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This is a reprint
of Rippon's Hymns,
with an American
Appendix.

Copy, 1826; an
other Ed., copy, 1813,
seemingly
identical.

Leaf wanting
Last p.

82 pages

Another copy:
"79 Market Street
1826."

A

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS.

INCLUDING A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS:

INTENDED TO BE

AN APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY JOHN RIPPON, D. D.

WOODWARD'S REVISED AND CORRECTED EDITION, WITH THE
NAMES OF THE TUNES ADAPTED TO THE HYMNS—FROM
THE LAST LONDON EDITION.

TOGETHER WITH

AN APPENDIX, FROM THE OLNEY HYMNS,

WITH ADDITIONAL HYMNS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

BY THE REV. WILLIAM STAUGHTON, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH J. WOODWARD,
No. 35, Dock Street.

.....

1826.

[*Stereotype edition.*]

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

* Seal. *

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 13th day of February, in the fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1826, Joseph J. Woodward, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

“A Selection of Hymns, from the best Authors, including a great number of originals: intended to be an Appendix to Dr. Watts’s Psalms and Hymns. By John Rippon, D. D. Woodward’s revised and corrected Edition, with the names of the Tunes adapted to the Hymns—from the last London Edition. Together with an Appendix, from the Oney Hymns, with additional Hymns, original and selected, by the Rev. William Staughton, D. D.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned.”—And also to the Act, entitled “An act supplementary to an act, entitled ‘An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

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

The Number of the Hymns *always* answers to the Number of the page; thus—

Hymn 44 Page 44.

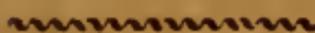
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The Number that follows the Name of the *Tunes* refers to *Dr. Rippon’s Tune-Book*; thus—

Hymn 6—Bedford 91; that is, *Tune 91*, in *The Selection of Tunes*.

PREFACE.



THE good acceptance and success with which the former editions of this volume have been blessed, demand my warmest and most unfeigned gratitude to the God of Providence and Grace, with whom are the issues of all our endeavours to promote his glory.

The first edition of the selection consisted of five hundred and eighty-eight hymns, three hundred of which had never appeared in any collection for public worship before. About one hundred and fifty of them, as the preface announced, were *originals*. Some of these on different subjects, I had the pleasure of composing; others were the productions of several eminent persons—the flower of that denomination of Christians to which it is my honour to belong.

In the preface to the former editions, I expressed my fear, “Notwithstanding this addition of above five hundred hymns to Dr. Watts’s hymns and psalms, that all of them together would not furnish a sufficient variety for every subject of consideration which might arise in the course of the Christian ministry.” Time, general use of the Hymns, and a frequent recurrence to the index of their subjects, have since united to prove that these apprehensions were not altogether unfounded or problematical; and that there was reason for intimating, “that too great a variety of evangelical hymns, for public worship, is a thing scarcely conceivable.”

The truth is, respecting the selection at least, that, with all its diversity of subjects, even considered as an appendix to Dr. Watts, it has been found rather deficient than redundant. Hence, on mature deliberation, and with the advice and assistance of some of my most respectable brethren in the ministry, and other distinguished friends, I have enlarged this edition, by the insertion, under proper heads, of more than sixty hymns. The far greater part of these are *entirely originals*.

To distinguish those in the enlargement, which are my own compositions, would neither add the embellishments of piety or poetry to them, nor, perhaps, answer any other valuable end. It may suffice to say, that, with no inconsiderable attention, I have endeavoured to introduce hymns on such subjects as were not to be found in the volume, and on heads which are interesting and popular: I mean of general use, and therefore of the greatest consequence. A few are inserted on the *Trinity*, on the *Divinity of Christ*, and on the *Work of the Holy Spirit*. But the greater part of the additions consists of hymns adapted to *Village worship*, to

PREFACE.

Monthly Prayer Meetings for the Spread of the Gospel, to Missionary Meetings, and to the chapter of Hymns before and after Sermon;—a chapter this, which there was but little danger of protracting to an undesirable length. The sections on *Affliction, Death, and Judgment*, have also received some enlargement; and so have the *Indexes*, both of *Scriptures and subjects*.

