem thy course well run?

3 Alas, thy stain is deep,  
And lo, the curse is near,  
Denounc'd on all, who fail to keep  
God's law, with conscience clear.

mf 4 Come, then ; to JESUS come ;  
O, come by faith and love ;  
His mercy saves from threaten'd doom,  
And lifts to heav'n above !

Aff 5 Blest JESUS, Son of God !  
May we be justified,  
Wash'd in th' atoning stream of blood,  
Outflowing from thy side ! ALLEN.

## 306.

C. M. Spencer. Peterborough.

*Justification.*

mp 1 AH, how can man, with guilt o'erspread,  
Be just with God on high ?  
How can he meet, except with dread,  
God's scrutinizing eye ?

— 2 Yet now may man be justified,  
And dwell in purest skies,  
Through Him, who on the cross once died  
A Lamb of sacrifice.

3 'Tis faith, that turns away the blow,  
By sword of justice aimed ;  
'Tis faith, that wakes up joys below  
In hearts, that joy disclaimed.

Aff 4 Lord, give us faith in thine own blood,  
Once pour'd out on the tree ;  
O, make us righteous with our God,  
Then shall we dwell with Thee ? ALLEN.

## 307.

S. M. Boylston. Little Marlborough.

*Justification by Faith.*

Aff 1 GUILT, Lord, deep guilt is mine,  
Thy justice cannot spare ;  
Though Thou hast stores of grace divine,  
My guilt gives me despair.

2 Let justice have its sway,  
Thy throne unsullied be !

- mp How can I in my vileness pray,  
Or lift my eye to Thee?
- mf 3 But lo, the Savior's form  
Appears before my eye!  
Now flees away the threat'ning storm ;  
Now shines a peaceful sky?
- 4 Thou canst, Lord, now be kind,  
And justice still maintain,  
For Jesus came the lost to find,  
And on the cross was slain! ALLEN.

308.

L. M. Old Hundred. Uxbridge.

*Justification by Faith.*

[From the French of Desbarreaux.]

- 1 GREAT God! thy judgments all are right,  
And Thou on mercy still art bent ;  
But I have done Thee such despote,  
That justice claims my punishment.
- 2 Yes, Lord, my crimes, exceeding great,  
Would seem to silence mercy's cry ;  
How canst Thou, in thy glorious state,  
Regard such guilt with pitying eye?
- 3 Thy law is good:—to Thee I bow ;  
All heav'n the judgment will approve,  
When my poor soul is cast below ;  
Nor can my reason Thee reprove.
- 4 I must adore Thee, though thou smite ;—  
Yet Lord, the bolt of vengeance, sped,  
Can strike no part, not cover'd quite  
With blood of CHRIST, for sinners shed!

ALLEN.

309.

(ii. 125.)

L. M.

Nazareth. Wells.

*Faith and Unbelief.*

- 1 LIFE and immortal joys are given  
To souls, that mourn the sins, they've done,  
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven  
By faith in God's beloved Son.
- 2 Wo to the wretch, who never felt  
The inward pangs of pious grief,

But adds to all his crying guilt  
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,  
Under the wrath of God he lies:  
He seals the curse on his own head,

> And with a double vengeance dies. WATTS.

310. (i. 100.) L. M. Blendon. St. Paul's.

*Believe and be Saved.*

- 1 NOT to condemn our guilty souls  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;  
No voice of thunder round him rolls,  
But mercy's gentle call we hear.

- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He lov'd the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

- mf 3 Sinners, believe the Savior's word,  
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;  
A thousand joys his truths afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

- mp 4 But rebels, who refuse his grace,  
And God's beloved Son despise,  
Will find at last their dwelling place  
In the dark pit, where Satan lies. WATTS.

311. (i. 109.) L. M. Stonefield. St. Peter's.

*Christ and his 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.

- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands  
By pleading what my Lord hath done! WATTS.

312.

8s. Wilworth. Wanworth.

*Power of Faith.*

- 1 THE moment, a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His pardon at once he receives,  
Redemption in full through his blood.
- 2 The faith, that forgiveness can claim,  
And brings such salvation, as this,  
Is more, than mere fancy, or name,—  
The work of God's Spirit it is.
- mf 3 It treads on the world and on hell ;  
It vanquishes death by its might,  
And raises the sinner to dwell  
With the angels most blessed in light!
- aff 4 Lord, give us true faith in thy blood,—  
The faith, which still worketh by love,  
Producing the fruits, that are good,  
And leading to glory above! HART.

313.

(ii. 129.). L. M. Duke Street. Charleston.

*Walking by Faith.*

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts, dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- mf 2 The want of sight she well supplies,  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith supplies a heav'nly ray ;  
Though lions roar and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abrah'm by divine command  
Left his own house to walk with God ;  
His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
mf And fir'd his zeal along the road. WATTS.

314. C. M. Downs. Broomsgrove.

*Power of Faith.*

- mf 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the way,  
By ancient worthies trod:  
Those blest and holy men survey,  
Who walk'd on earth with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,  
And in example live ;  
Their faith, and hope, and toils severe  
Still fresh instruction give !
- 3 'Twas by their faith's triumphant power  
They conquer'd every foe ;  
And they to Christ, in mercy's hour,  
Their crowns and glory owe !
- aff 4 Lord! let me ever keep in sight  
These patterns, Thou hast given ;  
And ne'er forsake the path-way right,  
Which led them safe to heaven! NEEDHAM.

315. (i. 120.) C. M. Nichols. Bowdoin Square.

*Faith in Things unseen.*

- i FAITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight,  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,  
And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present show,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 Abrah'm, to unknown countries led,  
By faith obey'd the Lord ;  
And all the sons of Abrah'm dead  
Believe God's faithful word.
- mf 4 He sought a city, fair and high,  
Built by th' eternal hands ;  
And faith assures us, though we die,  
That heav'nly building stands! WATTS.

316. (i. 140.) C. M. Dundee. London,  
*A living and dead Faith.*

- mp 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,  
 And make their empty boast  
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
 On passion's waves still tost.
- 2 Vain are our fancies,—airy flights,—  
 If faith be cold and dead;  
 — None but a living pow'r unites  
 To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'T is faith, that changes all the heart,  
 'T is faith, that works by love,  
 That bids all sinful joys depart,  
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- mf 4 'T is faith, that conquers earth and hell  
 By a celestial power:  
 This faith shall surely triumph well  
 In the decisive hour! WATTS.

317. (i. 64.) S. M. Stonington. Shirland.  
*Adoption.*

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace  
 The Father hath bestowed  
 On sinners of a mortal race,  
 To call them sons of God!
- 2 'T is no surprising thing,  
 That we should be unknown ;  
 The Jewish world knew not their King,  
 God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear,  
 How glorious we shall be ;  
 Aff But, JESUS, when Thou comest here,  
 We shall be like to Thee!
- 4 A hope so much divine  
 May trials well endure ;  
 Should cause our graces bright to shine,  
 As, JESUS, Thou art pure!
- 5 If in my Father's love  
 I share a filial part,

Send down thy Spirit like a dove  
To rest upon my heart.

- 6 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
My faith shall Abba,—Father,—cry,  
And Thou the kindred own. WATTS.

318. C. M. Dedham. Arlington.

*Bearing the Cross.*

- Aff 1 DIDST Thou, blest Savior, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
And 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,  
I still will glory in thy name,  
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread  
To suffer shame or loss!  
O, let me in thy footsteps tread,  
And glory in thy cross! KIRKHAM.

319. L. M. Trenton, Duke Street.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

- mp 1 BLEST JESUS! who didst leave the skies  
To bear thine untold agonies,  
And on the cross didst die for me,—  
Shall I be, Lord, asham'd of Thee?
- mf 2 "Asham'd of Thee," whose blood was shed  
To turn perdition from my head,  
To bring my soul from depths of wo,  
And make me thy salvation know?
- 3 "Asham'd of Thee," who from the grave  
Didst rise thy dying friends to save,  
Whose voice thy sleeping hosts shall wake,  
When heav'n's eternal day shall break?

4 "Asham'd of Thee," the Savior-King,  
Whose praises all the righteous sing,  
To whom at last the shout will rise,  
Re-echoing through the earth and skies?

mp 5 "Asham'd of JESUS!" Then would He  
In judgment be asham'd of me,  
And, smitten by his anger's flame,  
My doom would be immortal shame! ALLEN,

320. (ii. 77.) L. M. Trenton. St. Paul's.  
*The Christian Warfare.*

mf 1 STAND up, my soul, for manly strife,  
And gird the gospel armor on ;  
March to the gates of endless life,  
Where thy great Captain-Savior's gone.

— 2 Thy foes may rage, as oceans toss,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;  
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,

mf 3 And sang the triumph, when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly gate ;  
'There shines a crown, by courage won,  
'There glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait!

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace ;  
With heav'nly hosts shall I bow down,  
And sing my glorious Leader's praise! WATTS.

321. L. M. Truro. Duke Street.  
*The Christian Soldier.* Eph. 6.

1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand  
In the whole 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 With this omnipotence he moves,  
From this the alien armies flee ;

Till more than conqueror he proves  
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

mf 4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,  
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
p< Through mercy, an immortal crown!

MONTGOMERY.

322.

C. M. Jordan. Tolland.

*Christian Soldier.*

mp 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
Engag'd in warfare good?  
And shall I dread disgrace and loss,  
Or shedding of my blood?

mf No:—I will go, where JESUS leads,  
And boldly face the foe:  
He, who in JESUS' footsteps treads,  
Defeat shall never know!

— 2 Though first the cross, yet last the crown;  
Triumph is after fight:  
Martyrs a diadem have won,—  
Reward in heav'nly light.

mf Then let us bravely wage the war,  
And follow close our King,  
That we may shine, as heav'nly star,  
< And glorious triumph sing! ALLEN.

323.

(i. 48.) L. M. Duke Street, Bedford Street.

*The Christian Race.*

1 AWAKE, our souls, our fears give place,  
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heav'nly 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 ev'ry saint.

3 The pow'rful God, whose matchless might  
Is glorious, like the giant sun,  
And lasts, while endless years, in flight,  
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a full supply,  
While men, this fount abandoning,  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die!

mf 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the sky,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road. WATTS.

324.

C. M. Nottingham. Christmas.

*The heavenly Race.*

mf 1 AWAKE, my soul,—stretch ev'ry nerve,  
And press with vigor on ;  
Ne'er from the heav'nward path-way swerve,  
If thou wouldst gain the crown.

2 'Tis God's all animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high:  
He bids thee seek immortal joys,  
Glories, that never die!

— 3 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:

mf They loud, inciting notes resound ;—  
Then onward urge thy way!

Aff 4 Thee, SAVIOR, may I hope to meet,  
When I my race have run?  
Yes! crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down! DODDRIDGE.

325.

8s. Wilworth. Wanworth.

*Exhortation to immediate Obedience.*

1 THE night is far spent ; then awake,  
Arise from thy slothful repose:  
The dawn of the day, shall it break,  
And naught of thy labors disclose?

2 The night is far spent ; and the day  
The deeds of dark hours will reveal:  
Repent, and return, while ye may,  
Lest judgment, despairing, ye feel.

3 The night is far spent ; and the sun,  
Which rises, will never go down:

O, hast thou the victory won,  
And shalt thou receive the bright crown?

ALLEN.

326. S. M. Boylston. Cornhill.

*Improvement of the present Time.*

- Aff 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine ;  
Dependent on thy doom ;  
On us its sun may never shine ;  
The night of death may come !
- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O, make thy servants truly wise,  
That we may live to-day !
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Awake by thine almighty power  
The aged and the young.
- 4 To JESUS may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young, golden beams should die  
In sudden, endless night! DODDRIDGE.

327. 5 & 8. Bethlehem.

*Christian Effort.*

- mf 1 COME, let us awake,  
Our arms let us take,  
And speed us away to the fight ;  
With JESUS, our head,  
Where'er He may lead,  
We'll march in the pow'r of his might.
- 2 Ah, who would not gain,—  
Through labor and pain,—  
A kingdom eternal above?  
Ah, who would not dwell,—  
Mid joys, none can tell,—  
Where all is delight and sweet love?
- Aff 3 Blest JESUS, our strength!  
O, grant, that at length

A crown to our heads may be given ;  
 O, bring us at last,—  
 The valley o'erpast,—

mf To glory eternal in heaven! ALLEN.

328. (i. 139.) L. M. Arnheim. Old Hundred.  
*Hope in the Covenant.*

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 pow'r performs the word,  
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,  
 My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
 mf Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
 While tempests blow, and billows rise! WATTS.

329. (i. 122.) L. M. Hebron. Nazareth.  
*Believers buried and raised with Christ.*

1 DO we not hear that solemn word,  
 That we are buried with the Lord?  
 Baptiz'd into his death, that we  
 From sinful bondage might be free?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;  
 So from the grave did Christ arise,  
 And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
 Over our mortal flesh again ;  
 The various lusts, we serv'd before,  
 Shall have dominion now no more. WATTS.

330. (ii. 165.) C. M. Mear. Dundee.  
*Unfruitfulness, Ignorance.*

1 LONG have we sat beneath the sound  
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
 But still how weak our faith is found,  
 And knowledge of thy word?

2 How faint and feeble is our love?  
 How slight our fear and dread?  
 How low our hopes of joys above?  
 Our hearts how cold and dead?

aff 3 Great God, thy sov'reign power impart,  
 And bless the word divine ;  
 Write thy salvation in our heart,  
 And make us wholly thine !

4 Show our forgetful feet the way,  
 < That leads to joys on high ;—  
 mf There knowledge grows without decay,  
 And love shall never die ! WATTS.

331. (ii. 25.) C. M. Stephens. London.  
*Acknowledgment of Sloth.*

1 MY soul, why art thou thus asleep?  
 Awake, and toil, and strive !  
 O, why do we, in slumber deep,  
 Thus negligently live?

2 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
 And stars their courses move,—  
 mf We, for whose guard the angel bands  
 Come flying from above ;

3 We, for whom Christ from heav'n came down,  
 And labor'd for our good :  
 — How careless to secure that crown,  
 He purchas'd with his blood?

aff 4 Lord, shall we still so sluggish lie,  
 While time with speed departs?  
 Come, Holy Spirit, from on high,  
 And kindle up our hearts !

mf 5 Then shall our active spirits move,  
 Upward our souls shall rise :  
 With hands of faith and wings of love  
 < We'll fly and seize the prize ! WATTS.

332. (i. 136.) C. M. Peterborough. Bowdoin Square.  
*Sincerity and Hypocrisy.*

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,  
 He sees our inmost mind ;

In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honor can appear:  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise, they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.

mp 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
mf Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there! WATTS.

333. (i. 134.) L. M. Ipswich. German Hymn.

*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 inspir'd to preach, and tell  
All, that is done in heav'n 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 at my door,  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;—

4 If love to God, and love to men  
Be absent,—all my hopes are vain:  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal  
The works of love can e'er fulfil. WATTS.

334. (ii. 38.) C. M. Nichols. Stephens.

*Love to God.*

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 dread the judgment-seat,  
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace, that lives and shines,  
When faith and hope shall die;  
mf 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In glorious worlds on high! WATTS.

335. (i. 166.) L. M. Ellenthorpe, Truro.  
*Love to God and Man.*

1 THE great command has gone abroad,  
"Let all thy inward powers unite  
To love thy Maker and thy God  
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 "Then shalt thou love thy neighbor too  
With true affection, strong and free;  
To him in all things thou shalt do,  
As thou would'st he should do to thee."

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 fulfill'd by love.

4 But O, how burns the selfish fire?  
How cold our charity and zeal?  
With love, O Lord, our hearts inspire,  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will. WATTS.

336. (i. 132.) L. M. Hingham, Alfreton.  
*Holiness and Grace.*

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 the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride,  
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love  
Our inward piety approve.

mf 4 Religion lifts our spirits high,  
While we expect, with heav'nly joy,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word. WATTS.

337. (ii. 107.) C. M. Elgin. Wantage.  
*Absence from God intolerable.*

1 THAT awful day is sure at hand,  
Th' appointed scene is nigh,  
When I before my Judge must stand,  
And bear his scrutiny!

aff 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
Thou sov'reign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station, where  
I must not taste his love!

4 My worthless name, Lord, let me know,  
Is graven on thy hands;  
And in thy book some promise show,  
Where my salvation stands! WATTS.

338. L. M. Appleton. Duke Street.  
*God's Presence in Trouble. Isa. 43.*

1 WHEN thou shalt pass through waters deep,  
"I", saith the Lord, "thy life will keep,  
And when through rivers thou dost go,  
Thy soul the streams shall not o'erflow.

2 "When through the fire thy feet shall walk,  
My word the force of fire shall balk,  
Nor shall the kindling of the flame  
E'er singe thee, or e'er work thy shame.

3 "For I am God, the holy One,  
And Jesus, Savior, is my Son ;  
Then fear not, though the waters roll,  
And raging fire o'erleaps control.

mf 4 "Nor flood, nor flame can work thee ill,  
In flame and flood I'm with thee still ;  
The flood shall wash away thy stain,  
The flame shall purge thy gold again." ALLEN.

339.

L. M.

Belville. Newcourt.

*Elijah fed by Ravens.*

1 THY rushing wing, dark-mantled bird,  
The holy seer with gladness heard,  
When famine rag'd on ev'ry side,  
And founts and flowing streams were dried ;  
But still, in Cherith's quiet vale,  
The crystal waters did not fail.

2 From fields, uncheer'd by rains or dew,  
To Cherith's brook the ravens flew ;  
Both morn and eve, on pinions fleet,  
They hover round the lone retreat,  
By secret impulse thither led  
To bring the exile daily bread.

3 I turn with fond delight to trace  
The story of thy ancient race,  
And think how, in their hour of need,  
His faithful children God can feed.  
There may be want, and wo, and care,—  
mf But Cherith's brook forbids despair.

MINST. OF WOODS.

340.

C. M.

Spencer. Peterborough.

*Recovery from Sickness.*

1 'T WAS dreadful, when th' accuser's power  
Assail'd my sinking heart,  
Recounting ev'ry wasted hour,  
And each unworthy part:

Aff 2 But, JESUS, in that mortal fray  
'Thy blessed comforts stole,  
Like sunshine in a stormy day,  
Across my darken'd soul.

- 3 When soon or late<sup>r</sup> this feeble breath  
 No more to Thee shall pray,  
 Support me through the vale of death,  
 And in the darksome way.
- 4 When, cloth'd in fleshly weeds again,  
 I wait thy dread decree,  
 Judge of the world, bethink Thee then,  
 That Thou hast died for me!            HEBER.

341.

L. M.

Hebron. German Hymn.

*Affliction.*      Job 5.

- 1 AFFLICTION comes not from the dust ;  
 No chance-sprung evil pains the just ;  
 Yet man to trouble e'er is nigh,  
 As sparks from fire do upward fly.
- 2 The man, whom God corrects, is blest :  
 'Then, when by sorrows thou art prest,  
 His chast'ning hand resist no more,  
 For, though He wounds, He will restore.
- 3 Thy soul in famine yet shall live,  
 Thy faded cheek He will revive ;  
 And, when the plague shall rage around,  
 A hiding-place for thee is found.
- 4 Within thy house there shall be peace,  
 And thou shalt see thy seed increase :  
 And thee at last the grave shall hide,  
 As shock of corn comes in its tide!      ALLEN.

342.

C. M.

Dedham. Newton,

*Resignation.*

- 1 ONE pray'r I have,—all pray'rs in one,—  
 When I am wholly thine ;  
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
 And let that will be mine.
- aff 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
 In Thee I firmly trust ;  
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
 Are merciful and just.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When us'd as talents lent ;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in thy service spent.

4 And, though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will ?  
No ; let me bless thy name, and say,  
"The Lord is gracious still." MONTGOMERY.

343. (ii. 109.) L. M. Hebron. German Hymn.

*Trust in God in Adversity.*

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 Through seas, and storms of deep distress  
We sail by faith and not by sight ;  
Faith guides us in the wilderness  
Through all the dangers, that affright.

aff 3 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod  
Resolve to scourge us here below,  
Still we will trust thy love, O God,  
To bring us where pure pleasures flow !

WATTS.

344. C. M. Broomsgrove. St. James.

*Light in Darkness.*

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds, ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head !

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

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

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

COWPER.

345.

L. M. Medway. German Hymn.

*Mourning Pilgrim.*

1 PILGRIM! do clouds of grief and wo  
Shut out from thee that heav'nly light,  
Late spread along thy path-way bright?  
Doth darkness brood on all below?

2 Fear not ; more glorious beams shall flow  
From fount above upon thy sight:  
Thy God is faithful ; in his might  
Thou'rt safe, and naught can thee o'erthrow.

3 Upon the wondrous cross gaze now ;  
There hangs, while sun is veil'd in night,  
The Son of God, whom men do smite ;  
And, dying, He his head doth bow.

4 But soon the grave his pow'r doth know ;  
He mounts up, where with pure delight  
Eternal ages wing their flight ;  
Through Him shall joy to thee outflow!

ALLEN.

346.

(ii. 122.)

L. M. Ipswich. Medway.

*Retirement and Meditation.*

aff 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 heav'nly birth?

Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Savior, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
One sov'reign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

mp 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone ;  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heav'n, and there my God I find. WATTS.

347. S. M. Boylston. Utica.  
*Evening Meditation of the Christian.*

mp 1 IN silence of the night  
I lift my wond'ring eye ;  
I gaze on countless worlds of light,  
Which stud the heav'ns on high.

2 Around them unseen worlds,  
Th' abodes of heav'nly love,  
— Pursue their course in endless whirls,  
Rejoicing, as they move.

mf 3 O, for an angel's wing  
To leave this world of wo,  
To rise, where spotless beings sing,  
And pleasures ever flow !

mp 4 Repent, and sin no more !  
— Desire not wings for flight,  
mf For soon thy soul shall joyful soar  
Up to thy God in light! ALLEN.

348. C. M. Stephens. Bowdoin Square.  
*Walking with God.*

1 O, FOR a closer walk with God,  
A mind serene and blest,  
A light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to my rest !

2 Where is the blessedness, I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of JESUS, and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours, I once enjoyed?  
How sweet their mem'ry still?  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

Aff 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! COWPER.

349.

S. M.

Gerar. Olmutz.

*Happy Old Age.*

1 'T IS good our course to run,  
And shed around us light,  
Like yonder orb, the glorious sun,  
Who moves with giant's might.

2 No prize the sluggard wins ;  
'T is toil, that brings repose ;  
Our bliss is bliss, that now begins,  
And ending never knows.

3 We look on years gone by ;—  
The fruits of good appear ;  
mf The plants, we rear'd, wave on the eye,  
Our hearts with joy to cheer.

4 We forward look, and see  
No form of terror there,  
But all is pure felicity,

> Instead of dark despair! ALLEN.

350.

S. M.

Inverness. Shirland.

*Rejoicing in God. Hab. 3.*

1 ALTHOUGH the fig tree fail  
Its blossoms to display,  
And though the fruitless land bewail  
The vines, as they decay ;

2 Though none the olive press,  
The fields shall yield no meat,

And famish'd men, in deep distress,  
Like spectres walk the street ;—

3 Although the flock shall be  
Destroy'd from off the fold,  
And in the stalls no herd ye see,  
And want reigns uncontrolled ;

4 Yet shall my soul rejoice  
In mercy's saving power,  
mf And unto God I'll lift my voice,  
And praise Him evermore! ALLEN.

351. L. M. Hebron, Germany.  
*Joy in God. Hab. 3.*

1 THOUGH fig tree cease to deck the field,  
And cultur'd ground no food doth yield,  
Nor fruit hangs clust'ring on the vine,  
To give, when press'd, the cheering wine ;

2 Though flocks no longer seek the fold,  
Nor herds graze now along the wold ;  
mf Still in my God I'll yet rejoice ;  
His treasures are my better choice.

3 To God my grateful song shall rise ;  
He gives the fruits of paradise !  
He gives me truth's refreshing food,  
< And heav'n's illimitable good! ALLEN.

352. (ii. 112.) L. M. Reddington, Ellenthorpe.  
*Ministry and Guidance of Angels.*

1 GREAT God, to what a glorious height  
Hast Thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son !  
Angels, in all their robes of light,  
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,  
And swift like flames of fire they move,  
To manage his affairs of state  
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet  
Up to the gates of thine abode,  
Through all the dangers, that we meet,  
In travelling the heav'nly road.

Aff 4 Lord, when from earth I take my flight,  
 And Thou shalt bid me rise and come,  
 Send a beloved angel bright  
 Safe to conduct my spirit home!      WATTS.

353.      (ii. 18.)      L. M.      Trenton. Truro.

*Ministry of Angels.*

- 1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light  
 The King of glory spreads his seat,  
 And hosts of angels, stretch'd for flight,  
 Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?  
 At thy command they go and come,—  
 With cheerful haste obey thy word,  
 And guard thy children to their home.
- 3 Around me let thine angels be,  
 To guard me up to heav'n above ;  
 And, while I share their ministry,  
 Thy service let me also love!      WATTS.

354.      (ii. 113.)      C. M.      Downs. St. James.

*Ministry of Angels.*

- 1 TO Christ, our heav'nly, glorious King,  
 Are angel legions given ;  
 They wait upon his saints, and bring  
 His chosen heirs to heaven.
- 2 Pleasure and praise run through their host  
 To see a sinner turn ;  
 That Satan has a captive lost,  
 And Christ a subject born.
- 3 But there's an hour of brighter joy,  
 When He his angel sends,  
 Unhumbled rebels to destroy,  
 And gather in his friends.
- 4 O, could I say without a doubt,  
 "There shall my soul be found,"  
 mf Then let the great archangel shout,  
 The last, loud trumpet sound!      WATTS.

355.

12s. Duren. New Jerusalem.

*Free Grace.*

- 1 THE voice of free grace cries, O come to the fountain,  
O'erflowing with blood upon Calvary's mountain!  
O, wash in this fountain, the fount of salvation ;  
Ye all may then say, with combin'd acclamation,—  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon;  
We'll praise Him again, when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 Ye souls, that are wounded, repair ye for healing  
To JESUS, whose mercy to you is appealing :  
O, will you despise all the blood of the fountain,  
Which flow'd for you freely on Calvary's mountain?
- 3 Our JESUS, enthroned, now reigneth most glorious ;  
O'er sin, death, and hell He will make us victorious:  
On high we will join with the great congregation,  
And triumph, ascribing to Him our salvation.
- 4 With joy shall we stand, when our feet reach the shore ;  
With harps in our hands we will praise Him the more ;  
We'll range the blest fields far beyond the deep river,  
And sing of salvation forever and ever! THORNBY.

356.

L. M. Belville. Newcourt.

*The Christian Israel.*

- 1 STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,  
Like Israel, in the ancient day,  
We to the land of promise go,  
aff Lord! by thine own appointed way:  
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,  
In cloud by day, in fire by night.
- 2 Protect us through the wilderness  
From ev'ry peril, plague, and foe ;  
With bread from heav'n thy people bless,  
And living streams, where'er we go ;  
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,  
Or follow any voice but thine.
- 3 When we have number'd all our years,  
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,  
Though fails the flesh with mortal fears,  
O, let not then the spirit sink,  
mf But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,  
Plunge through the stream, to rise above!

357. (ii. 64.) L. M. Walton. Miss. Chant.  
*God the Glory and Defence of Zion.*

- mf 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 heav'nly warriors waits ;  
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
 Fix'd 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 ;  
 mf His might protects 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. WATTS.

358. (i. 8.) C. M. Dedham. New Conway,  
*Safety of the Church.*

- 1 HOW high in honor is the place,  
 Where we adoring stand ;—  
 Zion, array'd in heav'nly grace,  
 The glory of our land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace surround  
 The city, where we dwell ;  
 The walls of strong salvation round  
 Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 What though on high the rebels rave ?  
 God's arm shall bring them low :  
 mp Low as the caverns of the grave  
 Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 4 Trust in the Lord with firmest mind,  
 And banish all your fears ;

mf Strength in Jehovah ye shall find  
Eternal as his years! WATTS.

