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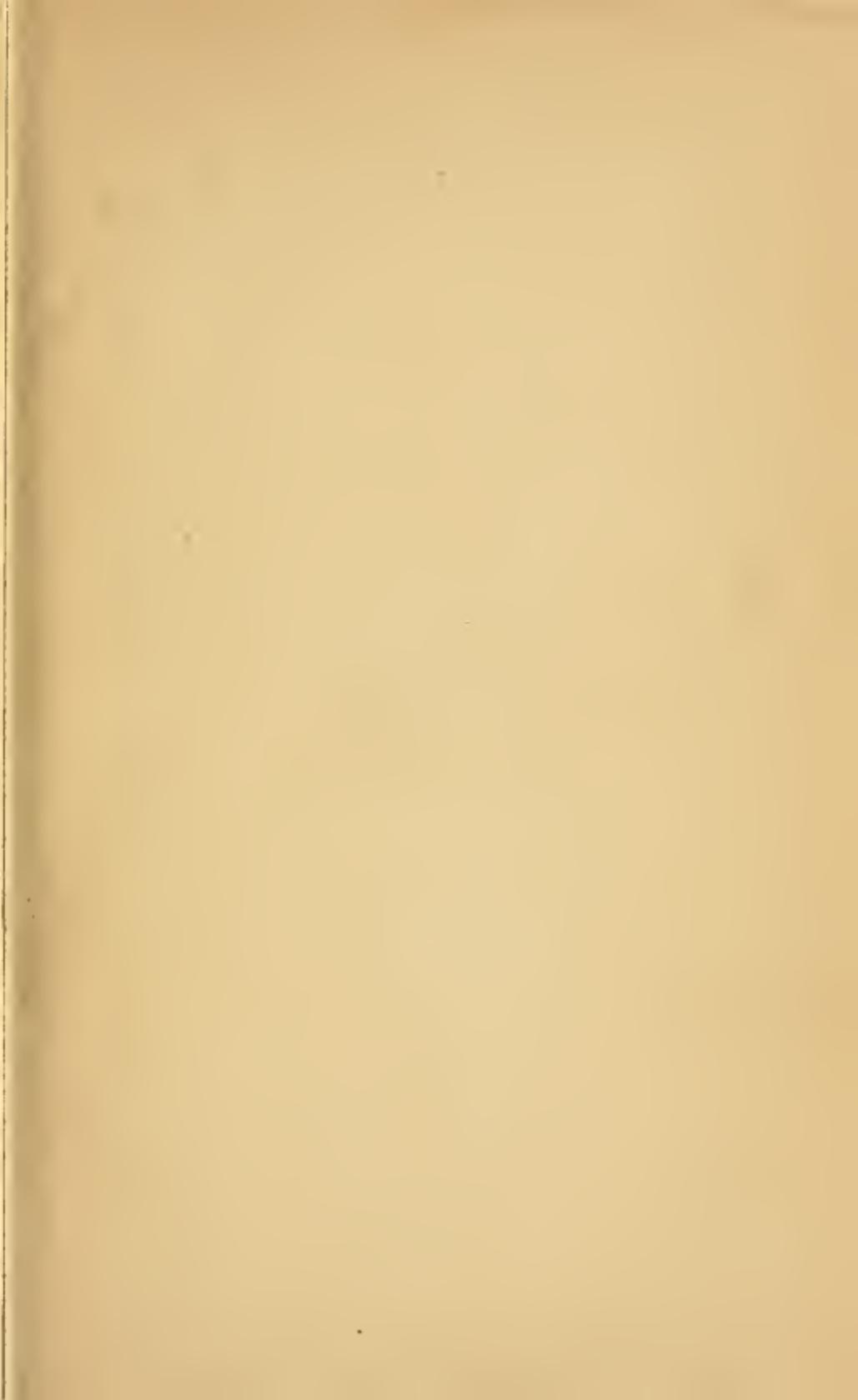
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✓  
REVIVAL HYMNS.

BY ✓✓

HENRY WARD BEECHER.



BOSTON:

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1858.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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1. ALMOST every hymn in this collection has been taken from the "PLYMOUTH COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES." Although the tunes which are best known in the places where this book shall be used, should be employed, those who desire others, and especially for the unusual *metres*, will find them in the Plymouth Collection.

2. Although the publishers requested us to form a Collection of Revival Hymns suitable to the general feeling which now prevails throughout this whole nation, we have thought that *that* design would be best accomplished by a work suited to all social religious meetings. Revivals decline and pass away. Conference meetings, lectures, prayer meetings, and household prayers, abide and go with us through the year. We have sought, in this condensation of a larger book, to make provision for all the minor meetings of Christian congregations.

3. A great many Revival Collections of Hymns have been already published ; but, hitherto, the materials, which are now so abundant, either did not exist, or were not known, or were inaccessible. Although there are more than four hundred hymns in this collection, it has been the aim of the publisher to give them to the Christian public at a price so low as to put them within the reach of the poorest, and to make it possible for the liberal to buy them in quantities for gratuitous distribution.

4. The singing of a Christian people epitomizes their Christian liberty. The Reformation wrested from official hands this transcendent element of public worship, and gave it back to the people as a recovered liberty. Give hymns enough and singing enough, and the Christian laity will make head against ecclesiastical defection, against doctrinal aberration, and against spiritual declension ; for a hymn carries the people's theology, their commentary, their experience. What the truest life of the soul in Christ is, the world must read in hymns ; what the profoundest joys, the most touching sorrows, must be learned of hymns. The most subtle and interior meanings of Scripture have been better drawn out in hymns than in any biblical commentaries. Texts are seeds planted in the soil of human hearts ; hymns are the blossoms which they bear, when they grow to their full experimental meaning. Thus it is that the world's richest piety, its most profound heart-histories, the record of its most memorable but heart-hidden experiences, is contained in hymns. The two books—the Bible and the Hymn Book—carry more of the world's heart in them than all the rest of the books on the globe.

5. While we yield to no one in our impression of the value of public preaching, we are yet satisfied that a Christian prayer meeting contains the elements of power which may be developed to be even mightier than the pulpit. The uttered testimony of the whole brotherhood ought to be broader, richer, and more various, than the best teachings of any single Christian man. The truths of God's Word, interpreted through the hearts of his people, and uttered as a testimony to living facts, by experimental witnesses, ought to be more eloquent and more affecting, than the most studied sermons of the ablest men. Among Protestants,

the voice of the church is to be heard in the prayer meeting. The pulpit itself must stand in the atmosphere which Christian prayers make for it.

With familiar hymns, uttered in sweet melodies, the most ignorant Christian finds himself able to speak eloquently. A hymn steadies the stammering tongue to the sublimest and most equable utterance. Singing is not only the sweetest discoursing, but it is the only natural method by which multitudes may speak together, and give to profound truth the impulse of a thousand hearts. There is no testimony ever publicly uttered to God's faithfulness, to Christ's helpfulness, to the Spirit's illumination, to the joyfulness and peace of a Christian life, to the faith and foresight of heaven, that can be compared for fulness, for solemnity, and for grandeur, to that which a congregation makes in the singing of psalms and hymns; and a church without singing is like a dwelling without fire or light.

6. We have only to add, that no man ought to regard himself as equipped for the pastoral work who is not familiar with Christian hymns, and alive to the power of Christian song. When the Church begins to lift up her voice, and preach through music, then we may hope for the latter-day glory. And ministers must be the leaders in this work. Our theological seminaries ought to teach men how to employ hymns as assiduously as how to employ sermons. The Church will never sing with the majestic utterances which belong to God's ransomed ones, if her ministers are tuneless and indifferent to the wealth and power of Christian hymns chanted in Christian tunes.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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# REVIVAL HYMNS.

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## SONGS OF GREETING.

1. C. M.

} P. C. 68.  
} Antioch.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

1

1

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
 And wonders of His love.

## 2. S. M.

{ P. C. 194  
 Olmutz.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Let Thy bright beams arise ;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;  
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
 The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.
- 4 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life in every part,  
 And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Our minds from bondage free ;

Then shall we know, and praise, and  
love,  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

**3.** L. M.

{ P. C. 216.  
Gratitude.

- 1 KINDRED in Christ! for His dear sake  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only He can give.
- 2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send His good Spirit from above;  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with  
love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme  
When Christians meet together thus;  
We only wish to speak of Him  
Who lived, and died, and reigns,  
for us.
- 4 We 'll talk of all He did and said,  
And suffered for us here below; —  
The path He marked for us to tread,  
And what He 's doing for us now.

- 5 Thus, — as the moments pass away, —  
 We 'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
 And hasten on the glorious day  
 When we shall meet to part no more.

## 4. S. M.

{ P. C. 198.  
 { St. Thomas.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord, .  
 And let your joys be known ;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
 That never knew our God ;  
 But favorites of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below :  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets. .

5 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry ;  
 We 're marching through Immanuel's  
 ground  
 To fairer worlds on high.

5. L. M.

{ P. C. 216.  
 } Gratitude.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of our God !  
 In Jesus' name we bid thee come ;  
 No more thy feet shall roam abroad ;  
 Henceforth a brother, — welcome  
 home.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford  
 We 'll seek in fellowship to prove ;  
 Joined in one spirit to our Lord,  
 Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,  
 We 'll make our joys and sorrows  
 known ;  
 We 'll share each other's hopes and  
 fears,  
 And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat ;  
 . Receive assurance of our love ;

6, 7. SONGS OF GREETING.

O, may we all together meet  
Around the throne of God above!

G. S. M. { P. C. 227.  
Watchman.

- 1 LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread ;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And every heart is love.

7. 7s & 6s. { P. C. 61.  
Weldon.

- 1 MEET and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Glory to our heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace.  
Join we then with sweet accord ;  
All in one thanksgiving join !

Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Eternal praise be Thine !

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,  
In choral symphonies,  
Praise by day, day without night,  
And never, never cease ;  
Angels and archangels, all  
Praise the mystic Three in One ;  
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,  
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne !

3 Father, God, Thy love we praise,  
Which gave Thy Son to die ;  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify ;  
Spirit, Comforter divine,  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is turned to heaven.

S. S. M.

{ P. C. 226.  
{ State Street.

1 How sweet the melting lay  
Which breaks upon the ear,  
When, at the hour of rising day,  
Christians unite in prayer !

9. SONGS OF GREETING.

- 2 The breezes waft their cries  
Up to Jehovah's throne ;  
He listens to their humble sighs,  
And sends His blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray,  
Before the morning light,—  
Once on the chilling mount did stay,  
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 So Jesus still doth pray,  
Before the morning bright,  
On heavenly mountains far away,  
While we toil here in night.
- 5 Leave, Lord, thy vigil there ;  
Descend upon life's wave ;  
Come to the bark through midnight air ;  
The storm shall cease to rave.

9. S. M.

{ P. C. 192.  
{ Sentinel.

- 1 Now let our voices join  
To form a sacred song ;  
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,  
With music pass along.

- 2 Bright flowers of paradise  
 In rich profusion spring ;  
 The Sun of glory gilds the path  
 And dear companions sing.
- 3 See Salem's golden spires  
 In beauteous prospect rise ;  
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 4 All honor to His name,  
 Who marks the shining way ;  
 To Him, who leads the wanderer on  
 To realms of endless day !

10. C. M.

{ P. C. 39.  
} Warwick.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
 And raise your souls above ;  
 Let every heart and voice accord,  
 To sing that — God is love.
- 2 This precious truth His word declares,  
 And all His mercies prove ;  
 While Christ, the atoning Lamb, ap-  
 pears,  
 To show that — God is love.

11. SONGS OF GREETING.

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

11. S. M.

{ P. C. 31.  
Boylston.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice ;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame,  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought !

- 4 God is our strength and song,  
 And His salvation ours ;  
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
 With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;  
 The Lord your God adore ;  
 Stand up, and bless His glorious name,  
 Henceforth, for evermore.

## 12. 7s.

{ P. C. 200.  
 { Essex.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun,  
 When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 SONGS of praise awoke the morn,  
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
 SONGS of praise arose, when He  
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—  
 SONGS of praise shall crown that day ;  
 God will make new heavens and earth,—  
 SONGS of praise shall hail their birth.

- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

## 13. S. M.

{ P. C. 194.  
Olmutz.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in His office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

## 14. S. M.

{ P. C. 226.  
} State Street.

- 1 How charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer God  
Unveils the beauties of His face,  
And sheds His love abroad ! •
- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds His court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,  
And smile on all around.
- 4 To Him their prayers and cries  
Each humble soul presents :  
He listens to their broken sighs,  
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within Thy blessed abode,  
Among the children of Thy grace —  
The servants of my God.

## 15. L. M.

{ P. C. 216.  
} Gratitude.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,  
In union sweet, according minds !  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
• Whose hearts, whose faith, whose  
hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !  
What watchful love, what holy fear !  
How doth the generous flame within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and mortal woe ;  
Their ardent prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place  
Where God reveals His awful face ;  
How high, how strong their raptures  
swell,  
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
'Midst nature's drooping, sickening  
fire :  
Soon shall they meet in realms above —  
A heaven of joy, because of love.

**16.** 6s & 4s.{ P. C. 222.  
Olvet.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God ;  
Wide through the earth abroad  
Spread Jesus' fame ;  
Tell what His love has done ;  
Trust in His name alone ;  
Shout to His lofty throne,  
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !  
Dry up your mournful tears ;  
Swell the glad theme ;  
Praise ye our gracious King ;  
Strike each melodious string ;  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”
- 3 Hark ! how the choirs above,  
Filled with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on His name !  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

17, 18. SONGS OF GREETING.

17. S. M.

{ P. C. 428.  
} Eupator.

- 1 COME at the morning hour,  
Come, let us kneel and pray ;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff  
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray ;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,  
Around its altar, pray ;  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,  
O, it is sweet to say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With Thee to watch and pray !

18. 7s.

{ P. C. 88.  
} Kir.

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

- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,  
Deign our humble songs to hear ;  
Purer praise we hope to bring  
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in Thy way ;  
Then on high we 'll joyful raise  
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 Lord ! Thy mercies never fail ;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !  
Be Thy glorious name adored,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

## 19. L. M.

{ P. C. 84.  
{ Arnheim.

- 1 HOSANNA to the living Lord !  
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;  
Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply :  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound.

20. INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 3 O Saviour! with protecting care,  
Return to this, Thy house of prayer:  
Assembled in Thy sacred name,  
Here we Thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,  
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt  
away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

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INVITATION AND WARNING.

20. H. M.

{ P. C. 116.  
{ Brooklyn.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly-solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atonig Lamb ;  
 Redemption by His blood  
 Through all the lands proclaim.  
 The year, &c.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive,  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live.  
 The year, &c.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pardoning grace ;  
 Ye happy souls, draw near,  
 Behold your Saviour's face.  
 The year, &c.
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Has full atonement made ;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
 Ye mourning souls, be glad.  
 The year, &c.

21, 22. INVITATION AND WARNING.

21. S. M.

{ P. C. 108.  
Angels' Call

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"  
The bride, the church of Christ, pro-  
claims  
To all His children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life!  
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;  
O blest Redeemer, come!

22. L. M.

{ P. C. 99.  
Balmy Dew.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,  
Come, and accept the promised rest;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your  
 woes ;  
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—  
 How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 3 Dear Saviour, let Thy powerful love  
 Confirm our faith,—our fears remove ;  
 O, sweetly reign in every breast,  
 And guide us to eternal rest !

23. C. M. { P. C. 102.  
 Amethyst.

- 1 THE Saviour calls ; let every ear  
 Attend the heavenly sound ;  
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;  
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow ;  
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;  
 That gracious voice obey ;  
 'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys ;  
 And can you yet delay ?

24. INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;  
To Thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,  
And drink, and never die !

24. L. M. { P. C. 98.  
Carnelian.

- 1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door !  
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;  
Has waited long, is waiting still ;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude ! — He stands  
With melting heart, and loaded hands ;  
O matchless kindness ! — and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes !
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?  
He will — the very friend you need ;  
The friend of sinners — yes, 't is He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out His enemy and thine, —  
That soul-destroying monster, sin, —  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit Him ere His anger burn, —  
His feet, departed, ne'er return ;

Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,  
You'll at His door rejected stand.

## 25. C. M.

{ P. C. 102.  
} Amethyst.

- 1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast ;  
O come without delay !  
For there is room in Jesus' breast  
For all who will obey.
- 2 There's room in God's eternal love  
To save thy precious soul ;  
Room in the Spirit's grace above  
To heal and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room within the church, re-  
deemed  
With blood of Christ divine ;  
Room in the white-robed throng, con-  
vened,  
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir,  
And harps and crowns of gold,  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board  
For thee and thousands more ;

26. INVITATION AND WARNING.

O come and welcome to the Lord!  
Yea, come this very hour.

26. L. M.

{ P. C. 100.  
Wells.

- 1 SAY, sinner! hath a voice within  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice, —  
It was the Spirit's gracious call;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light;  
Regard, in time, the warning kind;  
That call thou mayst not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 God's Spirit will not always strive  
With hardened, self-destroying man;  
Ye who persist His love to grieve,  
May never hear His voice again.
- 5 Sinner! perhaps this very day  
Thy last accepted time may be;  
O, shouldst thou grieve Him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee!

27. C. M. PECULIAR. { P. C. 104.  
Return.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home !  
 Thy Father calls for thee ;  
 No longer now an exile roam  
 In guilt and misery :  
 Return, return !
- 2 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home !  
 'T is Jesus calls for thee ;  
 The Spirit and the Bride say, come ;  
 O, now for refuge flee !  
 Return, return !
- 3 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home !  
 'T is madness to delay ;  
 There are no pardons in the tomb,  
 And brief is mercy's day :  
 Return, return !

28. C. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
 And seek thy Father's face !  
 Those new desires which in thee burn  
 Were kindled by His grace.
- 2 RETURN, O wanderer, return !  
 He hears thy humble sigh ;

29. INVITATION AND WARNING.

He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return !  
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;  
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn  
How Jesus can forgive.

4 From all thy wanderings now return ;  
Regain thy long-sought rest ;  
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn  
To clasp thee to His breast.

29. 7s.

{ P. C. 110.  
{ Rock of Ages.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear,  
Bursting on the ravished ear ! —  
“ Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 “ Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?  
On My piercé body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid ;  
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

- 3 " Spread for thee, the festal board  
 See with richest dainties stored ;  
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
 Yet again a child confessed,  
 Never from His house to roam,  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 4 " Soon the days of life shall end ;  
 Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
 Safe your spirits to convey  
 To the realms of endless day,  
 Up to My eternal home ;  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come."

## 30. C. M.

{ P. C. 104.  
 Return.

- 1 REPENT ! the voice celestial cries,  
 No longer dare delay :  
 The soul that scorns the mandate dies,  
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;  
 His heralds now are sent abroad  
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 O sinners, in His presence bow,  
 And all your guilt confess !

31. INVITATION AND WARNING.

Accept the offered Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with His grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to His bar ;  
His mercy knows the appointed bound,  
And yields to justice there.

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

31. 8s, 3s, & 6s. { P. C. 129. — Hark !  
those Happy Voices.

1 HARK ! those happy voices saying,  
“ Yet there 's room :  
Sinner, come,  
Heaven's call obeying.”

2 Now the feast is spread before thee,  
Wait no more,  
Grace implore,  
Peace shall then come o'er thee.

3 Bless the Lord of life forever,  
O my soul,  
Bountiful,  
Infinite His favor !

- 4 Bless the Lord of thy salvation,  
Who in love,  
From above,  
Heard thy supplication.
- 5 Bless the Lord of earth and heaven :  
Through His blood,  
That freely flowed,  
Are thy sins forgiven.

**32.** C. M.

- 1 How short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our soul's affairs !  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay :  
Just like a story, or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on ;  
And, ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 Draw us, O God ! with sovereign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,

33, 34. INVITATION AND WARNING.

That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

33. C. M. { P. C. 188.  
Guardian.

- 1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,  
Or outward form of prayer!  
But let it in thy heart be known  
That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,  
God asketh not of thee;  
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend  
In true humility.
- 3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,  
Draw near unto our God,  
And pray to Him to grant relief,  
And stay the lifted rod!
- 4 O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign  
To grant us what we need,  
We pray for time to turn again,  
And grace to turn indeed!

34. 6s & 4s. { P. C. 128. — To-day  
the Saviour Calls.

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

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

35. C. M. { P. C. 106.  
Dunlapscreek.

- 1 THE day approacheth, O my soul !  
The great decisive day,  
Which from the verge of mortal life  
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day, more awful, dawns ;  
And, lo ! the Judge appears ;  
Ye heavens retire before His face,  
And sink ye darkened stars !

36. INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,  
One precious hour remain ;  
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,  
Nor let it pass in vain.

36. 7s & 6s. { P. C. 127.  
Stella.

- 1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call ;  
He now is passing by ;  
He has seen thy grievous thrall,  
And heard thy mournful cry ;  
He has pardon to impart,  
Grace to save thee from thy fears ;  
See the love that fills His heart,  
And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,  
And tell Him all thy case ?  
He will not pronounce thy doom,  
Nor frown thee from His face :  
Wilt thou fear Immanuel ?  
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,  
Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
Has shed His precious blood ?
- 3 Though His majesty be great,  
His mercy is no less ;

Though He thy transgressions hate,  
 He feels for thy distress :  
 By Himself the Lord has sworn  
 He delights not in thy death,  
 But invites thee to return,  
 That thou mayst live by faith.

- 4 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see  
 What throngs His throne surround !  
 These, though sinners once, like thee,  
 Have full salvation found :  
 Yield not then to unbelief,  
 While He says, " There yet is room ;"  
 Though of sinners thou art chief,  
 Since Jesus calls thee, come.

## 37. C. M.

{ P. C. 104.  
 { Return.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;  
 His mercy speaks to-day :  
 He calls you, by His sovereign word,  
 From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
 You live devoid of peace ;  
 A thousand stings within your breast  
 Deprive your souls of ease.

38. INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 3 But he that turns to God shall live,  
Through His abounding grace ;  
His mercy will the guilt forgive  
Of those that seek His face.
- 4 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;  
He pardons like a God ;  
He will forgive your numerous faults,  
Through a Redeemer's blood.

38. 6s & 4s. PECULIAR. { P. C. 126. — Child  
of Sin and Sorrow.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with  
dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-  
day ;  
Heaven bids thee come,  
While yet there 's room.  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou  
die ?  
Come, while thou canst borrow help  
from on high :  
Grieve not that love,

Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt  
thou flee?

Through that long to-morrow, eternity,  
Exiled from home,  
Darkly to roam,  
Child of sin and sorrow  
Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine  
eye!

Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds  
on high!"

In that high home  
Graven thy name;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Swift homeward fly!