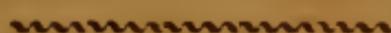
This new edition, which I hope competent judges will find to be an improved one, I present, with the utmost respect and affection, to my fellow-labourers, to the churches, and to the individuals of different denominations, both at home and abroad, who have either stately or occasionally used the former copies.

And now, with all the solemnity of an entire dedication, I commit the volume to thy care, patronage, and special blessing—O thou infinitely beautiful and bountiful Being! to whom I am, of all the sons of Adam, peculiarly indebted: beseeching thee, for the sake of my crucified and ascended Redeemer, to grant, “That, however weak and contemptible
“this work may seem in the eyes of the children of the
“world, and however imperfect it really may be, as well as
“the author of it unworthy, it may, nevertheless, *live before*
“*thee*, and through a divine power be mighty” to lessen the
“miseries and to increase the holiness and bliss of multitudes,
“in distant places, and in generations yet to come! Impute
“it not, O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire, that,
“whatever becomes of *my name*, this work may be propa-
“gated far abroad; that it may reach to those who are yet
“unborn, and teach them *thy name* and *thy praise*, when
“the author has long dwelt in the dust: that so, when he
“shall appear before thee in the great day of final accounts,
“his *joy* may be increased, and his *crown* brightened, by
“numbers before unknown to each other and to him! But
“if *this petition* be too *great* to be granted to one who pre-
“tends to claim no hope for being favoured with the *least*,
“give him to be, in thine almighty hand, the blessed instru-
“ment of converting and saving *one soul*; and if it be *but*
“*one*, and that the meanest and weakest of all the human
“race, though it should be amidst a thousand disappoint-
“ments with respect to others, yet it shall be the subject of
“immortal songs of praise to thee, O blessed God, for and
“by every soul, whom, through the blood of Jesus, and the
“grace of thy Spirit, thou hast saved, and everlasting
“honours shall be ascribed to the Father, to the Son, and to
“the Holy Spirit, by the innumerable company of angels,
“and by the general assembly, and the church of the first-
“born in heaven. Amen!”

JOHN RIPPON.

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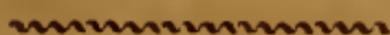
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SELECTION OF HYMNS.

G O D.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Addison's Tune 1.

A Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **T**O God, the universal King,
 Let all mankind their tribute bring;
 All that have breath, your voices raise,
 In songs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
 And wider heav'ns stretch'd o'er our head,
 A large and solemn temple frame,
 To celebrate its Builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
 As through the sky he makes his way,
 To all the world proclaims aloud
 The boundless sov'reignty of God.
- 4 When from his courts the sun retires,
 And with the day his voice expires,
 The moon and stars adopt the song,
 And through the night his praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
 Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
 And all her tribes the notes repeat,
 That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But man, endow'd with nobler pow'rs,
 His God, in nobler strains adores:

His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

HYMN 2. L. M. *William's Psalms.*

Old Hundred 100.

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
Control'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art bless'd.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name through heathen
Their idol deities dethrone; [lands;
Reduce the world to thy commands;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

HYMN 3. L. M.

Paul's 246. Fawcett 184.

The Spirituality of God. John iv. 24.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair?
'To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone;

Our's is the God that made the heav'ns;
 Jehovah he, and God alone.

- 5 My soul, the purest homage pay,
 In truth and spirit him adore;
 More shall this please than sacrifice,
 Than outward forms delight him more.

HYMN 4. L. M. *Steele.*

Bab. Streams 23. Angel's Hymn 60. Gould 272.

The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality. Psalm xc.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
 All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
 In ev'ry age their safe abode,
 Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
 Or spread the starry heav'ns abroad,
 Or form'd the varied face of earth,
 From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 Great Father of eternity,
 How short are ages in thy sight!
 A thousand years how swift they fly,
 Like one short silent watch of night.
- 4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
 Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
 Like spring's gay verdure, now we rise,
 Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.
- 5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
 And, with true diligence, apply
 Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
 That we may learn to live and die.
- 6 O make our sacred pleasures rise
 In sweet proportion to our pains,
 'Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
 Nor one uneasy thought complains.
- [7 Let thy almighty work appear,
 With pow'r and evidence divine;
 And may the bliss thy servants share
 Continued to thy children shine.