359. (ii. 35.) C. M. Nottingham. Christmas.

*Praise for Creation and Redemption.*

- 1 WE raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,  
And send them to thy throne ;  
All glory to the united Three,  
The undivided One.
- 2 Thou, Lord, and we'll adore thy name,  
Didst form us by a word,  
And Thou wilt build our mould'ring frame:—  
Salvation to the Lord!
- 3 Hosanna! Earth and skies, rejoice,  
And speak th' exulting sound!  
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice  
In one eternal round! WATTS.

360. C. P. M. Kew. Rapture,

*Christians encouraging each other.*

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Whom raging foes would kill ;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears  
To yon celestial hill!
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Look forward to that heav'nly place,  
The saints' secure abode:  
mf On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God!
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure ;  
mf And all, that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown!

361.

C. M. Downs. St. James.

*Communion of Saints.*

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above  
But one communion make ;  
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,  
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him ;  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- Aff 4 O God, be Thou our constant guide !  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven! C. WESLEY.

362.

C. M. Medford. St. John's.

*Union of Saints and Nature.*

- 1 THE glorious universe around,  
The heav'ns with all their train,  
Sun, moon, and stars are firmly bound  
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky  
To form one world agree,  
Where all, that walk, or swim, or fly,  
Compose one family.
- 3 In one fraternal bond of love,  
One fellowship of mind,  
The saints below and saints above  
Their bliss and glory find.
- aff 4 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! MONTGOMERY.

363.

L. M. Ipswich. German Hymn.

*Life a Pilgrimage.* Heb. 13.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here ;"  
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
Let not this world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here ;"  
We seek a land beyond our sight ;  
mf Zion its name ;—the Lord is there ;  
It shines with everlasting light.
- mp 3 O, sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest !  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to Thee and be at rest !
- 4 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. KELLY.

364.

(i. 32.)

C. M.

Dundee.

*Strength from Heaven.*

- 1 WHY these desponding thoughts? and where  
Hath all our courage fled?  
Have restless sin and dark despair  
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Treasures of might in God we seek ;  
In God those treasures dwell ;  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.
- 3 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigor cease,  
But we, who wait on God most high,  
Shall feel our strength increase.
- mf 4 The saints shall rise on eagle's wing,  
And mount up to the skies,  
And there a rapt'rous song shall sing,  
And taste divinest joys! WATTS.

365.

C. M.

Nichols. Colchester.

*Strong Faith and Hope of Heaven.*

- 1 ON Zion's hill my stand I take  
 And view my starry crown!  
 No pow'r on earth my hope can shake,  
 Nor hell can thrust me down!
- 2 The tow'rs and cities in their pride,  
 That lift their head on high,  
 Shall sink down into ruin wide;  
 Their very names shall die.
- 3 E'en earth itself shall feel the shock,  
 Though built by God's own hands;  
 f But firmer, than the heav'ns, the Rock  
 Of my salvation stands! SWAIN.

366.

L. M.

Belville. Newcourt.

*Foretaste of Heaven.*

- 1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,  
 At God's right hand, where JESUS reigns,  
 Since the sweet earnest of his love  
 O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains!  
 No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
 What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 Where sin no more obstructs our sight,  
 When sorrow pains our hearts no more,  
 How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
 And all his works of grace explore?  
 What heights and depths of love divine  
 Will there through endless ages shine!
- 3 This is the heav'n, I long to know;  
 For this with patience I would wait,  
 Till, wean'd from earth and all below,  
 I mount to my celestial seat,  
 mf And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
 And, with the elders, cast them down!

MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

## TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

367.

5 &amp; 8.

Bethlehem.

*On a Revival of Religion.*

1 HOW blest is this day!  
 O, wondrous display  
 Of pow'r and of mercy divine!  
 Admiring, we cry,  
 With joy-beaming eye,—  
 "Blest JESUS! this work, it is thine!"

2 See pride humbled low,  
 See stubbornness bow,  
 And selfishness chang'd into love!  
 Fierce anger relents,  
 The scorner repents,  
 The worldling looks upward above.

mp 3 No blushes of shame  
 At JESUS' blest name  
 By sinner redeem'd is now known;  
 mf Sav'd now, though once lost,  
 In naught will we boast,  
 But JESUS, his cross, and his crown! ALLEN.

368.

5 &amp; 8.

Bethlehem.

*Revival and Invitation.*

1 YE see, that the Lord  
 Hath stretch'd out his sword  
 The hearts of the sinful to smite;  
 Ye see, that they bow,  
 And lay themselves low,  
 O'erwhelm'd by his word, that gleams bright.

2 And, sinners, can ye  
 From JESUS e'er flee,  
 Evading his justice and power?  
 mp O, come and submit;  
 Come, bow at his feet,  
 When now is sweet mercy's kind hour!

— 3 O, shall it be said,  
 The Son of God bled,  
 Expiring in shame on the tree,

And that ye despise  
The blood-purchas'd prize,  
SALVATION, eternal and free? ALLEN.

369.

L. M. Timsbury. Duke Street.

*Invitation by new Converts.*

Aff 1 "COME ye with us, we'll do you good ;"—  
We're trav'ling to the promis'd place,  
Where, ransom'd by atoning blood,  
We hope to see our Savior's face.

3 "Come ye with us:"—of late we wore  
The weary chain, like Egypt's thralls ;  
But now, releas'd, we're slaves no more!  
O come, and then *your* shackle falls!

3 "Come ye with us:"—we've passed the sea,  
Unhurt, and, though in desert drear,  
God is our guard, and e'er will be!—  
O, come, and ye shall nothing fear!

4 "Come ye with us:"—O, say not, "no!"  
Stay not behind, ye friends, we love ;  
But come, and taste the joys, we know,—  
Come, seek the home, we seek above.

5 "Come ye with us ;—we'll do you good ;"  
We're trav'ling to the promis'd place,  
Where, ransom'd by atoning blood,  
We hope to see our Savior's face! ALLEN.

370.

C. M. St. Martin's. China.

*Meeting of a Bible, or Missionary Society.*

aff 1 O LORD, the glorious King above,  
And Head of Church below!  
Thy wondrous grace, and pow'r, and love  
Let all the nations know.

2 Where'er the sun doth pour his light,  
And darkness turns to day,  
Let TRUTH shine forth, with beams most bright,  
And error chase away.

3 Where'er the foot of man doth tread  
Beneath the cope of sky,

mf There let the GOSPEL-HERALDS spread  
 Glad tidings, life, and joy!  
 mp 4 Blest JESUS! come; O, come, and reign;  
 Let earth her King adore!  
 f Then all thy hosts, in loudest strain,  
 < Shall praise Thee evermore! ALLEN.

371. L. M. Hebron. German Hymn.  
*Meeting of a Missionary Society.*

Aff 1 WE meet, O Lord, through earth to spread  
 The truth, for which the martyrs bled;  
 Along the line,—to either pole,—  
 The thunder of thy praise to roll!  
 2 Our pray'rs assist,—accept our praise,—  
 Our hopes revive,—our courage raise;—  
 Our counsels aid,—to each impart  
 The single eye, the faithful heart.  
 mf 3 Forth with thy chosen heralds go!  
 Let darken'd minds thy gospel know!  
 From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
 < And spread it through the earth around.

PRATT'S COLL.

372. (i. 128.) L. M. Arnheim. Old Hundred.  
*Commission of the Apostles.*

1 GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;  
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive:  
 They shall be sav'd, who trust my word,  
 And they condemn'd, who disbelieve.  
 2 "I'll make your great commission known,  
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
 By all the works, that I have done,  
 By all the wonders, ye shall do.  
 3 "Teach all the nations my commands;  
 I'm with you, till the world shall end:  
 All pow'r is trusted in my hands;  
 I can destroy, and I defend."  
 4 He spake,— and light shone round his head;  
 On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode;  
 mf They to the farthest nations spread  
 The grace of their ascended God! WATTS.

373. (ii, 144.) L. M. Sterling. Antigua.

*The Gospel conquering the Nations.*

- mf 1 WELL arm'd, Christ sent the champions forth,  
From east to west, from south to north,  
"Go ye, nor fear disgrace and loss ;  
Go, spread the myst'ry of my cross!"
- 2 The weapons of the holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are,  
To make the stubborn passions bow,  
And lay the proudest rebel low!
- 3 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by the heav'nly arms subdued:  
While Satan rages at his loss,  
And dreads the triumphs of the cross.
- Aff 4 Great King of grace, my heart subdue ;  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
And sing the vict'ries of his word!      WATTS.

374.                    8, 7, & 4.      Brest.      Missionary H.

*A Voice from the perishing Heathens.*

- 1 HARK! we hear a voice outcrying,  
Wafted from the pagan shore,—  
mp "Come and help us, we are dying,  
Give us light; we ask no more!"—  
mf        We will help you ;  
You our Savior shall adore!
- 2 Yes, our glorious King in heaven  
O'er the earth shall surely reign!—  
mp "Shall not help to us be given?  
Must we weep our woes in vain?"—  
mf        We will send you  
Healing balm for all your pain.
- 3 JESUS! let thy kingdom flourish,  
Let thy love the world o'erflow!—  
mp "Help us quickly, or we perish,  
Midst your words, which kindly flow!"—  
mf        We will help you,  
Ye salvation's joys shall know!      ALLEN.

375.

7s.

Southampton. Broad Street.

*Missionaries encouraged.*

- mf 1 GO, ye messengers of light,  
Clad in holy armor bright,  
Sent in mercy from above,  
Heralds of redeeming love!
- 2 Go ye, where the crescent gleams ;  
There outpour truth's glowing beams  
On the wilder'd, darken'd eye ;  
Bear the saving cross on high !
- 3 Go, where idol temples rise,  
Mocking Him, who made the skies ;  
Soon shall fall each impious tower,  
Smitten by the gospel's power.
- 4 Fear ye not, for God is strong ;  
Ye shall lift triumphant song,  
Ransom'd souls with you shall sing  
Praises unto Zion's King !
- 5 Go, ye messengers of light,  
Clad in holy armor bright,  
Sent in mercy from above,  
Heralds of redeeming love !

ALLEN.

376.

L. M.

Walton. Rothwell.

*Zion's Heralds.* Isa. 52.

- 1 LO, on the mountains, O how fair  
The feet of Zion's heralds are,  
Who come glad tidings to proclaim,  
And teach lost men the SAVIOR's name ?
- 2 They publish mercy, peace, and grace,  
Salvation to a ruin'd race,  
Tidings of good to all the world,  
For Satan from his throne is hurled.
- 3 They say to Zion, "Lo, thy God  
Victorious sends his truth abroad ;  
Thy monarch reigneth, and his hand  
No arm of evil can withstand."
- mf 4 Then, Zion's sons, extol your King,  
And, joyous, his wide triumphs sing ;

His light o'er all the nations gleams,  
And all the earth shall see his beams! ALLEN.

377.

S. M. St. Thomas. Watchman.

*Missionaries encouraged.*

1 YE messengers of God,  
Christ's sov'reign voice obey!  
Go, follow in the paths, He trod,  
And peace attend your way!

2 The Master, whom you love,  
Will needful strength bestow;  
Depending on his might above,  
With fearless courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose;  
JESUS, the King of Zion, reigns,  
In spite of all his foes!

mf 4 Go, spread the Savior's name,  
His matchless mercy tell;  
The wonders of his love proclaim  
To all, on earth who dwell!

VOKE.

378.

8 &amp; 7.

Greenville. Washington.

*On the Departure of a Missionary.*

1 HOME, the scene of love and gladness,  
Wound so close about my heart,  
Is it not with deepest sadness,  
That from thee I now depart?  
'Tis with sadness,—'tis with anguish,—  
But with heav'nly pleasure too;  
Now my spirits droop and languish,—  
Now with joy I say, "adieu!"

2 If sweet home I'm now forsaking,  
All my friends and kindred dear,  
Sure my heart is well nigh breaking;—  
Whence then comes the mingled cheer?

mf 'Tis because a light is gleaming  
On my path from heav'n above;  
And because 'tis all beseeming,  
I should do this work of love!

Aff 3 JESUS!—if He once descended  
 From his home beyond the sky,  
 Not by angel hosts attended,  
 But a servant, born to die;  
 If He came to bring salvation,  
 Man to reconcile to God,  
 Saying, “preach to ev’ry nation  
 Peace and pardon through my blood:—”

4 Can I, then, refuse the mission,  
 From the love of selfish joys?  
 High and glorious the commission!  
 Rich the grace, which me employs!  
 mf Cheerful then, the earth resigning,  
 Pilgrim-herald I will roam:—  
 I will toil without repining;  
 Heav’n at last shall be my home! ALLEN.

379. 7 & 6. Miss. Hymn. Romaine.

*Prayer for Missionaries on their Voyage.*

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean,  
 And, as thy billows rise,  
 And toss in wild commotion,  
 And heave unto the skies,  
 Lo, onward still is moving  
 The bark with precious freight,  
 And still that bark is proving,  
 JESUS, thy mercy great!

Aff 2 Lord, be Thou still beside them  
 Through all their wat’ry way,  
 And let no ill betide them,  
 Till they shall joyful say,—  
 “Lo, yonder is the mountain,  
 On which our feet shall stand,  
 And we will ope life’s fountain  
 To this parch’d, heathen land!” ALLEN.

380. 8, 7 & 4. Zion. Greenville.

*At the Departure of a Missionary.*

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;  
 All thy scenes, I love them well,  
 Nor for aught do I reprove thee,

- Though I bid thee now farewell:  
     Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 HOME! thy joys are heart-entrancing,  
 Joys, no stranger-heart can tell!  
 Home! my thoughts to thee are glancing;  
 Can I say to thee, *Farewell?*  
     Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
 Holy days and sabbath bell,  
 Sweetest joys, and richest treasure!  
 Can I say a last farewell?  
     Can I leave you,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes, I hasten, though full sadly,  
 From the scenes, I love so well;  
 Grieving, still I leave them gladly;  
 Home and native land, farewell!  
     Pleas'd, I leave you,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 I to God would be approved:  
 On the mountains I would tell,  
 How He died,—God's Son beloved,—  
 To redeem a world from hell:  
     Home! I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
 Let the winds my canvass swell;  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell!  
     Home! I leave thee;  
 Native land! FAREWELL, FAREWELL!

S. K. SMITH.

381.

8 &amp; 7.

Wilmot. Sicilian H.

*On the Departure of Missionaries.*

- 1 "GO and preach to ev'ry creature!"—  
 Such the Savior's last command,  
 Not excepting hue or feature,  
 Burning clime or barb'rous land.

2 Look to CHINA'S countless millions ;  
 Look to AFRIC'S dark-hued race ;  
 Look to ARABY'S pavilions ;  
 Nation after nation trace.

> 3 They are sinking, they are dying,  
 Losing heav'nly bliss above :  
 — Loud to us their voice is crying,—  
 "Come and save us in your love!"

4 Who is ready now to sever  
 Bands, that round his heart entwine?  
 Who will go, resolving never  
 Under suff'rings to repine?

Missionaries.

mp 5 "We are willing to dis sever  
 Bands, that round our hearts entwine:  
 Pray for us, that we may never  
 Arduous work for Christ decline!"

Chorus.

mf 6 Go, and preach the great salvation ;  
 Spread the Savior's name abroad,  
 Till 'tis known in ev'ry nation:—  
 Great is your reward with God! ALLEN.

382.

12s.

Duren.

*The Isles of the West congratulated.*

- 1 YE Isles of the West, although once in deep sadness,  
 Yet now all your gloom is succeeded by gladness :  
 A light hath arisen, outshining and glorious,  
 O'er idols the gospel of Christ is victorious !
- 2 Alas! Ye may weep, as the past ye do ponder  
 And think of your crimes with compunction and wonder ;  
 For deep was your guilt, while to truth ye were strangers,  
 And blindly ye walk'd in the midst of great dangers.
- 3 The mists, they are fled, and the sun is outbeaming ;  
 From wells of salvation your joys are now streaming ;  
 How great was the love, which your sins hath forgiven,  
 How great is the mercy of JESUS in heaven ?
- 4 Ye Isles of the West, now your vallies are ringing  
 With shouts and with praise and the voice of sweet singing ;  
 O live to your Savior ! Let nothing dis sever  
 Your heart from the Lord ; so you'll praise Him forever!

ALLEN.

383.

S. M.

Dover. St. Thomas.

*The Field of the World.*

- 1 SOW in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;  
Broad-cast it round the land.
- 2 The good, the faithful ground  
Expect not here nor there ;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found ;—  
Go forth then ev'ry where.
- 3 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.
- 5 Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God is come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
f And Heav'n sing "Harvest Home!"

MONTGOMERY.

384.

7 &amp; 6.

Miss. Hymn. Romaine.

*The Conversion of the World.*

- 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,  
And ev'ry prospect pleases?—  
mp Yet man, alas, 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 men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?—

mf Salvation!—O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft,—waft, ye winds, his story!

And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,—  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
Returns in bliss to reign!

HEBER.

385.

H. M. Marah. Darwell's.

*Zion restored. Isa. 52.*

1 O, ZION, now awake;  
Be thou in strength arrayed;  
Let joyful songs outbreak  
For pow'r divine displayed;  
For thou, Jerusalem, shalt rise  
In glory on our wond'ring eyes!

mp 2 How beautiful the feet,  
Upon the mountains high,  
Of him, whose voice, most sweet,  
Proclaims salvation nigh?

mf That spreads good tidings far abroad,  
That saith to Zion,—lo, thy God!

3 Break forth in joyful songs,  
Jerusalem most blest!  
God hath redress'd thy wrongs,  
And giveth joy and rest!

His saving power and majesty  
The earth's remotest tribes shall see!

ALLEN.

386. (i. 65.) L. M. Mendon. Antigua.

*The World subjected to Christ.*

1 LET the seventh angel sound on high ;  
Let shouts be heard through all the sky !  
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,  
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Let all, O God, thy glories see,  
Who wast, and art, and art to be !  
Jesus, the Lamb, who once wast slain,  
Forever live, forever reign !

3 Soon must the rising dead appear ;  
Soon the decisive sentence hear :  
Soon the dear martyrs of the Lord  
Receive an endless, rich reward ! WATTS.

387. (i. 58.) L. M. St. Paul's. Trenton.

*Overthrow of Satan.*

1 DOWN to the earth was Satan thrown ;  
Down to the earth his legions fell :  
mf Then was the trump of triumph blown,  
mp And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

— 2 Now is the hour of darkness past,  
CHRIST has assum'd his reigning power :  
Behold the great accuser cast  
> Down from the skies, to rise no more.

mf 3 Rejoice, ye heav'ns ; let ev'ry star  
Shine with new glories round the sky :  
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,  
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high ! WATTS.

388. L. M. Arnheim. Blendon.

*Fall of Babylon.* Rev. 18.

1 THE angel, lifted high the stone,  
Then cast it in the sea, and cried,—  
“Thus sinks proud, blood-stain'd Babylon  
In all her glorious state and pride !”

2 Down sank the mighty stone ; and straight  
The earth did seem, like sea, to swell,  
And shook beneath the guilty weight ;  
In ruin wide the city fell.

- 3 "Alas, that city!" cry great kings,  
 Who well her sorceries had known,  
 Who oft had brought their offerings,  
 "Alas, that city, Babylon!"
- 4 Lord, let the antichristian power,  
 Stain'd with the blood of martyrs slain,  
 Sink down in ruin in an hour,  
 And never smite the good again! ALLEN.

389.

L. M.

Nazareth. Bath.

*Fall of Babylon, or of Rome.* Rev. 18.

- 1 HER shorn and mitred merchants weep;  
 They lose, with her, their gainful trade  
 Of long indulgences, to keep  
 Men's souls from hell, for silver weigh'd;—
- 2 Their trade of oil and relics cheap,—  
 As saintly bones in grave-yard laid,—  
 Of beads, and bulls, and wares a heap,  
 And silver crosses, high displayed!
- 3 By sale of these, and masses vain,  
 And idols both of wood and stone,—  
 A countless, soul-deceiving train,—  
 Their priestly, princely pow'r had grown.
- 4 Seeing her smoke, they cry amain,  
 "Alas for her, now overthrown!  
 Now ceases all our mighty gain!  
 Alas, that city, Babylon!" ALLEN.

390.

7 &amp; 6.

Missionary H. Romaine,

*Jerusalem to be restored.*

- 1 WHERE once the temple's towers  
 Were rear'd on Zion's height,  
 Secur'd from hostile powers  
 By uncreated might,  
 There now a mosque, in terror,  
 Lifts minaret and dome;  
 The prophet there of error  
 Is seated in his home!
- 2 How chang'd the voice of gladness,  
 Which rung through all God's courts?

For joy is turn'd to sadness ;—  
 Imposture there resorts !  
 And shall imposture ever  
 On Zion have its throne ?  
 And Jesus, Savior, never  
 In Salem reign alone ?

mf 3 O Zion, on thy mountain  
 Thy glorious King shall stand,  
 And Siloa's copious fountain  
 Spread joy through all the land ;  
 Mohammed's dire delusion  
 Shall flee before the light,  
 And truth, without illusion,  
 Shall cheer the raptur'd sight !            ALLEN.

391.

L. M.            Stonefield. Duke Street.

*Prayer for the Jews.*

1 DISOWN'D of heav'n, by man oppressed,  
 Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,  
 O, why should Israel's sons, once blest,  
 Still roam the scorning world around ?

2 Lord ! visit thy forsaken race,  
 Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring ;  
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,  
 And hail in Christ their promis'd King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;  
 The sever'd olive branch again  
 Firm to its parent stock unite.

mf 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long,  
 When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour,  
 With eager feet one temple throng,  
 With grateful praise one God adore !

EPISC. COLL.

392.

7s.

Norwich. Fairfax.

*Ethiopia shall stretch out her Hands to God.*

mp 1 HARK ! that shriek at dawning hour !  
 'T is the mother's cry forlorn,  
 As she sees, by ruthless power  
 All her lov'd ones from her torn !

- 2 Torn to speed across the main ;—  
 There in market to be sold,—  
 There to wear a galling chain,  
 And to feel their griefs untold.—
- mf 3 Ne'er again shall slaver's band  
 Terror spread and ruin wide  
 Over, AFRIC, thy fair land,  
 Rushing, like the torrent's tide!
- 4 Lo, the Ethiop shall extend  
 Rev'rent hands unto his God,  
 Ne'er again to idol bend,  
 Quitting dang'rous paths, once trod.
- 5 On the long, terrific night,  
 Brooding, AFRICA! o'er thee,  
 Truth shall pour its cheering light,  
 And thy chained sons be free! ALLEN.

393.

L. M. Duke Street. Uxbridge.

*Kingdom of Christ.* Isa. 11.

- 1 FROM Jesse's root a branch shall spring,  
 And o'er the earth its shadows fling ;  
 A wise and holy Prince shall rise  
 With might, descended from the skies.
- 2 He justly will the wicked smite,  
 And vindicate the poor man's right ;  
 His favor all the world shall bless  
 With truth, and peace, and righteousness.
- 3 The wolf and lamb together feed,  
 The leopard lies down with the kid ;  
 The calf, and bear, and lion wild  
 Are led by hand of little child.
- 4 The infant with the asp shall play,  
 Nor cockatrice shall give dismay ;  
 O'er all the earth God's truth shall flow,  
 As waters fill the sea below ! ALLEN.

394.

7 &amp; 6. Missionary H. Romaine.

*Conversion of the Nations.*

- mf 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 craggy mountains  
 The sacred shout shall fly ;  
 And shady vales and fountains  
 Shall echo the reply.  
 High tow'r and lowly dwelling  
 Shall send the chorus round,  
 f All hallelujah swelling  
 In one eternal sound!

PRATT'S COLL.

395.

H. M. Murray. St. Philip's.

*Conversion of the World.*

- 1 RISE, Sun of glory,—rise!  
 And chase those shades of night,  
 Which now obscure the skies,  
 And hide thy sacred light ;  
 O, chase those dismal shades away,  
 And bring the bright, millennial day!
- 2 Now send thy Spirit down  
 On all the nations, Lord!  
 With great success to crown  
 The preaching of thy word ;  
 That heathen lands may own thy sway,  
 And cast their idol-gods away.
- 3 Then shall thy kingdom come  
 Among our fallen race,  
 And all the earth become  
 The temple of thy grace ;  
 Whence pure devotion shall ascend,  
 And songs of praise, till time shall end!

PRATT'S COLL.

396.

C. M. St. Ann's. London.

*Conversion of the World.*

- 1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth  
 Are by creation thine ;  
 And in thy works, outbeaming forth,  
 Thy pow'r and glory shine.

Aff 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has brought  
Thy gospel to our race,—  
Thy mercy's stores beyond all thought,—  
The treasures of thy grace!

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till ev'ry soul, in sin now dead,  
Shall hear the quick'ning sound?

4 Lord, let thy blessed truth be known!  
mf O spread the gospel's rays;  
And build on sin's demolish'd throne  
A temple to thy praise! GIBBONS.

397.

L. M Mendon. Ellenthorpe.

*Conversion of the World.*

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 wond'ring eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim  
Through ev'ry clime,—of ev'ry name!  
Let hostile pow'rs before Thee fall,  
And crown the Savior Lord of all!

BURDER'S COLL.

398.

7s. Rutland. Turin.

*Conversion of the World.* Isa. 35.

1 IN the lands, which seem accurst,  
Where no verdure clothes the ground,  
mf There the waters shall outburst,  
There all virtues shall abound:  
Truth, a living stream, shall flow,  
Earth refreshing joys shall know!

- 2 Lo, the wild lifts gladsome voice,—  
 Chang'd to fruitfulness its doom:  
 Dreary desert doth rejoice,  
 And appears in Eden's bloom:—  
 They behold God's glorious word,—  
 Wondrous goodness of the Lord!
- mp 3 Now the light doth cheer the blind ;  
 — Sweetest sounds the deaf employ ;  
 — Like the bounding hart, or hind,  
 Now the lame man leaps for joy:  
 mf Now the dumb doth joyful sing  
 < Grateful praise to Zion's King! ALLEN.

399.

C. M. Stephens. Colchester.

*Universal Spread of the Gospel.* Isa. 35.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God  
 In latter days shall rise,  
 Above the highest hills untrod,  
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the nations, fill'd with joy,  
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
 mf "Up to the mount of God," they cry,  
 "And to his house we'll go."
- 3 The beams, from Zion's hill that shine,  
 Shall brighten ev'ry land ;  
 Salem's exalted King divine  
 Shall soon the world command.
- mp 4 No battle's sound, nor hostile feat  
 Disturbs those happy years ;  
 To ploughshares men their swords shall beat,  
 To pruning hooks their spears.
- mp 5 No longer host, encount'ring host,  
 Shall heaps of slain deplore ;  
 Men all their martial skill have lost,  
 And study war no more! SCOTCH PAR.

400.

7s. Wilmot. Blue Town.

*Influence of the Gospel.* Isa. 53.

- 1 HARK! the wastes have found a voice!  
 Lonely deserts now rejoice!

Gladsome hallelujahs sing:  
All around with praises ring.

- 2 Lo! abundantly they bloom,  
Lebanon is hither come:  
Carmel's stores the heav'n's dispense,  
Sharon's fertile excellence.
- 3 See, these barren souls of ours  
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,  
Flow'rs of Eden, fruits of grace,—  
Peace, and joy, and righteousness!
- 4 Blind we were ; but, Lord, we see ;  
Deaf ; we hearken now to Thee :  
Dumb ; for Thee our tongues employ :  
Lame ; and, lo ! we leap for joy.
- 5 Faint we were, and parch'd with drought ;  
Water at thy word gush'd out :  
Streams of grace our thirst repress,  
Starting from the wilderness! WESLEY'S COLL.