39. H. M.

} P. C. 116.  
} Brooklyn.

1 FAIR shines the morning star,  
The silver trumpets sound,  
Their notes reëchoing far,  
While dawns the day around:

39. INVITATION AND WARNING.

Joy to the slave ; the slave is free ;  
It is the year of jubilee.

2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom  
And silence left to die,  
With Christ's unfolding tomb,  
Your portals open fly ;  
Rise with your Lord : He sets you free ;  
It is the year of jubilee.

3 Ye, who yourselves have sold  
For debts to justice due,  
Ransomed, but not with gold,  
He gave Himself for you !  
The blood of Christ hath made you free ;  
It is the year of jubilee.

4 Captives of sin and shame,  
O'er earth and ocean, hear  
An angel's voice proclaim  
The Lord's accepted year ;  
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free ;  
It is the year of jubilee.

40. 8s & 3s. { P. C. 124.  
Will You Go ?

- 1 WE 're travelling home to heaven above ;  
     Will you go ?  
 To sing the Saviour's dying love ;  
     Will you go ?  
 Millions have reached that blest abode,  
 Anointed kings and priests to God,  
 And millions more are on the road ;  
     Will you go ?
- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb ;  
     Will you go ?  
 In rapturous strains to praise His name ;  
     Will you go ?  
 The crown of life we there shall wear,  
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall  
     bear,  
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share ;  
     Will you go ?
- 3 We're going to join the heavenly choir ;  
     Will you go ?  
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre ;  
     Will you go ?  
 There, saints and angels gladly sing

41. INVITATION AND WARNING.

Hosanna to their God and King,  
And make the heavenly arches ring ;  
Will you go ?

4 The way to heaven is straight and plain ;  
Will you go ?

Repent, believe, be born again ;  
Will you go ?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
“ Take up thy cross and follow Me,  
And thou shalt My salvation see ;  
Come to Me.”

41. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 115.  
Tamworth.

1 HEAR the heralds of the Gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim :  
“ To each rebel sinner pardon ;  
Free forgiveness in His name : ”  
O what mercy !  
“ Free forgiveness in His name.”

2 Sinners, will you scorn the message  
Sent in mercy from above ?  
Every sentence, O how tender !  
Every line is full of love :  
Listen to it ;  
Every line is full of love.

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;  
 And with news of consolation  
 Chase away the falling tears ;  
 Tender heralds —  
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 O ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way ;  
 Hasten to the court of heaven ;  
 Tidings bear without delay ;  
 Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.

42. 7s.

{ P. C. 113.  
 } Herold.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
 Come, and make my paths your choice ;  
 I will guide you to your home ;  
 Weary wanderer, hither come.
- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's  
 scorn,  
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
 Weary wanderer, hither haste.

43. INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;  
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn, —
- 4 Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound ;  
Peace, that ever shall endure ;  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

43. 7s.

{ P. C. 113.  
Herold.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner, to be wise !  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,  
All the paths of death to shun.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Thy probation may be o'er  
Ere this evening's work is done.
- 3 Haste, O sinner, now return !  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,

INVITATION AND WARNING. 44, 45.

Death may thy poor soul arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

44. S. M. { P. C. 108  
Angels' Call.

- 1 COME to the land of peace,  
From shadows come away,  
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,  
And storms no more have sway.
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here ;  
But pure repose and love  
Breathe through the bright, celestial air  
The spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,  
Gathered from every land ;  
For here thy soul shall find its rest  
Amidst the shining band.
- 4 In this divine abode  
Change leaves no saddening trace ;  
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,  
Thy holy resting-place !

45. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 118.  
Come ye Sinners.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, heavy-laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall,

45. INVITATION AND WARNING.

If you wait till you are better,  
You will never come at all;  
Sinners only,  
Christ, the Saviour, came to call.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
This He gives you —  
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him —  
There He groans, and bleeds, and dies,  
“ It is finishéd ” —  
Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

4 Lo! the incarnate God ascending  
Pleads the merit of His blood;  
Venture on Him — venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with His name ;  
 Hallelujah ! —  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

46. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 118.  
 Come ye Sinners.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and power.

(Chorus.)

Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation ;  
 Sound the praise of His dear name ;  
 Glory, honor, and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;  
 God's free bounty glorify ;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness He requireth  
 Is to feel your need of Him.

47. INVITATION AND WARNING.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;  
If you tarry till you 're better,  
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !  
On the bloody tree behold Him —  
Hear Him cry before He dies.

47. 8s & 7s. { <sup>P. C. 119.</sup>  
Pleading Saviour.

1 Now the Saviour standeth pleading  
At the sinner's bolted heart ;  
Now in heaven He 's interceding,  
Taking there the sinner's part.

2 Sinner ! can you hate this Saviour ?  
Will you thrust Him from your arms ?  
Once He died, through your behavior ;  
Now He calls you by His charms.

3 Sinner ! hear your God and Saviour,  
Hear His gracious voice to-day ;  
Turn from all your vain behavior ;  
O repent, return, and pray !

4 Now He 's waiting to be gracious ;  
Now He stands and looks on thee :

See what kindness, love, and pity,  
Shine around on you and me.

- 5 Come, for all things now are ready ;  
Yet there 's room for many more :  
O, ye blind, ye lame and needy,  
Come to wisdom's boundless store !

48. 7s & 6s.

{ P. C. 117.  
Utica.

- 1 DROOPING souls, no longer mourn ;  
Jesus still is precious ;  
If to Him you now return,  
Heaven will be propitious.  
Jesus now is passing by,  
Calling wanderers near Him ;  
Drooping souls, you need not die ;  
Go to Him and hear Him.
- 2 He has pardons, full and free,  
Drooping souls to gladden ;  
Still he cries, " Come unto Me,  
Weary, heavy-laden."  
Though your sins, like mountains high,  
Rise, and reach to heaven,  
Soon as you on Him rely,  
All shall be forgiven.

49. INVITATION AND WARNING.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,  
 Dear to all that love Him ;  
 He to save the dying came ;  
 Go to Him and prove Him.  
 Wandering sinners, now return ;  
 Contrite souls, believe Him !  
 Jesus calls you, cease to mourn ;  
 Worship Him ; receive Him.

49. 11s.      { P. C. 121.  
 } Expostulation.

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,  
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ?  
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,  
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that, while you delay,  
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;  
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as you  
 be,  
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,  
 O how can you question if you will believe ?  
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come ?  
 'Tis you He bids welcome ; He bids you come  
 home.

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your  
 heart,  
 And trusting in Heaven we never shall part ;  
 O how can we leave you ? why will you not come ?  
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

INVITATION AND WARNING. 50, 51.

50. 6s.

{ P. C. 122.  
{ Invitation.

- 1 SINNER! come, 'mid the gloom,  
All thy guilt confessing;  
Trembling now, contrite bow,  
Take the offered blessing.
- 2 Sinner! come, while there's room —  
While the feast is waiting;  
While the Lord, by His word,  
Kindly is inviting.
- 3 Sinner! come, ere thy doom  
Shall be sealed forever;  
Now return, grieve and mourn,  
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

51. 6s.

{ P. C. 123.  
{ Shepherd's Call.

- 1 COME, wandering sheep, O come!  
I'll bind thee to My breast;  
I'll bear thee to thy home,  
And lay thee down to rest.
- 2 I saw thee stray forlorn,  
And heard thee faintly cry,  
And on the tree of scorn  
For thee I deigned to die.

52. INVITATION AND WARNING.

3 I shield thee from alarms,  
And wilt thou not be blest ?  
I bear thee in My arms ;  
Thou, bear me in thy breast !

52. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 119.  
Pleading Saviour

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,  
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down ;  
By the perfect law convicted,  
Through the cross behold the crown !  
Look to Jesus :  
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2 Take His easy yoke, and wear it ;  
Love will make obedience sweet ;  
Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
While His wisdom guides your feet  
Safe to glory,  
Where His ransomed captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
Light to newly-opened eyes,  
Or full springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the rest the cross supplies :  
All who taste it  
Shall to rest immortal rise.

- 4 While the wounds of woe are healing,  
 While the heart is all resigned,  
 'T is the solemn feast of feeling,  
 'T is the Sabbath of the mind.  
     None but Jesus  
 Can the broken heart up-bind.
- 5 But to sing the rest of glory,  
 Mortal tongues far short must fall ;  
 Tongues celestial strive to reach it.  
 But it soars beyond them all :  
 Faith believes it, Hope expects it,  
 But it overwhelms them all.

**53.** C. M. { P. C. 530.  
China.

- 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 that die,  
 And place us in their stead,  
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
 And converse with the dead !
- 3 Then should we see the saints above,  
 In their own glorious forms,

54. INVITATION AND WARNING.

And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.

- 4 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,  
And pray and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

54. 12s.

{ P. C. 379.  
} Scotland.

- 1 THE voice of Free Grace cries, escape to the  
mountain !  
For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain ;  
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased  
our pardon !  
We 'll praise him again, when we pass over  
Jordan.
- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, O flee to the Saviour ;  
He calls you in mercy, — 't is infinite favor ;  
Your sins are increasing, — escape to the moun-  
tain, —  
His blood can remove them, — it flows from the  
fountain.
- 3 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore ;  
With harps in our hands, we 'll praise Him the  
more ;  
We 'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the  
river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever !

INVITATION AND WARNING. 55, 56.

55. S. M.

{ P. C. 109.  
} Paddington.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found —  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 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.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

56. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

{ P. C. 115.  
} Tamworth.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;  
Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls:  
Hear, O sinner!  
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

57. INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering  
O'er the path you dare to tread!  
Hark! the awful thunder rolling  
Loud and louder o'er your head!  
Turn, O sinner!  
Lest the lightning strike you dead.
- 3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;  
Seek His mercy while you may;  
Soon the day of grace is over;—  
Soon your life will pass away;  
Haste, O sinner!  
You must perish if you stay.

57. C. M.

{ P. C. 102.  
{ Amethyst.

- 1 I SAW One hanging on a tree,  
In agony and blood,  
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,  
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure never, till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with His death,  
Though not a word He spoke.

- 3 Alas ! I knew not what I did,  
 But all my tears were vain ;  
 Where could my trembling soul be hid ?  
 For I the Lord had slain.
- 4 A second look He gave, that said,  
 " I freely all forgive ;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,—  
 I die that thou mayst live."

## 58. C. P. M.

{ P. C. 125.  
 } Advent.

- 1 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure ! insensible !  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress !  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And save me ere it be too late ;  
 Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When Thou with clouds shalt come—

59. INVITATION AND WARNING.

To judge the nations at Thy bar ;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom ?

- 4 Be this my one great business here,  
With holy diligence and fear,  
To make my calling sure ;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all Thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

59. 7s.

{ P. C. 110.  
} Rock of Ages.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day ?  
See His mighty arm made bare !  
Awful terrors clothe His brow !  
For His judgment now prepare ;  
Thou must either break or bow.
- 2 At His presence nature shakes ;  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;  
Solid mountains melt like wax ;  
What will then become of thee ?

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?

60. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 115.  
 Tamworth.

- 1 SEE the eternal Judge descending!  
 View Him seated on His throne!  
 Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,  
 Stand and hear thine awful doom:  
 Trumpets call thee;  
 Stand and hear thine awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,  
 Filled with dread of fiercer pain;  
 While in anguish thus lamenting  
 That he ne'er was born again —  
 Greatly mourning  
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 “ Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
 With the marks of dying love;  
 O that I had sought His favor  
 When I felt His Spirit move!  
 Golden moments,  
 When I felt His Spirit move!”

61. INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder !  
Hope and sinners here must part ;  
Louder than a peal of thunder,  
Hear the dreadful sound, " Depart !"  
Lost forever,  
Hear the dreadful sound, " Depart !"

61. 7s. { P. C. 110.  
} Rock of Ages.

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

62. C. P. M. { P. C. 130.  
Arnon.

- 1 My days, my weeks, my months, my  
years  
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres  
Around the steady pole ;  
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
And I must launch through endless  
deeps,  
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen ;  
How swift the moments pass between,  
And whisper as they fly :  
Unthinking man, remember this,  
Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss,  
Must groan, and gasp, and die !
- 3 But shall my soul be then extinct,  
And cease to be, or cease to think ?  
Great God ! it cannot be ;  
Thou, my immortal, cannot die ;  
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,  
When death shall set thee free ?
- 4 My soul, attend the solemn call ;  
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,  
And thou must take thy flight

63. INVITATION AND WARNING.

Beyond the vast ethereal blue,  
To love and sing as angels do,  
Or sink in endless night.

63. C. M.

{ P. C. 138.  
{ Balerna.

- 1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve ;  
Come, with your guilt and fear op-  
pressed,  
And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But, if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go ;  
I am resolved to try ;

For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

64. L. M. { P. C. 100.  
Wells.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light  
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah ! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 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.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall  
rise ;  
No God regard your bitter prayer ;  
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 4 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,  
In those forgetful realms appear ;  
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,  
And hope shall never enter there.
- 5 Now God invites ; how blest the day !  
How sweet the gospel's charming  
sound !

65. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found !

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THE PENITENT PLEADING AND REJOICING.

65. 7s. { P. C. III.  
Rock of Ages.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ?  
Can my God His wrath forbear ?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace ;  
Long provoked Him to His face ;  
Would not hearken to His calls ;  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled His relentings are ;  
Me He now delights to spare ;  
Cries, How shall I give thee up ?  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands ;  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His  
hands ;  
God is love ! I know, I feel ;  
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

PLEADING AND REJOICING. 66, 67.

66. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 208.  
Welcome.

- 1 JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain  
Poured thy precious blood for me,  
Wash me in its flowing fountain,  
That my soul may spotless be.
- 2 I have sinned, but O restore me !  
For unless Thou smile on me,  
Dark is all the world before me ;  
Darker yet eternity.
- 3 In Thy word I hear Thee saying,  
Come, and I will give you rest ;  
And, the gracious call obeying,  
See, I hasten to Thy breast.
- 4 Grant, O grant Thy Spirit's teaching,  
That I may not go astray,  
Till, the gate of heaven reaching,  
Earth and sin are passed away.

67. L. M. { P. C. 134.  
Windham.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone !  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down —  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

68. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,  
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

68. 7s.

{ P. C. 113.  
} Herold.

- 1 COME, ye weary souls oppressed,  
Answer to the Saviour's call :  
" Come, and I will give you rest ;  
Come, and I will save you all."
- 2 Jesus ! full of truth and love,  
We Thy kindest call obey ;  
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,  
Take our load of guilt away.
- 3 Weary of this war within,  
Weary of this endless strife,  
Weary of ourselves and sin,  
Weary of a wretched life ;
- 4 Burdened with a world of grief,  
Burdened with our sinful load,

Burdened with this unbelief,  
 Burdened with the wrath of God ;

- 5 Lo, we come to Thee for ease,  
 True and gracious as Thou art ;  
 Now our weary souls release ;  
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

69. L. M.

{ P. C. 134.  
 } Windham.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay !  
 Though I have done Thee such de-  
 spite,  
 Cast not a sinner quite away,  
 Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
 Of all whoe'er Thy grace received ;  
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness  
 grieved ;
- 3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honor of my great High Priest !  
 Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear  
 I shall not see Thy people's rest.
- 4 O Lord, my weary soul release,  
 And raise me by Thy gracious hand ;

70. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

Guide me into Thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

70. L. M. { P. C. 134.  
Windham.

- 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 don't surpass  
The power and glory of Thy grace.  
Great God ! Thy nature hath no bound,  
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean !  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against Thy law, against Thy grace.  
Lord, should Thy judgments grow se-  
vere,  
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy  
word,

Would light on some sweet promise  
 there,  
 Some sure support against despair.

71. S. M. { P. C. 198.  
 { St. Thomas.

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

72. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

72. 7s. { P. C. 110.  
Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure —  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone !
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly :  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

73. C. P. M.

} P. C. 148.  
} Ganges.

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go ;  
One simple truth increased my pain,  
The sinner " must be born again,"  
Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 I heard the law its thunders roll,  
While guilt lay heavy on my soul —  
A vast, oppressive load ;  
All creature-aid I saw was vain ;  
The sinner " must be born again,"  
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 3 The saints I heard with rapture tell  
How Jesus conquered death and hell  
To bring salvation near ;  
Yet still I found this truth remain —  
The sinner " must be born again,"  
Or sink in deep despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,  
My bondage to remove ;  
The sinner, once by justice slain,  
Now by His grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

74. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

74. 7s.

{ P. C. 146.  
Benevento.

- 1 GRACIOUS Jesus, Lord most dear,  
Guilty though I am, give ear ;  
Show Thine own sweet clemency ;  
Spurn me not, though vile I be.
- 2 Here before Thee, fallen, weeping,  
And with tears these torn feet steep-  
ing ;  
Jesus, for Thy mercy's sake,  
Pity on my misery take.
- 3 Sharing now Thy wounds, I pray Thee,  
Let me love for love repay Thee, —  
Thou, whose soul for sinners smarted,  
Healer of the broken-hearted !
- 4 On my heart each stripe be written,  
Wherewith Thou for me wert smitten ;  
Each deep wound, that I may be  
Wholly crucified with Thee.
- 5 From the cross uplifted high,  
My Belovéd, cast Thine eye ;  
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul,  
Speak the word of power — “ Be  
whole ! ”

75. 7s.

{ P. C. 146.  
Benevento.

- 1 Does the Gospel word proclaim  
 Rest for those that weary be?  
 Then, my soul, put in thy claim —  
 Sure that promise speaks to thee:  
 Marks of grace I cannot show,  
 All polluted is my best;  
 But I weary am, I know,  
 And the weary long for rest.
- 2 Burdened with a load of sin,  
 Harassed with tormenting doubt,  
 Hourly conflicts from within,  
 Hourly crosses from without;  
 All my little strength is gone —  
 Sink I must without supply;  
 Sure upon the earth is none  
 Can more weary be than I.
- 3 In the ark the weary dove  
 Found a welcome resting-place;  
 Thus my spirit longs to prove  
 Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace:  
 Tempest-tossed I long have been,  
 And the flood increases fast;  
 Open, Lord, and take me in,  
 Till the storm be overpast!



Chase this self-will through all my  
 heart,  
 Through all its latent mazes there ;  
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I,  
 Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.

77. L. M. 6 lines. } P. C. 136.  
 } Amber.

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,  
 And now made willing to return,  
 I hear, and bow me to the rod :  
 Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn ;  
 I have an Advocate above,  
 A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace, —  
 More full of grace than I of sin, —  
 Yet once again I seek Thy face,  
 Open Thine arms, and take me in !  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And love Thy faithless servant still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me  
 back,  
 My fallen spirit to restore ;  
 O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more !

78. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

78. 7s.

{ P. C. 132.  
Rilda.

- 1 Just as I am — without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am — and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am — though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 5 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive ;  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
- 6 Just as I am — Thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down ;  
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

79. C. P. M. { P. C. 130.  
 } Arnon.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,  
 Wilt thou not save a soul from death,  
 That casts itself on Thee ?  
 I have no refuge of my own,  
 But fly to what my God hath done,  
 And suffered one for all.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
 His spotless righteousness I plead,  
 And his availing blood ;  
 That righteousness my robe shall be,  
 That merit shall atone for me,  
 And bring me near to God.

80. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

- 3 Then save me from eternal death,  
The spirit of adoption breathe ;  
His consolations send ;  
By Him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart --  
" Thy Maker is thy Friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be  
A welcome messenger to me,  
To bid me come away :  
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,  
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,  
To everlasting day.

80. C. M.

{ P. C. 138.  
{ Balerna.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,  
Before the Lord we speak ;  
To Him we make our solemn vow --  
A vow we dare not break :
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield,  
Nor from His cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.

- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
 But on His grace rely,  
 That, with returning wants, the Lord  
 Will all our need supply.

81. C. M.

{ P. C. 138.  
 } Bulerma.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,  
 My dearest Lord, for Thee?  
 It is but right! since Thou hast done  
 Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go! One look from Thee  
 Will more than make amends  
 For all the losses I sustain  
 Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand  
 lives,  
 How worthless they appear,  
 Compared with Thee, supremely good!  
 Divinely bright and fair!

82. C. P. M.

{ P. C. 125.  
 } Advent.

- 1 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt  
 come,  
 To take Thy ransomed people home,

82. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

- Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at Thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet Thy people now,  
Before Thy feet with them to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought,  
What if my name should be left out  
When Thou for them shalt call?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace!  
Be Thou my only hiding-place,  
In this the accepted day;  
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among Thy saints let me be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall  
sound,  
To see Thy smiling face;  
Then loudest of the throng I 'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions  
ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

83. C. P. M.

{ P. C. 202.  
Bremen.

- 1 LORD, thou hast won — at length I yield ;  
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,  
Surrenders all to Thee :  
Against Thy terrors long I strove,  
But who can stand against Thy love ? —  
Love conquers even me.
2. If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll,  
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,  
I still had stubborn been ;  
But mercy has my heart subdued,  
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,  
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone —  
Come, take possession of Thine own,  
For Thou hast set me free ;  
Released from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers in waiting stand  
To be employed by Thee

84. L. M.

{ P. C. 160.  
Uxbridge.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind !

84. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,  
Down to the gulf of dark despair ;  
And while I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me  
there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
Which warned me of that dark abyss,  
Which drew me from those treacherous  
seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,  
I stretch my hands and glance my  
eyes ;  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies !

5 There, from the bosom of my God,  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
There would I fix my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

PLEADING AND REJOICING. 85, 86.

85. L. M.

{ P. C. 132.  
} Rilda.

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,  
My Refuge, my almighty Friend —  
And can my soul from Thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,  
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?  
Can this dark world of sin and woe  
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Thy name my inmost powers adore ;  
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;  
Depart from Thee — 't is death — 't is  
more —  
'T is endless ruin, deep despair !
- 4 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie ;  
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;  
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,  
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

86. C. M.

{ P. C. 175.  
} Bradford.

- 1 WHEN God revealed His gracious name,  
And changed my mournful state,  
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,  
The grace appeared so great.

87. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

- 2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies ;  
Can give us day for night ;  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.
- 3 Let those that sow in sadness wait  
Till the fair harvest come ;  
They shall confess their sheaves are  
great,  
And shout the blessings home.
- 4 Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
'T will not deceive their hope ;  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For grace insures the crop.

87. C. M.

{ P. C. 174.  
Coronation.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell ;  
And fixed my standing more secure  
Than 't was before I fell.

- 3 The arms of everlasting love  
 Beneath my soul He placed  
 And on the Rock of Ages set  
 My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!  
 And tunes of pleasure sing;  
 Loud hallelujahs shall address  
 My Saviour and my King.