- 8 Thy glorious image, fair imprest,
 Let all our hearts and lives declare;
 Beneath thy kind protection blest,
 May all our labours own thy care!]

HYMN 5. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

The Immutability of God, and the Mutability of the Creation.

Psalm cii. 25—28.

- 1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame,
 Our souls adore thine awful name;
 And bow and tremble while they praise
 The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
 Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
 And as to-morrow, shall thine eye
 See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
 Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
 Which shines, with undiminish'd ray,
 While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
 And change with ev'ry circling sun:
 And in the firmest state we boast,
 A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around;
 Let death consign us to the ground;
 Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies;
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
 Can all the wreck of nature see,
 While grace secures us an abode,
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

HYMN 6. C. M. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201. Farrington 267.

The Infinite.

- 1 **T**HY names, how infinite they be!
 Great Everlasting One!

- Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.
- 2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace:
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.
- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.
- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

HYMN 7. L. M. *Merrick's Psalms.*

Wareham 117. Allie Street 241. Wells 102.

Omnipotence; or, The Power and Providence of God.

Psalm cxxxv.

- 1 **Y**E servants of your God, his fame
In songs of highest praise proclaim:
Ye who, on his commands intent,
The courts of Israel's Lord frequent.
- 2 Him praise—the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring;
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?
- 3 Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest,
With awful gratitude impress'd;
Nor know, among the seats divine,
A pow'r that shall contend with thine.

THE BEING AND

- 4 O thou, whose all-disposing sway,
The heav'ns, the earth, and seas obey;
Whose might through all extent extends,
Sinks thro' all depth, all height transcends;
- 5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
Now bids the pregnant vapours rise;
The lightning's pallid sheet expands;
And glads with show'rs the furrow'd lands;
- 6 Now, from thy storehouse, built on high,
Permits the imprison'd winds to fly;
And, guided by thy will, to sweep
The surface of the foaming deep;
- 7 Him praise—the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

HYMN 8. C. M.

Charmouth 23. Ellenborough 170.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God. Psalm cxxxix

- 1 **L**ORD! thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my pow'rs:
My rising steps are watch'd by thee;
By thee, my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee;
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
Before me shines thy name;
And 'tis thy strong Almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind;

Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its tow'ring summit find.

PAUSE.

- 6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, through nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?
- 7 Scal'd I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 8 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;
- 9 Thither thine hand, all-present God!
Must guide the wond'rous way,
And thine omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.
- 10 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon;
Before thy piercing sight.
- 11 'The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
'Are both alike to thee:
'O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,
'From which I cannot flee!'

HYMN 9. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Abridge 201. Canterbury 199.

Divine Sovereignty; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things;
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.

- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men,
 With ev'ry angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine ;
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke
 Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown :
 And there, the foll'wing page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why ;
 Nor God the reason gives ;
 Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
 Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes,
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise ;
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

HYMN 10. 7s. *B. Francis.*

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

The Majesty of God.

- 1 **G**LORY to th' eternal King,
 Clad in majesty supreme !
 Let all heaven his praises sing,
 Let all worlds his pow'r proclaim.
- 2 Through eternity he reigns,
 In unbounded realms of light ;
 He the universe sustains,
 As an atom in his sight.
- 3 Suns on suns through boundless space,
 With their systems move or stand ;

Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at his command.

4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All form nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.

5 O, let my transported soul
Ever on his glories gaze!
Ever yield to his control,
Ever sound his lofty praise!

HYMN 11. L. M. *Beddome.*

Ulverston 179. Islington 40. Gould's 272.

The Wisdom of God.

1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

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

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

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And 'midst the terror of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 12. (1st Part.) C. M. *Steele.*

Liverpool 83. Exeter 4.

The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;

- But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

HYMN 12. (2d Part.) C. M.

Staughton 264. Liverpool 83.

God is love. 1 John iv. 8.

- 1 **A** MID the splendors of thy state,
My God, thy *love* appears,
With the soft radiance of the moon,
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless *glow'r* proclaims,
And, in melodious accents, speaks
The *goodness* of thy names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sov'reign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

- 5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
 Thy counsels and designs—
 In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
 Thy love supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim
 Through earth and heav'n above—
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God the Lord is *Love*.