401.

8 &amp; 7.

Monmouth. [In "Choir.,"]

*Kingdom of Christ Universal.*

aff 1 GREAT King of Zion! Thou shalt reign  
O'er ev'ry tribe and nation,  
And loud shall sound o'er hill and plain  
The wonders of salvation:  
Thy gospel, a resplendent light,  
Shall put all evil shapes to flight ;  
All men shall see its glory!

mf 2 I see the idols tott'ring round,  
I see their temples shaking,  
I see them falling to the ground,  
In thousand fragments breaking:—  
No idol's house again shall rise,  
Nor vain illusion cheat the eyes,  
Nor ear shall hear their story!

- 3 No more shall battle-trumpet ring,  
Nor longer roll war's thunder ;  
Their chains shall fall, th' oppress'd shall sing  
In new and joyful wonder:

All crimes shall cease of ev'ry hue,  
 And naught of ill shall meet the view ;  
 All men shall see thy glory! ALLEN.

402.

7s. Nuremburg. Broad Street.

*Paradise on Earth.*

- 1 LO, the earth, array'd in light,  
 Shines out glorious to the sight!  
 See the wilderness assume  
 All the tints of Eden's bloom!
- 2 In the desert shall the stream  
 On the thirsty trav'ler gleam,  
 And the rills and fountains round  
 Gladden all the parched ground.
- 3 Fir trees shall the thorn displace ;—  
 Myrtles flourish in their grace,—  
 Where the brier wide was spread,  
 With his prickles sharp and dread.
- mf 4 Hark! the glad, exulting word!  
 Earth rejoices in the Lord,—  
 In his mercy from above,  
 In the wonders of his love! ALLEN.

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 VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

403.

(i. 79.) L. M. Winchelsea. Winchester.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 GOD of the morning! at thy 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 heav'nly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are good and pure,  
 Enlight'ning my beclouded eyes,  
 Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure ;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise!

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
 And bring me to eternal rest:  
 I there would be fore'er allied  
 With saints redeem'd, in glory blest! WATTS.

404. (i. 81.) L. M. Rockingham. Seasons.

*Morning and Evening.*

mf 1 MY God, how lasting is thy love!  
 Thy gifts are every ev'ning 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 sov'reign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,  
 To Thee I consecrate my days;  
 mf Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise. WATTS.

405. L. M. Pilesgrove. Timsbury.

*Morning.*

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 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem;  
 Each present day thy last esteem;  
 Improve thy talent with due care;  
 For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere,  
 Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear:  
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways  
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part,  
 Who all night long unwearied sing  
 High praise to the eternal King.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;

Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 6 Direct, control, suggest this day  
All, I design, or do, or say ;  
'That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite. KEN.

406.

L. M.

Walton. Wells.

*Evening.*

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill, that I this day have done,  
That with the world, myself, and Thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little, as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O, may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep, which may me more vig'rous make  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
His watchful station near me keep,  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill. KEN.

407.

L. M.

Walton. Pilesgrove.

*Midnight.*

- 1 BLEST angels, while we, silent lie,  
You hallelujahs sing on high ;  
You joyful hymn the ever-blest  
Before the throne, and never rest.

- 2 I with your choir celestial join  
 In off'ring up a hymn divine;  
 With you in heav'n I hope to dwell,  
 And bid the night and world farewell.
- 3 All praise to Thee, in light arrayed,  
 Who light thy dwelling place hast made:  
 A boundless ocean of bright beams  
 From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 4 Blest Jesus, Thou, on heav'n intent,  
 Whole nights hast in devotion spent;  
 But I, frail creature, soon am tired,  
 And all my zeal is soon expired.
- 5 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,  
 Fresh ardor kindle in my heart;  
 One ray of thy all-quick'ning light  
 Dispels the sloth and clouds of night. KEN.

408.

7 s. Wilmot. Blue Town,

*Morning.*

- 1 WAKE, my soul, and as the sun  
 Giant-like goes on his way,  
 And untir'd doth westward run,  
 So thy course pursue this day.
- 2 Lo, the sun gilds mountain's height,  
 Spreads his beams along each vale,  
 Turns all gloominess to light,  
 And all eyes his rising hail:
- 3 So should'st thou spread truth around  
 In thine own appointed sphere;  
 Truth, that makes pure joys abound,  
 Truth, that darken'd minds doth cheer.
- 4 So should'st thou by warmth of love,  
 By kind influence wide diffused,  
 Gladden hearts, which grief doth move,  
 Bless the souls, by wrongs abused.
- 5 Glorious is the orb of day,  
 Needing none to say, he's bright!  
 So should'st thou to all display  
 Strong example of the right.

- 6 Where's the arm, that wheels the sun?  
 Where's the power, that lights his flame?  
 Blessed God! thy will be done!  
 Let the world extol thy name!

ALLEN.

409.

7 s.

Wilson. Blue Town.

*Evening.*

- 1 WELCOME is the evening shade  
 To the toiler through the day,  
 When, his debt of duty paid,  
 He reposes, as he may.
- aff 2 Glory, Lord, I give thy name  
 For thy watchful care and love!  
 Thou hast strengthen'd all my frame,  
 Thou hast bless'd me from above.
- 3 In this day how many eyes  
 Have been clos'd in deepest night?  
 In this day how many cries  
 Have been rais'd in wild affright?
- 4 Blessed God! thy mighty arm  
 Has my weakness guarded well;  
 Thou hast shielded me from harm,  
 Thou hast kept me up from hell.
- 5 Midst the day's disturbing cares,  
 Midst the tempting forms of things,  
 Of my sin heart witness bears,  
 Conscience wounds me with its stings.
- aff 6 Lord, forgive me in thy love  
 For the sake of Him, who died;  
 Never from Thee let me rove,  
 Never leave my Savior's side.
- 7 Keep me in the coming night,  
 Guarded safely let me be;  
 Grateful may I see the light,  
 Rising for thy service free.
- p 8 From the sleep of death, O Lord,  
 — Let me rise in last great morn,  
 mf Rous'd up by thy mighty word,  
 For immortal glory born!

ALLEN.

410.

7 s.

Pleyel's Hymn. Sharp.

*Midnight.*

- 1 WHEN awake at noon of night,  
Lord, I find myself with thee:  
Earth, all shut out from my sight,  
Upward rise my thoughts most free!
- 2 Soon the darkness overpast,  
Dawn will tinge a purple die;  
Soon the glorious sun will cast  
Brightest beams from eastern sky.
- 3 Soon the grave's thick, midnight gloom  
Will invest me all around;  
p Soon in silence of the tomb  
> I shall find a sleep profound.
- mf 4 Yet the grave a beam shall see,  
Brighter, than the sun-beam bright;  
All the gloom of death will flee,  
< All the sleepers rise in light!
- mp 5 But the second death, how dark!  
Never sun-beam brightens there!  
Dreadful sentence! soul, now hark!--  
"Sink, ye scorners, in despair!"
- mf 6 When they sink, behold the wise;  
O, what glories cheer their sight?  
They with Christ ascend the skies;  
They shall dwell in heav'n's own light!
- aff 7 Thou, with whom the night is day,  
Who dost see the inmost heart,  
Beams of mercy, Lord, display,—  
Mercy's beams to me impart! ALLEN.

411.

S. M.

Mornington. St. Thomas.

*Eclipse of the Sun.*

- 1 THE sun withdraws his light,  
And, though in mid career,  
A pall conceals him from our sight,  
And nature round is drear.
- mp 2 Ah, should that pall remain,  
And should his shining cease,

The life of man on earth were pain,  
In death alone were peace.

mf 3 A sun more glorious shines,  
The Sun of Righteousness,  
Whose spiritual light redeems, refines,  
And will forever bless.

— 4 'Tis sin alone, we know,  
Shuts out his face of love:  
Repent, O sinner, lest in wo

> The second death thou prove! ALLEN.

412

7 s.

Rutland. Broadstreet.

*The Rainbow. Support in Affliction.*

1 WHEN the sun with cheerful beams  
Smiles upon a low'ring sky,  
Soon its aspect soften'd seems,  
And a rainbow meets the eye:  
While the sky remains serene,  
This bright arch is never seen.

2 Thus the Lord's supporting power  
Brightest to his saints appears;  
When affliction's threat'ning hour  
Fills their sky with clouds and fears;  
He can wonders then perform,—  
Paint a rainbow on a storm.

3 All their graces doubly shine,  
When their troubles press them sore,  
And the promises divine  
Give them joys, unknown before:  
As the colors of the bow  
To the cloud their brightness owe. NEWTON.

413

5 &amp; 8.

Bethlehem.

*New Year.*

1 THE year, that is fled,  
Is gone with the dead,  
Is lost in the shadows of night;  
mf Come, let us anew,  
With glory in view,  
Proceed, like the sun in his might.

— 2 The past wakes our tears,  
The future our fears,  
Lest all our bright prospects should fail:  
Then, Lord, unto Thee  
We all now do flee,  
Lest sin and the tempter prevail.

3 As time wings its flight,  
May we with delight  
Perform all the work, Thou hast given;  
And may we at last,—  
Death's valley o'erpast,—

mf Attain to the glories of heaven! ALLEN.

414. C. M. Nineveh. Dundee.

*This Year thou shalt die.*

1 GAY youth! Do hope's delusive beams  
Attract thy giddy eye?  
Dismiss thine idle, blissful dreams,  
For this year thou shalt die!

2 Strong man! Dost thou for lucre moil,  
For fading honors sigh?  
Forbear thy fruitless, worldly toil,  
For this year thou shalt die!

3 Old man! Who still dost grasp the sand,  
Unmindful of the sky,  
Relax thy hold, unloose thy hand,  
For this year thou shalt die!

4 O sinner, hear sweet mercy's strain,  
And break each guilty tie;  
Then thou a heav'nly crown shalt gain,  
Though this year thou shalt die! ALLEN.

415. 8s. Spring. Wanworth.

*Spring.*

1 THE winter is past, that was drear,  
The rains have well moisten'd the ground;  
The flow'rs on the earth now appear,  
And beauty and gladness abound.

2 The time has now come, when the bird  
His song of delight doth outpour,

And the voice of the turtle is heard,  
Where all was dead silence before.

3 The winter of sin in our heart,  
Whose pow'rs doth the ice hold in chain,  
Lord, bid, in thy mercy, depart;—  
Let spring-time of good come again!

4 O Lord, in thy grace and thy love,  
Renew us, and teach us thy ways:  
Then, grateful, we'll lift up above  
Our songs never ending of praise!      ALLEN.

416.

7s.      Nuremburg. Blue Town.

*Spring.*

1 JOYFUL spring again is here!  
Trees and fields in bloom appear!  
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,  
Warble their Creator's praise!

2 How the soul in winter, mourns,  
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns?  
Till the Spirit's gentle rain  
Bids the heart revive again?

3 Let me, Lord, now hear thy voice;  
Bid my des'late soul rejoice;  
O, beloved Savior, haste,  
Tell me, all the storms are past!

4 Bring me up to Eden's bowers;  
There unwith'ring blow the flowers!  
There no chilling blasts annoy;  
All is bloom, and love, and joy!      NEWTON.

417.

7s.      Turin. Redeeming Love.

*Day of Thanksgiving.*

mf 1 LORD! our songs we lift to Thee  
For thy bounties, rich and free,  
For the verdure of the field,  
For the fruits, the earth doth yield,  
For the products of thy power,  
For thy mercy's ample store.

2 Thou didst send the copious rain,  
Thou didst clothe in green the plain;

Thou didst make the grass to spring,  
 'Thou the harvest-joys didst bring ;  
 Dews and sunshine from thy hand  
 Spread abundance through the land.

3 Equal laws and Freedom's sway,—  
 Laws, which they, who make, obey ;  
 Learning's pure, enliv'ning flame,  
 Health, which braces all the frame,  
 Peace, with hands unstain'd with blood:—  
 Thou giv'st all, O, Fount of good!

4 Richer blessings Thou hast given,—  
 TRUTH, outbeaming bright from heaven,  
 SPIRIT'S influence from above,  
 WONDERS OF REDEEMING LOVE,  
 FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS and JOY:—

f These shall endless songs employ! ALLEN.

418.

7s. Wilmot. Blue Towa.

*Our Country's Blessings.*

mf 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;  
 Praises to our God belong ;  
 Saints and angels join to sing  
 Praise to heav'n's almighty King!

2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand  
 Pour around this happy land ;  
 Let our hearts beneath his sway  
 Hail the bright, triumphant day.

Aff 3 Now to Thee our thanks ascend,  
 Thou hast been our heav'nly Friend:  
 Guarded by thy mighty power,  
 Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,  
 May we cheerfully obey ;  
 Never feel a tyrant's rod,  
 Ever own a gracious God.

mf 5 Hark! the voice of nature sings  
 Praises to the King of kings ;  
 Let us join the choral song,

< And the heav'nly notes prolong! PRESB. COLL.

419.

C. M.

Newton. St. James.

*Fast Day.*

- 1 BEHOLD, O Lord, our guilty land,  
 Thy wrath, O turn away:  
 We've broke thy holy, just command,  
 And crimes our souls dismay.
- 2 Thy name and sabbaths, Lord, profaned,  
 Thy vengeance oft defied,  
 With crimson spots our hands are stained:—  
 Must we thy wrath abide?
- 3 How fiercely burns contentious ire,  
 With slanders, taunts, and sneers?  
 In kindled flames of raging fire  
 Our wide-spread land appears.
- 4 And then oppression binds the yoke,  
 Nor lets th' oppress'd go free:—  
 Thou, Lord, canst not thy threats revoke,  
 Unless we turn to Thee!
- Aff 5 O, save us, Lord! our guilt forgive;  
 Reveal thy mercy's power:—  
 O may we in thy presence live,  
 < Redeem'd forevermore! ALLEN.

420.

6 &amp; 4.

Dort. Italian Hymn.

*Fast on Account of War.*

- 1 IN justice, Lord, we own,  
 Thou reignest on thy throne,  
 And dost thy will;  
 And pestilential star,  
 And cruel, blood-stain'd war,  
 Borne on in thund'ring car,  
 Thy word fulfil.
- 2 'T is guilt, which brings forth wo;  
 From sin our sorrows flow:  
 We bow to Thee!
- Aff O, turn us from our sin,  
 And make us pure within,  
 That we may safety win,  
 From fears set free.

- 3 O, stay the raging flood,  
 And spare thy people's blood,  
     And peace restore!  
 Then, while shall flow our days,  
 mf Our grateful songs we'll raise ;  
 And we will give Thee praise  
 ^                      Forevermore!                      ALLEN.

421.

S. M.                      Boylston. Watchman.

*The Close of the Year.*

- 1 THE year is well-nigh fled,  
 Its moments gone in haste,  
 Its joys and sorrows with the dead ;—  
 And God requires the past!
- 2 How little have we done  
 With burning flame of love,  
 When glorious crown we might have won,—  
 Immortal joys above?
- 3 Have souls, uncheer'd with light,  
 Gone to the dreary tomb,  
 When we, by toil and pray'rful might,  
 Could once have brought them home?
- 4 Fled are the days of spring!—  
 The time, when man must sow,  
 If he the harvest fruits would bring,  
 And harvest-shouting know.
- 5 Will God require the past?  
 Our sins we, Lord, deplore ;  
 Thy laws to keep O make us haste,—  
 To keep them evermore!                      ALLEN.

422.

S. M.                      Clapton. Mornington.

*The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.*

- 1 THE heavy night hung dark  
 The hills and waters o'er,  
 When, lo, the exiles moor'd their bark  
 On wild, New England shore.
- 2 Amidst the storm they sang,—  
 Heard by the stars and sea ;  
 The sounding aisles of dim woods rang  
 To anthem of the free!

- 3 Lo, men with hoary hair,  
Amidst that pilgrim band!  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from childhood's land?
- 4 There's woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There manhood's brow serenely high,  
There fiery heat of youth.
- 5 What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—  
They sought a Faith's pure shrine!
- 6 Aye, call it holy ground,—  
The soil, where first they trod!  
They've left unstain'd what there they found,—  
Freedom to worship God!
- 7 Let their example bright,  
Lord, guide their children's feet:  
At last, in yonder world of light,  
Let Sons and Fathers meet! MRS. HEMANS.

423.

8 &amp; 7.

Sicily. Greenville.

*Marriage.*

- 1 ONCE the Savior condescended  
At a marriage feast to be,  
Where his pow'r and grace were blended:—  
Lord! may we thy presence see!
- 2 Bless thy servants, now united  
In the bonds of sacred love;  
Let their joys be never blighted,  
Let them discord's woes ne'er prove.
- 3 Bless them in their store and basket,  
Guide them in their ways aright;  
Let them keep, as in a casket,  
Gem of love all pure and bright.
- 4 And, though death their bond may sever,  
And the living mourn in tears,  
Let them meet in joy, where never  
Friends shall part in endless years! ALLEN.

424.

L. M. Hebron. German H.

*Marriage, or other Feast.*

- 1 INCARNATE Word, who, wont to dwell  
 In lowly shape and cottage cell,  
 Didst not refuse a guest to be  
 At Cana's poor festivity ;
- 2 O, when our soul from care is free,  
 Then, Savior, may we think on Thee,  
 And, seated at the festal board,  
 In fancy's eye behold the Lord.
- 3 Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,  
 Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,  
 And think, e'en now thy searching gaze  
 Each secret of our soul surveys !
- 4 So may each joy, chastis'd and pure,  
 Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;  
 Nor pleasure in the wounded mind  
 Shall leave a rankling sting behind. HEBER.

425.

H. M. Marah. Weymouth.

*Opening a Place of Worship.*

- aff 1 GREAT King of glory, come,  
 And with thy favor crown  
 This temple as thy dome,—  
 This people as thine own:  
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show,  
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may thine ears attend  
 Thy people's humble cries,  
 And grateful praise ascend,  
 All fragrant, to the skies:
- mp Here may thy word melodious sound,  
 mf < And spread celestial joys around !
- 3 Here may th' attentive throng  
 Imbibe thy truth and love,  
 And converts join the song  
 Of seraphim above ;
- mf And willing crowds surround thy board,  
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here may our unborn sons  
 And daughters sound thy praise,  
 And shine like polish'd stones  
 Through long, successive days:

mf Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
 While temples stand, and men adore! FRANCIS.

426.

7s. Pleyel's H. Washington Str.

*On Opening a Place of Worship.*

Aff 1 LORD of Hosts, to Thee we raise  
 Here a house of pray'r 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 heav'nly bread ;  
 When we here the dead shall weep,  
 May we hope, in Thee they sleep!

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.

mf 4 Hallelujah!—Earth and sky  
 To the joyful sound reply:  
 Hallelujah!—Hence ascend

> Pray'r and praise, till time shall end!

MONTGOMERY.

427.

6 &amp; 4.

America. Italian Hymn.

*The Duty of building God's House. Hag. 1.*

1 O, SHALL God's House lie waste,  
 Its precious stones displaced,  
 Its ruin wide?

And think ye, it is well  
 In ceiled house to dwell?—  
 Then hear me, while I tell,  
 What shall betide!

2 This heav'n, spread out o'er you,  
 Shall sure be stay'd from dew  
 And drops of rain!

No fruits of good shall grow  
 No streams of joy o'erflow ;

mp But ye shall sorrow know,  
And bitter pain!

mf 3 Arise, ye men, and build ;  
So shall your stores be fill'd ;  
Your light shall shine ;  
And God, with all his power,  
Will mercies full outpour,  
And bless you evermore  
With joys divine! ALLEN.

428.

6 &amp; 4.

Dort. Italian Hymn.

*Distribution of Tracts.*

1 NOW go, thou little book,  
And, like the meadow brook,  
Wind on thy way!  
Go on thine errand kind,  
And gladden ev'ry mind  
With purest joys refined ;—  
Go, truth display.

2 For thou canst clearly speak,  
Where human lips are weak,  
Or mute the tongue ;  
And God can give thee might  
To scatter heav'nly light,  
And spread around delight,  
Midst wilder'd throng.

3 Now go, thou little book :—  
Aff Lord, down from heav'n now look,  
Thou God of love !  
And let thy truth be spread,  
To quicken souls now dead,  
And upward them to lead  
< To Thee above! ALLEN.

429.

C. M.

Medfield. Broomsgrove.

*Sabbath School.*

1 MERCY, descending from above,  
In softest accents pleads ;  
O may each tender bosom move,  
When mercy intercedes.

2 Delightful work! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From dark and downward paths of sin  
To seek their Savior's face.

aff 3 Almighty God! thine influence shed  
To aid this blest design ;  
The honor of thy name be spread,  
< And all the glory thine! EPISC. COLL.

430.

H. M. Stow. Bethesda.

*Sunday and Charity Schools.*

1 COME, let our voices sing  
A joyful song of praise ;  
To God, our heav'nly King,  
Our grateful hearts we raise:  
To God alone our praise belongs ;  
His love demands our earliest songs.

2 We see a heav'nly light ;  
We read the book divine,  
Where our Redeemer's might,  
And love and glory shine:  
To God alone the praise is due,  
Who sends his word to us and you.

3 Within these hallow'd walls  
Our wand'ring feet are brought ;  
We hear sweet mercy's calls,  
And blessed truths are taught:

mf To God alone our praise we bring,  
And loud extol our glorious King.

Aff 4 For good, which grace imparts,  
Our gratitude receive ;  
Lord! here accept our hearts,—  
'T is all, that we can give!  
Great God, accept our joyful songs:

< To Thee alone all praise belongs!  
PRATT'S COLL.

431.

7s.

Southampton. Hotham.

*Prayer for Children.*

Aff 1 GRACIOUS Lord! our Children see;  
By thy mercy we are free ;

But shall these, alas! remain  
Subjects still of Satan's reign?

- 2 All the doors the angel passed,  
Where the bloody sign was placed:—  
Hear us now, upon our knees,  
Plead the blood of Christ for these!
- 3 Lord, we tremble, for we know,  
How the fierce, malicious foe,  
Wheeling round his watchful flight,  
Keeps them ever in his sight.
- 4 Spread thy pinions, King of kings!  
Hide them safe beneath thy wings;  
Lest the rav'nous birds of prey  
Stoop, and bear the brood away!      COWPER.

432.

C. M.      Newton.      Broomsgrove.

*Prayer for Youth.*

- 1 BESTOW, blest Lord, upon our youth  
The gift of saving grace,  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, whene'er it grows,  
Of pure and heav'nly root;  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes  
The voice of sov'reign love!  
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,  
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 For you the public pray'r is made,  
O, join the public pray'r!  
For you the secret tear is shed,  
O, shed yourselves a tear!      COWPER.

433.

6s.

Alps.

*Children exhorted and prayed for.*

- 1 AMIDST the bloom of youth,  
Ere grief bedims your eye,  
O, love God's holy truth,  
And seek the joys on high!

- 2 To holy temple brought,  
 In morning of his days,  
 The teachers JESUS taught,  
 And fill'd them with amaze!
- 3 Thus early too be wise ;  
 Your heav'nly Father love ;  
 mf Ye then, in yonder skies,  
 With Christ shall dwell above!
- aff 4 Each youthful heart renew,  
 Lord, by thy Spirit's power ;  
 And then shall praises due  
 < Be paid Thee evermore! ALLEN.

434.

7s. Pleyel's Hymn. Pilgrim.

*Hymn for little Children.*

- Aff 1 OUT of love, O Savior dear,  
 Thou hast brought us, Children, here ;  
 May we know, that 'Thou hast died,  
 And for us wast crucified.
- 2 When our hearts feel this indeed,  
 That Thou, Lamb, for us didst bleed,  
 And didst bear our guilt and blame ;  
 O, how sweet is then thy name?
- 3 Be our Shepherd ev'ry day,  
 That we, little lambs, ne'er stray,  
 That, as we may hear thy voice,  
 To obey we may rejoice.
- 4 Thanks to Thee, O Savior dear,  
 Thanks, that 'Thou hast brought us here :  
 Grant, O blessed Lamb, that we  
 May thy cheerful servants be! MORAVIAN.

435.

C. M. Medfield. Broomsgrove.

*Prayer for Children.*

- Aff 1 WE bring these children, Lord, to Thee :  
 Give them thy grace divine ;  
 From sinful chains O set them free,  
 And make them wholly thine!
- 2 On their young minds O pour thy light ;  
 Thy glories, Lord, display ;

Endow them with thy Spirit's might,  
And guide in heav'nward way!

3 Give them a humble heart of love,  
And faith in Jesus' blood :

O, bring them to thyself above,

< Where pleasure rolls its flood! ALLEN.

436.

S & 4. Montgomery. [In Chr. Lyre.]

*Meeting of a Bible or Missionary Society.*

mf 1 O, BLESSED Day, when all shall know,  
Throughout this earthly ball below,  
The mercies, which abundant flow

From CHRIST, the Lord!

O, day of triumph for the right,—

A day of pure, effulgent light,

Outbreaking on the raptur'd sight

From God's own WORD!

— 2 For this we toil ; for this we pray:—

Aff Lord! hasten on this glorious day,  
And give to RIGHTEOUSNESS the sway

In wondrous power!

O, let the TRUTH triumphant be:

Let all the earth thine offspring see

From sin and error's bondage free,

Forevermore!

ALLEN.

437.

S. M. Shawmut. Mornington.

*Meeting of a Peace or Bible Society.*

mp 1 OUR sword no blood-drop stains,  
No ruin marks our path,  
Nor blazing streets, nor ravag'd plains  
Betray our vengeful wrath.

— 2 And yet our sword is bright,  
And conquest it hath won:

mf Behold it sway'd with victor's might ;  
It smites the foemen down!

— 3 Behold, with bloodless hands,  
The sword of TRUTH we bear:

Its temper'd edge no armor stands,

mp Urg'd home with LOVE's warm prayer!

mf 4 At last on Zion's height,  
Our foemen all o'erthrown,  
We all shall stand in glory bright,  
And wear a radiant crown!

5 And then the shout shall ring  
From countless throng above,—

f "All praise to Thee, our heav'nly King,  
The Prince of PEACE and LOVE!" ALLEN.

438

7 &amp; 6.

Missionary Hymn.

*For a Meeting of the Peace Society.*

1 SHALL blood still flow as water,  
And crimson all the ground?  
And still by fields of slaughter  
Hoarse ravens croak around?—

mf All hail the Lord of Glory,  
The Prince of Peace and Love,  
Set forth in sacred story  
God's Herald from above!

2 Lo! from his cross outgleaming,  
A clear and dazzling light,  
Like purest sun-beams streaming,  
Breaks on man's wond'ring sight:—

— The startled shapes of error  
All flutter in amaze,  
And murd'rous forms of terror  
Sink harmless, as they gaze!

mp 3 Now dies the shout of madness,  
With drum and trumpet's din;  
Griev'd hearts shall drink in gladness,  
Sweet voices speak within:

mf The pow'r of love victorious,—  
The battle's storm shall cease,  
And JESUS reign all-glorious,  
Man's Friend, the PRINCE OF PEACE!

ALLEN.

439

7s.

Kimball. Pelton.

*On Peace. Isa. 2.*

1 SOON through all the jarring earth,  
O'er the tribes of human mould,  
Jesus, born of lowly birth,  
Shall his reign of peace uphold.

- 2 Then the sharp and gleaming sword  
 Shall upon the anvil take  
 Ploughshare's form, to good restored,  
 Ne'er its thirst in blood to slake.
- 3 Then the long and glitt'ring spear,  
 Ceasing mortals to destroy,  
 Shape of pruning hook shall bear;—  
 O'er the earth flow streams of joy.
- 4 Jesus, Prince of Peace and Love,  
 mf Come in all thy glorious power!  
 Come with blessings from above;  
 < Let thy reign be evermore! ALLEN.

440

L. M.

Hebron. Wells.