88. L. M. PECULIAR. { P. C. 168.  
 Nile.

- 1 I now have found abiding rest,  
 For which I long was sighing;  
 Now on my Saviour's faithful breast  
 My weary head is lying;  
 This is the place where sin no more,  
 And death and hell, alarm me;  
 I now am safe, by Jesus' power,  
 From all that else would harm me.
- 2 He whispers me, "I'm wholly thine,  
 And thou art Mine forever;  
 Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,  
 Confiding in My favor!  
 Thy every want shall find supply  
 From My exhaustless treasures;

89. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

I'll fill thy spirit with My joy,  
The pledge of endless pleasures."

- 3 From Jesus and His love, who now,  
By terrors to divide me,  
My great and many sins would show?  
His wounds from vengeance hide me.  
My sins are great — I'll not despair,  
Though conscience, too, arraigns me,  
Nor doubt my Saviour's watchful care —  
His arm of Love sustains me.
- 4 I thank Thee, God's belovéd Son,  
Thy boundless grace adoring,  
Which brought Thee from Thy glorious  
throne,  
Our peace with God restoring.  
O make my heart a shrine, where peace  
Shall keep her constant dwelling;  
Where grateful praise shall never cease  
Abroad Thy glories telling!

89. L. M. { P. C. 134.  
} Windham.

- 1 HERE at Thy cross, my dying Lord,  
I lay my soul beneath Thy love;  
Beneath the droppings of Thy blood,  
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me  
 thence,  
 Moveless and firm this heart should  
 lie ;  
 Resolved, for that 's my last defence,  
 If I must perish, there 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.
- 4 Yes, I 'm secure beneath Thy blood,  
 And all my foes shall lose their aim ;  
 Hosanna to my dying Lord,  
 And my best honors to His name !

90. C. M.

{ P. C. 133.  
 { Balerna.

- 1 THOU, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the cross embrace ;  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace ;
- 2 And griefs and torments numberless,  
 And sweat of agony ;  
 Yea, death itself ; and all for one  
 That was Thine enemy.

91. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

- 3 Then, why, O blesséd Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell;
- 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught;  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast lovéd me,  
O ever-loving Lord!
- 5 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

91. C. M.

{ P. C. 138.  
} Balerna.

- 1 THOU Lamb once slain! whose flaming  
eyes  
Sparkle with dazzling light,  
How can a sinner choose but bow,  
And sink beneath thy sight?
- 2 But I am Thine, my ransom paid —  
The price, Thy precious blood;  
And Thine and mine are made one heart,  
O my Redeemer, God!
- 3 How did love seize me — that pure fire  
That flamed within thy breast

When Thou, before Thy Father's throne  
Wert pleased to name me blessed !

- 4 Let me to Thee, in all my wants,  
Child-like, still closer fly,  
In all my course regarding still  
The guiding of Thine eye.

92. C. M.

{ P. C. 138.  
{ Balerna.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue ;  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admired its trifles, too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;  
I bid them all depart ;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have fixed my roving heart.

93. PLEADING AND REJOICING.

93. C. M.

{ P. C. 176.  
Praise.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise —  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

94. S. M. DOUBLE.

{ P. C. 196.  
Lebanon.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I would not be controlled;

I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child ;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild ;  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

3 No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled,  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold ;  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam,  
I love my heavenly Father's voice —  
I love, I love His home.

95, 96. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

REJOICING AND PRAISING.

95. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 208.  
Welcome.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
Welcome to this heart of mine !  
Lord, I make a full surrender ;  
Every power and thought be Thine ;  
Thine entirely ;  
Through eternal ages, Thine.
- 2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,  
Earth and hell will disappear ;  
Or in vain attempt possession,  
When they find the Lord is near.  
Shout, O Zion !  
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !

96. C. M. { P. C. 180.  
Amazing Grace.

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !  
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;

But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.

- 3 Salvation! — let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

97. C. M. } P. C. 180.  
                  } Amazing Grace.

- 1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to  
fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and  
snares,  
I have already come;  
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me;  
His word my hope secures;

98, 99. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

98. L. M. 6 LINES. { P. C. 170.  
Dresden.

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,  
Before the world's foundation slain ;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay  
When heaven and earth are fled away ;
- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my  
head,  
Though strength, and health, and  
friends, be gone ;  
Though joys be withered all, and dead ;  
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;  
Steadfast on this my soul relies ;  
Father, Thy mercy never dies !

99. C. M. { P. C. 180.  
Amazing Grace.

- 1 COME, let us join our songs of praise  
To our ascended Priest ;  
He entered heaven with all our names  
Engraven on His breast.
- 2 Below He washed our guilt away  
By His atoning blood ;

Now He appears before the throne,  
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall  
quench  
The fervor of His love ;  
For us He died in kindness here,  
For us He lives above.

4 O may we ne'er forget His grace,  
Nor blush to bear His name ;  
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith—  
Our lips His praise proclaim.

100. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 203.  
Welcome.

1 CROWN His head with endless blessing,  
Who, in God the Father's name,  
With compassion never ceasing,  
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo ! Jehovah, we adore Thee —  
Thee, our Saviour — Thee, our God ;  
From Thy throne let beams of glory  
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus ! Thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee our God in praise we own ;

101. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

Highest honors, never failing,  
Rise eternal round Thy throne.

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

101. C. M.

{ P. C. 176.  
Praise.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before His throne.
- 2 Behold your King and Saviour crowned  
With glories all divine ;  
And tell the wondering nations round,  
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When in His earthly courts we view  
The beauties of our King;  
We long to love as angels do,  
And with their voice to sing.
- 4 O for the day, the glorious day,  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers, the raptured lay,  
To celebrate Thy praise !

102. L. M. { P. C. 172.  
 { Loving Kindness.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
 He justly claims a song from me,  
 His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood,  
 His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 3 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
 But, though I have Him oft forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not !
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
 O may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 5 Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day ;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies !

103, 104. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

103. C. M.

{ P. C. 176.  
Praise.

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

104. C. M.

{ P. C. 176.  
Praise.

- 1 SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing ;  
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road,  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head ;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;  
Pursue His footsteps still ;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye  
While laboring up the hill.

105. C. M. { P. C. 174.  
Coronation.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call ;  
Hail Him who saves you by His blood,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,  
The wormwood and the gall, —

106. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

106. L. M. { P. C. 173.  
Hiding Place.

- 1 JESUS! Thy robe of righteousness  
My beauty is, my glorious dress!  
Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruined nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its lovely hue;  
Its glory is forever new.
- 4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;  
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

REJOICING AND PRAISING. 107, 108.

107. C. M. { P. C. 396.  
} Metropolis.

- 1 Soon in the grave my flesh shall rest,  
My soul from earth remove,  
And, in the Saviour's glory dressed,  
Shall reach the home I love.
- 2 My friends, the whole celestial choir ;  
My every feeling, joy ;  
To honor God, my one desire ;  
His praise, my one employ.
- 3 Nor would I wait till angel-host  
Shall teach their song to raise :  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
I 'll here begin my praise.
- 4 Now to our God, the Father, Son,  
And Holy Spirit, sing !  
With praise to God, the Three in One,  
Let all creation ring !

108. C. M. { P. C. 223.  
} Heber.

- 1 LET saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven are one.

109. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

- 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 crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Some to their everlasting home  
This solemn moment fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die.
- 5 O that we now might see our Guide !  
O that the word were given !  
Come, blesséd Lord ! the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven.

109. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 208.  
Welcome.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I 'll sit, forever viewing  
Mercy streaming in His blood ;

Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 3 Truly blesséd is this station,  
Low before His cross to lie ;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in His languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the cross I gaze ;  
Love I much ? I 've much forgiven ;  
I 'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I 'll bathe ;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.
- 6 Lord ! in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thine,  
Till I taste Thy whole salvation,  
Where, unveiled, Thy glories shine.

110. 7s.

{ P. C. 205.  
Wi.lis.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name !  
Ye, who His salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

111. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on you move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears ;  
Banish all your guilty fears ;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Hither, then, your tribute bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string ;  
Saints below, and saints above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

111. C. P. M.

{ P. C. 202.  
Bremen.

- 1 How happy are the new-born race,  
Partakers of adopting grace !  
How pure the bliss they share !  
Hid from the world and all its eyes,  
Within their heart the blessing lies,  
And conscience feels it there.
- 2 The moment we believe, 't is ours ;  
And if we love with all our powers  
The God from whom it came,

And if we serve with hearts sincere,  
 'T is still discernible and clear,  
 An undisputed claim.

- 3 O messenger of dear delight!  
 Whose voice dispels the deepest night;  
 Sweet, peace-proclaiming Dove!  
 With Thee at hand to soothe our pains,  
 No wish unsatisfied remains,  
 No task but that of love.

112. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 382.  
 } Sigourney.

- 1 HAIL, my ever blesséd Jesus!  
 Only Thee I wish to sing;  
 To my soul Thy name is precious;  
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.  
 O, what mercy flows from Heaven!  
 O, what joy and happiness!  
 Love I much, I've much forgiven —  
 I'm a miracle of grace!
- 2 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,  
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;  
 Swift destruction still pursuing,  
 Till my Saviour passed that way.  
 Witness, all ye host of heaven,  
 My Redeemer's tenderness;

**113.** REJOICING AND PRAISING.

Love I much, I've much forgiven —  
I'm a miracle of grace!

- 3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,  
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,  
Whilst, astonished, I admire  
God's free grace and boundless love;  
That blest moment I received Him  
Filled my soul with joy and peace;  
Love I much, I've much forgiven —  
I'm a miracle of grace.

**113.** C. P. M.

{ P. C. 376.  
{ Caspian.

- 1 THE Lord into His garden comes,  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive;  
Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
From Jesus, flow to every vine,  
And make the dead revive.
- 2 Come, brethren, you who love the Lord,  
Who taste the sweetness of His word,  
In Jesus' word go on;  
Our troubles and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

- 3 We feel that heaven is now begun ;  
 It issues from the shining throne —  
 From Jesus' throne on high ;  
 It comes in floods we can't contain ;  
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
 And yet we still are dry.
- 4 There we shall reign, and shout, and  
 sing,  
 And make the upper regions ring,  
 When all the saints get home.  
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear ;  
 Soon we shall meet together there,  
 For Jesus bids us come.

114. L. M. { P. C. 301.  
 { Urmund.

- 1 HARK! hark! the gospel trumpet sounds!  
 Through earth and heaven the echo  
 bounds!  
 Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood ;  
 Sinners are reconciled to God  
 By grace divine.
- 2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,  
 Nor longer dare the grace refuse ;

**115.** REJOICING AND PRAISING.

Mercy and justice here combine,  
Goodness and truth harmonious join,  
To invite you near.

- 3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre ;  
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire ;  
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim —  
Forever worthy is the Lamb  
Of endless praise.

**115.** 6s & 7s.

{ P. C. 316.  
Webb.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears ;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears.  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
In many a gentle shower ;  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour :  
Each cry to Heaven going  
Abundant answer brings ;

And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.

- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way ;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay ;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home ;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

**116.** L. M.

{ P. C. 162.  
Ware.

- 1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord !  
Thou God of hosts by all adored ;  
The earth and heavens are full of Thee,  
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name  
Angels and seraphim proclaim :  
By all the powers and thrones in heaven  
Eternal praise to Thee be given.
- 3 Apostles join the glorious throng,  
And swell the loud, triumphant song ;  
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,  
And spread the hallelujahs round.

117. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

4 Glory to Thee, O God most high !  
Father, we praise Thy majesty ;  
The Son, the Spirit we adore —  
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

117. L. M.

{ P. C. 162.  
Ware.

- 1 BOTH heaven and earth do worship Thee,  
Thou Father of eternity !  
With splendor from Thy glory spread  
Are heaven and earth replenishéd.
- 2 To Thee all angels loudly cry,  
The heavens, and all the powers on  
high ;  
The apostles' glorious company,  
The prophets' fellowship, praise Thee.
- 3 The noble and victorious host  
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast ;  
The holy church, in every place  
Throughout the earth, exalts Thy praise.
- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor Thee ;  
Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end, for evermore.

REJOICING AND PRAISING. 118, 119.

118. C. M.

{ P. C. 182.  
Mory.

- 1 LORD! 't is an infinite delight  
To see Thy lovely face,  
To dwell whole ages in Thy sight,  
And feel Thy vital rays.
- 2 While the bright nation sounds Thy  
praise  
From each eternal hill,  
Sweet odors of exhaling grace  
The happy region fill.
- 3 Thy love, a sea without a shore,  
Spreads life and joy abroad; —  
O, 't is a heaven worth dying for,  
To see a smiling God!
- 4 Show me Thy face, and I 'll away  
From all inferior things;  
Speak, Lord, and here I 'll quit my clay,  
And stretch my airy wings.

119. C. M.

{ P. C. 183.  
Bolton.

- 1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,  
And sing the Saviour's love;  
Soon shall you join the glorious theme  
In loftier strains above.

120. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

- 2 God, the eternal, mighty God,  
To dearer names descends ;  
Calls you His treasure and His joy,  
His children and His friends.
- 3 My Father, God ! and may these lips  
Pronounce a name so dear ?  
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony  
Delight my listening ear.

120. C. M.

{ P. C. 182.  
Mory.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
Amid His Father's throne ;  
Prepare new honors for His name,  
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on Thy head.
- 3 Thou hast redeemed our souls with  
blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with Thee.

**121.** C. M.

{ P. C. 176.  
} Praise.

- 1 I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause ;  
Maintain the honor of His word,  
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! — I know His name —  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure  
What I 've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

**122.** 11s & 9s.

{ P. C. 232.  
} Happiness.

- 1 O, how happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above !

122. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

O, what tongue can express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 It was heaven below  
My Redeemer to know ;  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight,  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !  
Of my Saviour possessed,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Then, all the day long,  
Was my Jesus my song,  
And redemption through faith in His name ;  
O that all might believe,  
And salvation receive,  
And their song and their joy be the same !

**123.** 8s & 7s.

{ P. C. 274.  
Opal.

- 1 Cross, reproach, and tribulation,  
Ye to me are welcome guests,  
When I have this consolation,  
That my soul in Jesus rests.
- 2 The reproach of Christ is glorious ;  
Those who here His burden bear  
In the end shall prove victorious,  
And eternal gladness share.
- 3 Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,  
Ye who live a life of faith !  
Lift triumphant songs and praises  
E'en in martyrdom and death.
- 4 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,  
Are our honorable crowns ;  
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,  
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

**124.** 8s & 4s.

{ P. C. 270.  
Wales.

- 1 **THERE**'s a Friend above all others ;  
O how He loves !

His is love beyond a brother's ;  
O how He loves !

Earthly friends may fail and leave us,  
This day kind, the next bereave us ;  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us ;  
O how He loves !

2 Blesséd Jesus ! — wouldst thou know  
Him ?

O how He loves !

Give thyself e'en this day to Him ;  
O how He loves !

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee ?  
Doubts and trials do they tease thee ?  
Jesus can from all release thee ;  
O how He loves !

3 Pause, my soul ! adore and wonder ;  
O how He loves !

Naught can cleave this love asunder ;  
O how He loves !

Neither trial, nor temptation,  
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,  
Can bereave us of salvation ;  
O how He loves !

- 4 Let us still this love be viewing ;  
 O how He loves ?  
 And, though faint, keep on pursuing ;  
 O how He loves !  
 He will strengthen each endeavor,  
 And, when passed o'er Jordan's river,  
 This shall be our song forever,—  
 O how He loves !

125. 7s, 4s, & 7s. { P. C. 289.  
 Easton.

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant!  
 We joyfully adore Thee ;  
 Till Thou appear  
 Thy members here  
 Shall sing like those in glory.  
 We lift our hearts and voices,  
 In blest anticipation,  
 And cry aloud,  
 And give to God  
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
 And passing through the fire,  
 Thy love we praise,  
 That knows our days,

125. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

And ever brings us nigher.  
We lift our hands exulting  
In Thine almighty favor ;  
    The love divine,  
    That made us Thine,  
Shall keep us Thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people  
Through torrents of temptation ;  
    Nor will we fear,  
    While Thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation.  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes ;  
    By Thee we will  
    Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.

4 Faith now beholds the glory  
To which Thou wilt restore us ;  
    And earth despise,  
    For that high prize  
Which Thou hast set before us.  
And if Thou count us worthy,  
We each, like dying Stephen,

Shall see Thee stand  
 At God's right hand,  
 To take us up to heaven.

**126.** C. P. M.

{ P. C. 202.  
 Bremen.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art !  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
     All taken up in Thee ?  
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming love,  
     The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;  
 Its riches are unsearchable ;  
     The first-born sons of light  
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;  
 They cannot reach the mystery,  
     The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
     In this poor stony heart !  
 For this I sigh ; for Thee I pine ;  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine ;  
     Be mine the better part !

127. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

4 O that I could, with favored John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast!  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
My everlasting rest!

127. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 204.  
Bartimeus.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it —  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here 's my heart — O take and seal it!  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

128. 8s & 7s. 6 LINES. { P. C. 208.  
Welcome.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end ;  
They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood ?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God :  
This was boundless love indeed ;  
Jesus is a Friend in need !
- 3 When He lived on earth abaséd,  
Friend of sinners was His name ;  
Now above all glory raiséd,  
He rejoices in the same ;  
Still He calls them "brethren, friends,"  
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above ;  
But when home our souls are brought  
We will love Thee as we ought.

129. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

129. 8s & 7s.

{ P. C. 208.  
Welcome.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling ;  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus ! Thou art all compassion ;  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;  
Visit us with Thy salvation ;  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 3 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast !  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find Thy promised rest.
- 4 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.
- 5 Finish then Thy new creation ;  
Pure, and spotless may we be ;  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by Thee.
- 6 Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place ;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

130. S. M. } P. C. 198.  
} St. Thomas.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs  
 To an immortal tune ;  
 Let all the earth resound the deeds  
 Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love  
 Its chief Belovéd chose,  
 And bade Him raise our wretched race  
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears ;  
 No terror clothes His brow ;  
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'T was mercy filled the throne,  
 And wrath stood silent by,  
 When Christ was sent with pardons  
 down  
 To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears ;  
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;  
 Bow to the sceptre of His love,  
 And take the offered peace.

131. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

6 Lord, we obey Thy call ;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation Thou hast brought,  
And love and praise Thy name.

131. C. M.

{ P. C. 190.  
Ortonville.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And for the weary, rest.
- 3 By Thee, my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

**132.** C. M. { P. C. 190.  
} Ortonville

- 1 O HAPPY souls! O glorious state  
Of overflowing grace!  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see His lovely face!
- 2 Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne!  
Call me a child of Thine;  
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,  
To form my heart divine.
- 3 There shed Thy choicest love abroad,  
And make my comforts strong;  
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"  
With an unwavering tongue.

**133.** 8s & 7s. { P. C. 64.  
} Amaland.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore  
Him;  
Praise Him, angels in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws, which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.

134. REJOICING AND PRAISING.

- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;  
Never shall His promise fail ;  
God hath made His saints victorious ;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His name !  
Hallelujah, Amen !

134. C. M. { P. C. 46.  
Sternhold.

- 1 ARISE, ye people, and adore ;  
Exulting strike the chord ;  
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,  
Confess the Almighty Lord.
- 2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,  
The ascending God proclaim ;  
The angelic choir respond the sound,  
And shake creation's frame.
- 3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown  
In that triumphant hour ;  
And God exalts His conquering Son  
To His right hand of power.

- 4 O shout, ye people, and adore ;  
 Exulting strike the chord ;  
 Let all the earth, from shore to shore,  
 Confess the Almighty Lord.

**135.** L. M. { P. C. 40.  
 Old Hundred.

- 1 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord  
 From distant worlds where creatures  
 dwell ;  
 Let heaven begin the solemn word,  
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 High on a throne His glories dwell —  
 An awful throne of shining bliss ;  
 Fly through the world, O sun ! and tell  
 How dark thy beams compared to His.
- 3 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree  
 To join their praise with blazing fire ;  
 Let the firm earth and rolling sea  
 In this eternal song conspire.
- 4 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.

136. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 5 Jehovah! — 't is a glorious word!  
O may it dwell on every tongue!  
But saints, who best have known the  
    Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 6 Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;  
From all below, and all above,  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

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ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

136. C. M. { P. C. 182.  
Mory.

- 1 My Saviour! my almighty Friend!  
When I begin Thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end —  
The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew Thy graces first  
I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road;

And march, with courage, in Thy  
 strength,  
 To see my Father-God.

- 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers !  
 With this delightful song  
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
 Nor think the season long.

137. L. M. { P. C. 133.  
 Baden.

- 1 COME now, ye wanderers, to your God,  
 Through love, to purity restored ;  
 The proffered benefit embrace,  
 The plenitude of heavenly grace :
- 2 The seeing eye, the feeling sense ;  
 The mystic joys of penitence ;  
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;  
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven ;
- 3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress ;  
 The unutterable tenderness ;  
 The genuine meek humility ;  
 The wonder, "Why such love to me?"
- 4 The o'erwhelming power of saving  
 grace ;  
 The sight that veils the seraph's face ;

**138, 139. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.**

The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love.

**138.** L. M. { P. C. 133.  
Baden.

- 1 THOUGH all the world my choice deride,  
Yet Jesus shall my portion be ;  
For I am pleased with none beside ;  
The fairest of the fair is He.
- 2 Sweet is the vision of Thy face,  
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed ;  
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,  
And glory beams around Thy head.
- 3 Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,  
Thy poverty and shameful cross ;  
The pleasures of the world I flee,  
And deem its treasures only dross.
- 4 Be daily dearer to my heart,  
And ever let me feel Thee near ;  
Then willingly with all I'd part,  
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

**139.** C. M. { P. C. 184.  
Coventry

- 1 O COULD I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,

Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
While leaning on His word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly Thine ;  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

140. C. M.

{ P. C. 183.  
Bolton.

1 JESUS! the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky ;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given ;  
It scatters all their guilt and fear ;  
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 O that a dying world might know  
The glory of His name !  
My voice shall His salvation show,  
And cry, "Behold the Lamb !"

141, 142. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

141. L. M.

{ P. C. 133.  
Baden.

- 1 O THE sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where my Redeemer loved and died !  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From His dear wounds, and bleeding  
side.
- 2 I would forever speak His name,  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at His Father's throne.

142. L. M.

{ P. C. 133.  
Baden.

- 1 O THAT I could forever dwell,  
Delighted, at the Saviour's feet ;  
Behold the form I love so well,  
And all His tender words repeat !
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,  
And heaven brought in with all its  
bliss ;  
O, is there aught from pole to pole  
One moment to compare with this ?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,  
A life of penitential love ;

- When most my follies I despise,  
 And raise my highest thoughts above;
- 4 When all I am I clearly see,  
 And freely own, with deepest shame ;  
 When the Redeemer's love to me  
 Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live till nature fail,  
 And all my former sins forsake ;  
 Then rise to God, within the veil,  
 And of eternal joys partake.