HYMN 13. L. M. *Medley*.

Derby 169. Rothwell 174. Portugal New 263.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord. Ps. lxxiii. 7.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
 O! may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 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.

HYMN 14. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Michael's 119. Brighthelmstone 208.

The Grace of God; or, Divine Condescension.

- 1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From tow'rs of haughty kings.
- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit ev'ry humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord, that reigns above,
Disdain such lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?
- 4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

HYMN 15. 11s. S—.

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God. Psalm lxxxix. 1.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of my
song, [tongue;
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the
last, [fast.
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul
- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live
here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair:

- But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me
alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my
heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness de-
part ;
Dissolv'd by thy sunshine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by
the way ;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on
the tree
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper di-
vine [mine!
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness

HYMN 16. 7s.

Firth's 146.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell !
Still doth thy good Spirit strive !—
With the chief of sinners dwell !
Tell it, unto sinners tell !
I am, I am out of hell !
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair ;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.
- 3 O the length and breadth of love !
Jesus, Saviour, can it be ?

All thy mercies' height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.

4 See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

5 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give:
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

HYMN 17. C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The Holiness of God. Is. viii. 13.

- 1 **H**OLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him com-
How mean they look and dim! [par'd,
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.
- 4 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pray, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
- 6 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;

The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

HYMN 18. L. M. *Beddome.*

Green's Hundred 89. Old Hundred 100.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

- 1 **G**REAT God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.
- 2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings, and thy promises,
The joys of heav'n, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel :
- 3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding, and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd :
- 4 While these excite my fear and joy :
While these my tuneful lips employ ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
'The tribute of a trembling tongue.

HYMN 19. L. M. *N—*.

Portugal 97. Paul's 246. Well's 102.

The Truth and Faithfulness of God. Num. xxiii. 19.

- 1 **Y**E humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God :
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise !
- 2 The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bears ;
What should *him* tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency.
- 3 He will not his great self deny :
A God all truth can never lie :
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.
- 4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source ;

Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd.

- 5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.
- 6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which men had done;
Best pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

HYMN 20. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Wareham 117. Kingsbridge 88.

God Supreme and Self-sufficient.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wond'rous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise:
All nature dwells upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

HYMN 21. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Gainsborough 29. Brighthelmstone 208.

*Mercy and Truth met together; or, The Harmony of the
Divine Perfections. Psalm lxxxv. 10.*

- 1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless grace
 Disclos'd his kind design,
 To rescue our apostate race
 From mis'ry, shame, and sin;
- 2 Quick through the realms of light and bliss,
 The joyful tidings ran;
 Each heart exulted at the news,
 That God would dwell with man.
- 3 Yet, 'midst their joys, they paus'd awhile;
 And ask'd with strange surprise,
 'But how can injur'd justice smile,
 'Or look with pitying eyes?
- [4 'Will the Almighty deign again
 'To visit yonder world;
 'And hither bring rebellious men,
 'Whence rebels once were hurl'd?
- 5 'Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
 'Aloud for mercy call;
 'But ah! must truth and righteousness
 'To mercy victims fall?'
- 6 So spake the friends of God and man,
 Delighted, yet surpris'd;
 Eager to know the wond'rous plan
 That wisdom has devis'd.]
- 7 The Son of God attentive heard,
 And quickly thus reply'd,
 'In me let mercy be rever'd,
 'And justice satisfy'd.
- 8 'Behold! my vital blood I pour
 'A sacrifice to God;
 'Let angry justice now no more
 'Demand the sinner's blood.'
- 9 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung
 With shouts of loud applause;

'He dy'd!' the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapt'rous joys.

HYMN 22. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Irish 171. Braintree 25.

The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity. Eph. ii. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.
- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.
- 4 Let men with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One gen'ral song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praise.

HYMN 22. 7s.

Stoel 164. Alcester 213. Mitcham 289.

To the Trinity.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord!
Self-existent Deity,
By the hosts of heav'n ador'd,
Teach us how to worship thee:
Only uncreated mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet:
Perfect unity combin'd
With society complete.
- 2 All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obscurely known,

Three in one, and one in three,
 Great Jehovah, God alone!
 Be our all, O Lord divine!
 Father, Saviour, vital breath!
 Body, Spirit, soul, be thine,
 Now, and at, and after death.