*Peace.*

- 1 SWEET, lovely Peace, where dost thou dwell?  
 I sought thee in the secret cell,  
 And ask'd aloud, if Peace were there:  
 A wind replied, "Go, seek elsewhere!"
- 2 Then to the city throng'd I went,  
 Still on my search for Peace intent;  
 But hum of angry voices cried,—  
 "Not in these streets doth Peace reside!"
- 3 To Zion then I took my way,  
 And there a heav'nly voice did say,—  
 "Here glorious Prince of Peace doth dwell,  
 Bestowing joys, no tongue can tell!
- 4 "His word a secret virtue gives,  
 Whoso partakes most peaceful lives;—  
 And, though in pain his body dies,  
 Peace has her mansion in the skies!" ALLEN.

441

L. M.

Ribbith. Quito.

*On War.*

- 1 DWELLS love to Christ within thy breast?  
 Is this the spring, whose waters flow  
 In copious stream, and never rest?  
 Burns this pure flame within thee now,  
 As high above the ransom'd glow?
- 2 "Yes, here," I fancy the reply,

“That love o’er ev’ry passion reigns,  
And e’er, in yonder blessed sky,  
My harp shall lift up grateful strains  
To Him, who cleanses all my stains.”

- 3 Then,—loving Him, whose love to thee  
Was on the shameful cross displayed  
In flowing blood and agony,—  
Go, if thou canst, in steel arrayed,  
Thy brother smite with crimson blade! ALLEN.

442.

6 &amp; 4.

Swanton. Italian Hymn.

*The Drunkard.*

Prov. 23.

- 1 NOW tell me, who hath wo?  
And who doth sorrow know?  
Who strife and wrong?  
Who for his wounds outcries?  
Who redness hath of eyes?  
And who hath causeless sighs,  
And babbling tongue?

- 2 The men, who love the wine,  
And deem strong drink divine,  
And still drink deep.—  
Look not on wine, though bright;  
Like adder, it will bite:—  
The poison blurs the sight,  
And brings dead sleep.

&gt;

- aff 3 Such is thy teaching, Lord!  
In thy most holy word:  
O make us wise!  
O, may we all “abstain,”  
And temp’rate course maintain,  
mf That we at length may gain  
The heav’nly prize! ALLEN.

443.

6 &amp; 4.

Swanton. Italian Hymn.

*Temperance.*

- 1 O, LORD, enthron’d above,  
Our woes behold in love;  
Stretch out thy hand!  
O, check the foaming tide,  
Which rushes in its pride,  
And spreads its ruin wide  
O’er all our land!

- 2 Shall man, with reason's light,  
 Extinguish beams most bright,  
     And love the gloom?  
 Shall man, in pow'r arrayed,  
 His noble mind degrade,  
 And, while all hopes shall fade,  
     Find early tomb?
- 3 Lord! hear the deep-drawn sigh,  
 And see the tearful eye,  
     And tongueless grief!  
 A mother weeps her son,  
 His race of shame now run,  
 His endless woes begun,  
     Beyond relief!
- 4 That orphan group behold,  
 All shiv'ring in the cold,  
     In friendless world:  
 That widow's sad estate,  
 Though once with joy elate,  
 Yet now most desolate,  
     To ruin hurled!
- 5 O, Lord, enthron'd above,  
 Our woes behold in love;  
 Stretch out thy hand!  
 O, check the foaming tide,  
 Which rushes in its pride,  
 And spreads its ruin wide  
     O'er all our land!      ALLEN.

444.

L. M.

Hebron. German Hymn.

*Moral Reform.*

- aff 1 A TEMPLE hast 'Thou built on high,  
 O God of purity and love!  
 And there in everlasting joy,  
 The pure shall dwell with Thee above!
- 2 O, blessed be thy name, that Thou,  
 By truth, which all the heart controls,  
 Canst make the vile thy mercy know,  
 And purify polluted souls.
- 3 Look down in mercy, Lord, and see  
 The sinful in the path to hell;

O, break their chains, and set them free,  
And bring them with thyself to dwell.

- 4 Like her, who wept at JESUS' feet,  
And wip'd them with her tresses bright,  
O, let them hear the accents sweet,—  
“Ye, sav'd, shall dwell with me in light!”

ALLEN.

445.

C. M.

Newton. St. James.

*Prayer for Emigrants to Africa.*

- 1 THEY seek their father-country, where  
Their toils and tears shall cease;  
Lord, build their city,—grant them there  
A heritage of peace.
- aff 2 Thy name, O Christ, and thine alone  
Be all their hope and trust;  
Be Thou their precious corner stone,  
And raise their walls from dust.
- 3 Thy Spirit's sword unto them lent,  
Thy cross their banner free,  
Thy word their lofty battlement,  
And faith their victory:
- 4 The little one,—men's scoff and scorn,—  
A mighty realm shall be,  
And generations, yet unborn,  
mf Shall give the praise to Thee! BETHUNE.

446.

L. M.

Walton. Timsbury.

*Prayer for Emigrants to Africa.*

- 1 THE sacrifice, which Heav'n demands,  
Is mercy for the bleeding heart,—  
To break the captive's galling bands,  
And hope to wretched souls impart.
- 2 It is the exil'd poor to save,  
To cure the suff'ring stranger's wo,  
And, while he seeks o'er ocean's wave  
His father's home,—the path to show.
- 3 'Tis to diffuse the truth abroad,  
Where Ethiopia dwells in gloom,  
Which lifts the dying eye to God,  
And lights the darkness of the tomb!

AFRICAN REPOSITORY.

## 447. L. M. Warrington. 97th Psalm.

*Religious Instruction of Slaves.*

- mf 1 IN christian land must millions die,  
 Darkling beneath a glorious sky,  
 Untaught the truth, that leads to heaven,  
 Still by unholy passions driven?
- 2 Millions, for whom that matchless Light  
 Was dimm'd awhile to mortal sight  
 When, coming down from God above,  
 He hid his beams for us in love?
- 3 The kindness, which our rescue sought,  
 The blood, by which our souls were bought,  
 We joyful praise; 't was mercy's power,  
 mf 'T was love, we'll praise forevermore!
- 4 "If love to you I did display,"—  
 I hear the voice of JESUS say,—  
 "Your brother love of darker mould,  
 And give him hope of joys untold!" ALLEN.

## 448. 6 &amp; 4. Swanton. Italian Hymn.

*The Master not deeming his Slaves to be Property.*

- 1 MASTER of slaves am I?  
 Yet not as property  
     Do I them hold:  
 My Family they make;—  
 mp To mart can I them take,  
 And see their heart-strings break?  
     Shall they be sold?
- 2 No: not unless I'd sell  
 The children, I love well,  
     Which God hath given!  
 If law confers strong sway,  
 And they my pow'r obey,  
 I'll lead them in the way  
     To blessed heaven!
- 3 Doth law shut out the light  
 From dark man's darken'd sight,—  
     Rule without ruth?  
 O, would we have the Sun  
 O'erspread with mantle dun,

Or cease his course to run?—  
Blotting God's Truth?

- 4 My family I love,  
And light from heav'n above  
Would have them see ;  
That they at last may rise  
From all earth's miseries  
To yonder peaceful skies,  
And there be free! ALLEN.

449. C. M. Newton. St. James.

*Slaves submitting to God's Providence.*

- 1 A BITTER cup we drink indeed ;  
But we will bow to God:—  
If He deem best, we shall be freed ;  
If not, we'll kiss his rod !
- 2 Our masters we will serve and love,  
And serve them for the Lord:  
Then He will give reward above,  
As promis'd in his word.
- aff 3 O, break our chains of sin and shame,  
The chains upon our mind:  
Reveal to us thy glorious name,  
O Savior of our kind!
- 4 May we thy blessed gospel know,  
And dwell at last with Thee!  
May we, where endless pleasures flow,  
< Be, Lord, forever free! ALLEN.

450. 8 & 7s. Messina. Sicilian Hymn.

*Prayer for Slaves.*

- 1 LORD! behold the slave, when, kneeling,  
Up he lifts his chain-bound hands,  
And, in anguish of his feeling,  
Cries in words, love understands,—
- mp 2 "Am I not a MAN and BROTHER?  
Flows not man's red blood in me?  
Should we not love one another?  
Master! will you set me free?"

— 3 Let the master, Lord! this hearing,  
 Learn his gen'rous course from Thee;  
 Let him say,—from love naught fearing,—  
 mf “Brother, rise, and be thou free!”

Aff 4 Lord! let both, at last uprising  
 From the grave, where all must be,  
 mf Find themselves, with joy surprising,  
 < Of ETERNAL CITY free! ALLEN.

451. 8 & 7. Worthing. Sicilian Hymn.

*Prayer of Masters resolving to liberate their Slaves.*

Aff 1 O, THOU loving Savior, JESUS!  
 Who didst come in glorious might,  
 From our bondage to release us,  
 And to shed a heav'nly light,—  
 2 Thou the rule,—thy love inspiring,—  
 Wouldst thy foll'wers all have know,—  
 “What from others you're desiring,  
 You to them do even so!”

3 Were we, Lord, in bondage groaning,  
 We should prize sweet liberty;  
 Were our children, too, bemoaning,  
 We should gladly see them free!

4 Then, O Lord, whate'er our crosses,  
 We thy precept will obey;—  
 Thou wilt give us, for all losses,  
 < Riches in eternal day! ALLEN.

452. 6 & 4. America. Italian Hymn.

*Hymn (for a future Day) for the Release of all Slaves.*

mf 1 NOW on the gladden'd sight  
 There bursts the glorious light  
 Of Liberty!

Within our country's bound  
 No wretched thrall is found;  
 Each slave is now unbound,—  
 And ALL are FREE!

2 This now is Freedom's home!  
 — Beneath her temple's dome  
 No clanking chain,

No sale of human throngs,  
 No scourge with cruel thongs,  
 No secret, dreadful wrongs  
 Shall shock again!

aff 3 The work, O God! is thine!—  
 And may thy love divine

Do greater things;—  
 Break ev'ry link of sin,  
 Which binds the soul within!

mf Let all heav'n's freedom win,  
 O King of kings!

ALLEN.

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### DEATH AND ETERNITY.

453. (ii. 55.) C. M. Savoy. Dundee.

*Frail Life, and Eternity.*

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,  
 And humbly own to Thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms are we!
- 2 From dangers, thick through all the ground,  
 No earthly arm can save,  
 And fierce diseases wait around  
 To bring us to the grave.
- 3 On what a slender, brittle thread  
 Hang everlasting things!  
 Th' eternal state of all the dead  
 On life's frail, slender strings!
- 4 Perpetual joy, or endless wo  
 Attends on ev'ry breath;  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death?
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
 To walk this dang'rous road;  
 And, if our souls are hurried hence,  
 May they be found with God!

WATTS.

454. (i. 88.) L. M. Wells. Uxbridge.  
*Life the Day of Hope.*

- 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,  
 T' escape 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 mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 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.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon past  
 In the cold grave, to which we haste,  
 mp But darkness, death, and long despair  
 p > Reign in eternal silence there! WATTS.

455. (ii. 48.) C. M. Eastport. Dundee,  
*Love of the Earth.*

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below,  
 How false, and yet how fair?  
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things beneath the sky  
 Beam a delusive light ;  
 We should suspect some danger nigh,  
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our nearest friends, our dearest joys,—  
 The partners of our blood,—  
 How they divide our wav'ring choice,  
 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.

- aff 5 My SAVIOR! let thy glories be  
Unfolded to my soul,  
And make my earth-bound spirit free  
From earth's unblest control!      WATTS.

456.      (ii. 58.)      C. M.      Grafton. Wantage.

*Shortness of Life; Goodness of God.*

- 1 TIME! 'tis a gliding meteor's light!  
Our days quick speed afar,  
Swift as the Indian arrow's flight,  
Swift as the shooting star.
- 2 Yet mighty God, our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favors share;  
Time, flying, utters loud thy praise,  
Our years thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy sov'reign bounty gives us bread,  
And we are cloth'd with love;  
Thy mercy calms our guilty dread,  
And leads our souls above.
- 4 Thy goodness runs an endless round;  
mf All glory to the Lord!  
Thy mercy never knows a bound,  
< And be thy name adored!      WATTS.

457.      (ii. 39.)      C. M.      Austin. Bangor.

*Shortness and Misery of Life.*

- 1 OUR days, alas, our mortal days  
Are short and wretched too:  
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,  
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,  
That Heav'n allows to men,  
And pains and sins run through the round  
Of three-score years and ten.
- 3 Then let my minutes quickly flow,  
Soon let my days be past;  
mf Moments of sin and months of wo,  
Ye cannot fly to fast!

aff 4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,  
 And call her to the skies,  
 f Where years of glad salvation roll,  
 < And glory never dies! WATTS.

458. (ii. 32.) C. M. Ridley. Miller.

*Frailty and Folly.*

- 1 OUR life how transient, short, and frail?  
 Our soul's affairs how vast?  
 Yet thoughtlessly our moments fail,  
 Our fleeting years are past.
- 2 God from on high invites us home,  
 But we march heedless on ;  
 And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,  
 Stoop downward, as we run.
- 3 How we deserve the deepest wo,  
 Who slight the joys above?  
 What wrathful vengeance should we know,  
 Who break such cords of love?
- 4 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,  
 And raise our thoughts on high,  
 That we may end this mortal race,  
 And see salvation nigh! WATTS.

459. (ii. 19.) C. M. Savoy. Canterbury.

*Man's Frailty.*

- 1 LET others boast, how strong they are,  
 From fear of death how free ;  
 But humbly, Lord, do we declare  
 Our feebleness to Thee!
- 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  
 So long shall keep its tone!
- 4 'T is God supports our feeble frame,  
 The Lord most good and just:—

mf Salvation to th' Almighty name,  
That rear'd us from the dust! WATTS.

460.

L. M. Luz. German Hymn.

*Vanity of the World.*

- 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies?  
How transient ev'ry earthly bliss?  
How slender all the fondest ties,  
That bind us to a world like this?
- 2 The evening cloud,—the morning dew,—  
The with'ring 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 land, whose confines lie  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- mf 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:  
— If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,  
> Though passing through a vale of tears.

PRATT'S COLL.

461.

(ii. 146.)

L. M.

Ramoith. Medway.

*The Earth unsatisfying.*

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,  
He burns within with raging fires:  
Tost to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind:  
We try new pleasures, but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns,  
And 't is a poor relief, we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- mf 4 Great God, subdue this sinful lust,  
This love to vanity and dust;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refined. WATTS.

462. (ii. 164.) C. M. Patmos. Dundee.

*The End of the World.*

- 1 WHY should this earth delight us so?  
 Why should we fix our eyes  
 On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,  
 And ev'ry pleasure dies?
- 2 While time with earthly pleasures wars,  
 And smites them ev'ry hour,  
 There is a land above the stars,  
 And joys beyond his power.
- mp 3 Nature must be dissolv'd and die,  
 The sun must end his race,  
 And earth and sea forever fly  
 Before my Savior's face.
- mf 4 When will that glorious morning rise?  
 When the last trumpet sound,  
 And call the nations to the skies  
 From underneath the ground? WATTS.

463. 4 6 & 8. Hermon. (In Choir.)

*Illusions of the World.*

- mp 1 O, HOW cheating, O, how fleeting  
 Is the life of mortals?  
 'T is a meteor swiftly gliding,  
 For a moment ne'er abiding,  
 Soon the gazing eye deriding!
- 2 O, how cheating, O, how fleeting  
 Is our earthly journey?  
 Like the rapid, flowing river,  
 In its current stopped never,  
 Hasting to the ocean ever!
- 3 O, how cheating, O how fleeting  
 Is all earthly glory?  
 That the bubble is denoting,  
 Glitt'ring in its filmy coating,  
 Bursting as in pride 'tis floating!
- 4 O, how cheating, O, how fleeting  
 Is all earthly pleasure?  
 'T is the rapture of one dreaming,

'T is a shadow substance seeming,  
'T is a lightning-flash outgleaming.

5 O, how cheating, O, how fleeting  
Is all earthly beauty?  
Lo, the cheek of youth, all blooming,  
Death, the ravager, is dooming  
To the worm, its grace consuming.

mf 6 Never cheating, never fleeting  
Is religion holy!—  
Jesus lov'd, and sin forgiven,  
Hope from anchorage ne'er driven,  
< And eternal life in heaven! ALLEN.

464. C. P. M. Somerville. *The Penitent,  
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 heav'nly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell!

2 Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When Thou with clouds shalt come,  
To judge the nations at thy bar;—  
O, shall I thence be driv'n far,  
Or meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,  
With care, and toil, and holy fear  
Eternal bliss t' insure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure!

4 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!

465.

11s.

Prescott Hinton.

*I would not live alway.*

- 1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:  
I would not live alway: no,—welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
- 2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
Away from yon heav'n, that blissful abode?  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
    plains,  
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns?
- 3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

MUHLENBERG.

466.

(i. 5.). C. M.

Litchfield. York.

*Submission to Affliction.*

- 1 NAKED, as from the earth we rose,  
And saw the light of day,  
So we our earthly life shall close,  
And mingle with the clay.
- 2 The dear delights, we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Quick flee, as meteors of the sky,  
And all our bliss is flown!
- 3 'Tis God, from whom our comforts came;  
He sinks them in the grave;  
He gives, and, blessed be his name,  
He takes but what He gave!
- 4 Let angry passions, then, be still;  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
And every murmur die.
- 5 Our lives if smiling Mercy crown,  
Its praises shall be spread;  
And we the Justice too will own,  
That strikes our comforts dead!

WATTS.

467. (i. 83.) C. M. Grafton. Bangor.

*Affliction from God.*

- 1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance;  
Yet we are born to cares and woes,  
A sad inheritance!
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,  
And still are upwards borne,  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promis'd love;  
He rules me by his righteous laws,  
Reveal'd from heav'n above.

WATTS.

468. L. M. Nazareth. German Hymn.

*Afflictions sanctified by the Word.*

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy word,  
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord?  
It guides me in the peaceful way,  
I think upon it all the day.
  - 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,  
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?  
What are all joys, compar'd with those,  
Thine everlasting word bestows?
  - 3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,  
In pleasure's path secure I strayed;  
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,  
And straight I turn'd unto my God.
  - 4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart?  
I bless thy hand, that caus'd the smart;  
It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But sav'd me from eternal wo.
  - 5 O, hadst Thou left me unchastis'd,  
Thy precept I had still despis'd;  
And still the snare, in secret laid,  
Had my unwary feet betrayed.
- Aff 6 I love Thee, therefore, O my God!  
And breathe towards thy dear abode,

Where, in thy presence fully blest,  
Thy chosen saints forever rest! COWPER.

469.

S. M. Shawmut. St. Thomas.

*The Discipline of Affliction.*

- Aff 1 NOW throw away thy rod ;  
Now throw away thy wrath,  
O, Thou, most kind and loving God,  
And take the gentle path !
- 2 Thou seest my heart's desire  
Full unto Thee is bent,  
And how, submissive, I aspire  
Unto a full consent.
- 3 Then let thy wrath remove,  
For love will do the deed ;  
For surely 'tis by heav'nly love,  
That stony hearts will bleed.
- 4 Now throw away thy rod ;—  
Although man frailties hath,  
Yet Thou, the Chast'ner, 'Thou art God !  
O, throw away thy wrath! HERBERT.

470.

S &amp; 7. Smyrna. Greenville.

*Mourning the pious Dead.*

- 1 WHY, ye Mourners, are ye weeping  
O'er the lovely form, laid low ?  
Why your hearts in grief now steeping ?  
Why do tears of anguish flow ?  
Ye did love the friend, now sleeping,  
Sleeping free from care and wo ;  
Would ye have the lov'd one reaping  
Evil harvest here below ?
- 2 Why, ye Mourners, do ye sorrow ?  
Ye shall meet that friend once more !  
Yes, perchance, to-night, to-morrow ;  
Soon the flight of time is o'er ;  
Then to dwelling low and narrow  
While your body we restore,  
Your blest spirit wings will borrow,  
Flying up to joys e'ermore ! ALLEN.

471.

8, 7 &amp; 4.

Oliphant. Tamworth.

*Mourner Comforted.*

- mf 1 JESUS, o'er the grave victorious,  
 Rose the first fruits from the dead,  
 Then to heav'n ascended glorious,  
 And the news through earth is spread:  
     Yes, our Savior  
 Rose the first fruits from the dead!
- mp 2 Why, then, mourner, art thou weeping,  
 While the form, which thou didst love,  
 Safe in JESUS now is sleeping,  
 And will rise to heav'n above?  
     Yes, O mourner,
- mf Rise to dwell in heav'n above!
- 3 Cease, then, all thy bitter wailing:  
 Since thou mayst be soon removed,  
 Live for God, with faith unfailing,  
 Seek by Him to be approved ;  
     So in glory  
 Thou shalt meet the form beloved!      ALLEN.

472.

8 &amp; 7.

Mount Vernon. Greenville.

*Mourners consoled.*

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to sorrow  
 For the lov'd one, now at rest:  
 Why from fancy will ye borrow  
 Thoughts to make your grief unblest?
- 2 Though the form, so lov'd and lovely,  
 Now doth sleep in narrow cell,  
 Sure 'tis gainful and behovely  
 Far from earthly wo to dwell.
- 3 It were sad and melancholy,  
 What no friend should wish to do,  
 Back to bring from raptures holy  
 One, that death has passed through:
- 4 One, that lives, beyond death's power,  
 In a world of pure delight ;  
 One, that finds a peaceful bower  
 In yon heaven's glorious light !

Aff 5 Blessed JESUS! when we, dying,  
 Seek thy guidance through the gloom,  
 Hear Thou, then, our earnest crying,  
 Bring us safely to our home! ALLEN.

473.

8 &amp; 7.

Sicily. Greenville.

*Mourner comforted.*

- 1 MOURNER! wert thou one, that dreameth  
 Of the grave as endless sleep,  
 Well indeed it then beseemeth  
 Thee with ceaseless tears to weep.
- 2 But, as thou art well persuaded,  
 All the dead again shall rise,  
 Why art thou by griefs invaded?  
 Why do tears bedew thine eyes?
- mf 3 Hark! th' arch angel's trump is ringing!  
 Its shrill note doth pierce each grave:  
 Lo, the dead to life are springing;  
 All, whom Jesus died to save!
- 4 Dost thou see thy friend arising  
 In a glorious form most bright,  
 mf Destin'd,—O the thought surprising!—  
 E'er to dwell in heav'n's own light?
- mp 5 Why then, mourner, art thou weeping?  
 Why do tears thine eyes bedew?  
 In good soil the seed is sleeping;  
 Soon the plant will greet the view!
- mf 6 Risen Savior! let a gleaming  
 From thy brightness reach our eye!  
 Wake us from our sinful dreaming;  
 < Lead us to our home on high! ALLEN.

474.

C. M.

Nineveh. Wantage.

*A Warning from the Grave.*

- 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 Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze,  
 And lurks in ev'ry flower;

Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril ev'ry hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn!—thy danger know ;—  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
mp The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead!

— 4 Turn, christian, turn!—thy soul apply  
To truths, which hourly tell,  
That they, who underneath thee lie,  
Shall live, for heav'n,—or hell! PRATT'S COLL.

475.

S. M.

Boylston. Utica.

*Death.*

1 TO pass through death to life  
Is dark and dang'rous way ;  
Yet who would shun the fearful strife,  
That doth that life survey?

2 In all its amplitude  
Where ocean is outspread,  
I've often, musing, wond'ring stood  
With awe and mighty dread.

3 I've seen the surges dash ;  
I've heard the ceaseless roar,  
f As on the rocks, with foaming crash,  
They break along the shore.

mp 4 But far beyond the surge  
I see the calm, blue deep ;  
To peril there no billows urge,  
> And terror there doth sleep.

— 5 Once on the calm, blue sea,  
The rocks we dread no more ;—  
O, calm and blest ETERNITY!  
An ocean without shore! ALLEN.

476.

C. M.

Kendall. St. Johns.

*The Christian's Farewell.*

1 YE golden lamps of heav'n, adieu,  
With all your feeble light ;  
And, changing moon, farewell to you,  
Pale empress of the night.

- mf 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
 In brighter flames arrayed,  
 My soul, that springs beyond thy ray,  
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining floor  
 Of my divine abode,  
 The lowly pavement,—and no more,—  
 Of temple of my God!
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
 Shall there his beams display ;  
 And ever clear, and fair, and bright  
 < Shall be that endless day !
- mf 5 There all his saints, with praises due,  
 Shall in one song unite ;  
 And each the bliss of all shall view  
 With sweetness of delight. DODDRIDGE.

477. (ii. 52.) C. M. Elgin. Bangor.  
*Death dreadful or delightful.*

- 1 DEATH! 't is a melancholy day,  
 To those, who have no God,  
 When the poor soul is forc'd away  
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,  
 For guilt, a heavy chain,  
 Still drags her downward from the skies  
 > To darkness, fire, and pain.
- mp 3 Then, sinners, flee the path to hell,  
 Th'abyss of deep despair,  
 Lest ye be driv'n from earth, to dwell  
 A long FOREVER there !
- mf 4 Blest be the God of sov'reign love,  
 Who promis'd heav'n to me,  
 And taught my soul to soar above,  
 Where happy spirits be.
- Aff 5 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,  
 Then come the joyful day ;  
 Come, death, and some celestial band  
 < To bear my soul away ! WATTS.

478. (ii. 28.) C. M. Elgin. Bangor.

*Death and Eternity.*

- 1 STOOPE down, my thoughts, from fancy's flight,  
 Converse awhile with death,—  
 A gasping mortal in thy sight,  
 Who pants away his breath!
- 2 But O, the soul, that never dies!  
 At once it leaves the clay!  
 Ye thoughts, pursue it, where it flies,  
 And track its wondrous way.
- mf 3 Up to the courts, where angels dwell,  
 It mounts triumphant there,  
 mp Or down it sinks, where Satan fell,  
 v In dark and deep despair.
- 4 And must my body faint and die?  
 And must this soul remove?
- mf O, for some guardian angel nigh,  
 To bear it safe above!
- Aff 5 JESUS! to thy strong, faithful hand  
 My naked soul I trust;  
 My mould'ring flesh, at thy command,  
 Shall rise up from the dust! WATTS.

479. (ii. 61.) C. M. Colchester. Canterbury.

*Death and Glory.*

- 1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,  
 And think, how near it stands,  
 When thou must quit this house of clay,  
 And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 O, could we die with those, who die,  
 And place us in their stead;  
 Then should we mount to yonder sky,  
 To join the righteous dead.
- 3 Then should we see the saints above  
 In their own glorious forms,  
 And wonder, why our souls should love  
 To dwell with mortal worms. WATTS.

480.

S. M.      Boylston. Gregorian Hymn.

*The Issues of Life and Death.*

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul?  
 'T is vain the ocean-depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole:  
 The world can never give  
 The bliss, for which we sigh;  
 'T is not the *whole* of life to live,  
 Nor *all* of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,  
 And all that life is love:  
 There is a death, whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
 mp O what eternal horrors hang  
 Around the "second death!"

aff 3 Lord God of truth and grace,  
 Teach us that death to shun,  
 Lest we be banish'd from thy face,  
 And evermore undone;  
 Here would we end our quest;  
 Alone are found in Thee  
 'The life of perfect love,—the rest  
 Of Immortality!      MONTGOMERY.

481.

S. M.      Elton. Dunbar.

*Death. Job 14.*

1 MAN is the child of wo,  
 His days are fill'd with care,  
 Till scythe shall lay his blossoms low,  
 And all his pride o'erbear.

2 The tree will sprout again,  
 Though struck by feller's blow;  
 But man, will he his growth regain,  
 When in the grave laid low?

3 Man wastes away, and dies,  
 And crumbles in the ground;  
 His freed, immortal spirit flies,  
 Nor here again is found.