143. C. M. { P. C. 178.  
 { Christmas.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on ;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,  
 Hold thee in full survey ;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high ;  
 'T is His own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye ;

144. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun ;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

144. L. M.

{ P. C. 166.  
Park Street.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host ;  
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage.  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground ;  
Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
Beware of all, guard every part,—  
But most the traitor in thy heart.

- 4 Put on the armor, from above,  
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love ;  
The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of  
hell.

145. C. M.

{ P. C. 178.  
} Christmas.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross ?  
A follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord ;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

146. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

146. L. M.

{ P. C. 164.  
Rothwell.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on ;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's  
gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on ;  
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors  
wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace ;  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

ASPIRATION AND COURAGE. 147,148.

147. L. M.

{ P. C. 164.  
Rothwell.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, away our fears ;  
Let every trembling thought be gone ;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True 't is a straight and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every  
saint ;
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless  
power  
Is ever new and ever young ;  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;  
While such as trust their native  
strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

148. C. M.

{ P. C. 153.  
Dedham.

- 1 SPEAK with us, Lord ; Thyself reveal,  
While here on earth we rove ;





151. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 2 By Thine agonizing pain,  
And bloody sweat, we pray ;  
By Thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away ;  
Burst our bonds and set us free ;  
From all sin do Thou release ;  
O, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace !
- 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal ;  
Own us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal ;  
By Thy passion on the tree,  
Let our griefs and troubles cease ;  
O, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace !

151. S. M. DOUBLE. { P. C. 196.  
Lebanon.

- 1 I WANT a heart to pray,—  
To pray, and never cease ;  
Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.

This blessing above all,—  
Always to pray,—I want ;

Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great name ;  
A jealous, just concern,  
For Thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy word, —  
The promise is for me ;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee ;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

152. S. M. { P. C. 194.  
Olmütz.

1 "FOREVER, with the Lord!"  
So, Jesus, let it be ;  
Life from the dead is in that word ;  
'T is immortality.

153. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 2 Here, in the body pent,  
Absent from Thee I roam ;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "Forever with the Lord!"  
Saviour, if 't is Thy will  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 4 So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat, before the throne,  
"Forever with the Lord!"

153. C. M.

{ P. C. 220.  
Clarendon.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God ;  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?

Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

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

## 154. S. M.

{ P. C. 192.  
{ Sentinel.

1 My soul, be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

155. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down ;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

155. S. M.

} P. C. 192  
} Sentinel.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise !  
The God of armies calls  
Unto His mansions in the skies —  
His everlasting halls.
- 2 The angel host appears,  
To welcome you to bliss ;  
O, what is earth, its sighs and tears,  
Its joys, compared to this !
- 3 Crushed is the haughty foe —  
His might, his glory gone ;  
But ye, with victory crowned, shall go  
To Christ's eternal throne.

ASPIRATION AND COURAGE. 156, 157.

156. 7s.

{ P. C. 402.  
Ives.

- 1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
Fight the fight ; and, worn with strife,  
Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
Join the war, and face the foe ;  
Faint not ; much doth yet remain ;  
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians, — will ye yield ?  
Will ye quit the battle-field ?  
Fight till all the conflict 's o'er,  
Nor your foes shall rally more.
- 4 But when loud the trumpet blown  
Speaks their forces overthrown,  
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow  
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

157. S. M.

{ P. C. 192.  
Sentinel.

- 1 REJOICE in God always ;  
When earth looks heavenly bright,  
When joy makes glad the livelong day,  
And peace shuts in the night.

158. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 2 Rejoice when care and woe  
The fainting soul oppress ;  
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,  
And morn brings heaviness.
- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear ;  
Rejoice in life and death ;  
Rejoice when threatening storms are  
near,  
And comfort languisheth.
- 4 When should not they rejoice  
Whom Christ His brethren calls ;  
Who hear and know His guiding voice  
When on their hearts it falls ?
- 5 So, though our path is steep,  
And many a tempest lowers,  
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,  
And Christ's dear love be ours.

158. 6s & 4s. { <sup>P. C. 283.</sup>  
Nearer to Thee.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee !  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I 'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I 'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee.

159. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

5 Or if, on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
Nearer to Thee !

159. S. M.

{ P. C. 283.  
Silver Street.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care ;  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
- 2 Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do ;  
On Thee almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 3 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill ;
- 4 A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;

Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.

- 5 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly ;
- 6 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

160. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 279.  
Sicilian Hymn.

- 1 THOUGH ten thousand ills beset us,  
From without and from within,  
Jesus says He 'll ne'er forget us,  
But will save from every sin.  
Therefore praise Him —  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 2 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee ;  
Soon He 'll bring thee home to God.  
Therefore praise Him —  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

161. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 3 O that I could now adore Him,  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who forever bow before Him,  
And unceasing sing His love!  
Happy songsters!  
When shall I your chorus join?

161. 11s & 10s. } P. C. 233.  
} Still Water.

- 1 O TELL me, Thou life and delight of my soul!  
Where the flock of Thy pasture are feeding;  
I seek Thy protection, I need Thy control,  
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.
- 2 O tell me the place where Thy flock are at rest,  
Where the noontide will find them reposing!  
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,  
And the pathway of peace I am losing.
- 3 O why should I stray with the flocks of Thy foes,  
'Mid the desert where now they are roving;  
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woes,  
And temptations, their ruin are proving?
- 4 O when shall my foes and my wandering cease,  
And the follies that fill me with weeping?  
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace  
Thou dost give to the flock Thou art keeping!
- 5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return  
By the way where the footprints are lying;  
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;  
O fair one, now homeward be flying!

## 162. S. M.

{ P. C. 192.  
 { Sentinel.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
 And gird your armor on ;  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies  
 Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
 And in His mighty power ;  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Leave no unguarded place,  
 No weakness of the soul ;  
 Take every virtue, every grace,  
 And fortify the whole.
- 4 Stand, then, in His great might,  
 With all His strength endued ;  
 And take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God ;
- 5 That, having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
 You may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
 And stand complete at last.

163. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

163. 7s.

{ P. C. 229.  
} Come Home.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear ;  
Foes we have, but we 've a Friend,  
One that loves us to the end.  
Forward, then, with courage go ;  
Long we shall not dwell below ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
" Child, your Father calls, Come home ! "
- 2 In the way a thousand snares  
Lie, to take us unawares ;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded part ;  
But, from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
" Child, your Father calls, Come home ! "
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so oft mislead our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within ;  
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,  
Christ shall also conquer these ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
" Child, your Father calls, Come home ! "

164. 9s & 8s. { P. C. 375.  
Dawn.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,  
 And all the midnight shadows flee ;  
 Tinged are the distant skies with glory,  
 A beacon light hung out for thee ;  
 Arise, arise ! the light breaks o'er thee ;  
 Thy name is graven on the throne ;  
 Thy home is in the world of glory,  
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.
- 2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,  
 Calmly, composed, and dauntless,  
 stand,  
 For, lo ! beyond those scenes emerges  
 The heights that bound the promised  
 land.
- Behold ! behold ! the land is nearing,  
 Where the wild sea-storm's rage is  
 o'er ;  
 Hark ! how the heavenly hosts are  
 cheering ! [shore !  
 See in what throngs they range the
- 3 Cheer up ! cheer up ! the day breaks  
 o'er thee  
 Bright as the summer's noontide ray ;

165. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

The star-gemmed crowns and realms of  
glory

Invite thy happy soul away.

Away! away! leave all for glory;

Thy name is graven on the throne;

Thy home is in that world of glory,

Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

165. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 278.  
{ Sardijs.

- 1 HOLY Father, Thou hast taught me  
I should live to Thee alone;  
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered, Thou hast found me;  
When I doubted, sent me light;  
Still Thine arm has been around me;  
All my paths were in Thy sight.
- 2 In the world will foes assail me,  
Craftier, stronger far than I;  
And the strife may never fail me,  
Well I know, before I die.  
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing  
Thou canst give the power I need;  
Through the prayer of faith receiving  
Strength -- the Spirit's strength, in-  
deed.

- 3 I would trust in Thy protecting ;  
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm ;  
 Follow wholly Thy directing ;  
 Thou, mine only guard from harm !  
 Keep me from mine own undoing ;  
 Help me turn to Thee when tried ;  
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
 Keep me ever at Thy side !

166. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 278.  
 Sardijs.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through ;  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid the swelling stream divide ;

167. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

167. S. M.

{ P. C 260.  
Alabaster.

- 1 IF, through unruffled seas,  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,  
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to Thy control ;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,  
To make Thy will our own ;  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

## 168. S. M.

} P. C. 262.  
Dover.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
 Hope, and be undismayed ;  
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy  
 tears ;  
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and  
 storms,  
 He gently clears thy way ;  
 Wait thou His time ; so shall this night  
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart ?  
 Still sink thy spirits down ?  
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
 Bid every care be gone.
- 4 Far, far above thy thought  
 His counsel shall appear,  
 When fully He the work hath wrought  
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 5 What, though thou rulest not ?  
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
 And ruleth all things well !

169, 170. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

169. C. M.

{ P. C. 252  
} Holyoke

- 1 My times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God ! are in Thy hand ;  
My choicest comforts come from Thee,  
And go at Thy command.
- 2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine ;  
Before they were possessed by me,  
They were entirely Thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In Thee, and Thee alone.

170. C. M.

{ P. C. 254  
} Avon.

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears ;  
Be mercy all your theme ;  
Mercy, which like a river flows  
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell ;  
God will these powers restrain ;  
His mighty arm their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.

- 3 Fear not the want of outward good :  
 He will for His provide ;  
 Grant them supplies of daily food,  
 And give them heaven beside.
- 4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,  
 Or leave His work undone ;  
 He's faithful to His promises,  
 And faithful to His Son.

171. C. M.

{ P. C. 250.  
 Mara.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to every fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And 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 ;  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my Heaven, my All.

172. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest ;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

172. 11s & 8s. { P. C. 232.  
Happiness.

1 O THOU, in whose presence  
My soul takes delight ;  
On whom in affliction I call ;  
My comfort by day,  
And my song in the night ;  
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd,  
Resort with Thy sheep,  
To feed them in pastures of love ?  
Say, why in the valley  
Of death should I weep,  
Or alone in this wilderness rove ?

3 O, why should I wander  
An alien from Thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread ?  
Thy foes will rejoice when  
My sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 He looks! and ten thousands  
 Of angels rejoice,  
 And myriads wait for His word;  
 He speaks! and eternity,  
 Filled with His voice,  
 Reëchoes the praise of the Lord.

5 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and  
 Will follow Thy call;  
 I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;  
 Restore and defend me,  
 For Thou art my all,  
 And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

173. 7s.

{ P. C. 219.  
 } Seymour.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
 He Himself invites thee near,  
 Bids thee ask Him — waits to hear.
- 2 With my burden I begin:  
 Lord, remove this load of sin;  
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
 Take possession of my breast;

174. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

There, Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do ;  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

174. S. M.

{ P. C. 194.  
{ Olmutz.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have ;  
A God to glorify ;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age ;  
My calling to fulfil ;  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live ;  
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give !

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on Thyself rely ;  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

## 175. C. M.

{ P. C. 252.  
 Holyoke.

- 1 JESUS, in sickness and in pain,  
 Be near to succor me ;  
 My sinking spirit still sustain ;  
 To Thee I turn, to Thee.
- 2 When cares and sorrows thicken round,  
 And nothing bright I see,  
 In Thee alone can help be found ;  
 To Thee I turn, to Thee.
- 3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,  
 As if to ruin me,  
 Then in Thy strength will I prevail,  
 While still I turn to Thee.
- 4 Through all my pilgrimage below,  
 Whate'er my lot may be,  
 In joy or sadness, weal or woe,  
 Jesus, I'll turn to Thee.

176, 177. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

176. 7s.

{ P. C. 219.  
} Seymour.

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place ;  
If we live a life of prayer  
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,  
In our want, or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the woes of life prevail,  
'T is the time for earnest prayer ;  
God is present everywhere.

177. C. M.

{ P. C. 188.  
} Guardian.

- 1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,  
My dawning is begun,  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And He my rising sun.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
 And whispers, "I am His!"
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word;  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
 Should bear me conqueror through.

178. 7s &amp; 6s.

{ P. C. 150.  
 } Gilead.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
 And reign with Him above;  
 And from that flowing fountain  
 Drink everlasting love?  
 When shall I be delivered  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And with my blessed Jesus,  
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier;  
 My Captain's gone before;

179. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er ;  
And since He has proved faithful,  
A righteous crown He'll give,  
And all His valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.

- 3 Whene'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
O, cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray !  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith, and hope, and love ;  
Then, when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

179. C. M.

{ P. C. 159  
} Dedham

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys !  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
 At this poor, dying rate ;  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers ;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

180. C. M.

{ P. C. 142.  
 } Topaz.

- 1 ALONG the mountain track of life,  
 Along the weary lea,  
 In rocks, in storms, in joy, in strife,  
 Let this my heart-cry be —  
 “ Nearer to Thee ! Nearer to Thee ! ”
- 2 This pilgrim-path by Thee was trod,  
 Jesus ! my King ! by Thee ;  
 Traced by Thy feet, Thy tears, Thy  
 blood,

180.      ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

In love, in death, for me.  
O, bring my soul nearer to Thee !

3 Let every step, let every thought,  
    Sweet memories bear of Thee !  
And hear the soul Thy love hath  
    bought,  
    Whose every cry shall be,  
“ Nearer to Thee ! Nearer to Thee ! ”

4 Thou wilt ! Thou dost ! — a still small  
    voice  
    Whispers of faith in Thee,  
Of hope that might in grief rejoice,  
    If still the way-cry be,  
“ Nearer to Thee ! Nearer to Thee ! ”

5 Yet a few days to me, perhaps,  
    And time shall no more be ;  
But boundless love can know no lapse,  
    Thou art eternity !  
Draw, then, my soul, “ Nearer to  
    Thee ! ”

181. C. M.

{ P. C. 138.  
} Balerna.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place  
Where I might find my God!  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise;  
What sorrows I sustain;  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls thee to His throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

182. S. M.

{ P. C. 194.  
} Olmutz.

- 1 THE harvest dawn is near,  
The year delays not long;  
And he who sows with many a tear,  
Shall reap with many a song.
- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,  
His seed with weeping leaves;  
But he shall come at twilight's close,  
And bring his golden sheaves.

183, 184. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

183. S. M.

{ P. C. 194.  
Olmutz.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,  
Thy will in all to see ;  
And what I do in anything,  
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,  
E'en servile labors shine ;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;  
The meanest work, divine.

184. L. M.

{ P. C. 392.  
Pilgrim's Farewell.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove ;  
Stoop down and take us on Thy  
wings ;  
And mount, and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things ;

- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll ;  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight  
Of our Almighty Father's throne !  
There sits our Saviour, crowned with  
light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around Him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him  
fall ;  
The God shines gracious through the  
Man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O, what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they  
sing,  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumph of their  
King !
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount, to dwell above ;

185. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

And stand, and bow, among them  
there,  
And view Thy face, and sing, and  
love?

185. 7s.

{ P. C. 264.  
{ Twilight.

- 1 HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!  
From Thy clear celestial height,  
Come, Thou Light of all that live!  
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
- 2 Come, Thou Father of the poor!  
Come with treasures which endure;  
Thou, of all consolers best,  
Visiting the troubled breast.
- 3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe;  
Dost refreshing peace bestow.
- 4 Light immortal! Light divine!  
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine;  
If Thou take Thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay.

- 5 Heal our wounds — our strength re-  
new ;  
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;  
Wash the stains of guilt away ;  
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 6 Give us comfort when we die ;  
Give us life with Thee on high ;  
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend ;  
Give us joys which never end.

186. 8s.      { P. C. 388.  
                              } Birmingham.

- 1 I LONG to behold Him arrayed  
    With glory and light from above ;  
The King in His beauty displayed —  
    His beauty of holiest love.
- 2 I languish and sigh to be there,  
    Where Jesus hath fixed His abode ;  
O, when shall we meet in the air,  
    And fly to the mountain of God !
- 3 With Him I on Zion shall stand,  
    For Jesus hath spoken the word ;  
The breadth of Immanuel's land  
    Survey by the light of my Lord.

187. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- 4 But when, on Thy bosom reclined,  
Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
My fulness of rapture I find —  
My heaven of heavens in Thee !
- 5 Physician of souls ! unto me  
Forgiveness and holiness give ;  
And when from the body set free,  
O then to the city receive !

187. L. M. { P. C. 41.  
Vanhall's Hymn.

- 1 High on a hill of dazzling light  
The King of glory spreads His seat,  
And troops of angels, stretched for  
flight,  
Stand waiting round His awful feet.
- 2 Thy wingéd troops, O God of hosts,  
Wait on Thy wandering church be-  
low !  
Here we are sailing to Thy coasts ;  
Let angels be our convoy too.
- 3 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.

188. S. M.

{ P. C. 196.  
Lebanon.

- 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 To Thee, and Thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss ;  
They sit around Thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 3 Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God His residence remove,  
Or but conceal His face.
- 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky  
Can one delight afford ;  
No, not a drop of real joy  
Without Thy presence, Lord !
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll ;  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

189. L. M.

{ P. C. 166.  
Park Street.

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,  
The vain delights of earth to share ;

190. ASPIRATION AND COURAGE.

- Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross  
First weaned my soul from earthly  
things,  
And taught me to esteem as dross  
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from Thee,  
That quickens all things where it  
flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn like me  
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 For sure, of all the plants that share  
The notice of my Father's eye,  
None proves less grateful to His care,  
Or yields Him meaner fruit, than I.

190. L. M

{ P. C. 44.  
} Sterling.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid  
To Him who earth's foundation laid ;  
Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as He please.
- 2 Firm are the words His prophets give ;  
Sweet words on which His children live ;

Each of them is the voice of God,  
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

3 O for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith ;  
To embrace the message of His Son,  
And call the joys of heaven our own !

4 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls shall fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

191. L. M. { P. C. 58.  
Duke Street.

1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord !  
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name ;  
Forever be Thy name adored ;  
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus ! Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away ;  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its lay  
Along the realms of upper day !

3 O Holy Spirit from above,  
In streams of light and glory given !

192. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

Thou source of ecstasy and love !  
Thy praises ring through earth and  
heaven.

- 4 O God triune ! to Thee, we owe  
Our every thought, our every song ;  
And ever may Thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning  
tongue !
- 

TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

192. L. M. { P. C. 292.  
} Eucharist.

- 1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love !  
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,  
While to His altar now I move.
- 3 'Tis done — the great transaction's  
done !  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;

He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart !  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;  
Here have I found a nobler part,  
Here heavenly pleasures fill my  
breast.
- 5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;  
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

193. C. M. { P. C. 179.  
St. Ann's.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways  
My journey I 'll pursue ;  
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus  
leads ;  
I 'll follow where He goes ;  
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials, too,  
I 'll go at his command ;

194. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

Hinder me not, for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.

- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be :  
Hinder me not ! come, welcome death !  
I'll gladly go with Thee !

194. L. M. { P. C. 152.  
Loving Kindness.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The way that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long had been,  
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.
- 4 The more I strove against their power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

- 5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to Thee, as I am :  
 Nothing but sin I Thee can give ;  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round  
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, " Behold the way to God."

195. C. M.

{ P. C. 144.  
 } Freeland.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would He devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
 While His dear cross appears ;

196. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe :  
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;  
'T is all that I can do.

196. 11s. { P. C. 230.  
Portuguese Hymn.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word ;  
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge hath fled ?
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed !  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 Even down to old age all My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;

TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION. 197.

And then, when gray hairs shall their temples  
adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I 'll never, no never, no never forsake !

197. C. M. } P. C. 307.  
Westmoreland.

- 1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways ;  
And, of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.
- 2 Workman of God ! O lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 3 And blessed is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !
- 4 O learn to scorn the praise of men !  
O learn to lose with God !  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee His road.

198. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

198. L. M.

{ P. C. 168.  
Nile.

- 1 THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll  
In waves of darkness o'er my soul ;  
Though friends are false, and love de-  
cays,  
And few and evil are my days ;  
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,  
Swells with remembered guilt my  
woes ;  
Yet even in nature's utmost ill,  
I love Thee, Lord ! I love Thee still !
- 2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,  
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,  
And memory points, with busy pain,  
To grace and mercy given in vain ;  
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,  
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life ;  
Though every thought has power to kill,  
I love Thee, Lord ! I love Thee still !
- 3 O, by the pangs Thyself hast borne,—  
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn ;  
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom  
Was buried in Thy guiltless tomb ;  
By these my pangs, whose healing  
smart

Thy grace hath planted in my heart,  
 I know, I feel Thy bounteous will ;  
 Thou lov'st me, Lord ! Thou lov'st me  
 still !

199. C. M.

{ P. C. 142.  
 Topaz.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast ;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart !  
 O joy of all the meek !  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !  
 How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 None but His loved ones know.

200, 201. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

200. C. M.

{ P. C. 142.  
} Topaz.

- 1 LORD, see what floods of sorrow rise,  
And beat upon my soul :  
One trouble to another cries ;  
Billows on billows roll.
- 2 From fear to hope, from hope to fear,  
My shipwrecked soul is tost,  
Till I am tempted, in despair,  
To give up all for lost.
- 3 Yet through the stormy clouds I 'll look  
Once more to Thee, my God ;  
O fix my feet upon the rock,  
Beyond the raging flood !
- 4 One look of mercy from Thy face  
Will set my heart at ease ;  
One all-commanding word of grace  
Will make the tempest cease.

201. L. M.

{ P. C. 166.  
} Park Street.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free !  
What need I that is not in Thee ?  
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,  
And peace which none can take away.

- 2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?  
 'T is sweet to know that Thou art near;  
 Am I with dread of justice tried?  
 'T is sweet to feel that Christ hath died.
- 3 In life, Thy promises of aid  
 Forbid my heart to be afraid;  
 In death, peace gently veils the eyes;  
 Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
- 4 O, all-sufficient Saviour! be  
 This all-sufficiency to me;  
 Nor pain, nor sin, nor death, can harm  
 The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

202. L. M. { P. C. 166.  
 Park Street.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
 And fainting hope almost expires,  
 Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes —  
 To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
 Then my immortal soul is sure;  
 His word a firm foundation gives;  
 Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;  
 Immovable the promise stands;

203. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

Not all the powers of earth or hell  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

- 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose !  
If Jesus is forever mine,  
Not death itself, that last of foes,  
Shall break a union so divine.