- 3 Glorious thou in holiness,
 Father didst thy rights maintain;
 Truth and grace at once express,
 When thy only Son was slain.
 Here is deepest wisdom seen;
 Here the richest stores of grace;
 Mildest love, and vengeance keen;
 O how bright their mingled rays!
- 4 Fearful thou in praises too,
 Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb!
 We, with joy and rev'rence, view
 All thy glory, all thy shame!—
 Be thy death the death of sin,
 Be thy life the sinner's plea;
 Save me, teach me, rule within,—
 Prophet, priest, and king, to me.
- 5 Wonder-working Spirit, thine
 Th' efficacious grace we sing;
 Set on us thy seal divine,
 Safely to thy kingdom bring:
 Mortify sin, root and deed,
 Daily strengthen ev'ry grace;
 Send us, urge us on with speed,
 And let glory crown the race!

HYMN 23. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Paul's 246. Angel's Hymn 60.

The Incomprehensibility of God.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores—
 Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One!
 Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
 Confess the infinite Unknown.
- 2 From thy great self thy being springs:
 Thou art thy own original,

Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficient bears them all.

- 3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 6 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!
- 7 Who can behold the blazing light!
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

HYMN 24. L. M. N—.

Lebanon 79. Mark's 65.

The moral Perfections of the Deity imitated. Matt. v. 48.

- 1 **G**REAT Author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.
- 2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.
- 3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heav'n descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

- 4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral pow'rs by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed an hungry foe.
- 5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O, may the grace that pardons me
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

HYMN 25. L. M. *Merrick's Psalms.*

Gloucester 12. Bromley 104.

The divine Perfections celebrated. Ps. lxxxix. cxlv.

- 1 **M**Y grateful tongue, immortal King!
Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
My verse, to time's remotest day,
Thy truth in sacred notes display.
- 2 O say, what strength shall vie with thine?
What name among the saints divine,
Of equal excellence possess'd,
Thy sov'reignty, great God, contest?
- 3 Thee, Lord, heav'n's host their leader own;
Thee, might unbounded, thee alone,
With endless majesty has crown'd;
And faith unsully'd vests thee round.
- 4 The heav'n above, and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great possessor know:
By thee, this orb to being rose,
And all that nature's bounds inclose.
- 5 From thee, amid the aerial space,
The north and south assume their place;
'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will the swelling tide.
- 6 O bless'd the tribes, whose willing ear
Awakes the festal shout to hear;
Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
Thy fav'ring beams around them spread.
- 7 How shall they joy from day to day,
Thy boundless mercy to display,
Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record!

8 O wise in all thy works! thy name
 Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
 And, grateful, through the length of days,
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

HYMN 26. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

God exalted above all praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL power! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;
 Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
 In vain the tall archangel tries
 To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
 But O, the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, but man below;
 Be short our tunes; our words be few:
 A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 27. L. M. *Needham.*

Rochford 22. Wells 102.

A Summary View of the Creation. Gen. i.

- 1 **L**OOK up, ye saints! direct your eyes
 To him who dwells above the skies;
 With your glad notes his praise rehearse
 Who form'd the mighty universe.

- 2 He spoke, and from the womb of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light;
Him discord heard; and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
- 3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay,
To glide along th' ethereal way.
- 4 Teeming with life—air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree!
To ev'ry tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 3 But to complete the wond'rous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine!

HYMN 28. C. M.

Crowle 3. New-York 33.

The Creation of man; or, God the Searcher of the Heart.

Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **L**ORD! thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's inmost gloom,
And, in thy circling arms, I lay
A slumb'rer in the womb.
- 2 Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill;
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplation fill!
- 3 Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of entity began;
And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd,
Thy rich embroid'ry ran:
- 4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen;
My structure, in thy book,

Was plan'd before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.

5 How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend!

Should I rehearse their numbers o'er,
Where would their numbers end?

6 Not ocean's countless sands exceed
The blessings of the skies;

With night's descending shades they fall,
With morning splendours rise.

7 'Thine awful glories round me shine,

'My flesh proclaims thy praise:

'Lord! to thy works of nature, join

'Thy miracles of grace.'