- 4 His sleep beneath the clod  
Is calm, and shall be so,  
Till comes the judgment day from God,  
When earth in flames shall glow! ALLEN.

482. (ii. 31.) L. M. Ramoth. 97th Psalm.

*Triumph over Death.*

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?  
What tim'rous worms we, mortals, are!  
mf Death is the gate of endless joy;  
— And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
We still shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord to me would come,  
My soul in haste should stretch her wings,  
mf And fly, rejoicing, to her home,  
As sky-lark, mounting upward, sings!
- mp 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
mf While, strong in faith, and free from dread,  
mp> I breathe my life out sweetly there! WATTS.

483. (ii. 3.) C. M. Mear. China.

*Death of a Saint.*

- 1 WHY weep we for departing friends?  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'T is 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.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
In silence and in gloom.
- 4 The graves of all the saints He bless'd,  
And soften'd ev'ry bed:

Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascended high,  
And show'd our feet the way:  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great, rising day.

f 6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake ye nations under ground!

< Ye saints, ascend the skies! WATTS.

484. (ii. 63.) C. M. Bangor. Funeral Thought.  
*At a Funeral.*

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!  
Mine ears attend the cry,—  
“Ye living men, come view the ground,  
Where you must shortly lie!

2 “Princes! this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head  
Must lie as low, as ours!”

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?  
Must we too slumber there?  
Are we fast hast'ning to the tomb,  
And yet no more prepare?

Aff 4 O, grant us heav'nly pow'r afresh,  
To fit our souls to fly;

< Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky! WATTS.

485. (ii. 110.) S. M. Cedron. Little Marlborough.  
*Death and the Resurrection.*

1 AND must this body die?  
This wondrous frame decay?  
And must these active limbs soon lie,  
And moulder in the clay?

2 Though worms my frame devour,  
They shall refine this flesh,  
Till my returning spirit's hour  
To put it on afresh.

mf 3 Array'd in glorious grace,  
 Shall these vile bodies shine,  
 And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face  
 Look heav'nly and divine!

4 These lively hopes we owe  
 To JESUS' dying love ;  
 We would adore his grace below,  
 And sing his pow'r above.

aff 5 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
 Of these, our humble songs ;

f Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
 With our immortal tongues!

WATTS.

486. (1. 6.) C. M. Litchfield. Mear.

*Triumph over Death.*

1 GREAT God, I own the 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 ;

mf My Jesus, rising, lives to save ;  
 My God, my Savior, comes !

3 The Conqu'ror with his radiant crown  
 Will take his glorious seat,  
 And death, his final foe, o'erthrown,  
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

— 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
 When God shall build my bones again,  
 He'll clothe them all afresh.

mf 5 Then shall I see thy glorious face  
 With strong, immortal eyes,  
 And feast, blest Jesus, on thy grace  
 With rapture in the skies!

WATTS.

487. (i. 17.) C. M. St. Ann's. Colchester.

*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!

mf 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quiv'ring lips shall sing,—  
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?  
And where, O death, thy sting?"

— 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;  
Death has no sting beside :  
Faith gives a hope, that shall endure,  
For Christ, my ransom, died!

mf 4 Now to the God of victory  
Be thanks for all his love,  
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,  
Through Christ, who lives above! WATTS.

488. (ii. 65.) C. M. St. Martin's. Archdale.

*Hope of Heaven.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish 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 ;  
aff May I but safely reach my home,  
My God,—my heav'n,—my all!—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
> In seas of heav'nly rest,  
— And not a wave of trouble roll  
> Across my peaceful breast! WATTS.

489. (i. 19.) C. M. Woodstock. Arlington.

*Vision of Christ at Death.*

1 "NOW let me die!"—"Twas Simeon's word ;  
"And close my peaceful eyes!  
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord  
The Savior from the skies!"

2 JESUS! the Gentiles' joyful light,  
Thine Israel's hope and stay,  
O, that, in death, of Thee the sight  
May cheer my gloomy way!

mp 3 Then, while the pulse of life grows weak,  
How sweet my minutes roll!

A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
f And glory in my soul! WATTS.

490. (i. 110.) C. M. St. Ann's. Marlow.

*Death and Glory.*

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 dissolv'd and fall;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by his almighty grace,  
Who forms thee fit for heaven,  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Hath his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But, while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

5 The future, promis'd good we love;  
But we would rather see!

Aff O, that we now, in heav'n above,  
Were present, Lord, with Thee! WATTS.

491. (ii. 66.) C. M. Nichols. Jordan.

*Prospect of Heaven.*

mf 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Unfading day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flowers:

- Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green ;—  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts, that rise,  
And see the Canaan, that we love,  
With unobscured eyes:—
- mf 6 Could we but climb, where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er ;  
Not Jordan's stream, not death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore. WATTS.

492. (i. 18.) C. M. Woodstock. Arlington.

*Blessed are they, who die in the Lord.* Rev. 14.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims  
For all the pious dead !
- mp Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;  
How calm their slumbers are ?  
From suff'rings and from sins at rest,  
And freed from ev'ry snare !
- mf 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 ! WATTS.

493. S. M. Boylston. Olmutz.

*End of the Righteous.*

- mp 1 O, FOR the happy end  
Of him, who peaceful dies,  
Who, as the weepers o'er him bend,  
Lifts up his rapt'rous eyes !

p 2 O, for the sweet repose  
 V Of him, who sleeps in death ;  
 — Who naught of pain and sorrow knows,  
 And naught of struggling breath.

mf 3 O, for the endless joy  
 Of him, whom Christ will own,  
 Exalted to a throne on high,  
 Adorn'd with glorious crown! ALLEN.

494.

7s.

Pleyel's Hymn. Pilgrim.

*Death of the Righteous.*

- 1 LO! the pris'ner now is blest,  
 Lighten'd of his fleshly load ;  
 Where the weary are at rest,  
 He is gather'd to his God!
- 2 Lo, the pain of life is past,  
 All his warfare now is o'er ;  
 Death and hell behind are cast,  
 Grief and suff'ring are no more.
- 3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,  
 Ended is the glorious strife ;  
 Fought the fight, the work is done,  
 Death is swallow'd up of life!
- 4 Borne by angels on their wings,  
 Far from earth the spirit flies ;  
 Finds his God, and sits, and sings,  
 Triumphant in paradise! WESLEY'S COLL.

495.

S. M.

Mornington, Utica.

*Peaceful Death.*

- 1 O, FOR the death of those,  
 Who slumber in the Lord!  
 O be, like theirs, my last repose,  
 Like theirs my last reward!
- 2 Their bodies in the ground  
 In silent hope may lie,  
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
 Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransom'd spirits soar,  
 On wings of faith and love,

To meet the Savior, they adore,  
And reign with Him above!

4 With us their names shall live  
Through long, succeeding years,  
Embalm'd with all, our hearts can give,—  
Our praises, and our tears!

5 O for the death of those,  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
O be, like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!

## CHURCH PSALMODY.

496.

C. M. Litchfield, Wantage.

*On the Death of a Minister or Christian.*

1 FAREWELL! Thou friend of God, farewell!  
How sweet thy frame's repose,—  
Thy spirit fled on high to dwell,  
Where stream of bliss o'erflows?

2 Farewell! Thy joyful toils are o'er;  
A Sabbath thou dost keep!  
Farewell! On earth we meet no more,  
Till waking from death's sleep.

3 Hast thou not enter'd paradise,  
The place of heav'nly rest?  
Thou dwellest now beyond the skies;—  
We hail the good man blest!

4 Lord, let his pure example bright  
Exert on us its power,  
mf That we with him may dwell in light,  
In glory evermore! ALLEN.

497.

S &amp; 7. Mount Vernon. Greenville.

*On the Death of a Minister.*

1 LORD, we mourn thy servant sleeping,  
Whom no more our eyes shall see;  
But this thought should check our weeping,  
He from bondage now is free!

mp 2 While his weary body tasteth,  
Sweet repose, where now he lies,  
mf Lo, his happy spirit hasteth  
To the joys of paradise!

- 3 Let the truths, which he imparted,  
Cheer us with their heav'nly light,  
Make us humble, tender-hearted,  
Pure and holy in thy sight!
- 4 Let his pray'rs, to Thee arising,  
Which his lips did oft outpour,—  
Pray'rs of faith and zeal surprising,—  
Still draw down thy Spirit's power.
- 5 Lord! may we,—his foot-prints guiding,—  
Ever walk with Thee in love ;  
Never from the right way sliding,  
mf May we reach his home above!      ALLEN.

498.

6 &amp; 4. Swanton. Italian Hymn.

*On the Death of a Missionary.*

- 1 YOUR arduous work is done!—  
Your glorious race begun  
In heaven above!  
O, servant of the Lord,  
Who taught the saving word,  
How great is your reward  
In God's own love?
- 2 Despising earthly toys,  
You sought the nobler joys,  
And pleasures pure,  
Which only they can feel,  
Who live for others weal,  
And would to them reveal  
God's mercy sure!
- 3 You heard your Master's voice,—  
"Let wand'ring men rejoice  
In truth made known."  
You hearken'd to the call:  
You saw releas'd the thrall,  
You saw the idols fall,  
By truth o'erthrown!
- 4 And now, in peaceful rest,  
How greatly are you blest,  
Where toils are o'er?  
As gleaming star of night,

You'll shine in heav'n most bright,  
 And taste of sweet delight  
 Forevermore!

ALLEN.

499.

8s. Northfield. Wanworth.

*Death of a Sister in Christ.*

mp 1 'T IS finish'd!—the conflict is past,  
 The heav'n-born spirit is fled!  
 Her wish is accomplish'd at last;  
 How calmly she sleeps with the dead?

2 No sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain  
 Shall ever disquiet her now;  
 For death to her spirit was gain,  
 Since Christ was her life here below.

— 3 Her soul has now taken its flight  
 To mansions of glory above,  
 To mingle with angels of light,  
 And dwell in the kingdom of love!

4 What tongue of her joys can e'er tell,  
 Of glory and bliss to her given?  
 We say to our sister,—“Farewell!  
 But soon we shall meet thee in heaven!”

ALEXANDER'S COLL.

500.

8s. Northfield. Punt Delgada.

*On the Death of a Wife.*

1 “'T IS well.” She has enter'd the rest,  
 Where sorrow shall never intrude;  
 She's gone up to dwell with the blest;  
 Her joys are the joys of the good!

2 “'T is well.” From the storm she has fled,  
 The tempest, which rages below;  
 No more shall it beat on her head,  
 No more shall the waves o'er her flow.

3 “'T is well.” And I would not recall  
 The lov'd one, now tasting repose,  
 Though fairer and dearer than all,  
 Which earth to the eye can disclose!

4 “'T is well.” Did I love her too much?  
 To me was she idol unjust?

mp Then rightly, O God! at thy touch,  
 > The idol did sink into dust.

— 5 “’T is well.” And I will not repine,  
 Though deeply my heart be now riven ;  
 aff I bless Thee, that once she was mine ;  
 O, bring me to meet her in heaven! ALLEN.

## 501.

8 &amp; 7. Worthing. Greenville.

*On the Death of a Child.*

mp 1 O, WHAT lovely flow’r? how blooming?  
 And what fragrance round it spread?  
 But a frost, all blighting, dooming,  
 Struck the flow’r of beauty dead!

aff 2 Yet, O Lord, my soul submitting  
 Would thy justice humbly own,  
 And confess, as is most fitting,  
 ’T is my idol overthrown!

3 Let my heart to Thee restored,  
 Love supremely things above:  
 Be thy grace, O Lord, adored,  
 ’Thou didst blight my flow’r in love! ALLEN.

## 502.

7s. Pleyel’s Hymn. Sharp.

*Death-Scenery in Contrast.*

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

mp 1 DEATH has struck his fatal blow ;  
 See his victim lying low.

Chorus.

mf Death himself was captive led  
 By the Savior, when He bled!

Solo.

mp 2 Sad the sight of dying strife,  
 Sad the failing pulse of life.

Chorus.

mf Glad the dying christian’s eye,  
 Lifted up in ecstasy!

Solo.

mp 3 Gloomy is the parting gaze,  
 Speaking out the soul’s amaze.

Chorus.

p Sweet the farewell look of love,  
 Ere the soul ascends above!

Solo.

mp 4 Dark the narrow grave and drear,  
There no ray of hope can cheer.

Chorus.

mf Jesus dazzling radiance shed  
On the mansions of the dead!

Solo.

mp 5 Form so lov'd will soon decay,  
To the crawling worm a prey.

Chorus.

mf Yet that form again shall rise,  
Ever glorious in the skies!

ALLEN.

503.

8s.

Northampton. Punt Delgada.

*On the Death of a pious Youth.*

1 "AH, lovely appearance of death!"  
With paleness there's peace on that brow:  
Though gone, like a vapor, her breath,  
Her soul is at rest, ye may know.  
The beautiful flow'r, just outspread,  
Displaying its hues to the eye,  
Is smitten by frost, and is dead;—  
But why for its fate should we sigh?

2 We mourn not the spirit now fled  
From sin, and from pain, and from sighs:  
We say, that the lov'd one is dead;

mf We mean, that she lives in the skies!—

— The Flow'r is now wither'd and sear,  
Yet fragrance remaineth behind;—  
Again shall the blossom appear  
More fair, and more pure, and refined.

mf 3 In spring of Eternity's year,  
'T will burst from the clod into light,  
Its beautiful form to uprear,  
In Eden to bloom without blight.—

— Companions of her, now asleep!  
Like her, love the SAVIOR on high;  
Then, though at our loss we may weep,

mf We'll joy, at your gain, when you die! ALLEN.

504.

7s. Wilmot. Washington Str.

*Triumphant Death.*

mf 1 DYING, full of joy, I sing,—  
 Dying, I triumphant cry,  
 "Death! O Death! say, where's thy sting?  
 Grave! say, where's thy victory?"

2 "Death! thy sting is pluck'd away;  
 Jesus hath my sins forgiven!  
 Grave! I scorn thy dread array;  
 'Tis my certain path to heaven!"

3 "Haste the moment of my flight,  
 When aloft my soul shall rise;  
 When from darkness into light  
 I shall burst with glad surprise!"

— 4 "Nor forever in the ground  
 Sleeps this frame beneath the sod,  
 But at awful trumpet's sound

mf It shall glorious rise to God!" ALLEN.

505.

8 &amp; 7. Westborough. Greenville.

*The Death of the Christian.*

mp 1 THERE! that parting breath has ended  
 All this scene of toil and wo;  
 Then th' immortal soul ascended,  
 Where unfailing pleasures flow.  
 Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Happy soul, what bliss surprising  
 Greets thee in yon blest abode!

mf Hark! We hear the chorus rising,  
 "Welcome, child and heir of God!  
 Hallelujah, Amen."

— 3 Jesus sits, in light enthroned,  
 Crown and sceptre to Him given:  
 Now He reigns, though once He groaned;  
 See, He smiles; his smile is heaven!  
 Hallelujah, Amen.

f 4 Thousand thousand harps and voices  
 Sound the Savior's name abroad,  
 Name, which ev'ry soul rejoices,—  
 "JESUS, Son, and Lamb of God!"  
 Hallelujah, Amen.

ALLEN.

506.

C. M.

London. Dundee.

*Death and the Resurrection.*

- 1 THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
And gay their leaves unfold,  
Careless of both the noon tide heats,  
And of the evening's cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,  
Parch'd by the blazing ray,  
The short liv'd glories quickly waste,  
v And beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its beauty shows ;  
Fairer, than spring, the colors shine,  
More sweet than fragrant rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,  
Or broke down in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
v The beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
In brighter form shall shine ;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from all sad decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heav'n succeed our pains :  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm God's word remains. WESLEY'S COLL.

507.

8s.

Wanworth. Punt Delgada.

*Death of the Saint.*

- mp 1 AH! lovely appearance of death!  
No sight upon earth is so fair :  
Not all the gay pageants, that breathe,  
Can with a dead body compare.
- 2 With solemn delight I survey  
The corpse, now the spirit is fled ;  
I gaze on the beautiful clay,  
And gladly would lie in its stead.
- 3 This form is afflicted no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;

The war in the members is o'er  
And ne'er shall be waged again.

4 No anger henceforward, nor shame  
Shall redden this innocent clay;  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanish'd away.

5 This languishing head is at rest;  
Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
This quiet, immoveable breast  
Is heav'd by affliction no more.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
While, bound in a prison, I breathe;  
And still for deliv'rance I pine,  
And press to the issues of death.

7 What now with my tears I bedew  
O might I this moment become,—  
My spirit created anew,  
My flesh to repose in the tomb!   WHITEFIELD.

508.

8 &amp; 4.           Wayland.   Doomsday.

(Repeat the third line.)

*Blessedness of the righteous dead.*

mp 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.

mf 2 The soul of origin divine,  
God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine  
    A star of day!

— 3 The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;

f   The soul, immortal as its sire,  
    Shall never die!           MONTGOMERY.

509.

(i. 41.) C. M.

Dedham.   Winter.

*The Martyrs glorified.*

mf 1 THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the seats divine  
Of everlasting day?

- mp 2 From tort'ring pains to heav'n's delight  
 On fiery wheels they rode,  
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white  
 In Jesus' dying blood!
- 3 With grateful hearts and thankful tongues  
 They bow before the throne:
- mf Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
 Extol the Holy One!
- mp 4 The Lord shall wipe away their tears,  
 The sorrows of their eyes,  
 mf And lead them, for unending years,  
 Where living fountains rise!                      WATTS.

510.            12 & 11.      Scotland.    New Jerusalem.

*On the Death of a Friend.*

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;  
 The Savior has pass'd 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 enfold thee,  
 And sinners may die, for the *Sinless* has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,  
 And death has no sting, for the Savior has died.

HEBER.

511.            8 & 7.            Mount Vernon.    Jewett.

*The Righteous happy in Death.*

- 1 LO, the creeping worm, that windeth  
 Web of death for wintry sleep,  
 In the spring its freedom findeth,  
 Bursting from its slumbers deep.
- 2 Now that worm with wings is roving,—  
 Glitt'ring wings of golden die,—  
 Flutt'ring gaily, gently moving,  
 Free and glad in balmy sky!
- 3 Mourner! dry thy tears, now flowing;  
 Weep no more for sleeping dead:  
 Lo, the spirit, freedom knowing,  
 Soars on high:—to heav'n 'tis fled!            ALLEN;

512. (i. 105.) C. M. Nineveh. Newton.

*Heaven.*

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known  
What joys the Father hath conferred,  
On those, who love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heav'n to come:  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys beyond the sky,  
And all the region love;  
No wanton lips nor envious eye  
Can taste the bliss above.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, shame, and sin;  
The wicked shall be driv'n afar,  
The righteous dwell within!

WATTS.

513. S. M. Boylston. Olmutz.

*The Widow's Son raised.* Luke 7.

- 1 NO revellers are here,  
Thus moving sad and slow;—  
A widow's son is on the bier,  
And tears of anguish flow.
- mf 2 Why stops the moving crowd?  
The Son of God commands;  
"Young man, arise!" He cries aloud;  
The dead man lifts his hands!
- mp 3 What ecstasy was thine,  
O, widow, blest once more,  
mf To hear that mighty voice divine,  
And see its wondrous power?
- 4 And thus, another day,  
That voice will reach the dead,—  
The myriads slumb'ring in the clay,—  
mf And life and rapture spread!

ALLEN

514.

H. M. Murray. Bethesda.

*The Resurrection.*

1 MY life's a shade; my days  
 Apace to death decline:  
 My Lord is life, He'll raise  
 My flesh again, e'en mine:—  
 Sweet truth to me,—“I shall arise:  
 And with these eyes, my Savior see!”

2 My peaceful grave shall keep  
 My bones till that sweet day,  
 I wake from my long sleep,  
 And leave my bed of clay:—  
 Sweet truth to me,—“I shall arise;  
 And with these eyes, my Savior see!”

3 My Lord's blest angels shall  
 Their golden trumpets sound,  
 At whose most welcome call  
 My grave shall be unbound:—  
 Sweet truth to me,—“I shall arise,  
 And with these eyes my Savior see!” SHERER.

515.

7s. Wilson. Telemann's Chant.

*Resurrection.*

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,  
 Our triumphant holy day:  
 He endur'd the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.

mf 2 Lo! He rises,—mighty King!  
 Where, O death! is now thy sting?  
 Lo! He claims his native sky!  
 Grave! where is thy victory?

— 3 Sinners! see your ransom paid,  
 Peace with God forever made:  
 With your risen Savior rise,  
 Claim with Him the purchas'd skies.

mf 4 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to day,  
 Our triumphant, holy day:

f Loud the song of vict'ry raise;  
 Shout the great Redeemer's praise!

516.

C. M.

Grafton. York.

*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.
- 2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide  
The fire of vengeance, bound?—  
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride  
Chok'd the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they, reserv'd in store  
God's treasure-house to fill?  
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore  
Amid surrounding ill.

Aff 4 O King of mercy ! grant us power  
Thy fiery wrath to flee !  
In thy destroying angel's hour  
O gather us to Thee !

MILMAN.

517.

8 &amp; 7.

Monmouth. [In Choir.]

*Judgment Day.*

- 1 AMAZ'D, what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created ;  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated ;  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead, which they contained before ;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding:  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepar'd to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing ;  
The day of grace is past and gone ;

Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepar'd to meet Him.

- 4 Amaz'd, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated:  
Beneath his cross I view the day,  
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

518.

L. M. Winchelsea. St. Paul's.

*Judgment.*

- 1 HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!  
The awful trumpet speaks Him near;  
His lightnings flash; his thunders roll;  
How welcome to the faithful soul?
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound;  
Behold the Savior, Jesus crown'd!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Savior's face!
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdom for his own;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail Him their triumphant Lord!
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky!  
Shout, all ye saints of God Most High:  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
Forever and forever reigns! WESLEY'S COLL.

519.

8. 7. & 4. Brest. Calvary.

*Judgment.*

- 1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for earthly sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah!  
JESUS! comes,—and comes to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty!  
They, who set at nought and sold Him,

Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see!

- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;  
 All, who hate Him, must, confounded,  
 Hear the summons of that day,—

“Come to judgment!—

“Come to judgment!—come away!” OLIVER.

520.

L. M.

Enon. Windham.

*Judgment Day.*

mp 1 THE day of wrath!—that dreadful day!—  
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
 What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?—

mf 2 When, shriv'ling, like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heav'ns together roll,  
 And louder yet,—and yet more dread,  
 Swells the high trump, that wakes the dead!

mp 3 O, on that day,—that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 JESUS! be THOU the sinner's stay,  
 Though heav'n and earth shall pass away!

SCOTT.

521.

8 &amp; 6.

Lanesboro. [In Choir.]

*The Heavenly Rest.*

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
 To mourning wand'ers given:  
 There is a joy for souls distress'd,  
 A balm for ev'ry wounded breast:—  
 'T is found above,—in heaven!

2 There is a home for weary souls,  
 By sins and sorrows driven,  
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,  
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
 And all is drear,—but heaven!

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
 To brighter prospects given,  
 And views the tempest passing by,

And sees the evening shadows fly,  
And all serene in heaven!

- 4 There fragrant flow'rs, immortal, bloom,  
And joys supreme are given:  
There light divine dispels the gloom ;—  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven! P. MINSTREL.

522. (ii. 86.) C. M. Bangor. Lebanon.

*Freedom from Sin in Heaven.*

- 1 OUR sins, alas, like raging sea,  
O'erwhelm us with dismay ;  
They break our duty, Lord, to Thee,  
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise?  
How loud the tempests roar?  
But death shall bring us to the skies,  
Safe on the heav'nly shore.
- 3 There to fulfil thy sweet commands  
Our speedy feet shall move ;  
No sin shall clog our active hands,  
Nor cool our flaming love!

mp 4 Forever, JESUS, thy blest name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
mf And thy salvation, with acclaim,  
< Shall rise on ev'ry song! WATTS.

523. (ii. 23.) L. M. Timsbury, Truro.

*Sight of Heaven.*

- 1 O, FOR a sight, a pleasant sight  
Of our Almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Savior, crown'd with light,  
Cloth'd with a body, like our own.
- 2 Adoring saints around Him bow,  
And thrones and pow'rs before Him fall ;  
Glories divine from Him outflow,  
And shed a brightness on them all.
- 3 O, what amazing joys are theirs,  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
While each his majesty declares,  
And spreads the triumphs of their King?

- 4 When shall that day, blest Lord, arrive,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
With ransom'd souls in joy to live,  
And view thy face and sing thy love? WATTS.

524.

C. M. London. Marlow.

*The Last Trumpet.*

- 1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the world,  
And tempests rend the skies,  
And air and earth, to ruin hurl'd,  
In harsh disorder rise ;
- 2 Safe in my Savior's love I'll stand,  
And strike a tuneful song,—  
My harp all trembling in my hand,  
And all inspir'd my tongue.
- 3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders, roll,  
And shake the sullen sky,  
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,  
In angry murmurs try.
- 4 "Let earth now totter on her base,  
And clouds the heav'ns deform ;  
Blow, all ye winds, from ev'ry place,  
And rush the final storm!"
- mp 5 Come quickly, blessed HOPE, appear,—  
Bid thy swift chariot fly ;  
Let angels tell thy coming near,  
And snatch me to the sky.
- 6 Around thy wheels, in gladsome throng,  
I'd bear a joyful part,  
mf All hallelujah on my tongue,—  
All rapture in my heart! BYLES.

525.

S. M. Olmutz. Eastburn.

*Song of the Redeemed and of Angels.* Rev. 7.

- 1 BEHOLD, a countless throng,  
In glorious, joyful bands,  
Of ev'ry kindred, tribe, and tongue,  
With palm-branch in their hands!
- 2 They stand before the throne,  
Before the Lamb once slain,

Array'd in robe of white each one,  
And thus lift up their strain:—

mf 3 "Salvation to our God,  
Whose throne shall never move,  
And to the Savior-Lamb, who trod  
This earthly ball in love!"

— 4 Then all th' angelic choir  
Before the throne fall down,  
And, kindling with celestial fire,  
Thus make their raptures known:—

mf 5 "Let blessing, glory, might,  
And wisdom, honor, power  
Be paid to God, who dwells in light,  
In songs forevermore!" ALLEN.

526.

7s. Edyfield. Pilton.

*Saints in Heaven.* Rev. 7.

1 WHO are these, mine eyes survey,  
Cloth'd in pure and bright array?—  
These are saints, belov'd of God,  
Purified in Jesus' blood.

2 Tell me, whence these blest ones came?  
How can they such glory claim?  
They in furnace lost their dross:—  
They did glory in the cross!

3 They were martyrs to their Lord;  
Slaughter'd by the pagan's sword!  
They did bear reproach and shame:  
Therefore they this glory claim.

4 'Tis the gift of HIM, who died,  
And whose word will firm abide:  
Would'st thou dwell with them in light?

mf Fearless take their path-way bright! ALLEN.

527.

7s. Wilson. Blue Town.

*Heaven.* Rev. 7.

1 LO, on Zion's glorious height  
Countless hosts, array'd in light,  
Fill'd with joy and sweet amaze,  
Hymning their Redeemer's praise!

2 These are they, whose tears did flow,  
While they dwelt on earth below ;  
These are they, who suffer'd shame  
For their lov'd Redeemer's name !

3 Now, releas'd from wo and care,  
They a crown of glory wear ;  
Now they dwell in heav'n above,  
Blest with their Redeemer's love !

4 And their song shall ever rise,  
And re-echo through the skies,—  
mf “ Glory to the Lamb, once slain ;  
Praise in everlasting strain !” ALLEN.

528.

8 &amp; 7.

Monmouth. (In Choir.)

*The last Judgment.*

1 I SEE the mighty Judge appear,  
On throne of glory seated !  
The loud, resounding trump I hear,  
By which the dead are greeted !  
And all the sleepers in the ground  
I see uprising at the sound :  
JESUS ! they rise to meet Thee !