203. C. M. { P. C. 140.  
Brown.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall  
The wonders of Thy grace,  
Low at Thy feet ashamed I fall,  
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like Thine be thus repaid ?  
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart,  
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed  
From Jesus to depart !
- 3 But He, for His own mercy's sake,  
My wandering soul restores ;  
He bids the mourning heart partake  
The pardon it implores.
- 4 O, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,  
The deep, repentant sigh,  
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,  
With pity in Thine eye.

- 5 Then shall the mourner at Thy feet,  
 Rejoice to seek Thy face ;  
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet,  
 Thy condescending grace.

204. L. M.

{ P. C. 164.  
 { Rothwell.

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives —  
 What joy the blest assurance gives ! —  
 And now, before His Father, God,  
 Pleads the full merit of His blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
 And justice armed with frowns appears ;  
 But in the Saviour's lovely face  
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing  
 thoughts !  
 Above our fears, above our faults,  
 His powerful intercessions rise,  
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,  
 When sin and Satan join their power,  
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
 That Jesus bears us on His heart.

205. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

- 5 Great Advocate! almighty Friend!  
On Him our humble hopes depend;  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

205. C. M.

{ P. C. 179.  
St. Ann's.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all, who are distressed,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O, make but trial of His love!  
Experience will decide;  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide!
- 4 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make ye His service your delight —  
He'll make your wants His care.

206. L. M. { P. C. 160.  
Uxbridge.

- 1 LORD, when I quit this earthly stage,  
Where shall I fly, but to Thy breast?  
For I have sought no other home ;  
For I have learned no other rest.
- 2 I cannot live contented here  
Without some glimpses of Thy face ;  
And heaven, without Thy presence  
there,  
Will be a dark and tiresome place.
- 3 When earthly cares engross the day,  
And hold my thoughts aside from  
Thee,  
The shining hours of cheerful light  
Are long and tedious years to me.
- 4 And if no evening visit 's paid  
Between my Saviour and my soul,  
How dull the night! how sad the  
shade !  
How mournfully the minutes roll !
- 5 My God ! and can an humble child,  
Who loves Thee with a flame so high,  
Be ever from Thy face exiled,  
Without the pity of Thine eye?

**207.** TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

6 Impossible ! for Thine own hands  
Have tied my heart so fast to Thee ;  
And in Thy book the promise stands,  
That where Thou art Thy friends  
must be.

**207.** 7s, 6s, & 8s. { P. C. 140.  
Onyx.

1 THOU, O Lord, in tender love,  
Dost all my burdens bear ;  
Lift my heart to things above,  
And fix it ever there.  
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,  
'Midst busy multitudes alone ;  
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,  
Till all Thy will be done.

2 Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil ;  
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,  
Supported by His smile.  
Joyful thus my faith to show,  
I find His service my reward ;  
Every work I do below,  
I do it to the Lord.

3 To the desert or the cell  
 Let others blindly fly ;  
 In this evil world I dwell,  
 Unhurt, unspotted I.  
 Here I find a house of prayer,  
 To which I inwardly retire ;  
 Walking unconcerned in care,  
 And unconsumed in fire.

208. L. M. { P. C. 158.  
 Shepherd.

- 1 My Lord, if Thou one moment leave,  
 That moment I from Thee depart ;  
 Fall into sin, Thy Spirit grieve,  
 And to the tempter yield my heart.
- 2 O do not at a distance stand,  
 Or from my helpless soul remove !  
 Trouble and sin are hard at hand,  
 And naught can save me but Thy  
 love.
- 3 Exposed continually to shame,  
 To fiends, and men, and passion's  
 power ;  
 O pluck the brand from out the flame,  
 Or turn aside the fiery hour !

209. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

- 4 I feel throughout my evil day  
Temptation intimately near :  
O could I without ceasing pray,  
And always watch, and always fear !
- 5 Jesus, for this to Thee I cry ;  
Upon my thirsty, gasping soul  
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high,  
And floods o'er all the desert roll.

209. C. M.

{ P. C. 56.  
York.

- 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 ;  
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,  
To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God  
'T would be no joy to me ;  
And while this earth is my abode  
I long for none but Thee.

- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint ?  
 God is my soul's eternal rock,  
 The strength of every saint.
- 5 But to draw near to Thee, my God,  
 Shall be my sweet employ ;  
 My tongue shall sound Thy works  
 abroad,  
 And tell the world my joy.

210. L. M. { P. C. 42.  
 } Ellenthorpe.

- 1 No change of time shall ever shock  
 My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;  
 For thou hast always been my rock —  
 A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God ;  
 My trust is in Thy mighty power ;  
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad ;  
 At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To Thee I will address my prayer,  
 To whom all praise we justly owe ;  
 So shall I, by Thy watchful care,  
 Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

211, 212. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

211. S. M.

{ P. C. 196.  
Lebanon.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is ;  
I shall be well supplied :  
Since He is mine, and I am His,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me, in His own right way,  
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's  
dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

212. C. M.

{ P. C. 218.  
Geer.

- 1 O God of Bethel ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led ;

- 2 Our vows, our prayers we now present  
 Before Thy throne of grace :  
 God of our fathers, be the God  
 Of their succeeding race !
- 3 O spread Thy covering wings around,  
 Till all our wanderings cease,  
 And at our Father's loved abode  
 Our souls arrive in peace !
- 4 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
 Our humble prayers implore ;  
 And Thou shalt be our chosen God  
 And portion evermore.

213. C. M.

{ P. C. 218.  
 Geer.

- 1 How deep and tranquil is the joy  
 Which Thou hast kindly given  
 To those who seek Thy presence, Lord,  
 And tread the path to heaven !
- 2 'Tis in the silence of the shade  
 My sober thoughts begin,  
 And earth's illusive charms appear  
 But vanity and sin.

214. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

- 3 'T is here the troubled springs of life  
Are calmed to sweetest rest ;  
The stillness of this hour expels  
The tumult of my breast.
- 4 Far, far above all mortal things,  
I walk with God alone,  
And while He names celestial joys,  
I call them all my own.
- 5 Then let the noisy world pursue  
The trifles of a day ;  
Mine be the silent, secret joys  
That never fade away.

214. 6s & 4s.

{ P. C. 222.  
} Olivet.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine !
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart ;  
My zeal inspire ;

As Thou hast died for me,  
 O may my love to Thee,  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be —  
 A living fire :

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
     Be Thou my guide ;  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
     From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
     Shall o'er me roll ;  
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove ;  
 O bear me safe above —  
     A ransomed soul !

215. S. M.

{ P. C. 194.  
 Olmütz.

1 THOUGH in a foreign land,  
 We are not far from home,  
 And nearer to our house above  
 We every moment come.

216. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

2 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to  
come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

3 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon His name.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control ;  
His loving-kindness shall break thro'  
The midnight of the soul.

216. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 314.  
Zion.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing —  
Zion long in hostile lands.  
Mourning captive,  
God Himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,

By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He Himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
 All thy warfare now is past;  
 God thy Saviour will defend thee;  
 Victory is thine at last;  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

**217.** C. M.

{ P. C. 288.  
 { Clifford.

1 THERE is a little, lonely fold,  
 Whose flock One Shepherd keeps,  
 Through summer's heat and winter's  
 cold,  
 With eye that never sleeps:

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,  
 Or damp of midnight air,

218. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

Not one in all that flock shall die,  
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,  
In danger's path they roam,  
His pity follows through the wild,  
And guards them safely home.

4 O, gentle Shepherd, still behold  
Thy helpless charge in me;  
And take a wanderer to Thy fold,  
That trembling turns to Thee!

218. L. M.

{ P. C. 74.  
Williams.

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 His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

219. 8s & 7s. DOUBLE. { P. C. 274.  
 Opal.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow Thee ;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
 Perish every fond ambition ;  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
 Yet how rich is my condition !  
 God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;  
 They have left my Saviour, too ;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ;  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;  
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn  
 me ;  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me ;  
 'T will but drive me to Thy breast ;

219. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

Life with trials hard may press me ;  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
O, 't is not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me !  
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee !

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee :  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by  
prayer ;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;  
God's own hand shall guide thee  
there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

220. C. P. M. { P. C. 271.  
Willowby.

- 1 OFT when the waves of passion rise,  
And storms of life conceal the skies,  
And o'er the ocean sweep,  
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,  
We feel no ray of heavenly light  
To cheer the lonely deep.
- 2 But, lo! in our extremity,  
The Saviour walking on the sea!  
E'en now He passes by!  
He silences our clamorous fear,  
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,  
Be not afraid, 't is I."
- 3 Ah, Lord! if it be Thou indeed,  
So near us in our time of need,  
So good, so strong to save;  
Speak the kind word of power to me;  
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,  
Swift-walking on the wave.
- 4 He bids me come! His voice I know,  
And boldly on the waters go,

221. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

And brave the tempest's shock :  
O'er rude temptations now I bound ;  
The billows yield a solid ground,  
The wave is firm as rock !

- 5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of Peace !  
And all the storms of sin shall cease,  
And fall, no more to rise :  
O, if Thy Spirit still remain,  
Our rest on distant shores we gain,  
Our haven in the skies !

221. 7s & 8s.

{ P. C. 371.  
Kenaz.

- 1 JESUS lives ! thy terrors now  
Can no longer, Death, appall me ;  
Jesus lives ! and well I know  
From the dead he will recall me ;  
Better life will then commence —  
This shall be my confidence.

- 2 Jesus lives ! I know full well  
Naught from Him my heart can sever ;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,  
Joy, nor grief, henceforth, forever,  
God will power and grace dispense —  
This shall be my confidence.

- 3 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
 Entrance into life immortal:  
 Calmly I can yield my breath;  
 Fearless tread the frowning portal:  
 Thou, when faileth flesh and sense,  
 Lord, wilt be my confidence!

222. 7s.

{ P. C. 264.  
 { Twilight.

- 1 LORD! I cannot let Thee go,  
 Till a blessing Thou bestow;  
 Do not turn away Thy face —  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Once, a sinner, near despair,  
 Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;  
 Mercy heard and set him free —  
 Lord! that mercy came to me.
- 3 Many days have passed since then;  
 Many changes I have seen;  
 Yet have been upheld till now:  
 Who could hold me up but Thou?
- 4 Thou hast helped in every need —  
 This emboldens me to plead;

223. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

After so much mercy past,  
Canst Thou let me sink at last ?

- 5 No ; I must maintain my hold ;  
'T is Thy goodness makes me bold ;  
I can no denial take,  
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

223. S. M.

{ P. C. 263.  
} Baron.

- 1 THOU very present aid  
In suffering and distress ;  
The mind which still on Thee is stayed  
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul, by faith reclined  
On the Redeemer's breast,  
'Mid raging storms, exults to find  
An everlasting rest.
- 3 It hallows every cross ;  
It sweetly comforts me ;  
Makes me forget my every loss,  
And find my all in Thee.
- 4 Jesus, to whom I fly,  
Doth all my wishes fill ;

What though created streams are dry?  
I have the fountain still.

- 5 Stripped of each earthly friend,  
I find them all in One;  
And peace and joy which never end,  
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

224. C. M. { P. C. 244.  
Cross and Crown.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No; there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear;  
For there's a crown for me.

## 225. S. M.

{ P. C. 360.  
 } Alabaster.

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

226. C. M. { P. C. 248.  
Woodland.

1 CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ;  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me  
meet  
Thy blesséd face to see ;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must Thy glory be ?

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with those triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him !

227, 228. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

227. L. M. 6 LINES. { P. C. 242.  
St. Petersburg.

- 1 O, LET my trembling soul be still,  
While darkness veils this mortal eye,  
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,  
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery !  
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see ;  
Yet all is well, since ruled by Thee.
- 2 When mounted on Thy clouded car,  
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,  
I can discern Thy light afar —  
Thy light sweet beaming through Thy  
frown ;  
And, should I faint a moment, then  
I think of Thee, and smile again.
- 3 So, trusting in Thy love, I tread  
The narrow path of duty on ;  
What tho' some cherished joys are fled ?  
What though some flattering dreams  
are gone ?  
Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;  
Why should my spirit, then, complain ?

228. C. M. { P. C. 250.  
Mara.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And fixed as mountains be,

Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,  
That leans, O Lord ! on Thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well  
Old Salem's happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love  
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on  
To the bright gates of paradise,  
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

**229.** L. M. 6 LINES. { P. C. 242.  
St. Petersburg.

1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,  
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,  
The thought how comforting and sweet,  
Christ trod this very path before !  
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,  
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 Do sickness, feebleness or pain,  
Or sorrow in our path appear,  
The recollection will remain,  
More deeply did He suffer here !

## 230. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

His life, how truly sad and brief,  
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

- 3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,  
And whisper evil things within,  
So did he, in the desert way,  
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin ;  
When worn, and in a feeble hour,  
The tempter came with all his power.
- 4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,  
With every human ill but sin ;  
And, though indeed the very God,  
As I am now, so He has been.  
My God, my Saviour, look on me  
With pity, love, and sympathy !

230. C. M. { P. C. 244.  
                  { Cross and Crown.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee, when sorrows rise —  
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal ;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.

- 3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
 I fear to call Thee mine !  
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
 Thou art my only trust ;  
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee,  
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;  
 Here let my soul retreat ;  
 With humble hope attend Thy will,  
 And wait beneath Thy feet.

231. C. M.

{ P. C. 246.  
 } Arcadia.

- 1 FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,  
 My Lord, my Hope, my Trust ;  
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engaged to save  
 The meanest of His sheep ;  
 All whom His heavenly Father gave,  
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
 His favorites from His breast ;

232. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

In the dear bosom of His love  
They must forever rest.

232. L. M.

{ P. C. 236.  
} Quito.

- 1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
And contradict His gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want if He provide?  
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?
- 3 When first before His mercy-seat  
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,  
He gave thee warrant from that hour  
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And He refuse to hear thy call?  
And has He not His promise past  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 He who has helped me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New trophies to His endless praise.

TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION. 233, 234.

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

**233.** 11s & 10s. { P. C. 233.  
} Still Water.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd ; He makes me repose  
Where the pastures in beauty are growing ;  
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,  
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.
- 2 He strengthens my spirit ; He shows me the path  
Where the arms of His love shall enfold me ;  
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,  
His rod and His staff will uphold me !

**234.** L. M. { P. C. 234.  
} Retreat.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat—  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads ;  
A place of all on earth most sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend ;

235. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

Though sundered far, by faith we meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sense and sin becloud no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to  
greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O, let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This throbbing heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat !

235. C. M. } <sup>P. C. 244.</sup>  
                  } Cross and Crown.

1 Now to the haven of Thy breast,  
O Son of Man, I fly !  
Be Thou my refuge and my rest,  
For O, the storm is high !

2 Protect me from the furious blast ;  
My shield and shelter be :  
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast  
The storm of sin I see.

3 As o'er a parched and weary land  
A rock extends its shade,

So hide me, Saviour, with Thy hand,  
And screen my naked head.

- 4 In all the times of my distress  
Thou hast my succor been ;  
And, in my utter helplessness,  
Restraining me from sin.
- 5 How swift to save me didst Thou move  
In every trying hour !  
O, still protect me with Thy love,  
And shield me with Thy power !

236. L. M. { P. C. 73.  
Brentford.

- 1 LORD, in Thy garden agony,  
No light seemed on Thy soul to break ;  
No form of seraph lingered nigh,  
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake ;
- 2 Till, by Thine own triumphant word,  
The victory over ill was won ;  
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,  
“ Thy will, O God, not mine, be done ! ”
- 3 Lord, bring these precious moments  
back,  
When, fainting, against sin we strain ;

**237.** TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

Or in Thy counsels fail to track  
Aught but the present grief and pain.

- 4 In weakness, help us to contend ;  
In darkness, yield to God our will ;  
And true hearts, faithful to the end,  
Cheer by Thine holy angels still !

**237.** 8s & 7s. { P. C. 204.  
Bartimeus.

- 1 " MERCY, O Thou Son of David !"  
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed ;  
" Others by Thy word are savéd,  
Now to me afford Thine aid !"
- 2 Many for his crying chid him ;  
But he called the louder still ;  
Till the gracious Saviour bid him  
" Come, and ask Me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging used to live ;  
But he asked, and Jesus granted,  
Alms which none but He could give.
- 4 " Lord, remove this grievous blindness ;  
Let my eyes behold the day !"  
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,  
Followed Jesus in the way.

- 5 O, methinks I hear him praising,  
 Publishing to all around :  
 “ Friends, is not my case amazing ?  
 What a Saviour I have found !
- 6 “ O, that all the blind but knew Him,  
 And would be advised by me !  
 Surely they would hasten to Him ;  
 He would cause them all to see.”

238. C. M.

{ P. C. 200.  
 { Dundee.

- 1 If human kindness meets return,  
 And owns the grateful tie ;  
 If tender thoughts within us burn,  
 To feel a friend is nigh ;
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell  
 The gratitude we owe  
 To Him, who died, our fears to quell —  
 Who bore our guilt and woe ?
- 3 While yet in anguish He surveyed  
 Those pangs He would not flee,  
 What love His latest words displayed,  
 “ Meet and remember Me !”

**239.** TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

- 4 Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,  
Our sinful hearts to share !  
O memory ! leave no other name  
But His recorded there.

**239.** C. M.

{ P. C. 336.  
Charity.

- 1 O, SEE how Jesus trusts Himself  
Unto our childish love,  
As though by His free ways with us  
Our earnestness to prove !
- 2 His sacred name a common word  
On earth He loves to hear ;  
There is no majesty in Him  
Which love may not come near.
- 3 The light of love is round His feet ;  
His paths are never dim ;  
And He comes nigh to us when we  
Dare not come nigh to Him.
- 4 Let us be simple with Him, then,  
Not backward, stiff, or cold,  
As though our Bethlehem could be  
What Sinai was of old.

TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION. 240, 241.

240. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 204.  
Bartimeus.

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

241. C. M. { P. C. 184.  
Coventry.

- 1 THY home is with the humble, Lord !  
The simplest are the best ;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;  
Thou makest there Thy rest.

242. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

- 2 Dear Comforter! Eternal Love! .  
If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for Thee.
- 3 Who made this beating heart of mine  
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,  
And let it be Thy rest. .

242. C. M. { P. C. 188.  
Guardian.

- 1 O DEAREST Lamb, take Thou my heart!  
Where can such sweetness be,  
As I have tasted in Thy love,  
As I have found in Thee?
- 2 If there's a fervor in my soul,  
And fervor sure there is,  
Now it shall be at Thy control,  
And but to serve Thee rise.
- 3 If love, that mildest flame, can rest  
In hearts so hard as mine:  
Come, gentle Saviour to my breast;  
Its love shall all be Thine.
- 4 Now the gay world with treacherous art  
Shall tempt my heart in vain;



244. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

244. L. M.

{ P. C. 168.  
Nile.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks —  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;  
The storm was loud, the night was  
dark;  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering  
bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a Star arose —  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my bark forebodings cease;  
And, through the storm, and danger's  
thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.

- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 Forever and for evermore,  
 The Star — the Star of Bethlehem !

245. H. M.

{ P. C. 18.  
 { Darwell.

- 1 REJOICE ! the Lord is King !  
 Your God and King adore ;  
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore :  
 Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—  
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !
- 2 His kingdom cannot fail ;  
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
 The keys of death and hell  
 Are to our Jesus given :  
 Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—  
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !
- 3 He all his foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our sins destroy,  
 And every bosom swell  
 With pure seraphic joy :  
 Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—  
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !

246. TRUST, HOPE, CONSECRATION.

246. L. M.

{ P. C. 36.  
Hamburg.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast searched 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 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak  
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;  
On every side I find Thy hand ;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

## HYMNS OF CHRIST.

247. L. M.

{ P. C. 84.  
} Arnheim.

- 1 Now for a tune of lofty praise  
To great Jehovah's equal Son !  
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays ;  
Tell the loud wonders He hath done.
- 2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,  
And the bright robes He wore above ;  
How swift and joyful was the flight,  
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,  
The Almighty Captive Prisoner lay ;  
The Almighty Captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day
- 4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Up to His throne of shining grace ;  
See what immortal glories sit —  
Round the sweet beauties of His face.
- 5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,  
Jesus the God exalted reigns ;  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes through the heavenly  
plain !

## 248. C. M.

{ P. C. 68.  
 { Antioch.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
 And chant the solemn lay ;  
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine  
 To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
 And sweet seraphic fire  
 Through all the shining legions ran,  
 And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
 And loud the echo rolled ;  
 The theme, the song, the joy, was new,  
 'T was more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
 The impetuous torrent ran ;  
 And angels flew, with eager joy,  
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song ;  
 " Good will and peace " are heard  
 throughout  
 The harmonious angel throng.

- 6 Hail, Prince of life ! forever hail,  
 Redeemer, brother, friend !  
 Though earth, and time, and life should  
 fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end.

249. H. M. { P. C. 70.  
 } Christmas Eve.

- 1 HARK ! what celestial sounds,  
 What music fills the air !  
 Soft warbling to the morn,  
 It strikes the ravished ear :  
 Now all is still ; now wild it floats,  
 In tuneful notes, loud, sweet, and shrill.
- 2 The angelic hosts descend,  
 With harmony divine ;  
 See how from heaven they bend,  
 And in full chorus join :  
 "Fear not," say they ; "Great joy we  
 bring :  
 Jesus, your King, is born to-day."
- 3 He comes, your souls to save  
 From death's eternal gloom ;  
 To realms of bliss and light  
 He lifts you from the tomb :

Your voices raise, with sons of light ;  
Your songs unite of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high !

Ye mortals spread the sound,  
And let your raptures fly  
To earth's remotest bound ;  
For peace on earth, from God in heaven,  
To man is given, at Jesus' birth.

250. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

{ P. C. 96.  
} Wesley.

1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy

Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky :  
“ It is finished ! ”  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 “ It is finished ! ” O, what pleasure

Do these charming words afford !  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord :  
“ It is finished ! ”  
Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;  
 All in earth and heaven, uniting,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

## 251. L. M.

{ P. C. 99.  
 { Balmy Dew.

- 1 COME, children, drink the balmy dew,  
 For Christ hath shed His blood for you ;  
 That blood can cleanse the vilest soul.  
 O see the purple torrent roll !
- 2 Behold the Lamb on Calvary !  
 He sighs, and groans, and dies for thee ;  
 The rocks are rent, the sleeping dead  
 Awake because their Jesus bled.
- 3 Behold the body in the tomb —  
 The soldiers watching in the gloom !  
 But angels come, at dawn of day,  
 And bear the Lord of life away.
- 4 Behold Him rise from Olive's brow !  
 The clouds His form are hiding now ;  
 He's gone to stand before the throne  
 And pray forever for His own.