HYMN 29. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Devizes 14. Tiverton 109.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!

Thee the creation sings!

With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!

How glorious to behold!

Ting'd with the blue of heav'nly dye,
And star'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,

And strike the gazing sight,

Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,

Shine through the worlds abroad,

Our souls with vast amazement fill,

And speak the builder, God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace

Our softer passions move;

Pity divine in Jesus' face

We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 30. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men. Psalm vii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll;
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade;
People with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!
There, in the land of praise adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 31. L. M.

Rothwell 174. Virginia 234.

Providence; or, God working all things after the Counsel of his own Will.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
 'Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
 Are led or driven only where
 They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way;
 But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
 None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn,
 To lay her reason at thy throne;
 'Too weak thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

HYMN 32. C. M. *Steele.*

Staughton 264. Abingdon 42. Prov. Coll. 10.

Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine;
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes, of countless forms,
 In earth, and sea, and air,
 The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
 Almighty pow'r declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord!
 In all thy works appear:
 And, O! let man thy praise record—
 Man, thy distinguish'd care!
- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew;
 That breath thy pow'r maintains;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
 Of reason's light possess'd;
 By revelations brightest rays
 Still more divinely bless'd.

- 7 Thy providence his constant guard
 When threat'ning woes impend,
 Or will th' impending dangers ward,
 Or timely succours lend.
- 8 On us that Providence has shone,
 With gentle smiling rays;
 O may our lips and lives make known
 Thy goodness and thy praise!

HYMN 33. L. M.

Kingsbridge 83. Green's Hundred 89.

Providence equitable and kind. Psalm cvii.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the various passing scenes
 Of life's mistaken ill or good;
 Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
 The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest, with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,
 To each their necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r,
 Fix we on this terrestrial ball:
 When most secure the coming hour,
 If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
 Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
 Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
 Thy pow'rful hand can raise us up.
- 5 Thy pow'rful consolations cheer,
 Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
 Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
 That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 6 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
 On thy eternal will depend:
 And all for greater good were giv'n,
 And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care; to all beside
 Indiff'rent let my wishes be;
 'Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 'And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.'

HYMN 34. C. M. *Cowper.*

Gainsborough 29. Follett 181.

*The Mysteries of Providence; or, Light shining out of
Darkness.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 35. C. M. *Beddome.*

Bedford 91. Stamford 9.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter. John xiii. 7.

- 1 **G**REAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.
- 2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;

The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

- 3 But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hov'ring cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

HYMN 36. C. M. *Addison.*

Irish 171. Exeter 4.

The Traveller's Psalm.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence:
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN 37. C. M. *Steele.*

James's 163. Elim 151. Staughton 264.

Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.

Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record
 In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- [3 Around my path what dangers rose!
 What snares spread all my road!
 No pow'r could guard me from my foes,
 But my preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turn'd my eye!
 How many past, almost unknown,
 Or unregarded, by!]
- 5 Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store;
 But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 While sweet reflection, through my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;
 Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.
- 7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
 For favours more divine;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.
- 8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And ev'ry weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.
- 9 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite
 In more exalted lays,

And 'join'd the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

THE FALL.

HYMN 38. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Wareham 117. Babylon Streams 23.

Original Sin; or, The first and second Adam.

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

HYMN 39. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Walsal 237. Ludlow 84.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;

So faithless to its promises,
So prone to ev'ry sin!

- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?
- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

HYMN 40. S. M.

Wirksworth 158. Stoke 207.

The evil Heart. Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

- 1 **A**STONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within:
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of ev'ry sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there?
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Cruttenden.*

Gould's 272. Kingsbridge 88. Virginia 234.

Sin and Holiness.

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within—
 Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
 Though each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;
 Now raise my songs of triumph high;
 Sing a rebellious passion slain,
 Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
 Borne upwards to my native skies,
 While faith assists my soaring flight
 To realms of joy and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
 Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
 I feel its sympathetic force,
 And headlong urge my downward course.
- 5 How short the joys thy visits give;
 How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
 What clouds obscure my rising sun,
 Or intercept its rays at noon!
- [6 Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
 And pow'r divine attends the word;
 I feel the aid its comforts yield,
 And vanquish'd passions quit the field.]
- 7 Great God, assist me through the fight,
 Make me triumphant in thy might;
 Thou the desponding heart canst raise—
 The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.