2 On thy left hand I see the crowd  
Of men deprav'd and wretched :  
I hear the wailings shrill and loud,  
I see the arms outstretched !  
And O, their terror and dismay  
At this most awful, final day !  
JESUS ! they dread to meet Thee !

3 At thy right hand I see the throng  
In garments white all gleaming ;  
I listen, but hear not their song,  
Though bright each face is beaming :  
In silence they await their doom,  
But not in sadness and in gloom :  
JESUS ! they're glad to meet Thee !

4 And now I hear the Judge's voice,  
The doom of all declaring ;—  
“ Depart, ye cursed, from all joys  
Into the flames now glaring !”—  
“ But come, ye blest, with Me to know

The streams of good, which ever flow!"  
Thus, JESUS! all do meet Thee!

- 5 And O, my soul, art thou prepared  
To hear the trumpet sounding?  
To hear thy sentence loud declared,  
Bright angels, thee surrounding?  
And will that sentence thee approve,  
And lift thee up to heav'n above?—  
Thus, JESUS, may I meet Thee! ALLEN.

529.

7s. Southampton. Pilgrim Chant.

*Day of Judgment.*

- 1 O, THAT fire! before whose face  
Heav'n and earth shall find no place!  
O those eyes! whose angry light  
Are the day of that dread night!
- 2 O that trump, whose blast shall run  
Even round with circling sun,  
Urging murm'ring graves to bring  
All men forth to meet their King!
- 3 Dread of nature, hell and death!  
When a deep groan from beneath  
Cries, "We come, we come!" and all  
Caves of night answer one call!
- 4 O that book! whose leaves so bright  
Set the word in dreaded light!  
O the Judge! whose hand, whose eye  
None endure, yet none can fly!
- mp 5 Mercy! Lord! mercy, I cry,  
With pale cheek and bleeding eye;  
Thou, my Hope, my Judge, my Friend,  
Shield me, bless me to the end!
- 6 When thy frown shall last proclaim  
Left-hand goats to folds of flame,  
And thy lost sheep found shall be,—  
"Come, ye blest!" say 'Thou to me!

R. CRASHAW.

530.

8, 7 &amp; 4.

Brest. Greenville.

*Day of Judgment.*

- 1 HARK! the final trump is sounding!  
Loud it rings through earth and hell,

Ev'ry living ear astounding,  
Waking slumb'ers in their cell:

Lo! the sleepers  
Waking from their narrow cell!

2 See! the glorious Judge is seated  
On his cloud-built throne on high,  
And by angel-hosts is greeted,  
All earth's myriads standing nigh;

Lo! the weepers,  
Rising from the dead, stand nigh!

3 All his murd'ers are before Him,  
All, who slighted mercy free;  
While the righteous now adore Him,  
Sinners from Him all would flee;

But, O sinners!  
Whither, whither can ye flee?

4 Hark! that voice of dreadful thunder,  
"Now, ye cursed, all depart!"  
Hark! the voice of love and wonder,  
"Come, ye blessed, to my heart!"

These to heaven  
Rising, those to hell depart! ALLEN.

531.

8, 7 &amp; 4. Sicilian Hymn. Greenville.

*Resurrection of the Pious.*

1 SHALL the sleepers sleep forever?  
Shall the form of loveliness,  
Turn'd to dust, be built up never,  
Nor again thy vision bless?

O poor Mourner,  
Shall it not thy vision bless?

2 Yes, it will be new created,  
Rising up in lovelier guise;  
Then thy heart with bliss is sated,  
Then pure rapture lights thine eyes:

O Rejoicer,  
Purest rapture lights thine eyes! ALLEN.

532.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4. Brest. Greenville.

*Day of Judgment.*

1 HARK! the arch-angel's trump is sounding!  
Wide its thrilling notes are spread,

Every living ear astounding,  
 Waking up the slumb'ring dead!  
     All are summoned  
 To the Judgment seat most dread!

- 2 Then, by angel-hosts divided,  
 Lo, arranged on the left,  
 All, who once the truth derided,  
 Stand dismay'd, of hope bereft;  
     O, how dreadful!  
 Of all joy and hope bereft!
- 3 But the holy then are placed  
 Near the Judge, at his right hand:  
 O, the gladness to be traced  
 In their looks, as there they stand!  
     O the raptures,  
 Which do thrill them, as they stand!
- 4 These do hear,—“O, come, ye blessed!  
 Come, with Me forever dwell!”  
 To the rest is doom addressed,—  
 “Go, ye cursed, down to hell!”  
     O, the difference!  
 Endless heaven, endless hell!

ALLEN.

## 533.

Sapphic Measure.

*Final Judgment.*

- 1 HARK! the trump sounding, and the ear, that sleepeth,  
 Hears the loud summons to the awful judgment:  
 All the dead rising, and the sinner weepeth,  
     Coming to judgment.
- 2 Lo, the Judge throned on the clouds outshining!  
 All th' immortals at his bar are standing:  
 Vain are strong terrors, or the soul's repining;  
     All there are standing!
- 3 On the left, hopeless, are the wretched tremblers:  
 They are men sinful, to the flames condemned,  
 Foes to all goodness, the unmask'd dissemblers,  
     Lost and condemned!
- 4 On the right, joyful, are the blest ones bowing;  
 They are approved by the Judge in mercy;  
 Grateful affection to the Savior showing,  
     They do find mercy!

ALLEN.

534.

L. M. St. Paul's. Miss. Chant.

*Day of Judgment.*

- 1 O, DAY of wrath! O dreadful day,  
When heav'n and earth shall pass away!  
How will the guilty sinner shake,  
When judgment pomp on him shall break?
- 2 The trump will send a startling sound  
To all the sleepers in the ground;  
And all will wake, and with surprise  
Behold the Judge in flaming skies.
- 3 In vain will reprobates then call  
On rocks and mountains down to fall,  
And whelm them in the ruin wide,—  
Their souls from angry Judge to hide.
- aff 4 O, JESUS, Savior, full of love!  
Let me thy great salvation prove;  
So shall I welcome that dread day,  
When heav'n and earth shall pass away!

ALLEN.

535.

C. M. Medfield. Jerusalem.

*The heavenly Jerusalem.*

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
O, when beneath thy heav'n-built dome  
Shall I my Savior see?
- 2 O, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,—  
Thy courts by ransom'd millions trod,—  
Where sabbaths never end?
- 3 There happier bow'rs, than Eden's, bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through earthly storm and gloom  
I onward press to you!
- 4 Why should the forms of wo affright?  
Or coming death dismay?  
mf I've Canaan's goodly land in sight,  
And realms of endless day!
- 5 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
mp Name ever dear to me!

— Full soon beneath thy heav'n-built dome  
 mf Shall I my Savior see! MONTGOMERY'S COL.

536. 8 & 6. Lanesboro'. (In Choir.)

*Heavenly Rest.*

- 1 FOR weary souls there is a rest,  
 In God's rich mercy given ;  
 Repose to hearts, by grief oppress'd,  
 Repose from all their cares unblest,—  
 A dwelling-place in heaven!
- 2 Ah who on life's rough ocean-wave  
 Forever would be driven?  
 Who would not find the shelt'ring grave?  
 Who doth not port of safety crave,—  
 A resting-place in heaven?
- 3 But none that peaceful rest will find,  
 That have not nobly striven!  
 For good men,—for the pure in mind,  
 Toilers for God, by woes refined,—  
 Remaineth rest in heaven! ALLEN.

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BAPTISM.

537. S. M. Lathrop. Utica.

*Baptism.* Mat. 28. 19.

- 1 THE act of baptism done,  
 O Lord, before thy face,  
 In name of Father, and of Son,  
 And Spirit of all grace,—
- 2 Do Thou, in wondrous love,  
 Confirm the sacred rite,—  
 Thy Spirit sent down from above,  
 In plenitude of might,
- 3 To wash the soul from sin,  
 And save through Jesus' blood,  
 To purify the pow'rs within,  
 And new-create to good.
- 4 So shall the ransom'd soul,—  
 United with the blest,—

Where streams of glad salvation roll,  
Enjoy an endless rest! ALLEN.

538.

S. M. Cedron. Utica.

*Promise to Believers and their Children.*

- Aff 1 OUR children 'Thou dost claim,  
And mark them out for thine:  
Ten thousand blessings to thy name  
For goodness so divine.
- 2 Thee let the fathers know,  
And Thee the sons adore,  
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vow,  
To be forgot no more.
- 3 How great thy mercies, Lord?  
How plenteous is thy grace,  
Which in thy love and promis'd word  
Includes our rising race?
- 4 Our offspring, still thy care,  
Shall own their fathers' God,  
To latest times thy blessings share,  
f And sound thy praise abroad! SALISBURY COLL.

539.

8 &amp; 7. Benson, Sicilian Hymn.

*Baptism of Children.*

- 1 SAVIOR! who thy flock art feeding  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share;
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in thy gracious arm,  
'There, we know,—thy word believing,—  
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dang'rous way.
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting place;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace! EPISC. COLL.

540.

C. M. Medfield. St. Martin's.

*Coming to Baptism.*

- ALL 1 BLEST Savior, may I never be  
 Thy name asham'd to own,  
 Lest Thou shouldst ne'er acknowledge me  
 Before thy glorious throne!
- 2 Thou wast baptiz'd for me with shame,  
 And bitter pangs of wo:  
 O, may I glory in thy name,  
 And thy salvation show.
- 3 I'll follow Thee, and bear my cross,  
 Nor fear the scorn and pain,  
 For in thy cause whate'er my loss,  
 'Twill turn to endless gain.
- 4 O, wash me in thy saving blood,  
 Grant me thy Spirit's power;  
 Then, from my sin restor'd to good,  
 I'll praise Thee evermore! ALLEN.

541.

L. M.

Luz. Pilesgrove.

*Baptism.*

- 1 IF Christ be truly here confest,  
 The soul shall gain the promis'd rest;  
 But they, who Jesus shall deny,  
 Can never dwell in blessed sky.
- 2 Believer, thou dost feel no shame;  
 Thy boast is in the Savior's name:  
 O, may the God of grace and love  
 From thee his Spirit ne'er remove!
- 3 For then, though grief, and shame, and wo  
 May spread their clouds o'er thee below,  
 Yet glorious light on thee shall shine,  
 And everlasting joy be thine.
- 4 The follow'rs of the Lamb shall rise  
 Above the glories of the skies,  
 mf And they the Savior will adore  
 With holy rapture evermore! ALLEN.

542.

C. M. Medfield. St. Martin's.

*Before Baptism.*

(For those, who practise Immersion.)

- 1 ALMIGHTY Savior! here we stand,  
Rang'd by the water side:  
Hither we come at thy command,  
Thou, who for us hast died!
- 2 Thy footsteps mark the heav'nward way,  
For all, that love thy cause:  
Lord, thy example we obey,  
And glory in the cross.
- 3 Our Lord belov'd, we'll follow Thee,  
Where'er Thou lead'st the way,  
> Through floods, thro' flames, thro' death's dark  
vale,  
< To realms of endless day! BALDWIN.

543.

L. M. Zerah. Medway.

*Baptism.*

(For those, who practise Immersion.)

- 1 THE great Redeemer we adore,  
Who came the lost to seek and save,  
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,  
To be baptiz'd in Jordan's wave.
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
All righteousness," He meekly said;—  
Why should we then, to do his will  
Or be asham'd, or be afraid?
- 3 JESUS! our Guide and heav'nly Friend,  
We, now, to this baptismal flood,  
In Thee believing, would descend:  
Lord, save us by thy cleansing blood.
- 4 When Thou in glory shalt appear,  
May we, uprising from the tomb,  
The joyous, final sentence hear,  
And dwell in heav'n's eternal home!

J. STENNETT.

514.

L. M.

Rockingham. Miss. Chant.

*Baptism.*

(For those, who practise Immersion.)

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
Come in the plenitude of love!  
O, teach our hearts, in highest strain,  
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,  
We joyfully embrace thy cause;  
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,  
O, Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
- 3 We plunge beneath the mystic flood;  
O, plunge 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! JUDSON.

545.

C. M.

Marlow, York.

*After Baptism.*

- 1 BAPTIZ'D into our Savior's death,  
Our souls to sin must die:  
'Tis now we breathe a heav'nly breath,  
Our souls now mount on high.
- 2 Ne'er let us shrink from shame, or pain,  
Nor fear in sorrow's night,  
If we a crown in heav'n would gain,  
And dwell in God's own light.
- 3 There, seated by his Father's side,  
He sits upon his throne,—  
JESUS, who on the cross once died,  
Our crimson guilt t' atone.
- mf 4 Rise! from these earthly trifles rise  
On wings of faith and love!  
Above our choicest treasure lies;  
And be our hearts above! DODDRIDGE.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

546. (iii. 1.) L. M. Ashfield. Munich,

*The Supper instituted.*

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd Him to his foes;—
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;  
mp What love through all his actions ran?  
What wondrous words of grace He spake?
- 3 "This is my body, broke for thine,  
Receive and eat the living food:"  
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,—  
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
Meet at my table and record  
The love of your departed Lord."
- aff 5 Around thy table, Lord, we meet,  
And thus thy death show forth with joy,  
Till Thou return, and we shall eat  
Thy marriage supper in the sky. WATTS.

547. L. M. Nazareth. Dresden.

*First coming to the Table.*

- aff 1 LORD, I am thine;—thine would I die,—  
Be thine through all eternity:  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 2 Here, at that cross, where flows the blood,  
That bought my guilty soul for God,  
Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to Thee my all!
- 3 Do Thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform!—  
O, blessed JESUS! let me be  
mf At last a guest in heav'n with THEE! DAVIES.

548. (iii. 3.) C. M. Litchfield. Arlington.  
*The New Covenant sealed.*

- 1 "THE promise of my Father's love  
 Shall stand forever good ;"—  
 He said, descending from above,  
 And seal'd the grace with blood.
- mf 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word  
 I set my worthless name ;  
 I seal th'engagement to my Lord,  
 And make my humble claim.
- 3 My soul and flesh, as seems most right,  
 And all my pow'rs are thine ;
- mf The pard'ning grace, and strength, and light,  
 And glory shall be mine! WATTS.

549. L. M. Ashfield. 97th Psalm.  
*At the Lord's Table.*

- 1 "THIS do," said Christ," rememb'ring me!"
- mf Yes, Lord, I will remember Thee!  
 I drink the wine, and eat the bread,  
 'The gift, which vivifies the dead.
- 2 No thrall, releas'd, who walk'd forth free,  
 E'er joy'd, as I, redeem'd by Thee!  
 From dungeon to a palace led,  
 All pain, and grief, and care are fled.
- 3 And greater still my joy shall be,  
 When ransom'd from the grave by Thee!  
 Then, rising from my prison bed,  
 My wings for heav'nly flight I'll spread.
- 4 Then, Lord, thy glory I shall see,  
 And I shall dwell fore'er with Thee!
- mf With Thee, first Riser from the dead,  
 Of all thy ransom'd ones the Head! ALLEN.

550. (iii. 5.) C. M. Albany. St. Martin's.  
*Christ the Bread of Life.*

- 1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,  
 'T is He our souls hath fed:  
 Thou art the living stream, O Lord,  
 And Thou th' immortal bread.

2 Blest be the Lord, who gives his flesh  
To nourish dying men,  
And often spreads his table fresh,  
Lest we should faint again.

3 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,  
While Jesus finds supplies,  
Nor shall our graces sink to death,—

mf For Jesus never dies!

— 4 Daily our mortal flesh decays,  
But Christ, our life, shall come ;  
His unresisted pow'r shall raise  
Our bodies from the tomb. WATTS.

551. (iii. 6.) L. M. Ashfield. 97th Psalm.

*Memorial of Christ.*

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,  
Beyond our feeble, narrow sight,  
And earthly objects fill our eyes;  
And cheat us with a false delight.

2 While He is gone to dwell above,  
He gave,—lest we forget his face,—  
These emblems of his dying love,  
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem,  
mf Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
And faith and hope be fix'd on Him! WATTS.

552. S. M. Mornington. St. Thomas.

*Remembering Christ.*

1 "THIS do, rememb'ring me!"  
Aff Yes, Lord, we drink the wine,  
And eat the bread, rememb'ring Thee,  
And all thy love divine!

2 When Thee from heav'n we see,  
Disrob'd of glorious form,  
O, shall we not remember Thee,  
In form of man, a worm?

mp 3 Lord, in Gethsemane,  
Where bloody sweat-drops roll'd,

Our melting hearts remember Thee,  
And all thy grief untold!

4 And on th' accursed tree,  
Where Thou didst hang in wo,  
We, wond'ring, Lord, remember Thee,  
The Lamb, whose blood did flow!

mf 5 From bursting tomb set free,  
Ascending to thy throne,  
Our SAVIOR! we remember Thee!  
We boast in Thee alone! ALLEN.

553. (iii. 2.) S. M. Lathrop. Watchman.  
*Communion with Christ.*

1 CHRIST doth his saints invite  
Around his board to meet:—  
We come, and find a pure delight,  
With Him communion sweet.

2 This sacred bread and wine  
Maintain our fainting breath,  
By union with our Lord divine,  
And int'rest in his death.

3 The saints and Christ above  
Our Father deems but one ;  
We the young children of his love,  
And Christ the first-born Son.

mf 4 Let all our pow'rs be joined  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise! WATTS.

554. (iii. 22.) L. M. Chapel Street. Wells.  
*Compassion of Christ.*

aff 1 OUR Savior's praise we loud proclaim:  
O, that our feeble lips could move,  
In strains immortal, as his name,  
And melting, as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?  
The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,  
And pours his life out on the ground  
To ransom guilty worms from death.

- 3 In vain our mortal voices strive  
 To speak compassion, so divine ;  
 Had we a thousand lives to give,  
 All,—blessed JESUS,—should be thine! WATTS.

555. (iii. 23.) C. M. Ferry. London.

*Glory by the Death of Christ.*

- 1 SITTING around the Savior's board,  
 We raise our tuneful breath ;  
 Our faith beholds her dying Lord,  
 And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 The blood of Jesus is displayed,  
 Whence all our pardons rise ;  
 We, sinners, view th' atonement made,  
 And love the sacrifice.
- Aff 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross  
 Procure us heav'nly crowns :  
 Our highest gain springs from thy loss,  
 Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O! 'tis impossible, that we,  
 Who dwell in feeble clay,  
 Should equal suff'rings bear for Thee,  
 Or equal thanks repay! WATTS.

556. L. M. Pilesgrove. Dresden.

*Christ dying, rising, and reigning.*

- mp 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 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;  
 For us the Lord of glory's slain!—
- mf But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
 Up to his Father's courts He flies ;  
 Cherubic legions guard Him home,  
 And shout Him welcome to the skies!
- 4 Say now, ye saints,—“Live, glorious King!  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!”

Then ask,—“O death, where is thy sting?  
And where’s thy vict’ry, boasting grave?”

WATTS.

557. (iii. 19.) L. M. St. Peter’s. Alfreton.  
*Not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

aff 1 THOU, who didst wear the crown of thorns,  
Thy dying feast we here attend ;  
Thy blood, like wine, thy board adorns,  
Thy flesh doth nourish ev’ry friend.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one, who died!  
We hope for heav’nly crowns above  
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame  
And deem thy service pain and loss ;  
mf We come to boast our Savior’s name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross!

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
“He, that was dead, has left his tomb ;  
He lives beyond their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting, till He come!” WATTS.

558. (iii. 7.) L. M. Sunderland. Withington.  
*Crucifixion to the World.*

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 them to thy blood.

mp 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e’er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

— 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;

mf Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all! WATTS.

559.

H. M. Darwell. Warsaw.

*Praise of Zion's King.*

mf 1 YE angel-hosts above,  
JESUS extol, your King ;  
His joyful praises sing,  
In wonder and in love ;  
For He, a Conqu'ror in his might,  
Is now enthron'd in glory bright !

mp 2 Ye saints, with sweeter joy,  
Bestow the praises due ;  
Let songs your lips employ,  
For He once died for you:—

mf Then praise Him for his love and power ;  
Extol your King forevermore! ALLEN.

560.

7s. Nuremburg. Blue Town.

*No saving Name but that of Christ.*

aff 1 JESUS! when the floods of grief  
Me o'erwhelm with foaming wave,  
From thine arm I seek relief:  
Lord, no other name can save !

2 JESUS! when in tempting hour  
Passion holds me as its slave,  
Thou canst break the tempter's power:  
Lord, no other name can save !

3 JESUS! when my heart repents,  
When with tears thy feet I lave,  
Thou canst drive despondence hence:  
Lord! no other name can save !

4 JESUS! though, the world around,  
Wild delusions fiercely rave,  
Yet in Thee is safety found:  
Lord! no other name can save! ALLEN.

561.

7s. Adullum. Pilgrim's Chant.

*Love to the crucified Savior.*

aff 1 SAVIOR! who didst die for me,  
Hanging on the cross-shap'd tree,

Who didst come, my soul to save,  
And to lift me from the grave ;—

2 Since I thy salvation know,  
O what flame of love should glow  
In my heart, redeem'd by blood,  
And by Thee restor'd to God?

3 Blessed Savior! thron'd above,  
'Thee I would forever love!

mf Lord, to Thee be praise and power,  
Blessing, glory, evermore!

ALLEN.

562.

8. &amp; 7. Sicily. Sicilian Hymn.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

aff 1 JESUS! blest be Thou, victorious,  
Sacrifice, and Savior, Lord!  
Now our heav'nly King, all-glorious,  
By the countless hosts adored!

mp 2 Once thy blood was freely flowing,  
As Thou on the tree didst die:

mf Now to 'Thee are angels bowing,  
Seated on thy throne on high!

— 3 We would join their songs, and never  
Shall our holy raptures end!

mf We will praise Thee, Lord, forever,  
JESUS, SAVIOR, matchless FRIEND!

ALLEN.

563.

S. M.

St. Thomas. Silver Street.

*Praise for Redemption. Isa. 44.*

1 WASH'D is the crimson stain,—  
Not wool so bright in show ;  
The scarlet die is white again,  
Like gently falling snow!

mf 2 For this, ye heav'ns, now sing,  
And lift up gladsome voice ;  
'T is done by Christ, the heav'nly King:  
O, earth below, rejoice!

3 Ye mountains, join the song,  
Ye forests, shout for joy!  
Let ev'ry tree the strain prolong,  
And notes of praise employ!

- 4 God hath his sons redeemed,  
 And shown them saving love ;  
 The light on them hath now outbeamed,  
 And glory from above !                    ALLEN.

564.

6s.

Alps.

*Hope of Heaven through Christ.*

1 Pet. 1.

- 1 **THY** name, O God, be blest,  
 Who, in thy wondrous love,  
 Hast giv'n us hope of rest,  
 And bliss with Thee above !
- 2 This lively hope we owe  
 To **JESUS'** matchless love,  
 mf Who burst his tomb below,  
 And rose to heav'n above !
- 3 And now we hope to share  
 The fruits of saving love,—  
 mf A kingdom without care,  
 Bright heritage above !
- aff 4 We do not Thee behold ;  
 Yet, **SAVIOR**, Thee we love,  
 And joy with joys untold  
 In hope of heav'n above !                    ALLEN.

565.

S. M.

Boylston. Fairfield.

*The Passover denoting the Death of Christ.*

- 1 **THE** wrathful angel's sword  
 Did ev'ry dwelling smite,  
 Except where post of door was scored  
 With blood of Lamb in sight.
- 2 But where that blood was seen  
 On lintel of the door,  
 The angel's sword, though bright and keen,  
 That dwelling passed o'er.
- 3 Thus in the final day,  
 When angel hosts shall come  
 To smite the wicked with dismay,  
 And send them to their doom,
- 4 Their sword shall ne'er intrude  
 On them, for whom Christ died,—

Who bear the mark of saving blood,  
By faith and love applied! ALLEN.

566.

L. M. Ribbith. Bowen.

*Christ dying and rising.*

- 1 WHY o'er the sun is spread a pall,  
And why heaves earth in agony?—  
The Lord, who fram'd this earthly ball,  
And kindled glorious sun, doth die!
- 2 For us the King of glory dies!  
See, hanging on the cross-shap'd tree,  
Th' unblemish'd Lamb of sacrifice,  
Whose blood doth set the guilty free.
- mf 3 In vain the rock-hewn tomb is sealed,  
In vain the guard is watching round:—  
An angel-form is bright revealed,  
And terror shakes the solid ground!
- 4 The stone why rolls he from the door,  
And opes the Savior's tomb to light?
- mf Because his Master sleeps no more,  
But rises in eternal might!
- aff 5 Blest JESUS! now enthron'd on high,  
We trust in Thee, for Thou canst save,—  
Assur'd, that though our bodies die,  
Thine arm will bring them from the grave!

ALLEN.

567.

7s. Anfield. Redeeming Love.

*Redeeming Love.*

- aff 1 JESUS! SAVIOR! who didst die  
On the cross in agony,  
Let our ransom'd spirits prove  
Wonders of redeeming love!
- 2 Lord!—of all, which meets our sight,  
What can fill us with delight,  
What our heart's affections move,  
Like thy strange, redeeming love?
- 3 Raise us from our dwelling low;  
Then, while endless ages flow,  
mf We will praise, in heav'n above,  
Wonders of redeeming love!

ALLEN.

568.

S. M. St. Thomas. Silver Street.

*Glorying in the Cross.*

- 1 THE monarch on his throne  
 May boast his state and train:  
 JESUS, the Lamb, my soul hath known ;—  
 I boast a Savior slain!
- 2 Rich man, though feeble, old,  
 May boast his wealth and gain:  
 I ask no gems nor treasur'd gold,  
 I boast a Savior slain!
- 3 Philosophers in pride  
 May boast their knowledge vain:  
 My soul hath known the Crucified ;  
 I boast a Savior slain!
- 4 And e'en in world of light,—  
 When heav'nly home I gain,—  
 Amidst the host of angels bright,  
 I'll boast a Savior slain!

ALLEN.

569.

6 &amp; 4. Dort. Italian Hymn.

*Praise of the Redeemer.*

- ff 1 MY Savior and my King,  
 Thy praises I will sing  
     With raptures high!  
 For wondrous was the love,  
 Which Thee in heav'n did move,  
 And brought Thee from above  
     For us to die!
- mp 2 Well may our tears o'erflow,  
 At sight of grief and wo  
     On thee accurst ;  
 Well might the sun his light  
 Conceal in gloom of night,  
 And earth quake with affright,  
     And graves outburst!
- mf 3 But, Lord, Thou soon didst rise,  
 And mount up to the skies,  
     Fore'er to reign:  
 And we, through endless days,  
 Our joyful songs will raise,

And, grateful, Thee will praise,—  
A Savior slain! ALLEN.

570. S. P. M. Peters. Green Str.

*Martyrs saved by Christ's Blood.*

- 1 THESE glorious spirits bright,  
Array'd in garments white,  
How came they to the seats of day?  
mp They came through sorrow's flood,  
And in the Savior's blood  
Have wash'd their guilty stains away.
- 2 And now no more they know  
Hunger, nor thirst, nor wo ;  
No more shall cares their peace annoy ;—  
mf Christ is their Sun of light,  
They see his glory bright,  
And bow down with eternal joy! ALLEN.

571. 7s. Southampton. Pilton.

*The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.* Rev. 19.

- mf 1 HARK, a voice of countless throng  
Rises in melodious song,  
f Like the voice of rushing flood,  
Like the voice from bursting cloud!
- mf 2 Through the arch of glorious skies  
Hark, that voice in thunder cries,—  
f "Hallelujah! God doth reign!  
Jesus lives, who once was slain!
- mf 3 "Let us all be glad, rejoice!  
Let us lift applauding voice ;  
For the Marriage-Feast is come,  
And his Bride the Lord brings home!" ALLEN.