- 5 Yet see the sign among the stars —  
 One like the Son of Man appears ;  
 Now all the tribes of Israel mourn,  
 To see the Crucified return.
- 6 Come, sinner, drink the balmy dew,  
 And let that blood avail for you ;  
 Then say, when His bright hour you see,  
 “ It is my Lord, He comes for me.”

252. 11s.

{ P. C. 71.  
 } Gennesaret.

- 1 WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,  
 The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west,  
 O'er fields, by pale moonlight or stars' trembling  
     ray,  
 In deep meditation, I wandered away.
- 2 While passing a garden I pauséd to hear  
 A voice, faint and plaintive, from One that was  
     there ;  
 The voice of the Sufferer affected my heart,  
 While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
- 3 So deep were His sorrows, so fervent His prayers,  
 That down o'er His bosom rolled sweat, blood, and  
     tears !  
 I wept to behold Him ! — I asked Him His name ;  
 He answered, “ 'T is JESUS ! from heaven I came ! ”

- 4 How sweet was that moment He bade me rejoice !  
His smile, O how pleasant ! How pleasant His  
voice !  
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad !  
I shouted Salvation ! and Glory to God !
- 5 I'm now on my journey to mansions above ;  
My soul's full of glory, of light, grace, and love !  
I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears,  
Of that loving Stranger, who banished my fears !
- 6 The day of bright glory is rolling around,  
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound ;  
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise  
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

253. C. M.

{ P. C. 86.  
Henry.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with  
thorns  
Is crowned with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,  
Is His by sovereign right ;  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
He reigns in glory bright ;
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,

- To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them, the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace is given ;  
Their name, an everlasting name,  
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above ;  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.
- 6 To them the cross is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him ;  
His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

254. 8s & 7s.

{ P. C. 96.  
Wesley.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !  
Crowned in mockery a King !  
Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame !  
By Thy merits we find favor ;  
Life is given through Thy name.

- 2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
 There forever to abide;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side:  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
 There Thou dost our place prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

255. 7s. 6 LINES. { P. C. 89.  
 Pearl.

- 1 GLORY, glory to our King!  
 Crowns unfading wreath His head;  
 Jesus is the name we sing —  
 Jesus, risen from the dead;  
 Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;  
 Jesus, mighty now to save.

- 2 Now behold Him high enthroned,  
 Glory beaming from His face,  
 By adoring angels owned,  
 God of holiness and grace:  
 O for hearts and tongues to sing,  
 Glory, glory to our King!

## 256. S. M.

{ P. C. 32.  
 { Empyrean.

- 1 BEYOND the starry skies,  
 Far as the eternal hills,  
 There in the boundless world of light  
 Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Around Him angels fair  
 In countless armies shine;  
 And ever, in exalted lays,  
 They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,  
 "Whose unexampled love  
 Moved Thee to quit these glorious  
 realms  
 And royalties above."
- 4 And when He stooped to earth,  
 And suffered rude disdain,

They cast their honors at His feet,  
And waited in His train.

5 They saw Him on the cross,  
While darkness veiled the skies ;  
And when He burst the gates of death  
They saw the Conqueror rise.

6 They thronged His chariot wheels,  
And bore Him to His throne ;  
Then swept their golden harps, and  
sung,  
“ The glorious work is done.”

257. C. M.

{ P. C. 86.  
Henry.

1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away ;  
And bow with reverence down, to see  
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;  
Such wonders love can do !  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 If ye have wept at yonder cross,  
And still your sorrows rise,

Stoop down and view the vanquished  
grave,

Then wipe your weeping eyes.

4 But dry your tears, and tune your songs,  
The Saviour lives again ;

Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er the angelic band He rears  
His once dishonored head ;

And through unnumbered years He  
reigns,

Who dwelt among the dead.

**258.** C. M.

{ P. C. 86.  
Henry.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on high,  
The glorious work complete ;  
Sin, death, and hell, low vanquished lie  
Beneath His awful feet.

2 There, with eternal glory crowned,  
The Lord, the Conqueror, reigns ;  
His praise the heavenly choirs resound  
In their immortal strains.

3 Amid the splendors of His throne  
Unchanging love appears ;

The names He purchased for His own  
Still on His heart He bears.

- 4 O, the rich depths of love divine,  
Of bliss a boundless store !  
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine ;  
I cannot wish for more.
- 5 On Thee alone my hope relies ;  
Beneath Thy cross I fall,  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my All.

## 259. C. P. M.

{ P. C. 202.  
} Bremen.

- 1 O, could I speak the matchless worth,  
O, could I sound the glories forth  
Which in my Saviour shine !  
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly  
strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine ;  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,

In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne :  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise  
I would, to everlasting days,  
Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me  
home,  
And I shall see His face ;  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

260. C. M.

{ P. C. 142.  
} Topaz.

- 1 O, my dear Saviour ! when Thy cares,  
Thy toils for me I read,  
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,  
And I bow down my head.
- 2 Thy suffering life I cannot trace,  
Or read Thy sacred word ;

HYMNS OF CHRIST. 261, 262.

But I 'm o'ercome with thankfulness  
To Thee, my gracious Lord.

- 3 What am I, Lord, that Thou so much  
Shouldst love and value me?  
Vile dust I am, yet thou for such  
Didst bear Thy misery.

261. C. M. { P. C. 144.  
Freeland.

- 1 WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;  
Possess Thine humble throne;  
Bid every rival hence depart,  
And claim me for Thine own.

- 2 The world and Satan I forsake;  
To Thee I all resign;  
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,  
And fill with love divine.

- 3 O may I never turn aside,  
Nor from Thy bosom flee!  
Let nothing here my heart divide;  
I give it all to Thee.

262. L. M. { P. C. 73.  
Brentford.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine,  
That in Thy meekness used to shine;

That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

- 2 O, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,  
So pure, so made to live in light?  
O, who like Thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe?
- 3 O, who like Thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?  
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility?
- 4 The bending angels stooped to see  
The lisping infant clasp Thy knee,  
And smile, as in a father's eye,  
Upon Thy mild divinity.
- 5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;  
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 6 O, in Thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe;  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

263. C. M. { P. C. 186.  
Chesterfield.

- 1 O JESUS! Light of all below!  
Thou Fount of life and fire!  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire.
- 2 O Jesus! Thou the beauty art  
Of angel worlds above;  
Thy name is music to the heart,  
Enchanting it with love.
- 3 Poor souls, that know not how to love,  
They feel not Jesus near;  
And they who know not how to love  
Still less know how to fear.
- 4 The majesty of God ne'er broke  
On them, like fire at night,  
Flooding their stricken souls, while they  
Lay trembling in the light.
- 5 Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light  
Illume the soul's abyss;  
Scatter the darkness of our night,  
And fill the world with bliss.

## 264. C. M.

{ P. C. 182.  
Mory.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and, O amazing love!  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste He fled;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But, when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

265. L. M. { P. C. 153.  
Shepherd.

- 1 JESUS! my Lord, my God, my All!  
How can I love Thee as I ought,  
And how revere this wondrous gift,  
So far surpassing hope or thought?
- 2 O earth! grow flowers beneath His feet;  
And thou, O sun! shine bright this  
day.  
He comes! He comes! O heaven on  
earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon His way.
- 3 He comes! He comes! the Lord of  
Hosts,  
Borne on His throne triumphantly!  
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord,  
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.
- 4 Our hearts leap up; our trembling song  
Grows fainter still; we can no more:  
Silence! and let us weep, and die  
Of very love, while we adore.

266. C. M. { P. C. 144.  
Freeland.

- 1 JESUS! Thou art the sinner's Friend;  
As such I look to Thee;

Now, in the fulness of Thy love,  
O Lord, remember me !

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace ;  
Remember Calvary ;  
Remember all Thy dying groans,  
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God !  
I yield myself to Thee ;  
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me !

4 Lord, I am guilty — I am vile,  
But Thy salvation 's free ;  
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me !

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,  
When creature-helps all flee,  
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,  
I pray, remember me !

267. L. M.

{ P. C. 164.  
} Rothwell.

- 1 THOU art the Way ; and he who sighs,  
Amid this starless waste of woe,  
To find a pathway to the skies,  
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
- 2 By Thee must come, Thou Gate of love,  
Through which the saints undoubting  
trod,  
Till faith discovers, like the dove,  
An ark, a resting-place in God.

268. L. M.

{ P. C. 162.  
} Ware.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

269. L. M.

{ P. C. 168.  
Nile.

- 1 NONE loves me, Saviour, with Thy love,  
None else can meet such needs as  
mine ;  
O grant me, as Thou shalt approve,  
All that befits a child of Thine !
- 2 Give me a faith shall never fail,  
One that shall always work by love ;  
And then, whatever foes assail,  
They shall but higher courage move ;
- 3 A heart that, when my days are glad,  
May never from Thy way decline ;  
A heart that loves to trust in Thee ;  
A patient heart, create in me !

270. 8s & 7s. { P. C. 75.  
Mary at the Cross.

- 1 AT the cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful mother weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last :  
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,  
All His bitter anguish bearing,  
Now at length the sword had passed.

- 2 O how sad and sore distressed,  
Was that mother, highly blest,  
Of the sole-begotten One!  
Christ above in torment hangs!  
She beneath beholds the pangs  
Of her dying, glorious Son.
- 3 Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning Him who mourned for me,  
All the days that I may live;  
By the cross with Him to stay,  
There with thee to weep and pray,  
Is all I ask of Christ to give.

271. C. M. { P. C. 180.  
Amazing Grace

- 1 JESUS is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more that we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 2 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.

3 The whole creation join in one  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

272. L. M.

{ P. C. 73.  
 Brentford.

- 1 HAVE we no tears to shed for Him,  
 While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?  
 Ah! look, how patiently He hangs —  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 2 What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?  
 By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been  
 tried,  
 And guilty found of too much love;  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 3 Found guilty of excess of love!  
 It was Thine own sweet will that tied  
 Thee tighter far than helpless nails;  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!  
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride

His Pilate and his Judas were ;  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears --  
 Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
 A broken heart love's cradle is ;  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

273. C. M. { P. C. 180.  
 { Amazing Grace.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there may I, as vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,

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

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

274. C. M.

{ P. C. 86.  
Henry.

- 1 HE, who on earth as man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains,  
Now, seated on the eternal throne,  
The God of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide  
With an unerring skill,  
And countless worlds, extended wide,  
Obey His sovereign will.
- 3 While harps unnumbered sound His  
praise  
In yonder world above,  
His saints on earth admire His ways,  
And glory in His love.
- 4 When troubles, like a burning sun,  
Beat heavy on their head,

To this almighty Rock they run,  
And find a pleasant shade.

- 5 How glorious He ! how happy they  
In such a glorious Friend !  
Whose love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

**275.** C. M. { P. C. 180.  
Amazing Grace.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song !  
O may His love — immortal flame —  
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach !  
What mortal tongue display !  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
“ The Saviour died for me.”
- 4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue ;  
Till strangers love Thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song !

## 276. C. M.

{ P. C. 175.  
} Bradford.

- 1 How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord !  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored.
- 2 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord !  
Almighty as Thou art ;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 3 No earthly father loves like Thee ;  
No mother, half so mild,  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done  
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 4 Only to sit and think of God —  
O what a joy it is !  
To think the thought, to breathe the  
name,  
Earth has no higher bliss !
- 5 Father of Jesus ! love's reward !  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

277. L. M. 6 LINES. { P. C. 170.  
Dresden.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,  
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,  
 My help and refuge from my foes,  
 Secure I am while Thou art mine ;  
 And, lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all Thou art ;  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;  
 The med'cine of my broken heart ;  
 In war, my peace : in loss, my gain ;  
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;  
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

3 In want, my plentiful supply ;  
 In weakness, my almighty power ;  
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;  
 My light in Satan's darkest hour ;  
 In grief, my joy unspeakable ;  
 My life in death, my all in all.

278. L. M. 6 LINES. { P. C. 170.  
Dresden.

1 MY Saviour, Thou Thy love to me,  
 In want, in pain, in shame, hast  
 shown ;

For me upon the accurséd tree,  
Didst by Thy precious death atone ;  
Thy death upon my heart impress,  
That nothing may it thence erase.

2 O that I, like a little child,  
May follow Thee ; nor ever rest  
Till sweetly Thou hast poured Thy mild  
And lowly mind into my breast !  
O may I now and ever be  
One spirit, dearest Lord, with Thee !

3 What in Thy love possess I not ?  
My star by night, my sun by day,  
My spring of life when parched with  
drought ;  
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay ;  
My strength, my shield, my safe abode ;  
My robe before the throne of God.

4 From all eternity with love  
Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed ;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued.  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side.

**279.** L. M. 6 LINES. { P. C. 170.  
Dresden.

- 1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me  
 No thought can reach, no tongue de-  
 clare ;  
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
 And reign without a rival there !  
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;  
 Be Thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone !  
 O may Thy love possess me whole —  
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown !  
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;  
 My every act, word, thought, be love
- 3 Unwearied may I this pursue ;  
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;  
 Hourly within my soul renew  
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;  
 And day and night, be all my care  
 To guard the sacred treasure there.
- 4 In suffering 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,

In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

## 280. L. M.

{ P. C. 162.  
Warc.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to  
shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring  
 Peculiar honors to their King ;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the long amen.

281. L. M.

{ P. C. 162.  
 Ware.

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,  
 Jesus, Thy love exceeds the rest ;  
 Love, the best blessing here below,  
 And nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While I am held in Thine embrace  
 There's not a thought attempts to  
 rove ;  
 Each smile He wears upon His face  
 Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.
- 3 While of Thy absence we complain,  
 And long, and weep, in all we do,  
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain,  
 And tears have their own sweetness  
 too.
- 4 If He withdraws a moment's space,  
 He leaves a sacred pledge behind ;  
 Here in this breast His image stays,  
 The grief and comfort of my mind.

- 5 When round Thy courts by day I rove,  
 Or ask the watchman of the night  
 For some kind tidings of my Love,  
 His very name creates delight.
- 6 Jesus, my God, but rather come !  
 Our eyes would dwell upon Thy face ;  
 'T is best to see our Lord at home,  
 And feel the presence of His grace.

## 282. L. M.

{ P. C. 162.  
Ware.

- 1 'T is not the skill of human art,  
 Which gives me power my God to  
 know ;  
 The sacred lessons of the heart  
 Come not from instruments below.
- 2 Love is my teacher ; He can tell  
 The wonders that He learnt above ;  
 No other Master knows so well ;  
 'T is Love alone can tell of Love.
- 3 Love is my Master ; when it breaks,  
 The morning light, with rising ray,  
 To Thee, O God ! my spirit wakes,  
 And Love instructs it all the day.

- 4 And when the gleams of day retire,  
 And midnight spreads its dark control,  
 Love's secret whispers still inspire  
 Their holy lessons in the soul.

283. C. M.

{ P. C. 190.  
Ortonville.

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

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

## 284. C. M.

{ P. C. 188.  
 { Guardian.

- 1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord ?  
 Behold my heart and see ;  
 And turn the dearest idol out  
 That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Is not Thy name melodious still  
 To mine attentive ear ?  
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure  
 bound  
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Would not my heart pour forth its  
 blood  
 In honor of Thy name ?  
 And challenge the cold hand of death  
 To damp the immortal flame ?

- 4 Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest  
Lord ;  
But, O, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love Thee more !

285. 7s.

{ P. C. 201.  
Hope.

- 1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground —  
Christ, the spring of all my joy !  
Still in Thee let me be found,  
Still for Thee my powers employ.
- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace !  
Freely from Thy fulness give ;  
Till I close my earthly race  
Be it " Christ for me to live ! "
- 3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,  
Nothing shall my heart confound ;  
Safely I shall pass the flood,  
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 4 When I touch the blesséd shore,  
Back the closing waves shall roll ;  
Death's dark stream shall never more  
Part from Thee, my ravished soul.

- 5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give  
 To the land of cloudless sky !  
 Having known it "Christ to live,"  
 Let me know it "gain to die."

286. 7s & 6s. { P. C. 282.  
Christus Consolator.

- 1 JESUS, my God, my Saviour,  
 In Thy celestial favor  
 Is my supreme delight ;  
 The more my woes oppress me  
 The more do Thou possess me,  
 With Thy all-heavenly might.
- 2 Whene'er my heart is broken,  
 Before my grief is spoken,  
 God pities my complaint ;  
 And though He might reject me,  
 He kindly does protect me,  
 Lest all my courage faint.
- 3 O Jesus, my sweet Saviour !  
 Soon Thy celestial favor  
 Shall be my sole delight ;  
 With seraphs I'll adore Thee,  
 And cast my crown before Thee,  
 Around Thy throne of light.

287. 7s.

{ P. C. 261.  
Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high :  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;  
 Still support and comfort me ;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed ;  
 All my help from Thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 Boundless love in Thee I find ;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name ;  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 Vile and full of sin I am ;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found —  
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound ;  
 Make and keep me pure within ;  
 Thou of life the fountain art ;  
 Freely let me take of Thee ;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart ;  
 Rise to all eternity.

## 288. L. M.

{ P. C. 241.  
 { Chalcedony.

- 1 HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
 Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,  
 Help me throughout life's varying scene  
 By faith to cling alone to Thee.
- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,  
 Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine ;  
 E'en as the branches to the vine  
 My fainting soul would cling to Thee !
- 3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,  
 Here she has found her place of rest ;  
 An exile still, yet not unblest  
 While she can closely cling to Thee !

- 4 Oft, when I seem to tread alone  
 Some barren waste with thorns o'er-  
 grown,  
 Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,  
 Still whispers softly, "Cling to me!"
- 5 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,  
 I ask not, need not, aught beside.  
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
 The soul that only clings to Thee!

289. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 96.  
 Wesley.

- 1 HAIL, thou happy morn, so glorious!  
 Come, ye saints, your griefs give  
 o'er;  
 Sing how Jesus rose victorious,  
 By His own almighty power.  
 Hallelujah!  
 To the glorious Son of God.
- 2 Countless bands of angels glorious,  
 Clothed in bright, ethereal blue;  
 Straight the sound of Christ victorious  
 From their silver trumpets flew;  
 Christ triumphant  
 Rises, Conqueror o'er the tomb.

- 3 Is that He who died on Calvary ;  
 Who was pierced with many a spear ?  
 Clad with countless suns of glory,  
 See, He rises through the air !  
 Hallelujah !  
 Zion's mourner, now rejoice.
- 4 Tremble, ye who Him rejected ;  
 Lo ! He breaks through yonder cloud ;  
 Rise, ye saints, and shout, triumphant,  
 Victory through Jesus' blood !  
 Hark ! the trumpet  
 Sounds the resurrection morn.

290. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 96  
 { Wesley.

- 1 Look, ye saints ! the sight is glorious ;  
 See the Man of Sorrows now ;  
 From the fight returned victorious,  
 Every knee to Him shall bow.  
 Crown Him, crown Him !  
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him !  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,

While the heavenly concert rings.

Crown Him, crown Him !

Crown the Saviour King of kings !

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His name.  
Crown Him, crown Him !  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation ;  
Hark ! those loud, triumphant chords ;  
Jesus takes the highest station ;  
O what joy the sight affords !  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

**291.** 8s & 7s.

{ P. C. 96.  
Wesley.

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

Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers, and charms Thy saints on  
 earth!

When we think of love like Thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine.

- 3 King of Glory, reign forever ;  
 Thine an everlasting crown !  
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever  
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine  
 own ;

Happy objects of Thy grace,  
 Destined to behold Thy face.

- 4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;  
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away !  
 Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,  
 " Glory, glory to our King."

292. C. M.

{ P. C. 86.  
 } Henry.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey  
 Our great High Priest above,  
 And celebrate His constant care,  
 And sympathetic love.

- 2 The names of all His saints He bears,  
 Deep graven on His heart ;  
 Nor shall a name once treasured there  
 E'er from His care depart.
- 3 Those characters shall fair abide,  
 Our everlasting trust,  
 When gems, and monuments, and  
 crowns,  
 Are mouldered down to dust.
- 4 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
 May Thy dear name be worn ;  
 A sacred ornament and guard,  
 To endless ages borne.

## 293. S. M.

{ P. C. 92.  
 { Emphyrean.

- 1 ENTHRONED is Jesus now  
 Upon His heavenly seat ;  
 The kingly crown is on His brow,  
 The saints are at His feet.
- 2 In shining white they stand —  
 A great and countless throng ;  
 A palmy sceptre in each hand,  
 On every lip a song.

- 3 They sing the Lamb of God,  
 Once slain on earth for them ;  
 The Lamb, through whose atoning blood  
 Each wears his diadem.
- 4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,  
 Thy blesséd help supply,  
 That we may join that radiant host,  
 Triumphant in the sky.

## 294. L. M.

{ P. C. 84.  
 } Arnheim.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
 The house of God not made with hands,  
 A great High Priest our nature wears,  
 The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,  
 He bends to earth a brother's eye ;  
 Partaker of the human name,  
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
 A fellow-feeling of our pains ;  
 And still remembers, in the skies,  
 His tears, His agonies, and cries.

- 4 In every pang that rends the heart  
 The Man of Sorrows had a part ;  
 He sympathizes with our grief,  
 And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
 Let us make all our sorrows known ;  
 And ask the aid of heavenly power  
 To help us in the evil hour.

## 295. C. M.

 { P. C. 354.  
 } Barby.

- 1 JESUS, my constant Friend Thou art ;  
 My constant Saviour, Thou ;  
 O fill this lorn and lonely heart  
 With Thy pure presence now !
- 2 Thy steps have long enchanted earth,  
 And now from earth to die  
 Were but the pang that marked my birth  
 To Thine own home on high.
- 3 If bright the world where Thou canst  
 deign,  
 Though veiled, to visit me ;  
 If glows the temple with Thy train,  
 What must the Holiest be ?

296. 8s.

} P. C. 386.  
} Foster.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
 O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
 And waft me away to His throne !  
 My Saviour, whom absent I love ;  
 Whom, not having seen, I adore ;  
 Whose name is exalted above  
 All glory, dominion, and power ;
- 2 Dissolve Thou these bands that detain  
 My soul from her portion in Thee,  
 Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,  
 And make me eternally free.  
 When that happy era begins,  
 When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,  
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
 The bosom on which I recline ;
- 3 O, then shall the veil be removed,  
 And round me Thy brightness be  
 poured ;  
 I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,  
 I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

And then, never more shall the fears,  
 The trials, temptations, and woes,  
 Which darken this valley of tears,  
 Intrude on my blissful repose.

297. 10s & 11s. { P. C. 43.  
 Lyons.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad His wonderful name ;  
 The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;  
 His kingdom is glorious ; He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;  
 And still He is nigh ; His presence we have ;  
 The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 " Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"  
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son ;  
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right —  
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might ;  
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
 And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

298. 7s.