HYMN 42. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Ulverston 179. Babylon Streams 23.

The Effects of the Fall lamented. Ps. cxix. 136, 159.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.

- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The word abus'd; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.
-

SCRIPTURE.

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

HYMN 43. C. M.

Michael's 119. Sprague 166.

The inspired Word, a System of Knowledge and Joy.

Psalm cxix. 105.

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

HYMN 44. L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Mark's 65.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours:
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favour'd lands, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r—
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

HYMN 45. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Staughton 264. New-York 33. Prov. Coll. 10.

The Riches of God's Word.

- 1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her fav'rite god pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here, mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The councils of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

- 4 Here, light descending from above
 Directs our doubtful feet;
 Here, promises of heav'nly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,
 And all our wants supply'd:
 Naught we can ask to make us blest
 Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains,
 That so'enrich the mind,
 O may we search with eager pains,
 Assur'd that we shall find!

HYMN 46. C. M. *Steele.*

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows
 And yields a free repast;
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around;
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
 Be thou for ever near;

Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

THE LAW.

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

HYMN 47. C. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Salem 139. Braintree 25.

Our duty to God. Exod. xx. 3—12.

- 1 **T**HAT God, who made the worlds on
And air, and earth, and sea, [high,
Own as thy God; and to his name
In homage bow the knee.
- 2 Let not a shape, which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God; nor think him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.
- 3 Take not in vain the name of God;
Nor must thou ever dare,
To make thy falsehoods pass for truth,
By his dread name to swear.
- 4 That day on which he bids thee rest
From toil, to pray and praise—
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And consecrate its rays.
- 5 O may that God, who gave these laws,
Write them on ev'ry heart;
That all may feel their living pow'r,
Nor from his paths depart!

HYMN 48. C. M. *Dr. Gibbons*

Worksop 31. Gainsborough 29.

Our Duty to our Neighbour.

- 1 **T**HY sire, and her who brought thee forth,
With all thy mind and might,
Fear, love, and serve; so shall thy days
Be num'rous, calm, and bright.

- 2 The blood of man thou shalt not shed,
Its voice will pierce the sky;
And thou, by the just laws of heav'n,
For the dire crime shalt die.
- 3 To thine own couch thou shalt not take
A wife but her thine own:
Vast is the guilt, and on thine head
Heav'n darts its vengeance down.
- 4 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or stealth;
Thy goods, thy stores, must grow from right,
Or God will curse thy wealth.
- 5 No man shalt thou, by a false charge,
Or crush or brand with shame;
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,
Must be his life and name.
- 6 Thy soul one wish shall not let loose
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great,
For God has drawn the line.

[Hymn 47, ver. 5, may be added here.]

HYMN 49. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Green's Hundred 89. Fawcett 184.

The Sinner found wanting. Dan. v. 27.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;
Behold the balance lifted high;
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale, his perfect law!
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
'Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain?
- 3 Behold! the hand of God appears
To trace those dreadful characters;
'*Tekel!* thy soul is wanting found,'
'And wrath shall smite thee to the ground!'
- 4 Let sudden fears thy nerves unbrace;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face!

Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

- 5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ in the scripture turns the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Jesus, exert thy pow'r to save,
Deep on this heart thy truth engrave;
Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

HYMN 50. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23. Kingsbridge 38.

The practical Use of the moral Law to the convinced Sinner.

- 1 **H**ERE, Lord! my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands:
And on me justly might'st thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal show'r.
- 2 But, thanks to God! its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;
Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress:
Yet, in thy gospel-plan I see
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!
How Christ hath, to thy law, restor'd
Those honours, on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.
- 5 Amazing wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

HYMN 51. C. M. *Cowper.*

Burford 198. Worksop 31.

Illegal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;

- And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey;
But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too:
- 4 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.
- 5 'What shall I do?' was then the word,
'That I may worthier grow?'
'What shall I render to the Lord?'
Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

HYMN 52. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

The Law and the Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

- 1 **C**URST be the man, for ever curst,
'That doth one wilful sin commit;
'Death and damnation for the first,
'Without relief, and infinite.'
- 2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance, flings;
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things.
- 3 'Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
'Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
'And life, and joys, and crowns above,
'Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God.'