572. 8 & 7. Cesarea. Sicilian Hymn.

*Christ the Light of the heavenly City.*

- 1 PURE the stream of life is flowing,  
Clear as crystal, from the throne ;  
From the throne, where saints are bowing,—  
Throne of God and Christ, his Son.
- 2 There no curse shall e'er be falling,  
Naught of evil can annoy ;

There on God the saints are calling,  
With the voice of praise and joy.

- 3 There no light of sun is needed,  
Blessed city to illumine ;  
There no gleam of moon is heeded,  
For no night doth spread its gloom.
- 4 There God's glory is outbeaming,  
In its splendor, pure and bright ;  
There the Lamb of God is gleaming,—  
Heav'nly city's fadeless light! ALLEN.

573.

8 &amp; 6.

Sardis.

*The heavenly Host praising the Lamb.*

- 1 LO, in yon glorious world behold  
Victors, array'd in light ;—  
All joyful with their harps of gold,  
They praise their Savior's might.
- mf Hark, how their songs of praise resound,  
Glad songs, which heav'n re-echoes round!  
— They sing the Lamb of sacrifice,  
Who for their ransom dies!
- 2 Sing they the Victor from the tomb,  
Whom death could not retain,  
Uprising to his heav'nly home,  
The Lord of life, once slain!—
- mf "We hail Thee, Savior! conqu'ring King!  
And all thy might and glory sing!  
And we'll extol thy grace and power  
In songs forevermore!" ALLEN.

---

 DOXOLOGIES.

1.

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! WATTS.

2.

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. WATTS.

3. S. M.  
YE angels, round the throne,  
And saints, that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too. WATTS.
4. L. M. Jude 25.  
TO God, our Savior, only wise,  
Be glory, majesty, and power!  
The Lord, enthron'd above the skies,  
We'll gladly praise forevermore! ALLEN.
5. L. M. Rev. v. 13.  
LET blessing, honor, glory, power  
Be paid to God, enthron'd in light,—  
And to the Lamb, whom we adore,—  
While endless years shall wing their flight!  
ALLEN.
6. C. M. Rev. v. 12.  
TO Thee, O Lamb, who once didst die,  
Be paid all glory, power,  
All riches, wisdom, majesty,  
And blessing evermore! ALLEN.
7. S. M. Rev. vii. 10.  
SALVATION to our God,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb, who earth once trod,  
And mighty grief hath known! ALLEN.
8. 7s. Rev. 7. 12.  
BLESSING, glory, wisdom, might,  
Lord, we pay with sweet delight ;  
And our songs of praise shall grow,  
While unending ages flow! ALLEN.
9. 8, 7 & 4. Rev. v.  
GLORY, honor, pow'r, and blessing  
All to Him, who holds the throne,

All to Thee are now addressing,  
 LAMB! who once the cross hast known!  
     Loudest praises  
 Unto Thee, who grief hast known!   ALLEN.

10.

H. M.

Rev. 5.

ONCE slain, Thou Lamb of God,  
 But now exalted high,  
 We praise thy saving blood,  
 For Thou for us didst die!  
 To Thee be blessing, glory, power,  
 And songs of praise forevermore!   ALLEN.

END.

## INDEX

OF SUBJECTS, IN THE PSALMS AND HYMNS.

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[Reference is made to the page. Before p. 360 are Psalms: after page 360 are Hymns.]

### A

- AARON and Christ, 426.  
Abel and Christ, 432.  
Abraham offering his son, 519.  
    promise to, 519.  
Absence from God intolerable, 536.  
Acceptance of mercy, instant, 480.  
Access to God by a mediator, 418.  
Acknowledgment of sloth, 533.  
Adam, and Christ, 14.  
    his fall, 469.  
Adoption, 526.  
Adversity, trust in God in, 539.  
Advice to youth, 83, 487.  
Affliction, 538.  
    benefit of, 274.  
    church in, 182, 184, 320-324  
    from God, 606, 607.  
    hope in, 99.  
    sanctified, 606.  
    submission to, 605.  
Africa, prayer for emigrants to, 594.  
Aged Christian's confidence in God, 167.  
    prayer, 166.  
Age old, happy, 542.  
Alarm, 484.  
All creatures praising God, 347-359.  
Almost a Christian, 471.  
Angels, guardianship of, 206.  
    invited to praise God, 234.  
    ministry of, 543, 544.  
    song of at the birth of Christ, 404-406.  
    song of with the redeemed, 636.

- Apostles' commission, 553.  
 Ascension of Christ, 56-58, 113, 114, 161, 414, 415.  
 Atonement of Christ, 412, 419-421.  
 Attributes of God, 84-87 ; 363-383.

## B

- Babylon, fall of, 562, 563.  
 Baptism, 532, 643-647.  
     of children, 644.  
 Bearing the cross, 527.  
 Beatitudes, 514.  
 Beauty of the church, 116, 119.  
 Belief and salvation, 523.  
 Believer, buried with Christ, 532.  
     dying, 287.  
 Beneficent man, 98.  
 Benefit of afflictions, 274.  
 Bible, its value, 267-281.  
     Society, meeting of, 552, 589.  
 Blessed Gospel, 202.  
 Blessedness of the charitable, 255.  
     of the holy, 3, 4.  
     of the pious dead, 619, 628, 629.  
     of the righteous, 90, 256, 297, 354, 355.  
 Blessing of God necessary, 295.  
 Blessings of a country, 104 ; 579.  
     of a family, 296, 297.  
 Blindness to God, 472.  
 Blind, receiving sight, 438.  
 Blood of Christ, cleansing from sin, 419, 420.  
 Book of nature and scripture, 38.  
 Brazen serpent, 431.  
 Breathing after heaven, 204.  
 Brevity of life, 94, 205.  
 Brotherly love, 306, 309.  
 Building God's house, 584.

## C

- Canaan, lost, 214.  
     Israel led to, 243.  
 Captivity of Zion, 320-324.  
 Character of the righteous, 26.  
 Characters of Christ, 422.  
 Charitable man, 517.  
 Charity rewarded, 90, 98, 255.

- Charity schools, 586.  
 Child lost, 500.  
 Children of God, 516.  
 Children, hymn for, 588.  
     praising God, 13.  
     prayed for, 586-588.  
 Choice of God immediate, 479, 480.  
 Christ, and Aaron, 426.  
     ascending, 56-58, 113, 114.  
     ascension of, 56-58, 161 ; 414, 415.  
     atonement of, 412, 419-421.  
     birth of, 404-406.  
     characters of, 422.  
     and his church, 106, 107.  
     coming of, 219 ; 407.  
     compassion of, 429.  
     condescension of, 15  
     conqueror, 411.  
     converts to, 252.  
     coronation of, 417.  
     cross of, 435.  
     crucified, 413, 435.  
     death of, 164 ; 412, 413.  
     delight in him, 447.  
     entering heaven, 56.  
     divinity of, 403.  
     dominion of, 411.  
     dying and rising, 47.  
     ever-living, 228.  
     exaltation of, 5, 16, 114 ; 417, 435.  
     example of, 433.  
     foundation of the church, 264, 266.  
     giving sight to the blind, 438.  
     glory and grace in him, 409.  
     glory of, 105, 108.  
     glory of in heaven, 456.  
     as heavenly beauty, 424.  
     as heavenly love, 425.  
     heavenly praise of, 456-459.  
     humbled and exalted, 16.  
     incarnation of, 95, 220.  
     intercession of, 431.  
     invitation of, 431.  
     Hosanna to, 264.  
     a judge, 220.  
     a king, 6, 46, 47, 114, 115, 229, 251, 252 ; 427.

- Christ, King of Zion**, 170, 224, 251.  
 kingdom of, 6, 49, 168, 171, 222 ; 565-570.  
 knocking at the door, 493,  
 Lamb slain, 437.  
 Lamb worshiped, 458.  
 living, 418, 446.  
 love to him, 424, 428, 441, 444-447.  
 love of to man, 407, 430, 441, 443.  
 majesty of, 224.  
 mediation of, 408.  
 Messiah, 423.  
 miracles of, 411.  
 not ashamed of him, 514, 527.  
 nativity of, 404-406.  
 obedience and death, 164.  
 obeyed or resisted, 481.  
 offices of, 426.  
 pardon by him, 419.  
 pattern for us, 433.  
 pierced by our sins, 420.  
 power of, 162, 163, 251, 252.  
 praise to him, 223, 225 ; 403, 408, 447, 454-459.  
 prayer of, 48, 49, 165, 250.  
 prayer to him, 448-454.  
 preached, 456.  
 priest, 251, 252 ; 427, 432.  
 prophet, 427.  
 raised to the throne, 46.  
 reconciling God to man, 425.  
 redeeming love of, 440, 446.  
 regard to the humble, 512.  
 reigning, 113.  
 resurrection of, 29, 46, 113, 162 ; 411, 414-416.  
 righteousness of, 523.  
 righteousness, our, 434.  
 sacrifice, 95,  
 salvation by him, 192, 193, 265, 424, 439.  
 Savior, 436, 437.  
 Shepherd, 54.  
 sovereign judge, 220.  
 star of Bethlehem, 439.  
 sufferings, 47, 49, 164, 165 ; 435.  
 in the temple, 410.  
 transfiguration of, 410.  
 triumph of, 458.  
 trust in him, 45, 442.  
 types of him, 440.

- Christ, union to him, 448.  
 universal kingdom, 6.  
 victory of, 109 ; 416.  
 vision of at death, 617.  
 waters of life from him, 102.  
 way to God, 418.  
 wisdom of God, 404.
- Christian, communion, 240,  
 covenant with God, 501.  
 crucified to the world, 432.  
 dedication to God, 502.  
 effort, 531.  
 evening meditation of, 541.  
 Israel, 545.  
 religion, excellent, 387.  
 race, 529.  
 soldier, 528, 529.  
 warfare, 528.
- Christians, encouraging each other, 547.  
 meeting, 392, 393.  
 parting with earthly joys, 502, 503  
 repenting, 321 ; 503-507.
- Church, in affliction, 182, 184.  
 beauty of, 116, 119.  
 birth-place of saints, 195,  
 bride of Christ, 108.  
 Christ its foundation, 264, 266.  
 our delight, 63.  
 enemies of warned, 187.  
 future glory of, 159,  
 glory of, 115-119.  
 God's presence in, 302-305.  
 honor of a nation, 116.  
 house of God 303-305,  
 persecuted, 104.  
 prayer for, 158-160.  
 praying for mercy, 183, 184.  
 safety of, 109-112, 117, 298 ; 546.  
 typified by Israel, 239.
- City of God loved, 288.
- Close of the year, 581.
- Comforter, the Holy Ghost, 467, 468.
- Communion with saints, 240, 548.
- Compassionate man, 97, 98.
- Condescension of God, 15.

- Confession and pardon, 74.  
 and prayer, 91, 125-131, 333.
- Confidence in God, 49, 62-66, 137, 141, 144, 179.  
 in old age, 167.
- Conqueror's song, 35.
- Conscious guilt and relief, 91.  
 uprightness, 61.
- Conversion of the nations, 565--570.
- Converts, 252, 513.  
 female, 510.
- Conviction by the law, 497.
- Coronation of Christ, 417.
- Correction for sin, 243.
- Corruption of manners, 22.
- Corrupted youth, 473.
- Counsel from God, 29.
- Country, our good, 104.  
 blessings of our, 579.
- Covenant with God, 501.
- Creation, works of, 79, 363, 364.  
 and redemption, 367, 547.
- Creator praised, 226, 236, 363-367.
- Creatures dependent, 238.
- Cross of Christ, borne, 527.  
 crucified by it, 432.  
 looked at, 421.  
 meditation on, 507,  
 repentance at the, 507.
- Cure of envy and unbelief, 87.
- Custom in sin, 472.

## D

- Daily worship, 209, 210.
- Danger of delay, 484.
- Dangerous prosperity, 135.
- Day and night, 237.
- Day of judgment, 121-125 ; 632-634, 639-642.  
 of the Lord, 209, 264, 286.
- Death, 598-629.  
 of a child, 624.  
 of a christian, 621, 626, 629.  
 dreadful or delightful, 511.  
 escape from, 260.  
 and eternity, 612.  
 of a friend, 629.  
 and glory, 612, 618.

- Death, issues of life and, 613.  
     of a minister, 621.  
     of a missionary, 622.  
     peaceful, 620.  
     of a pious youth, 625.  
     and resurrection, 615, 627.  
     of the righteous, 614, 619, 620, 629.  
     scenery in contrast, 624.  
     of a sister in Christ, 623.  
     this year, 577.  
     triumphant, 614, 616, 626.  
     of a wife, 623.
- Deceitfulness of sin, 496.
- Decrees, 377.
- Dedication psalm, 302,
- Delay dangerous, 484.
- Delight in God, 145, 146,  
     and his worship, 145, 188-192.  
     and his word, 267-281.
- Deliverance from despair, 34.  
     from slander, 73.  
     song of, 94, 290.  
     from temptation, 213.  
     wonderful, 292, 294.
- Dependence on God, 238.
- Depravity of man, 22, 24, 26, 132.
- Desertion and hope, 100.
- Despondence and hope, 99, 100, 178.
- Destruction of Sodom, 477.
- Difference of righteous and wicked, 1.
- Difficult way to heaven, 515.
- Discipline of affliction, 607.
- Distribution of tracts, 585.
- Divine instruction, 60.
- Doom of the wicked, 1.
- Door of the heart, 493.
- Drunkard, 592.
- Dying believer, 287.  
     sinner, 486.

## E

- Earnest prayer, 12, 333.
- Earth, called to praise God, 354.  
     love of, 599.
- Earthly glory, vain, 121.
- Eclipse of the sun, 575.
- Education religious, 81.

- Effects of the gospel, 435.  
 Effort, christian, 531.  
 Elect, security of the, 430,  
 Electing love 378, 379.  
 Election, sovereign and free, 377.  
 Elijah, fed by ravens, 537.  
 Emigrants to Africa, prayer for, 594.  
 End of the righteous, 2, 3, 131, 619, 620.  
     of the wicked, 2, 3, 131, 132.  
 Enemies of the church warned, 187.  
 Envy, cure of, 87.  
 Equity of providence, 18.  
 Escape from death, 260.  
 Eternity, 598, 604, 612.  
 Ethiopia to be converted, 564.  
 Evening hymns, 571-574.  
     meditation, 541.  
     psalm, 8.  
     of the sabbath, 402.  
 Exaltation of Christ, 5, 417.  
 Example of Christ and saints, 434.  
 Excellence of God's word, 276, 281.  
 Exhortation to holiness, 82.  
     to immediate obedience, 530.  
     to praise God, 227, 262, 263.  
     to worship God, 217.  
 Expostulation with sinners, 491.

## F

- Faith, justification by, 520-524.  
     living and dead, 526.  
     power of, 524, 525.  
     and repentance, 129.  
     strong, 550.  
     in things unseen, 525.  
     and unbelief, 522.  
     walking by, 524.  
 Fall of Babylon, 562, 563.  
 Family blessings, 296, 297.  
     holy, 296.  
 Fast-day, 580.  
     for war, 580,  
 Fathers, God's mercy to our, 105.  
 Feast, marriage or other, 583.  
 Female convert, 510.  
 Few saved, 471.  
 Field of the world, 560.  
 Final judgment, 641.

- First coming to the Lord's table, 648.  
 Folly of persecutors, 25.  
 Foretaste of heaven, 550.  
 Forgetfulness of God, 241.  
 Forgiveness, 74-77, 299 ; 508-510.  
 Fountain opened, 420.  
 Frailty of man, 203-205, 230, 601.  
 Free grace, 545.  
 Friendship, 307.  
 Funeral, 615.  
 Future glory of the church, 159.

## G

- General corruption, 22.  
 Glory of Christ, 105, 107, 108,  
     of the church, 115, 196.  
     to God, 390.  
     and grace, 221.  
     of Zion, 196, 197.  
 God, all and in all, 385.  
     all-seeing, 213, 326.  
     all-sufficient, 383.  
     almighty creator, 363, 365.  
     anger of, 375.  
     answer to prayer, 80.  
     the avenger, 19.  
     blessing of necessary, 295.  
     care of his people, 53.  
     condescension, 14, 335, 380.  
     confidence of the righteous in him, 17,  
         32, 62-66, 137, 141, 144, 179, 279.  
     the creator, 236.  
     creatures dependent on him, 238.  
     decrees of, 377.  
     defence of the righteous, 7, 19, 21,  
         33, 142,  
     defence of Zion, 177.  
     delight in, 145, 146.  
     dominion, 211, 367.  
     dwelling with the humble, 511.  
     electing love of, 378, 379.  
     eternal, 203, 204, 211,  
     eternal dominion of, 367.  
     extolled, 194, 227.  
     faithful, 244.  
     favor of sought, 102, 331.  
     to be feared, 376.

## God, forgetfulness of, 241.

- forgiving, 299,
- of the gentiles, 218.
- glory of, 238, 312 ; 368, 369, 373.
- the glory of Zion, 546.
- goodness of, 231, 337, 338, 341, 345, 383, 600.
- greatness of, 336, 337, 340 ; 369.
- great in Zion, 177.
- the happiness of man, 294 ; 384.
- hearing prayer, 50, 66, 156.
- help in evil times, 21,
- a hiding place, 496.
- house of, 301.
- house of loved, 188-192.
- house to be built, 584.
- impartial, 34.
- incomprehensible, 371.
- judge and refuge, 16.
- justice of, 160, 214, 375.
- kindness of, 160.
- light in darkness, 384.
- longing after, 101, 136.
- is love, 383.
- love of, 15, 86, 87.
- majesty of, 36, 68, 69, 86, 201, 202, 211, 212, 235, 239, 312, 336, 337, 372, 374.
- mercy of, 232-235, 254, 292-294, 325, 338, 380.
- mercy praised, 81, 157, 176, 325.
- mercy sought, 72, 141, 300, 335.
- mercy to our fathers, 105.
- mercies of, 161, 233-235, 260.
- miracles of for Israel, 181.
- omnipresence of, 326-329, 369.
- omniscience of, 214, 326-329, 376.
- ordering the seasons, 237.
- perfections of, 84-87, 319, 368, 370.
- perfect law of, 42.
- portion of the righteous, 8, 30, 173,
- power of, 212, 254, 374.
- praised, 156, 157, 176, 240, 249, 250, 262, 268, 339, 390, 391.
- praise to him, 185, 215, 216, 219, 226, 227, 238, 242, 257, 311, 320, 339--359.

- God, prayer to, 299,  
     presence of in trouble, 536,  
     present in Zion, 152, 188-192, 302,  
     303.  
     our preserver, 284, 382.  
     a protector, 12, 37, 82, 283, 285, 332.  
     protector of his church, 110, 283.  
     protector of his saints, 192, 283-285.  
     providence of, 153, 236, 319.  
     punishing and rewarding, 244, 248.  
     a refuge, 9, 16, 38, 67, 73, 103, 111,  
     136, 145, 206, 331.  
     rejoicing in, 33, 78, 542, 543.  
     requiring the heart, 122,  
     rewarding, 244, 248.  
     righteous judge, 20  
     righteous, 213,  
     a rock, 37.  
     safety in him, 80, 206, 207,  
     a Savior, 36, 45, 72, 133,  
     seen in nature, 366,  
     our shepherd, 50-55.  
     songs to, 223.  
     sought, 143, 148, 149.  
     a sovereign eternal, 70, 161, 211, 377.  
     our strength, 145.  
     success from him, 294, 295.  
     a sun and shield, 190.  
     support from, 29, 134.  
     support of Zion, 221.  
     thirst for, 101, 148, 149,  
     trust in him, 134, 143, 259, 299,  
     342, 386, 539.  
     truth of, 341, 381.  
     victory from, 35, 334, 335.  
     vision of him, 385.  
     walking with him, 541,  
     wisdom of, 376.  
     works of rehearsed to children, 180.  
     works of, 43, 78, 79, 112, 162, 180,  
     240, 253, 254, 312.  
     worship of, 10, 147, 208-210, 217,  
     309, 310.
- Good man, 225.  
 Good men loved, 28,  
 Goodness of God, 231.

- Good news to sinners, 493.  
 Good works, 28,  
 Gospel, conquering nations, 554,  
     excellent, 40, 41, 202 ; 387.  
     happiness of those, who hear it, 389,  
     influence of, 568,  
     invitations, 436, 509.  
     and law, 386.  
     power of, 389.  
     neglected, 481.  
     not ashamed of, 513, 514.  
     spread through the world, 568-570.  
     triumphant, 141.  
 Government of Christ, 107.  
 Grace in Christians, 516.  
     free, 545.  
     and glory, 221.  
     and holiness, 535.  
 Gratitude for mercies, 260.  
 Grave, warning from, 609.  
 Greatness of God, 336, 337, 340.  
 Guidance of the word, 271.

## H

- Happiness of the righteous, 1, 271.  
 Happy old age, 542.  
 Harvest last, 632.  
 Heathens, asking for the gospel, 554.  
 Heaven, 630, 637.  
     freedom from sin in, 635.  
     heir of, 27.  
     saints in, 637.  
     sight of, 635.  
 Heavenly, abode, 57.  
     Jerusalem, 642.  
     joy at the conversion of a sinner, 499,  
         500.  
     joy on earth, 390.  
     race, 530.  
     rest, 634, 643.  
     shepherd, 51-55.  
 Heavens, called to praise God, 353.  
     declaring God, 40.  
 Help prayed for, 83, 165.  
 Heralds of Zion, 555,  
 Holiness desired, 44, 269.  
     exhortation to, 82.  
     and grace, 535,

- Holy resolutions, 270.
- Holy Spirit, the comforter, 207.  
 guidance of supplicated, 462.  
 influences prayed for, 464.  
 prayer for, 459-468.  
 regeneration by, 464-466.  
 witnessing to the soul, 468.
- Hope in affliction, 99.  
 in the covenant, 532.  
 in darkness, 22.  
 and dependence, 99, 100, 178.  
 of heaven, 550, 617.  
 and prayer, 63.  
 of the resurrection, 28.
- Hosanna to Christ, 264.
- House of God, longed for, 146, 301.  
 loved, 188.  
 to be built, 584.
- Humble, Christ's regard to, 512.  
 God dwelling with, 511.
- Humiliation for disasters in war, 142.
- Humility, 300, 301.
- Husbandman, psalm for, 153.
- Hymn for little children, 588.
- Hypocrisy and sincerity, 533.
- Hypocrites judged, 123.
- I
- Idols, vanity of, 259, 310, 311.
- Ignorance and unfruitfulness, 532.
- Illusions of the world, 603.
- Immediate choice of God, 479, 480.  
 repentance, 198.
- Improvement of present time, 531.
- Incarnation of Christ, 95.
- Individuals corrected for sin, 243.
- Ingratitude to God deplored, 504.
- Inspiration and prophecy, 387.
- Instant submission, 478.
- Instruction divine, 60.  
 from the word, 267-281.
- Invitation, by new converts, 552.  
 of the Gospel, 436, 509.  
 of mercy, 431.  
 and revival, 551.
- Isles of the west, 559.
- Israel, led to Canaan, 243, 257, 258.  
 Christian, 545.

- Israel, lamenting, 175.  
     a type of the church, 239.  
 Issues of life and death, 613.

## J

- Jacob wrestling, 452, 453.  
 Jehovah, a rock, 37.  
     our shepherd, 51.  
 Jerusalem heavenly, 642.  
     to be restored, 563.  
 Jesus, ascending, 56-58.  
     inviting sinners, 489, 490.  
     looking on Peter, 513.  
     not ashamed of, 514.  
     a rock, 64.  
 Jews, prayed for, 564.  
 Joy, in God, 542, 543.  
     in God's mercy, 293, 294.  
     in heaven, 500.  
     in heaven for a repenting sinner, 499  
     500.  
 Joyful praise of God, 219.  
 Joys earthly parted with, 502, 503.  
 Jubilee, year of, 430.  
 Judgment, day, 121-125, 632-641.  
     last, 121-125.  
     and youth, 487.  
 Justice of God, 160, 214.  
 Justification, 74, 520-524.

## K

- Kindness of God, 160.  
 Kingdom of Christ, 159, 167-171, 222, 224,  
     229, 565.

## L

- Lamb, the, praised, 456-458.  
 Lamentation of Israel, 175.  
 Landing of Pilgrims, 581.  
 Last, harvest, 632.  
     judgment, 121, 638.  
     trumpet, 636.  
 Law, convincing of sin, 497.  
     of God perfect, 42, 268, 276.  
     and Gospel, 386.  
     immutable, 276.  
     obeyed, 274.

- Liberty**, sinners invited to, 489.  
     to prisoners, 495.  
**Life**, the day of hope, 599.  
     not desired, 605.  
     frail, 203-205, 598.  
     a pilgrimage, 549.  
     shortness of, 92-94, 203-205, 600,  
         601.  
**Light**, in darkness, 539.  
     and glory of the word, 387.  
     God's word a, 270.  
**Living and dead faith**, 526.  
**Longing**, after God, 101, 136.  
     for the house of God, 146.  
**Looking at the cross**, 421.  
**Lord's**, day, 209, 264, 286 ; 398-402.  
     evening, 402.  
     morning, 10.  
     prayer, 393, 394.  
     supper instituted, 648.  
**Lost**, child, 500.  
     and saved, 486,  
**Love**, brotherly, 306-309.  
     to Christ, 424, 428, 441, 445-447.  
     of the earth, 599.  
     to enemies, 84.  
     of God to man, 15, 86, 87.  
     to God, 534, 535.  
     to God's house, 188.  
     to God and man, 535.  
     to God's word, 267-281.  
     of good men, 28.  
     miracle of, 441.  
     to parents, 518.  
     redeeming, 440.  
     without it no religion, 534.  
     to Zion, 285-288.

## M

- Madness of sin**, 470.  
**Magistrate**, 228.  
     resolving to be faithful, 176.  
     warned, 186.  
**Majesty of God**, 36, 68, 69, 86, 201, 202, 212,  
     222, 235, 239, 312, 336, 337 ;  
     372-374.

- Man, approved of God, 27.  
 mortal, 203-205, 230.  
 weakness of, 370, 374, 601.
- Marriage, 583, 584.
- Martyrs glorified, 628.
- Masters resolving to liberate their slaves, 597.
- Mediation of Christ, 408.
- Meditation, on the cross, 507.  
 evening, 541.  
 and retirement, 540.
- Meeting, of Bible society, 552, 589,  
 of christians, 392, 393.  
 of Missionary society, 552, 553, 589.  
 of Peace society, 589.
- Melancholy and hope, 178.
- Mercies of God, 161, 232-235, 242, 292.
- Mercy, praise for, 138, 157, 242, 292-294.  
 325, 326.  
 prayed for, 59, 139, 183.  
 proffered, 508.
- Messiah's, coming and kingdom, 222.  
 power, 251, 252.  
 prayer on the cross, 48.
- Midnight, hymn, 572, 575.  
 thoughts, 147.
- Minister, death of a, 621.
- Ministry of angels, 543, 544.
- Miracles for Israel, 181, 257.
- Missionaries, death of, 622.  
 on the departure of, 556-558.  
 encouraged, 554, 556.  
 prayer for on voyage, 557.
- Missionary society, meeting of, 552, 553
- Moral reform, 593.
- Morning Hymn, 7, 570-573.
- Mortality of man, 203-205.
- Mourner comforted, 608, 609.
- Mourning, pilgrim, 540.  
 the pious dead, 607.
- Mystery of providence unfolded, 173.

## N

- Nation, the church the honor of a, 116.
- Nations, converted, 565.  
 corrected for sin, 243.
- Natural and spiritual influences, 154.
- Nature, and scripture, 38-41.

- speaking of God, 365, 366.
- Necessity of a new heart, 471.
- Neglect of the gospel, 480.
- New, heart prayed for, 130.
- year, 576.
- Night, 237.
- Not ashamed of the Gospel, 513.
- of Jesus, 514, 527.
- Now the accepted time, 482.