{ P. C. 147.  
} Benevento.

- 1 'T is my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all —  
This is happiness to me.
- 3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up, and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there.

## 299. C. M.

{ P. C. 140.  
Brown.

- 1 AMIDST thy wrath, remember love ;  
Restore thy servant, Lord ;  
Nor let a Father's chastening prove  
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 My sins a heavy load appear,  
And o'er my head are gone ;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too hard for me to atone.
- 3 All my desire to Thee is known,  
Thine eye counts every tear ;  
And every sigh and every groan  
Is noticed by Thine ear.
- 4 But I 'll confess my guilt to Thee,  
And grieve for all my sin ;  
I 'll mourn how weak my graces be,  
And beg support divine.
- 5 My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be forever nigh ;  
O Lord of my salvation, haste,  
Before Thy servant die !

300. HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

300. C. M.

{ P. C. 140.  
Brown.

- 1 MERCY alone can meet my case —  
For mercy, Lord, I cry ;  
Jesus, Redeemer, show Thy face  
In mercy, or I die !
- 2 Save me, for none beside can save ;  
At Thy command I tread,  
With failing steps, life's stormy wave ;  
The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just ;  
But wilt Thou leave me ? — No !  
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust ;  
I will not let Thee go.
- 4 To Thee, Thee only, will I cleave ;  
Thy word is all my plea ;  
That word is truth, and I believe ;  
Have mercy, Lord, on me !

301. C. M.

{ P. C. 140.  
Brown.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pard'ning blood

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue ;  
And, when the evening shade prevailed,  
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw His glory shine ;  
And, when I read His holy word,  
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And, when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour ! help me to prevail,  
And make my soul thy care ;  
I know Thy mercy cannot fail —  
Let me that mercy share.

302. C. P. M. { P. C. 131.  
Cedron.

1 O LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee —  
If we from self could rest,

302. HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

And feel at heart that One above,  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,  
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden, wild alarms!  
O, could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thy almighty arms!

3 Could we but keel, and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer,  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear!

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers;  
Make them from self to cease —  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before Him lying still,  
E'en in affliction, peace.

## 303. L. M.

{ P. C. 158.  
{ Shepherd.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless  
days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star.  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

304, 305. HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

304. C. M.

{ P. C. 144.  
} Freeland.

- 1 My Saviour, can I follow Thee  
When all is dark before?  
While midnight rests upon the sea  
How can I reach the shore?
- 2 O let Thy star of love but shine,  
Though with the faintest ray;  
'T will gild with light the foaming brine,  
And light my stormy way.
- 3 Then gladly will I follow Thee,  
Though hurricanes appear;  
Singing with rapture o'er the sea,  
"What can I have to fear?"

305. C. M.

{ P. C. 144.  
} Freeland.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before His feet;  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;  
With this I venture nigh:

Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By wars without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell Him "Thou hast died."

5 O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious name!

## 306. C. M.

{ P. C. 142  
Topaz.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow:  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain;  
Insensible as steel:  
If aught is felt, 't is only pain  
To find I cannot feel.

307. HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

- 3 My best desires are faint and few ;  
Fain would I strive for more ;  
But, when I cry, " My strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
And love the house of prayer ;  
I therefore go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.
- 5 O, make this heart rejoice or ache ;  
Decide this doubt for me ;  
And if it be not broken, break,  
And heal it, if it be !

307. C. M.

{ P. C. 142.  
Topaz.

- 1 How oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord !  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of His word !
- 2 Yct sovereign mercy calls, " Return !"  
Dear Lord, and may I come ?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
O take the wanderer home !

- 3 Almighty grace ! Thy healing power  
 How glorious, how divine !  
 That can to life and bliss restore  
 A heart so vile as mine !
- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;  
 O keep me at Thy sacred feet,  
 And let me rove no more !

308. S. M.

{ P. C. 196.  
 } Lebanon.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,  
 And Christ invites us near ;  
 With both our friendship shall be sweet,  
 And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs ;  
 He pardons every day ;  
 Almighty to protect our souls,  
 And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large His bounties are !  
 What various stores of good,  
 Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,  
 And purchased with His blood !

309. HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

- 4 Jesus, our living Head,  
We bless Thy faithful care ;  
Our Advocate before the throne,  
And our Forerunner there.

309. S. M. { P. C. 226.  
State Street.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our griefs to tell —  
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows His gracious ear ;  
We never plead in vain ;  
Yet we must wait till He appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His chosen when they cry ;  
Yes, though He may a while forbear,  
He 'll help them from on high.
- 4 His nature, truth, and love,  
Engage Him on their side ;  
When they are grieved, His bowels  
move,  
And can they be denied ?

- 5 Then let us earnest be,  
 And never faint in prayer ;  
 He loves our importunity,  
 And makes our cause His care.

**310.** S. M. } P. C. 294.  
} Silver Street.

- 1 My Father bids me come ;  
 O, why do I delay ?  
 He calls the wandering spirit home,  
 And yet from Him I stay !
- 2 Father, the hindrance show  
 Which I have failed to see ;  
 And let me now consent to know  
 What keeps me far from Thee.
- 3 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
 Thy trying powers display ;  
 Into its darkest corners shine ;  
 Take every veil away.
- 4 In me the hindrance lies ;  
 The fatal bar remove,  
 And let me see, in sweet surprise,  
 Thy full redeeming love.

311, 312. HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

311. S. M.

{ P. C. 259.  
{ Dunbar.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of Thy wings  
My shelter and my shade!
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear Thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

312. L. M.

{ P. C. 246.  
{ Daybreak.

- 1 O LORD, Thy counsels and Thy care  
My safety and my comfort are;  
And Thou shalt guide me all my days,  
Till glory crown the work of grace.

- 2 In whom but Thee, in heaven above,  
Can I repose my trust, my love?  
And shall an earthly object be  
Loved in comparison with Thee?
- 3 My flesh is hastening to decay;  
Soon shall the world have passed away;  
And what can mortal friends avail  
When heart, and strength, and life shall  
fail?
- 4 But O, my Saviour! be Thou nigh,  
And I will triumph when I die;  
My strength, my portion is divine,  
And Jesus is forever mine.

## 313. L. M.

{ P. C. 236.  
Quito.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around —  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;  
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest;  
It tells me where my soul may flee:  
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to  
Me!"

314. HYMNS OF CONSOLATION.

- 3 When nature shudders, loth to part  
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;  
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."
- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die ;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;  
I am thy portion, "Come to Me."
- 5 O voice of mercy, voice of love !  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above,  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

314. C. M. { P. C. G.  
Lanesborough.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek Thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.

- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power  
Through all Thy temple shine :  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine !
- 4 Not 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,  
I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

**315.** S. M.

{ P. C. 31.  
Boylston.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of His grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,  
And His forgiving love

Far as the east is from the west  
Doth all our guilt remove.

- 4 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear His name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.

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HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

**316.** 7s.

{ P. C. 296.  
} Rosefield.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found :
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns —  
Turns, a fugitive unblest :  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O receive me into rest !
- 3 Lonely, I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave ;

4 Mine the God whom you adore ;  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more ;  
 Every idol I resign.

**317.** S. M.

{ P. C. 227.  
 } Watchman.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord !  
 The house of Thine abode ;  
 The church, our blest Redeemer saved  
 With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God !  
 Her walls before Thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;  
 For her my prayers ascend ;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways ;  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,  
 Our Saviour and our King !

**318, 319.** CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

**318.** 7s.

{ P. C. 385.  
} Wilmot.

- 1 COME, Desire of nations ! come ;  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;  
Hear the Spirit and the Bride ;  
Come, and take us to Thy side.
- 2 Plant Thy heavenly kingdom here ;  
Glorious in Thy saints appear ;  
Speak the sacred number sealed ;  
Speak the mystery revealed.
- 3 Take to Thee Thy royal power ;  
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;  
Reign, when death no more shall be ;  
Reign to all eternity !

**319.** S. M.

{ P. C. 231.  
} Fisher.

- 1 AND are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face ?

- Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For His redeeming grace.
- 2 What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we past,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last!
- 3 But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by His love ;  
And still He doth His help afford,  
And hides our life above.
- 4 Then let us make our boast  
Of His redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more.
- 5 Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain ;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

**320.** C. M.

{ P. C. 224.  
Turner.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part ;  
Our bodies may far off remove —  
We still are one in heart.

- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,  
 Where He appoints, we go ;  
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
 And show His praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
 The same in mind and heart ;  
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
 Nor life, nor death, can part.
- 4 But let us hasten to the day  
 Which shall our flesh restore ;  
 When death shall all be done away,  
 And we shall part no more.

## 321. S. M.

{ P. C. 227.  
 Watchman.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love ;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers ;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;  
 Our mutual burdens bear ;

And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

322. C. M.

{ P. C. 224.  
Turner.

- 1 How sweet and heavenly is the sight,  
When those that fear the Lord  
In mutual love and peace unite,  
And thus fulfil His word !
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart ;

- 3 When love in one delightful stream  
 Through every bosom flows,  
 And union sweet, with fond esteem,  
 In every action glows.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds  
 The happy souls above ;  
 And he 's an heir of heaven that finds  
 His bosom filled with love.

## 323. L. M.

{ P. C. 4.  
Beethoven.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world a while,  
 And seek the presence of our Lord !  
 Dear Saviour, on Thy people smile,  
 And come, according to Thy word !
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
 That we may here converse with  
 Thee :  
 Ah ! Lord, behold us at Thy feet ;  
 Let this the " gate of heaven " be.
- 3 " Chief of ten thousand ! " now appear,  
 That we by faith may see Thy face ;  
 O speak, that we Thy voice may hear,  
 And let Thy presence fill this place !

**324.** L. M. { P. C. 4.  
Beethoven.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;  
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
 Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;  
 Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;  
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain ;  
 Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;  
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
 Long have our souls been tempest-  
 tossed ;  
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;  
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

**325.** H. M. { P. C. 18  
Darwell

- 1 ONE sole baptismal sign,  
 One Lord, below, above —  
 Zion, one faith is thine,  
 Only one watchword — love.  
 From different temples though it rise,  
 One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our sacrifice is one ;  
 One Priest before the throne —

### 326. CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH.

The slain, the risen Son,  
Redeemer, Lord alone !  
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,  
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy church beneath —  
The catholic, the true —  
On all her members breathe,  
Her broken frame renew !  
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
When Christians love and live as one.

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### CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH.

**326.** 7s & 6s.

} P. C. 316.  
Webb.

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 tower and lowly dwelling  
 Shall send the chorus round,  
 All hallelujah swelling  
 In one eternal sound.

327. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 314.  
 Zion.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Cheered by no celestial ray,  
 Sun of righteousness, arising,  
 Bring the bright, the glorious day !  
 Send the gospel  
 To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;  
 And, from the eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night ;  
 And redemption,  
 Freely purchased, win the day .
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !  
 Win and conquer, never cease ;

328, 329. CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH.

May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply and still increase ;  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around !

328. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 314.  
Zion.

1 YES ! we trust the day is breaking ;  
Joyful times are near at hand ;  
God, the mighty God, is speaking  
By His word in every land ;  
God is speaking —  
Darkness flies at His command.

2 With the voice of joy and singing  
Let us hail the dawning ray ;  
Lo ! the blesséd day-star, bringing  
O'er the earth a glorious day !  
At his rising,  
Gloom and darkness flee away.

329. 8s, 7s, & 4s. { P. C. 314.  
Zion.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded —  
Zion, kept by power divine ;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine :  
Happy Zion,  
What a favored lot is thine !

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more  
 bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee ;  
 Thou art precious in His sight ;  
 God is with thee —  
 God, thine everlasting light.

**330.** C. M.

{ P. C. 306.  
 { Medina.

- 1 O, city of the Lord ! begin  
 The universal song ;  
 And let the scattered villages  
 The joyful notes prolong.
- 2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar  
 Lift up the lonely voice ;  
 And let the tenants of the rock  
 In accent rude rejoice.



CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH. 332.

Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
And in His kingdom have a share,  
And crowns of glory ever wear,  
In endless day.

- 4 There we shall in full chorus join  
With saints and angels, all combine  
To sing of His redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move,  
And this shall be our theme above,  
In endless day.

332. 7s & 6s. { P. C. 299.  
Missionary Hymn.

1 Now be the gospel banner  
In every land unfurled ;  
And be the shout hosanna  
Reëchoed through the world ;  
Till every isle and nation,  
Till every tribe and tongue,  
Receive the great salvation,  
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,  
O Jesus, King of kings !  
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,  
Each ransomed captive sings ;

### 333. CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH.

The isles for Thee are waiting ;  
The deserts learn Thy praise ;  
The hills and valleys greeting,  
The song responsive raise.

**333.** 7s & 6s. { P. C. 209.  
Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone !
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation, O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
 And you, ye waters roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

**334.** C. M.

{ P. C. 288.  
 } Clifford.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise!  
 Rise and assert Thy sway;  
 Till earth subdued, its tribute bring,  
 And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride!  
 Till all Thy foes submit;  
 And all the powers of hell resign  
 Their trophies at Thy feet.

**335. CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH.**

- 3 Send forth Thy word, and let it fly  
This spacious earth around ;  
Till every soul beneath the sun  
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
May Jesus be adored ;  
And earth, with all her millions, shout  
Hosannas to the Lord.

**335.** 7s & 6s.

{ P. C. 316.  
Webb.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;

To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth ;  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer, unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing —  
A kingdom without end ;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand forever ;  
That name to us is Love.

## DEATH AND HEAVEN.

336. C. M.

{ P. C. 350.  
} China.

- 1 WHY do we mourn 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,  
And scattered all the gloom.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,  
At the great rising day.

- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid our kindred rise ;  
 Awake, ye nations under ground !  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies !

**337.** L. M.

{ P. C. 344.  
 } Azrael.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
 And give these sacred relics room  
 To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son.  
 Passed through the grave, and blest  
 the bed :  
 Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne  
 The morning break, and pierce the  
 shade !
- 4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn !  
 Attend, O earth, His sovereign word !  
 Restore thy trust ! a glorious form  
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

## 338. S. M.

{ P. C. 360.  
Newell.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame !  
Our life — how poor a trifle 't is,  
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas ! the brittle clay  
That built our body first !  
And every month, and every day,  
'T is mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay ;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We 'll keep their end in sight ;  
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea ;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

DEATH AND HEAVEN. 339, 340.

339. C. M.

{ P. C. 350.  
China.

- 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 every passing breeze,  
And lurks in every flower ;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour !
- 3 Then, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead !
- 4 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given ;  
The dead, who underneath thee lie,  
Shall live for hell or heaven !

340. C. M.

{ P. C. 346.  
Zephyr.

- 1 SAY, why should friendship grieve for  
those  
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shores ?  
Released from all their hurtful foes,  
They are not lost, but gone before.

- 2 How many painful days on earth  
 Their fainting spirits numbered o'er !  
 Now they enjoy a heavenly birth :  
 They are not lost but gone before.
- 3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
 And sweet the strain which angels  
     pour ;  
 O why should we in anguish weep ?  
 They are not lost, but gone before.

## 341. C. M.

 { P. C. 350.  
 } China.

- 1 THE time draws nigh, when from the  
     clouds  
 Christ shall with shouts descend ;  
 And the last trumpet's awful voice  
 The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 2 Then they who live shall changéd be,  
 And they who sleep shall wake ;  
 The graves shall yield their ancient  
     charge ;  
 While earth's foundations shake.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,  
 With joy shall mount on high ;

The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky.

- 4 A few short years of exile past,  
We reach the happy shore ;  
Where death-divided friends, at last,  
Shall meet to part no more.

**342.** S. M.

{ P. C. 358.  
Acacia.

- 1 SERVANT of God, well done !  
Thy glorious warfare 's past ;  
The battle 's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last.
- 2 In condescending love,  
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard ;  
And bade thee suddenly remove  
To thy complete reward.
- 3 With saints enthroned on high,  
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,  
And still to God salvation cry —  
Salvation to the Lamb !
- 4 O happy, happy soul !  
In ecstasies of praise,  
Long as eternal ages roll,  
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

5 Redeemed from earth and pain,  
 Ah! when shall we ascend,  
 And all in Jesus' presence reign  
 With our translated friend?

## 343. C. M.

{ P. C. 354.  
 Barby.

- 1 How happy they, who, safely housed,  
 To Jesus' bosom fly;  
 Before the storm of wrath is roused,  
 O happy they who die!
- 2 The fury of conflicting waves  
 Their sleep shall not surprise;  
 It ruffles not their quiet graves,  
 It reaches not their skies.
- 3 Care, pain, and grief, the wild array  
 Of sorrows felt below;  
 The dread of trials' fiery day,  
 Of persecutions' glow;
- 4 All, all is o'er with those at rest,  
 For Jesus' sake forgiven!  
 No heaving of the anxious breast,  
 No sickening fear, in heaven!

- 5 Why linger, then, with strange desire,  
 Where reeks the deadly strife ;  
 And shrink, unwilling to retire  
 To everlasting life ?

**344.** 8s & 7s.

{ P. C. 374.  
 { Autumn.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish  
 O'er the grave of those you love ;  
 Pain, and death, and night and anguish,  
 Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying  
 Lonely through night's deepening  
 shade,  
 Glory's brightest beams are playing  
 Round the happy Christian's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving  
 From the hand of God most high,  
 In His glorious presence living,  
 They shall never, never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,  
 Sickness, there, no more can come ;  
 There, no fear of woe intruding,  
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

345, 346. DEATH AND HEAVEN.

345. C. M.

{ P. C. 354.  
} Barby.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Young spirit, rest thee now !  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !  
Soul, to its place on high !  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths and sad the bowers  
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;  
But O, a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven, is now thine own !

346. S. H. M.

{ P. C. 356.  
} Requiem.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs :  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end.  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,

There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath ;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown ;  
 A whole eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone ;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away,  
 As morning high and higher shines,  
 To pure and perfect day ;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night —  
 They hide themselves in heaven's own  
 light.

347. C. M. { P. C. 352.  
 Walnut Hills.

1 FEW, few, and evil are thy days,  
 Man, of a woman born !  
 Peril and trouble haunt thy ways.  
 Forth, like a flower at morn,

The tender infant springs to light ;  
 Youth blossoms to the breeze ;  
 Age, withering age, is cropt ere night ;  
 Man, like a shadow, flees.

2 And dost thou look on such a one ?  
 Will God to judgment call  
 A worm, for what a worm hath done  
 Against the Lord of all ? —  
 As fail the waters from the deep,  
 As summer-brooks run dry,  
 Man lieth down in dreamless sleep ;  
 His life is vanity.

3 Man lieth down, no more to wake,  
 Till yonder arching sphere  
 Shall with a roll of thunder break,  
 And nature disappear.  
 O hide me till Thy wrath be past,  
 Thou, who canst slay or save !  
 Hide me where hope may anchor fast  
 In my Redeemer's grave.

348. S. M.

{ P. C. 358.  
 { Acacia.

1 O SPIRIT, freed from earth,  
 Rejoice, thy work is done !

The weary world 's beneath thy feet,  
Thou brighter than the sun !

2 Arise, put on the robes  
That the redeeméd win ;  
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,  
Thou sanctified within !

3 Awake, and breathe the air  
Of the celestial clime !  
Awake to love which knows no change,  
Thou who hast done with time !

4 Awake, lift up thine eyes !  
See, all heaven's host appears !  
And be thou glad exceedingly,  
Thou who hast done with tears !

5 Ascend ! thou art not now  
With those of mortal birth ;  
The living God hath touched thy lips,  
Thou who hast done with earth !

349. C. M.

{ P. C. 354.  
Barby.

1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us ;  
Another call is given ;

- And glows once more with angel steps  
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 Unto our Father's will alone  
One thought hath reconciled ;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child.
- 3 Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee !
- 4 Still let her mild rebukings stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

**350.** 8s & 7s. { P. C. 383.  
Golden Shore.

- 1 Lo ! the seal of death is breaking ;  
Those who slept its sleep are waking ;  
Heaven opes its portals fair !  
Hark ! the harps of God are ringing,  
Hark ! the seraph's hymn is flinging  
Music on immortal air.
- 2 There, no more at eve declining,  
Suns without a cloud are shining  
O'er the land of life and love ;

There the founts of life are flowing,  
 Flowers unknown to time are blowing  
 In that radiant scene above.

- 3 There no sigh of memory swelleth ;  
 There no tear of misery wellet ;  
 Hearts will bleed or break no more ;  
 Past is all the cold world's scorning,  
 Gone the night, and broke the morning,  
 Over all the golden shore.

**351.** 7s & 6s. { P. C. 370.  
 } Amsterdam.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise, from transitory things,  
 Toward heaven, thy native place.  
 Sun and moon and stars decay ;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course ;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;  
 Both speed them to their source :  
 So a soul that 's born of God  
 Pants to see His glorious face,

Upward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies ;  
There we 'll join the heavenly train,  
Welcomed to partake the bliss ;  
Fly from sorrow, and from pain,  
To realms of endless peace.

**352.** 7s.

{ P. C. 363.  
Lafon.

- 1 HIGH in yonder realms of light  
Dwell the raptured saints above ;  
Far beyond our feeble sight,  
Happy in Immanuel's love.  
Once they knew, like us below,  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Torturing pain and heavy woe,  
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.
- 2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid the angelic lyres above,  
Hark, their songs melodious rise —  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !  
Happy spirits, ye are fled  
Where no grief can entrance find ;

Lulled to rest the aching head,  
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

- 3 All is tranquil and serene,  
Calm and undisturbed repose ;  
There no cloud can intervene,  
There no angry tempest blows ;  
Every tear is wiped away,  
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;  
Night is lost in endless day,  
Sorrow in eternal rest.

**353.** C. M.

{ P. C. 412.  
Tappan.

- 1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight !
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

- 4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

**351.** 8s & 7s. { P. C. 395.  
What is Life ?

- 1 WHAT is life ? 't is but a vapor ;  
Soon it vanishes away.  
Life is but a dying taper ;  
O, my soul, why wish to stay ?  
Why not spread thy wings and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy ?
- 2 See that glory, how resplendent !  
Brighter far than fancy paints ;  
There, in majesty transcendent,  
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.  
Why not spread, &c.

- 3 Joyful crowds, His throne surrounding,  
Sing with rapture of His love ;  
Through the heavens His praise re-  
sounding,  
Filling all the courts above.  
Why not spread, &c.
- 4 Go and share His people's glory ;  
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear ;  
Thine a joyful, wondrous story —  
One that angels love to hear.  
Why not spread, &c.