## O

- Obedience, 75.
- immediate, 530.
- Offices of Christ, 426.
- Old, age happy, 542.
- and new creation, 14.
- Omnipresence of God, 326-329.
- Omniscience of God, 214, 326-329.
- Opening a place of worship, 195, 583, 584.
- Original sin, 469.

## P

- Paradise on earth, 443, 570.
- Pardon, 74-77, 125, 419.
- sought, 125-131.
- Parents, beloved, 518.
- Parting with earthly joys, 502, 503.
- Peace, 590, 591.
- over the world, 110.
- prayer for, 155, 282.
- society, 589, 590.
- and union, 306.
- Peaceful death, 620.
- Penitence, 504-507.
- Penitent, forgiven, 76.
- prayer of, 96, 125.
- Pefections of God, 84-87, 319.
- Persecution, deliverance from, 132.
- Persecutors, folly of, 25.
- Perseverance, 516.
- Peter reproved by Christ, 513.
- Pilgrim mourning, 540.
- Pilgrimage, life a, 549.
- Pilgrims landing, 581.
- Place of worship, 195, 196 ; 583, 584.
- Pleading with God, 11, 24, 73, 91, 175, 199, 289.

- Pleasures of public worship, 187-191.  
 Portion of saints and sinners, 32.  
 Power, of Christ, 113, 162, 163.  
   of faith, 524, 525.  
   of God, 212.  
   of the gospel, 389.  
 Praise, to our Creator, 223.  
   for creation and redemption, 547.  
   to Christ, 223, 225, 227.  
   to Father, Son, and Spirit, 392.  
   and prayer, 186,  
 Praise to God, 157, 185, 215-219, 225, 227,  
   239, 240, 242, 249, 250, 262,  
   263, 266, 311-320, 339-359, 391.  
   for deliverance, 332.  
   for escape from death, 260.  
   for his mercy, 81, 133, 138, 157.  
   for protection, 139.  
 Prayer, in affliction, 61, 199, 232.  
   of aged christian, 166.  
   answered, 80, 97.  
   at the beginning of public worship,  
     395.  
   for a blessing on public worship, 394.  
   for children, 518, 586-588.  
   of Christ on the cross, 48.  
   to Christ, 448, 449, 450, 452.  
   of church in affliction, 182-184.  
   at the close of worship, 397.  
   for emigrants to Africa, 594.  
   to God, 9, 12, 194, 279, 331.  
   heard for Zion, 230.  
   for help, 83, 165, 199, 333.  
   and hope, 44, 63, 64, 135.  
   for instruction, 393.  
   for the Jews, 564.  
   the Lord's, 393, 394.  
   for mercy, 59, 125-131, 139, 275, 299.  
   for peace, 155.  
   of the penitent, 96, 125-131.  
   and praise, 67, 133, 139, 150, 194.  
   for protection, 330.  
   public, 150, 187-191.  
   for the righteous, 330.  
   before and after sermon, 395, 396.  
   in sickness, 231.

- Prayer, against slander and strife, 150, 282.  
     in sorrow heard, 11.  
     for success of the seed sown, 396.  
     in temptation, 23, 137.  
     for triumph of the gospel, 158-160.  
     in trouble, 103.  
     and trust in God, 135, 289.  
     of Zion, 181, 182, 229.  
     for Zion and our country, 158.
- Priesthood of Christ, 432.
- Prisoners, called to liberty, 495.  
     of hope, 429.
- Proffered mercy, 508.
- Promise to Abraham, 519.
- Prophecy and inspiration, 387.
- Prospect of eternity, 604.  
     of heaven, 618.
- Prosperity dangerous, 135.  
     of sinners, 172.
- Protection, 206, 283.
- Providence, of God, 18, 319,  
     mystery of unfolded, 172.  
     rehearsed to children, 180.  
     works of, 79.
- Prudence and zeal, 92.
- Psalm for the husbandman, 153.
- Public prayer and praise, 150, 187-191.
- Public worship, beginning of, 395.  
     close of, 397.
- Punishment of the wicked, 13.

## Q

- Quickening by the word, 272.

## R

- Race, christian, 529,  
     heavenly, 530.
- Rainbow, 576.
- Ravens feeding Elijah, 537.
- Reconciliation by Christ, 425.
- Recovery from sickness, 537.
- Redeemed, songs of the, 636.
- Redeeming love, 440.
- Reform moral, 593.
- Refuge, God a, 73, 103, 145, 331.
- Regeneration, 464-466.
- Rejoicing in God 33, 78, 542.

- Reliance on the word, 275.  
 Religion, revived, 551.  
     true, 88.  
     vain without love, 534.  
 Religious education, 81.  
 Repentance, 74, 129, 198, 474, 478, 480, 503-507.  
 Resignation, 538.  
 Rest, heavenly, 634, 643.  
 Restoration of the Jews, 71, 261.  
 Resurrection, 30, 31, 197, 200, 615, 627, 630—632, 640.  
     of Christ, 29, 113, 162, 414-416.  
 Retirement, 517, 540.  
 Return, sinners invited to, 492.  
 Revival, 551.  
 Reward of charity, 90.  
 Riches vain, 120, 121.  
 Righteous the, their blessedness, 90, 290, 291, 297.  
     their character, 1-3, 26, 27.  
     confiding in God, 17.  
     their dwelling blessed, 297.  
     God their defence, 21.  
     prayed for, 330.  
     safe, 290, 291.  
     and wicked, 1-3, 20, 89, 131.  
 Righteousness by Christ, 166.  
 Rome, fall of, 563.  
 Rulers, warning to, 140, 186.

## S

- Sabbath, 209, 264, 286 ; 398-402.  
     evening of, 402.  
     morning of, 402.  
     school, 585-588.  
 Sacrifice of Christ, 95.  
 Safety, of the church, 109, 111, 546  
     in God, 80, 143, 206, 207.  
     of the righteous, 290, 291.  
 Sailor's psalm, 245-247.  
 Saint, his abode in heaven, 56, 637  
     death of, 228, 615, 627  
     his hope, 31.  
     portion of, 3, 32.  
     protected and blest, 82, 354, 355.  
 Saints, communion of, 548.  
     and nature united, 548.

- Salem loved, 288.
- Salvation, in answer to prayer, 97.  
     by Christ, 192, 193, 265, 424, 439.  
     by grace, 512.
- Sanctification, 74.
- Saved and lost, 486,
- Seamen's psalm, 245-247.
- Seasons, the, 151, 237, 345, 346.
- Schools, Sunday and Charity, 586.
- Scripture and nature, 38, 39.
- Scriptures, 267—281.
- Seeking God, 148, 149.
- Shepherd, Christ a, 54.  
     God a, 50—55.
- Shortness of life, 92.
- Sickbed-devotion, 93.
- Sickness, prayer in, heard, 11.  
     and recovery, 70, 71, 261, 537.
- Sinai and Zion, 388.
- Sincerity, 34, 328, 533.
- Sin, confessed, 125—131.  
     correction for, 243.  
     custom in, 472.  
     deceitfulness of, 496.  
     disease and madness of, 470.  
     forgiveness of, 508.  
     original, 469.
- Sinner, dying, 486.  
     joy for his repentance, 499, 500.  
     miserable, 3.  
     resolving to go to Christ, 498.  
     joining God's people, 498.
- Sinners, awakened, 488.  
     exhorted, 474, 478—480.  
     expostulated with, 491.  
     good news to, 493.  
     invited, 488—495.  
     portion of, 32.  
     prosperity of, accursed, 172.  
     warned, 474-477, 480-495.
- Singing God's praise, 217-219.
- Slander, deliverance from, 73.
- Slanderers, prayer concerning, 150, 282,
- Slaves, hymn for release of, 597.  
     prayer for, 596.  
     not regarded as property, 596,  
     religious instruction of, 595.

- Slaves, submitting to God's will, 596.  
 Sloth acknowledged, 533.  
 Sodom, destruction of, 477.  
 Soldier, christian, 528, 529.  
 Songs, of angels, 404, 406, 636.  
     for deliverance, 94, 290.  
     to God, 217-219, 223, 290, 347-359.  
     of the redeemed, 636.  
 Son of God praised, 392.  
 Soul redeemed, 120.  
 Spirit Holy, the Comforter, 467, 468.  
     guidance of, 462.  
     influences of, 464.  
     praised, 392.  
     prayer for, 459-463, 466.  
     regeneration by, 464-466.  
     sent, 467.  
     witnessing, 468.  
 Spiritual influences, 151, 154, 155.  
 Spring, 151, 155, 577, 578.  
 Star of Bethlehem, 439.  
 State of nature, 469.  
 Storm and thunder, 68.  
 Strength from heaven, 549.  
 Strife complained of, 282.  
 Submission, to affliction, 301, 605.  
     instant, to God, 478-480.  
 Sufferings of Christ, 47, 164, 165.  
 Sun and sun of righteousness, 43.  
 Support in affliction, 134.  
     from God, 29.  
     from the word, 277, 279.

## T

- Temperance, 592.  
 Temptation, deliverance from, 213.  
     prayer in, 137.  
 Thanksgiving day, 104, 105, 578, 579.  
 Thirst for holiness, 44.  
 Thirsting for Christ, 441.  
     for God, 101, 148, 149.  
 Thunder, 68.  
 Time, accepted, now, 482.  
     flight of, 482.  
     importance of, 482.  
     improvement of present, 531.

- Time, short, 483.  
 To-day, 485.  
 Tracts distributed, 585.  
 Transfiguration of Christ, 410.  
 Triumph over death, 614, 616, 626,  
     of the gospel, 141.  
 Trouble, God's presence in, 536.  
     God sought in, 73.  
 True religion, 88.  
 Trumpet last, 636.  
 Trust in Christ, 45.  
     in God, 60, 64, 134, 135, 143, 259,  
     299, 539.  
 Types of Christ, 440.

## U

- Unbelief, cure of, 87.  
 Unchristian zeal, 473.  
 Unconverted state, 469.  
 Unfruitfulness and ignorance, 532.  
 Union, and peace, 306, 307.  
     of saints and nature, 548.  
 Universal praise to God, 347-359.  
 Uprightness, 61.

## V

- Vanity of idols, 259, 310, 311.  
     of man as mortal, 93, 335.  
     of riches, 120.  
     of the world, 602, 603.  
 Victory of Christ, 109.  
     from God, 35, 132, 334, 335.  
     hope of, 44.  
 Vision of Christ at death, 617.  
 Voice from the heathen, 554.  
     of nature, 40, 41.  
 Waiting on God, 289.  
 Walking with God, 541.  
 War, 591.  
     disasters in, 142.  
 Warfare christian, 528.  
 Warning, to the enemies of the church, 187.  
     from the grave, 609.  
     to rulers, 140, 186.  
     to sinners, 474-477, 480-487.  
 Waters of life, from Christ, 102.  
 Way to heaven difficult, 515.

- Wicked, character and doom of the, 1, 140.  
 end of, 131, 132.  
 not to be envied, 89, 174.  
 punished, 13.  
 and righteous, 1, 89.
- Widow's son raised, 630.
- Wife, death of, 623.
- Winter and spring, 346.
- Word of God, 267-281.  
 our guide, 271.  
 a lamp and light, 270, 271, 387, 388.
- Works of God, 43, 112, 157, 162, 240, 241,  
 253, 254, 314-320.  
 praise for the, 344.  
 rehearsed to children, 180.
- World conversion of, 560, 562, 565-570.  
 end of, 603.  
 field of, 560.  
 illusions of, 603.  
 vanity of, 602.
- Worship of God, 147, 187-191, 217, 309, 310.  
 delight in, 145, 187-191, 208-210.  
 214-216.
- Wrestling Jacob, 452, 453.

## Y

- Year, close of 581.  
 of death, 577.  
 of jubilee, 430.  
 new, 576.  
 seasons of, 151.
- Youth, advice to, 83, 487.  
 corrupted, 473.  
 and judgment, 487.  
 prayer for, 587.

## Z

- Zeal, and prudence, 92.  
 unchristian, 473.
- Zion, in affliction, 323.  
 beauty of, 116, 119.  
 blessedness of, 117.  
 captivity of, 320-324.  
 Christ her king, 170, 224, 225, 252.  
 the city of God, 118.  
 converts of numerous, 252.  
 extolled, 286.  
 the glory of, 117, 119, 196, 197, 301.  
 God's abode, 302, 303.

- Zion, God its defence, 177.  
God the glory of, 546.  
God great in, 177.  
God present in, 152, 177, 302-305.  
God a savior in, 45.  
and the gospel, 389.  
guarded, 298.  
heralds of, 555.  
loved, 285, 288.  
prayer for, 229, 304, 305.  
prayer for heard, 230.  
prayer of, in affliction, 181, 182.  
its protector, 110.  
restored, 230, 561.  
safe, 298, 546.  
and Sinai, 388.  
the support of, 221.

## GENERAL SUBJECTS OF HYMNS.

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- |     |                           |             |
|-----|---------------------------|-------------|
| 1.  | Of God and his Works,     | p. 363-386. |
| 2.  | Of the Word of God,       | 386-390.    |
| 3.  | Of the Worship of God,    | 390-398.    |
| 4.  | Of the Lord's Day,        | 398-403.    |
| 5.  | Of Christ and Redemption, | 403-459.    |
| 6.  | Of the Holy Spirit,       | 459-467.    |
| 7.  | Of Sinners,               | 469-501.    |
| 8.  | Of Christians,            | 501-550.    |
| 9.  | Triumph of the Gospel,    | 551-570.    |
| 10. | Various Occasions,        | 570-598.    |
| 11. | Death and Eternity,       | 598-643.    |
| 12. | Baptism,                  | 643-647.    |
| 13. | The Lord's Supper,        | 648-660.    |
| 14. | Doxologies,               | 660-662.    |

## ANTHEMS, AND OTHER SELECT PIECES.

### 1.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord, most high! *Bost. Acad.*

### 2.

O ZION, tune thy voice,  
And raise thy hands on high!  
Tell all the earth thy joys,  
And boast salvation nigh:  
Cheerful in God,  
Arise and shine, While rays divine  
Stream all abroad. *Anc. Lyre*

### 3.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full of thy glory: Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He, that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest. *Gould's Ch. Harm.*

### 4.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,  
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest,  
When, like his own, He bade our labors cease,  
And all be piety,—and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn his will; and all, we learn, obey;  
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise  
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

Father of heav'n! in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide;  
In life our Guardian,—and in death our Friend,—  
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

*Bost. Acad. & Gould's Ch. Harm.*

### 5.

O, HOW lovely is Zion, city of our God? Joy and peace dwell in thee. O, how lovely is Zion? Joy and peace ever dwell in thee. *Choir and Bost. Acad.*

## 6.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!  
 Awake for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.  
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day star of gladness ;  
 Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm, that subdued them,  
 And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far ;  
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge, that pur-  
 sued them ;

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Zion, the pow'r, that hath sav'd thee,  
 Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be:  
 Shout! for the foe is destroy'd, that enslav'd thee ;  
 Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

*Handel & Haydn, Choir, and Anc. Lyre.*

## 7.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!  
 Zion the marvellous story be telling,  
 'The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth ;  
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling:  
 He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth!  
*Anc. Lyre.*

## 8.

THE Lord will comfort Zion ; He will comfort her  
 waste places, and make her like Eden, like the garden  
 of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein;  
 thanksgiving and the voice of melody. *Anc. Lyre.*

## 9.

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands ; serve the  
 Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with  
 a song.

Be ye sure, that the Lord, He is God: it is He, that  
 hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his peo-  
 ple, and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and  
 into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto Him,  
 and speak good of his name.

For the Lord is gracious ; his mercy is everlasting,  
 and his truth endureth to all generations. *Bost. Acad.*

## 10.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord ; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are all the corners of the earth ; and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and He made it ; and his hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

For He is the Lord our God ; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of his holiness ; let the whole earth stand in awe of Him ;

For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth, and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth. *Bost. Acad.*

## 11.

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High ;

To tell of thy loving kindness early in the morning, and of thy truth in the night season ;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute ; upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp ;

For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works ; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands. *Bost. Acad.*

## 12.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed his people ;

And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us, in the house of his servant David ;

As He spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been, since the world began ;

That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all, that hate us. *Bost. Acad.*

## 13.

O PRAISE God in his holiness ; praise Him in the

firmament of his power ;

Praise Him for his noble acts; praise Him according  
to his excellent greatness ;

Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet; praise Him  
upon the lute, and harp ;

Praise Him in the cymbals, and dances ; praise Him  
on strings, and pipes ;

Let every thing, that hath breath, praise the Lord ;  
praise the Lord. *Bost. Acad.*

## 14.

For an Ordination.

GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,  
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;  
The glorious Jubilee proclaim,  
Where'er the human race is found.

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.

Be wise as serpents where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show,  
That you're commission'd from above.

*Anc. Lyre.*

## 15.

At a Funeral.

I HEARD a voice from heav'n, saying, Blessed are  
the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea,  
saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors  
and their works do follow them.

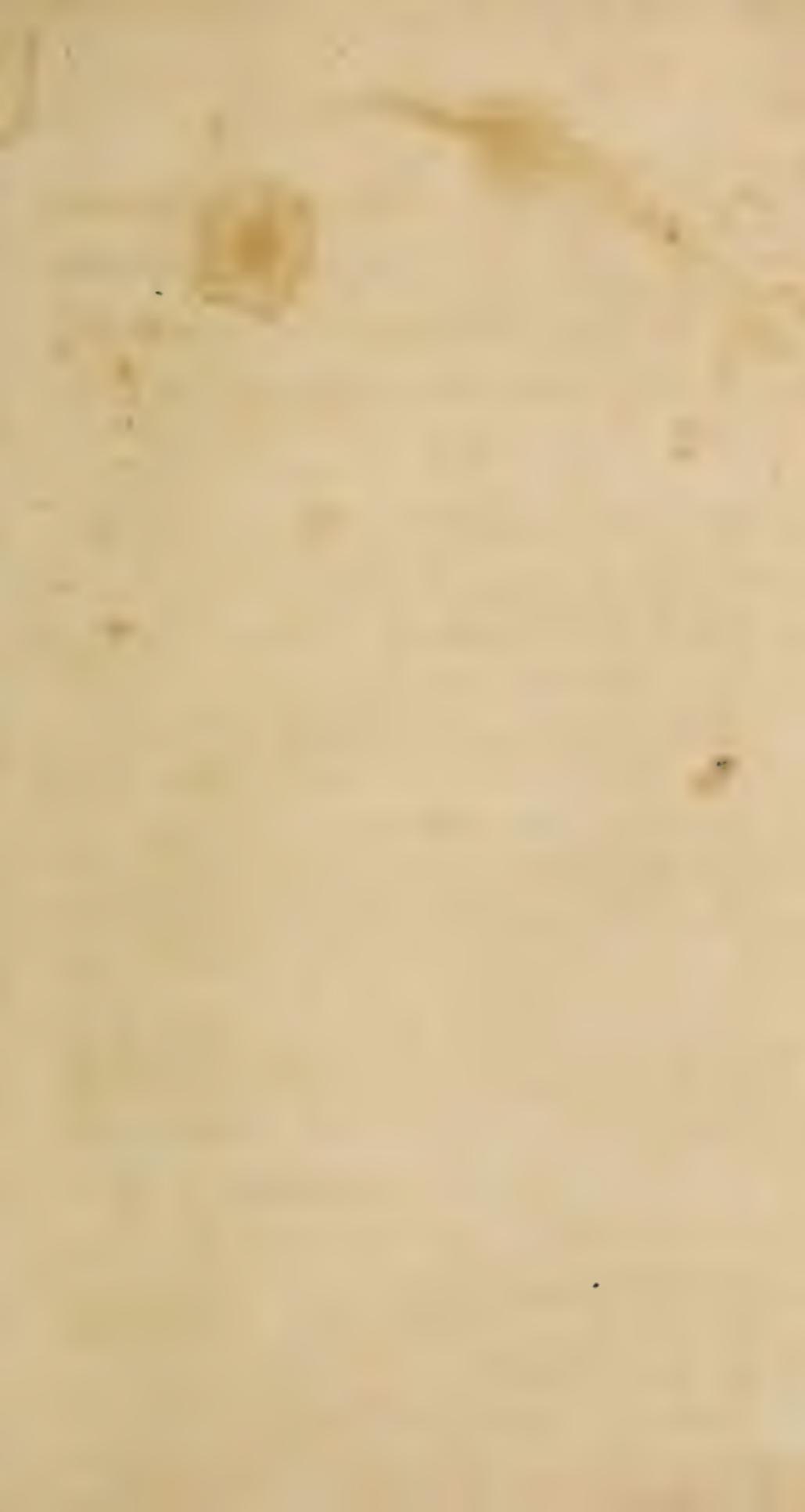
*Anc. Lyre. & Gould's Ch. Harm.*

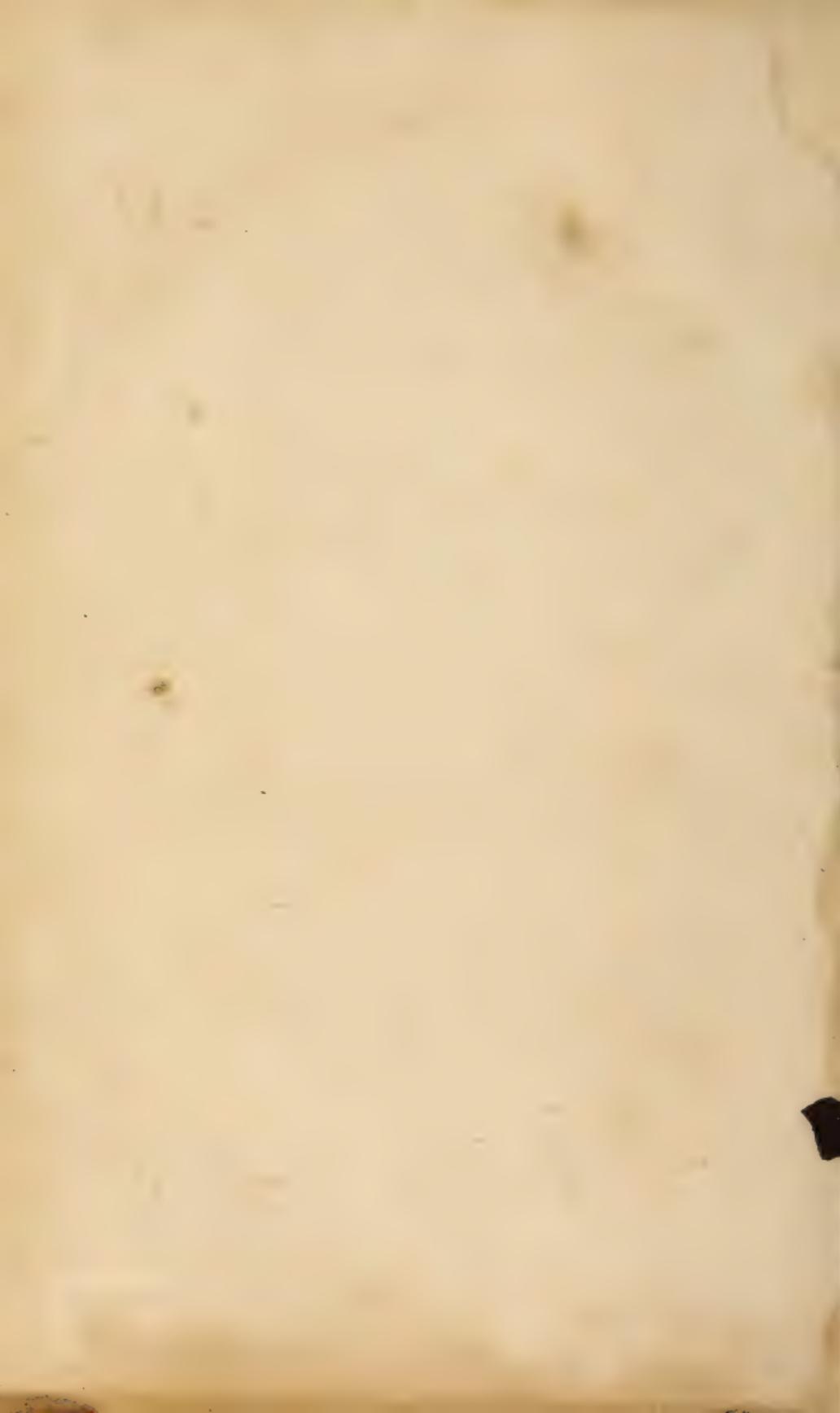
## 16.

GLORY to God on high;  
Let earth and skies reply,  
Praise ye his name ;

His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore ;  
Sing aloud evermore,—

Worthy the Lamb! *Anc. Lyre.*







**Judge William Allen.**

William Allen, judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, died suddenly this morning at his home in Northampton, of neuralgia of the heart, aged sixty-nine. He was around the house as usual this morning, but died in a few minutes after the disease seized him. He had been somewhat ailing for a week or two. He was born in Brunswick, Me., in 1822. His father, William, was president of Dartmouth College in 1816, and of Bowdoin in 1819. The family came to Northampton in 1839. The deceased was graduated at Amherst College in 1842, and at New Haven Law School. Justice Allen received his preparation for collegiate instruction at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. In 1838 he entered Bowdoin College, and spent a portion of the year in that institution; thence going to Amherst College the following year, he completed there his classical course, and was graduated with the class of 1842. He began his law studies at the Yale Law School, and subsequently completed them at Northampton; was admitted to the practice of his profession during 1845, and immediately entered upon its duties. During 1872 Mr. Justice Scudder was forced by ill-health to resign his seat on the Superior Court Bench, and for a season to seek its restoration in travel. Governor Washburn selected Mr. Allen to fill the vacancy, which position he held until promoted by Governor Long to the bench of the Supreme Judicial Court, which position he held at the time of his death.

21 ALLEN, William (Pres. of Bowdoin College).  
Psalms and Hymns. 16° sheep (broken). Boston, 1835

With newspaper clipping enclosed in regard to the rarity of this book said to have been suppressed.

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## A RARE BOOK.

At the recent Livermore sale in Boston "The Soldier's Pocket Bible," a little book of only sixteen pages, was sold for \$1000, and an "Indian Primer" for \$825. In both cases their value consisted in their rarity. I am reminded of a rare volume to which as far as I know public attention has never been called—"Dr. Allen's Psalms and Hymns," published in 1835. Rev. William Allen, D. D., was president of Dartmouth College for a short time during the famous controversy with the State when Daniel Webster made his great argument, and, later, from 1820 to 1839, was president of Bowdoin College. He was the author of many works, the best known of which, probably, is his American Biographical Dictionary, published first in 1809, with 700 names, and afterwards greatly enlarged. He was a man of great industry and learning and much respected for personal worth. He died at Northampton, in 1868, at the age of eighty-four.

Like many other eminent men he thought he was a poet and published his "Psalms and Hymns," a volume of over 600 original hymns, if I remember correctly. The preface is a learned, critical and very valuable history of the different hymn books issued. He speaks of the faults of the authors, from which, he flatters himself, his own hymns are free:

Others, however, did not share his favorable opinion, and the students of Bowdoin, taking every opportunity, student-like, to throw ridicule on their instructors, used to single out stanzas not specially euphonious and sing them when the president and professors were in a position to hear. One stanza was a favorite, where "wild buffalo" was made to rhyme with "Timbuctoo." So annoyed were the friends of Dr. Allen, though he himself is not known to have thought his offspring unworthy, that they bought up every copy they could secure, and destroyed them. So well was this done that, years after, Rev. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, then a professor at Bowdoin, had never seen a copy, but was hoping to see one before he died. I went to Mr. Whipple, an old

Newburyport bookseller and collector of rare and antiquarian books, and asked him if he