**355.** C. M.

{ P. C. 400.  
{ Holstein.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea ;  
 And linger, shivering on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unbeckoned eyes,—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er, —  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
 flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore !

**356.** C. H. M. } P. C. 413.  
} Bridgeport.

- 1 HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,  
 Where toils and tears are o'er ;  
 The blissful clime of rest and peace,  
 Where cares distract no more ;  
 And not a shadow of distress  
 Dims its unsullied blessedness.
- 2 Heaven is the place where Jesus dwells,  
 And pleads His dying blood ;  
 While to His prayers His Father gives  
 An unknown multitude,

Whose harps and tongues, through  
 endless days,  
 Shall crown His head with songs of  
 praise.

- 3 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,  
 The home of light and love,  
 Where faith and hope in rapture die,  
 And ransomed souls above  
 Enjoy, before their Father's throne,  
 Bliss everlasting and unknown.

**357.** C. M.

{ P. C. 396.  
 { Metropolis.

- 1 YE weary, heavy-laden souls,  
 Who are oppresséd sore,  
 Ye travellers through the wilderness,  
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;  
 Through chilling winds, and beating  
 rain,  
 And waters deep and cold,  
 And enemies surrounding you,  
 Take courage and be bold !
- 2 For Canaan's land is just before ;  
 Sweet spring is coming on ;  
 A few more beating winds and rains,  
 And winter will be gone.

Methinks I now begin to see  
 The borders of that land ;  
 The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,  
 In beauteous order stand.

- 3 O what a glorious sight appears  
 To my believing eyes !  
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,  
 A city in the skies ;  
 Bright angels whispering me away —  
 “ O come, my brother, come ! ”  
 And I am willing to be gone  
 To my eternal home.

358. P. M. { P. C. 40A.  
 } I 'm a Pilgrim.

- 1 I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger ;  
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;  
 Do not detain me, for I am going  
 To where the fountains are ever flowing.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining ;  
 O, my longing heart, my longing heart  
 is there !  
 Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

- 3 There 's the city to which I journey ;  
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light !  
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying !

359. 7s.

{ P. C. 402.  
 Ives.

- 1 Who are these in bright array,  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar, night and day,  
 Hymning one triumphant song ?  
 " Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;  
 New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came ;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with His almighty name,  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;

Them, the Lamb amid the throne  
 Shall to living fountains lead ;  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;  
 And forever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away the tears.

360. C. M. } P. C. 400.  
} Holstein.

- 1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long !  
 'T is time I lift mine eyes  
 Upward, dear Father, to Thy throne,  
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blessed Man my Saviour sits ;  
 The God ! how bright He shines !  
 And scatters infinite delights  
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
 Circle the throne around,  
 And move and charm the starry plains  
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;  
 Jesus, my love, they sing !  
 Jesus, the life of all our joys,  
 Sounds sweet from every string.

- 5 There ye that love my Saviour sit ;  
 There I would fain have place  
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
 So I might see His face.

## 361. L. M.

{ P. C. 394.  
 Salem.

- 1 O HAPPY saints, that dwell in light,  
 And walk with Jesus clothed in white,  
 Safe landed on that peaceful shore,  
 Where pilgrims meet to part no more !
- 2 Released from sorrow, sin, and strife,  
 Death was the gate to endless life ;  
 And now they range the heavenly  
 plains,  
 And sing His love in melting strains.
- 3 They gaze upon His beauteous face,  
 And tell the wonders of His grace ;  
 Or, overwhelmed with raptures sweet,  
 Sink down, adoring, at His feet.
- 4 Ah, Lord ! with faltering steps I creep,  
 And sometimes sing, and sometimes  
 weep ;  
 When shall I wake in heaven to prove  
 The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

## 362. C. M.

{ P. C. 396.  
 { Metropolis.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it faint or die ;  
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high ;  
 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
 And find its long-sought rest —  
 That only bliss for which it pants —  
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown  
 I now the cross sustain ;  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain.  
 I suffer on my threescore years,  
 Till my Deliverer come,  
 And wipe away His servant's tears,  
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me ?  
 Before my ravished eye  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of paradise.  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there !  
 They all are robed in spotless white,  
 And conquering palms they bear.

- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, Thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at Thy feet?  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

**363.** 8s & 7s.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.  
For O, we stand on Jordan's strand;  
Our friends are passing over;  
And, just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning.  
For O, we, &c.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest naught can molest  
 Where golden harps are ringing.  
 For O, we, &c.

- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each chord on earth to sever,  
 Our King says, Come, and there's our  
 home  
 Forever, O forever!  
 For O, we, &c.

**364.** L. M.

{ P. C. 160.  
 { Uxbridge.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here;"  
 We seek a city out of sight;  
 Zion its name—the Lord is there;  
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 2 O, sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are  
 blest!  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.
- 3 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.

**365.** 6s & 4s. { P. C. 283.  
Nearer to Thee.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here —  
 Heaven is my home ;  
 Earth is a desert drear —  
 Heaven is my home ;  
 Danger and sorrow stand  
 Round me on every hand —  
 Heaven is my Father-land ;  
 Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage ?  
 Heaven is my home ;  
 Short is my pilgrimage —  
 Heaven is my home ;  
 And time's wild, wintry blast  
 Soon will be overpast ;  
 I shall reach home at last —  
 Heaven is my home.
- 3 Therefore, I murmur not —  
 Heaven is my home ;  
 Whate'er my earthly lot,  
 Heaven is my home ;  
 And I shall surely stand  
 There at my Lord's right hand —  
 Heaven is my Father-land ;  
 Heaven is my home.

366, 367. DEATH AND HEAVEN.

366. L. M.

{ P. C. 160.  
{ Uxbridge.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 't is enough that Thou art mine !  
I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near, and like my God ;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains, with sweet sur-  
prise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

367. 7s & 6s.

{ P. C. 407.  
{ Mt. Blanc.

- 1 WE are on our journey home,  
Where Christ our Lord is gone ;  
We shall meet around His throne  
When He makes His people one  
In the new Jerusalem.

- 2 O glory shining far  
 From the never setting Sun !  
 O trembling morning star !  
 Our journey 's almost done  
 To the new Jerusalem !
- 3 O holy, heavenly home !  
 O rest eternal there !  
 When shall the exiles come  
 Where they cease from earthly care,  
 In the new Jerusalem ?
- 4 Our hearts are breaking now  
 Those mansions fair to see ;  
 O Lord, Thy heavens bow,  
 And raise us up with Thee  
 To the new Jerusalem !

368. 10s. { P. C. 411.  
 Christian Victor.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,  
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;  
 Angelic choristers sing as I come —  
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home !  
 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,  
 Home to the land of bright spirits I go ;  
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam ;  
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

**369.** MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before ;  
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore ;  
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom :  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;  
Harps of the blesséd, your voices I hear !  
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome —  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low ;  
Strike, king of terrors ! I fear not the blow ;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb !  
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn ;  
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone ;  
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.
- 

MORNING AND EVENING.

**369.** L. M. { P. C. 416.  
Tallis' Evening Hymn.

- 1 O BLEST Creator of the light !  
Who dost the dawn from darkness  
bring,  
And, framing nature's depth and height,  
Didst with the new-born light begin

- 2 Who, gently blending eve with morn,  
 And morn with eve, didst call them  
 day;  
 Thick flows the flood of darkness down:  
 O, hear us as we weep and pray!
- 3 Keep Thou our souls from schemes of  
 crime;  
 Nor guilt remorseful let them know;  
 Nor, thinking but on things of time,  
 Into eternal darkness go.
- 4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high  
 door;  
 Teach us the prize of life to win;  
 Teach us all evil to abhor,  
 And purify ourselves within.

370. L. M. { P. C. 414.  
 } Night Thought.

- 1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, we go,  
 Our daily labor to pursue;  
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
 In all we think, or speak, or do.
- 2 Still would we bear Thy easy yoke,  
 And every moment watch and pray;

Would still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

- 3 For Thee alone we would employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath  
given ;  
Would run our course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

**371.** L. M.

{ P. C. 418.  
Hebron.

- 1 New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove :  
Through sleep and darkness safely  
brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of  
heaven.
- 3 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleam of love and  
prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
 Fit us for perfect rest above,  
 And help us this and every day  
 To live more nearly as we pray.

372. C. M.

{ P. C. 422.  
 { Devizes.

- 1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray  
 Breaks, with its trembling light,  
 To chase the pearly dew away, —  
 Bright tear-drops of the night, —
- 2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,  
 But rises, gladly free,  
 On wings of everlasting love,  
 And finds its home in Thee!
- 3 When evening's silent shades descend,  
 And nature sinks to rest,  
 Still to my Father and my Friend  
 My wishes are addressed.
- 4 Though tears may dim my hours of joy,  
 And bid my pleasures flee,  
 Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy;  
 I will be glad in Thee.

373. MORNING AND EVENING.

- 5 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom  
Above, around is spread,  
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom  
Are hovering o'er my head.
- 6 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,  
Where all Thy saints shall be ;  
I wake to lean upon Thy word,  
And still delight in Thee !

373. L. M. { Tallis' <sup>P. C. 416.</sup> Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light !  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill which 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 Thy judgment-day.

- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!  
 Sleep which shall me more vigorous  
 make,  
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Be Thou my Guardian, while I sleep;  
 Thy watchful station near me keep;  
 My heart with love celestial fill,  
 And guard me from the approach of ill.
- 6 Lord, let my soul forever share  
 The bliss of Thy paternal care:  
 'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,  
 To see Thy face, and sing Thy love!

**374.** L. M. { P. C. 416.  
Tallis' Evening Hymn.

- 1 'T is gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,  
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze;  
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear!  
 It is not night if Thou be near;  
 O may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast!
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## 375. C. M.

{ P. C. 424.  
Southport.

- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear;  
And all His promises to plead,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore;

My cares and sorrows all to cast  
On Him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 And when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

376. C. M.

{ P. C. 424.  
} Southport.

- 1 HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day !  
Begone, disturbing care !  
And look, my soul, from earth away,  
To Him who heareth prayer.
- 2 How sweet the tear of penitence  
Before His throne of grace ;  
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,  
He shows His smiling face !
- 3 How sweet, through long-remembered  
years,  
His mercies to recall ;

377. MORNING AND EVENING.

And, pressed with wants, and griefs,  
and fears,  
To trust His love for all !

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,  
Beyond this fading sky,  
And hear Him call His children up  
To His fair home on high !

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,  
To dawn beyond the west ;  
So let my soul, in life's last even,  
Retire to glorious rest.

377. C. M. { P. C. 424.  
Southport.

1 LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray ;  
I am forever Thine ;  
I fear before Thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'T is sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and Thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;  
And when my work is done,

Great God ! my faith and hope relies  
Upon Thy grace alone.

- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to  
peace,  
I give mine eyes to sleep :  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

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THE SABBATH.

**378.** C. M. { P. C. 6.  
Lanesborough.

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

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
 With messages of grace ;  
 Who comes in God His Father's name  
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise ;  
 The highest heavens in which He reigns  
 Shall give Him noble praise.

## 379. C. M.

{ P. C. 10.  
 } Eastport.

- 1 AND now another week begins ;  
 This day we call the Lord's :  
 This day He rose, who bore our sins ;  
 For so His word records.
- 2 Hark ! how the angels sweetly sing !  
 Their voices fill the sky ;  
 They hail their great victorious King,  
 And welcome Him on high.
- 3 We 'll catch the note of lofty praise ;  
 May we their rapture feel ;  
 Our thankful songs with theirs we 'll  
 raise,  
 And emulate their zeal.

- 4 Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing  
 Of Christ, our risen Lord ;  
 Of Christ, the everlasting King ;  
 Of Christ, the incarnate Word.
- 5 Hail, mighty Saviour ! Thee we hail !  
 High on Thy throne above ;  
 Till heart and flesh together fail,  
 We 'll sing Thy matchless love !

## 380. S. M.

{ P. C. 12.  
 { Shirland.

- 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,  
 Thy glorious acts to sing ;  
 To praise Thy name, and hear Thy  
 word,  
 And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,  
 Thy boundless love to tell ;  
 And, when the night-wind shuts the  
 flower,  
 Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
 To join in heart and voice

With those who love and serve Thee  
 best,  
 And in Thy name rejoice.

- 4 To songs of praise and joy  
 Be every Sabbath given,  
 That such may be our best employ  
 Eternally in heaven.

## 381. L. M.

{ P. C. 2.  
 } Somerville.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
 But there 's a nobler rest above ;  
 To that our longing souls aspire,  
 With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;  
 No groans shall mingle with the songs  
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
 No cares to break the long repose ;  
 No midnight shade — no clouded sun —  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

**382.** C. M.{ P. C. 8.  
Mear.

- 1 GLORY to God! who deigns to bless  
 This consecrated day;  
 Unfolds His wondrous promises,  
 And makes it sweet to pray.
- 2 Glory to God! who deigns to hear  
 The humblest sigh we raise;  
 And answers every heartfelt prayer,  
 And hears our hymn of praise.

**383.** C. M. { P. C. 6.  
Lanesborough.

- 1 BLEST day of God! most calm, most  
 bright;  
 The first and best of days;  
 The laborer's rest, the saint's delight;  
 The day of prayer and praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;  
 His rising thee did raise,  
 And made thee heavenly and divine  
 Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
 To all the sheaves behind;  
 And they who do the Sabbath love,  
 A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear ;  
 For, Lord, the day is Thine ;  
 Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
 And thus to make it mine.

384. C. M. { P. C. 6.  
 Lanesborough.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

385. C. M. { P. C. 326.  
 { Charity.

- 1 DEFEND the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate  
 Of him that help demands.
- 2 Regard the weak and fatherless ;  
 Despatch the poor man's cause ;  
 And raise the man in deep distress  
 By just and equal laws.
- 3 Rise, God ! judge Thou the earth in  
 might,  
 The oppressed land redress ;  
 For Thou art He who shall by right  
 The nations all possess.

386. L. M. { P. C. 333.  
 { Erfurth.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord, to keep in view  
 Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue ;  
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

- 2 That man may last, but never lives,  
 Who much receives, but nothing gives ;  
 Whom none can love, whom none can  
     thank ;  
 Creation's blot, creation's blank !
- 3 But hé who marks, from day to day,  
 In generous acts his radiant way,  
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
 The path to glory and to God.

## 387. C. M.

{ P. C. 336.  
 } Charity.

- 1 MAKE channels for the streams of love,  
 Where they may broadly run ;  
 And love has overflowing streams  
     To fill them every one.
- 2 But if at any time we cease  
 Such channels to provide,  
 The very founts of love for us  
     Will soon be parched and dried.
- 3 For we must share, if we would keep  
 That blessing from above ;  
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;—  
     Such is the law of love.

## 388. C. M.

{ P. C. 306.  
 } Charity.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
 By lane and cell obscure ;  
 And let our treasures still be spent,  
 Like His, upon the poor.
- 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep dis-  
 tress,  
 Who bore the world's sad weight,  
 We, in their gloomy loneliness,  
 Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side  
 In this wide world of ill ;  
 And, that Thy followers may be tried,  
 The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the offerings we can make ;  
 Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
 If given for the Saviour's sake,  
 They lose not their reward.

## 389. S. M.

{ P. C. 322.  
 } Bladenburg.

- 1 LORD Jesus, come ! for here  
 Our path through wilds is laid ;  
 We watch, as for the day-spring near,  
 Amid the breaking shade.

- 2 Lord Jesus, come ! for hosts  
 Meet on the battle-plain ;  
 Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,  
 And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus, come ! the slave  
 Still bears his heavy chains ;  
 Their daily bread the hungry crave,  
 While teem the fruitful plains.
- 4 Hark ! herald voices near  
 Lead on Thy happier day ;  
 Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear !  
 We wait to strew Thy way.

390. 8s, 7s, & 4s. } P. C. 327.  
 } Suffolk.

- 1 HARK ! a voice from heaven proclaiming  
 Comfort to the mourning slave ;  
 God has heard him long complaining,  
 And extends His arm to save ;  
 Proud oppression  
 Soon shall find a shameful grave.
- 2 See, the light of truth is breaking  
 Full and clear on every hand,  
 And the voice of mercy speaking,

Now is heard through all the land ;  
 Firm and fearless  
 See the friends of freedom stand.

- 3 Lo, the nation is arousing  
 From its slumber long and deep,  
 And the friends of God are waking,  
 Never, never more to sleep  
 While a bondman  
 In his chains remains to weep.
- 4 Long, too long have we been dreaming  
 O'er our country's sin and shame ;  
 Let us now, the time redeeming,  
 Press the helpless captive's claim,  
 Till, exulting,  
 He shall cast aside his chain.

391. 11s, 10s, & 9s. { P. C. 321.  
 { Moscow.

- 1 God, the All-terrible ! Thou who ordainest  
 Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword :  
 Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou réignest ;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !
- 2 God, the Omnipotent ! mighty Avenger ;  
 Watching invisible, judging unheard ;  
 Save us in mercy, O save us from danger !  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

- 3 God, the All-merciful ! earth hath forsaken  
 Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy word ;  
 But not Thy wrath in its terror awaken ;  
 Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord !
- 4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,  
 Praise Him who saved them from peril and  
 sword ;  
 Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,  
 Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord !

392. S. M. { P. C. 323.  
 Burlington.

- 1 HUSH the loud cannon's roar,  
 The frantic warrior's call !  
 Why should the earth be drenched with  
 gore ?  
 Are we not brothers all ?
- 2 Want, from the wretch depart !  
 Chains, from the captive fall !  
 Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart !  
 Sufferers are brothers all.
- 3 Churches and sects, strike down  
 Each mean partition wall !  
 Let love each harsher feeling drown ;  
 Christians are brothers all.

- 4 Let love and truth alone  
 Hold human hearts in thrall ;  
 That Heaven its work at length may own  
 And men be brothers all.

## 393. L. M.

{ P. C. 333.  
 { Erfuth.

- 1 WE praise Thee, Lord ! if but one soul,  
 While the past year prolonged its  
 flight,  
 Turned shuddering from the poisonous  
 bowl,  
 To health, and liberty, and light.
- 2 We praise Thee, if one clouded home,  
 Where broken hearts despairing pined,  
 Beheld the sire and husband come,  
 Erect, and in his perfect mind ;
- 3 No more a weeping wife to mock,  
 Till all her hopes in anguish end —  
 No more the trembling mind to shock,  
 And sink the father in the fiend.
- 4 Still give us grace, Almighty King !  
 Unwavering at our posts to stand ;  
 Till grateful at Thy shrine we bring  
 The tribute of a ransomed land.

394. 7s. } P. C. 295.  
 } Baptismal Chant.

- 1 LITTLE travellers Zionward,  
 Each one entering into rest,  
 In the kingdom of your Lord,  
 In the mansions of the blest ;  
 There, to welcome, Jesus waits,  
 Gives the crowns His followers win ;  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates !  
 Let the little travellers in !
- 2 Who are they whose little feet,  
 Pacing life's dark journey through,  
 Now have reached that heavenly seat  
 They had ever kept in view ?  
 " I, from Greenland's frozen land ;"  
 " I, from India's sultry plain ;"  
 " I, from Afric's barren sand ;"  
 " I, from islands of the main."
- 3 " All our earthly journey past,  
 Every tear and pain gone by,  
 Here together met at last,  
 At the portal of the sky !  
 Each the welcome ' Come ' awaits—  
 Conquerors over death and sin !"  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates !  
 Let the little travellers in !

## 395. C. M.

{ P. C. 413.  
Bridgeport.

- 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand ;  
Children, whose sins are all forgiven —  
A holy, happy band.
- 2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?  
How came those children there ?
- 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin :  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean !
- 4 On earth they sought their Saviour's  
grace ;  
On earth they loved His name ;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.

## 396. L. M.

{ P. C. 292.  
Eucharist.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,  
And, lured by worldly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found :

- 2 Remember still that they are Thine —  
 That Thy dear sacred name they bear ;  
 Think that the seal of love divine,  
 The sign of covenant grace, they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,  
 O let them ne'er forgotten be !  
 Remember all the prayers and tears  
 Which made them consecrate to Thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
 These eyes can weep for them no more,  
 Turn Thou their feet from folly's way ;  
 The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

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 DOXOLOGIES.

## 397. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings  
 flow !

Praise Him, all creatures here below !

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

## 398. L. M. DOUBLE.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,  
 In earth and heaven the Lord of all !  
 Let all the powers of earth obey,  
 And low before His footstool fall.

- 2 Higher, still higher swell the strain !  
Creation's voice the note prolong !  
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign ;  
Let hallelujahs crown the song !

**399.** L. M.

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

**400.** C. M.

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

**401.** C. M.

WE raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,  
And send them to Thy throne :

All glory to the united Three,  
 The undivided One !  
 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies  
 Repeat the joyful sound ;  
 Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice  
 In one eternal round.

**402.** 7s & 6s.

To Thee be praise forever  
 Thou glorious King of kings ;  
 Thy wondrous love and favor  
 Each ransomed spirit sings ;  
 We 'll celebrate Thy glory,  
 With all Thy saints above,  
 And shout the joyful story  
 Of Thy redeeming love.

**403.** 8s, 7s, & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee —  
 God the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, joined in glory  
 On the same eternal throne :  
 Endless praises  
 To Jehovah, Three in One !

**404.** 8s, 7s, & 4s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Thou the God whom we adore ;  
May we all Thy love inherit,  
To Thine image us restore :  
Vast Eternal !  
Praises to Thee evermore.

**405.** 5s & 6s.

By angels in heaven  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be addressed  
To God in Three persons --  
One God ever blessed :  
As hath been, and now is,  
And always shall be.

**406.** 11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,  
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blessed,  
All glory and worship, from earth and from  
heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

## 407. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,  
 And saints that dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit, too.

## 408. H. M.

To God the Father's throne  
 Your highest honors raise ;  
 Glory to God the Son ;  
 To God the Spirit, praise ;  
 With all our powers, eternal King,  
 Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

## 409. 7s.

SING we to our God above  
 Praise eternal as His love ;  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host —  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 410. 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high ;  
 Praise Him, all below the sky ;  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host ;  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;

As through countless ages past,  
Evermore His praise shall last.

**411.** L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal praise and glory given  
Through all the worlds where God is  
known,  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

**412.** C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise amid the heavenly host,  
And in the church below ;  
From whom all creatures draw their breath,  
By whom redemption blessed the earth,  
From whom all comforts flow.

**413.** 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation,  
Praise the Father's boundless love ;  
Praise the Lamb, our expiation ;  
Praise the Spirit from above ;

Praise the fountain of salvation,  
Him by whom our spirits live ;  
Undivided adoration  
To the one Jehovah give.

414. 6s & 4s.

To the great One in Three  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore ;  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.