- 4 Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) 'Forgive!'
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, 'Father, let the rebels live!'
- 5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair;
- 6 But I'll retire beneath the cross—
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie;
And the keen sword, that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

HYMN 53. 148th. *Cowper.*

Eagle Street 16. Grove 125.

The Ceremonial Law. Heb. iv. 2.

- 1 **I**SRUEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free!
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be,
To clearer light, vouchsaf'd to me.
-

THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 54. L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus, in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

HYMN 55. C. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation. 1 Tim. i. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom Seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.
- 2 Into our sinful world he comes,
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.
- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find:
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.
- 4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell;
His words are true and sure;
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immoveably secure.
- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful pow'rs employ!
- 6 'Glory to God, who gave his Son
'To bear our shame and pain!
'Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
'In endless blessings reign.'

HYMN 56. C. M.

Wiltshire 110. Oxford 177.

The Gospel a Feast. Isaiah xxv. 6.

- 1 **O**N Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast preparè,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.

- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows:
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance giv'n!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heav'n!
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.
- 5 But, O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be giv'n,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heav'n!
- 6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 57. 148th. Altered by Toplady.

Portsmouth New 144. Jubilee New 197.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonig Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.
- 5 Ye hapless debtors, know
The sov'reign grace of heav'n;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is giv'n:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.
- 6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
'The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.
- 7 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 58. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Gloucester 12. Derby 169.

The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm lxxxix. 15.

- 1 **L** OUD let the trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heav'n,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n;

Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great;
Their joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls, that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show that Jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

HYMN 59. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Oxford 177. Hammond 226.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God. 1 Tim. i. 11.

- 1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt, that sinners ow'd,
Upon the cross he pays;
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he our great High-Priest appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with rev'ence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace:
And on thy faithfulness and pow'r
Our firm dependence place.

HYMN 60. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons*

Gould's 272. Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation. Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?

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

HYMN 61. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

London 180. Follett 181.

A rational Defence of the Gospel.

- 1 **S**HALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God?
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults;
May not the works of sov'reign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the men despis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake?

- This but confirms his truth the more;
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some, that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin?
None should reproach the Saviour's name;
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor ever shun those holy men,
Who fear and love the Lord.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

HYMN 62. 5, 6. *Toplady's altered.*

Bourton 50. Haughton 68.

Everlasting Love, Electing Grace, and Personal Holiness.

- 1 **H**OW happy are we,
Our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine, [thine:
And experience the comforts peculiar to
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.
- 3 Our seeking thy face
Was all of thy grace, [praise:
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.
- 4 Our Saviour and friend
His love shall extend,
It knew no beginning, and never shall end:

Whom once he receives
His Spirit ne'er leaves;
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

- 5 This proof we would give
That thee we receive; [believe:
Thou art precious alone to the souls that
Be precious to us!
All besides is as dross, [cross.
Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy

PART THE SECOND.

- 6 Yet one thing we want,
More holiness grant!
For more of thy mind and thy image we pant;
Thine image impress
On thy favourite race;
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace!

- 7 Thy workmanship we
More fully would be; [to thee:
Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform us
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come, *fill* us with holiness, *fill* us with love.

- 8 Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below;
Thus fit us for heav'n, and glory bestow:
Our harps shall be tun'd,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus thro' heav'n shall resound.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Beddome.*

Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

The Consequences of Election. Rom. viii. 33—39.

- 1 **W**HO shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God!
Since, in thy book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.
- 2 He for the sins of all th' elect,
Hath a complete atonement made:
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.

- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.
- 4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor pow'rs below, nor pow'rs above;
Not present things nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.
- 5 His sov'reign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those, who on his word depend,
Shall find his word for ever sure.

HYMN 64. 148th. *L. H. C.*

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16. Hinton 266.

Eternal and Unchangeable Love.

2 Tim. i. 12.—Chap. ii. 13.—Phil. i. 6.

- 1 **O** MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears,
But greater, Lord, thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.
- 4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love:
Myself into thy arms I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

HYMN 65. 8. 7. 4.

Lewes 63. Painswick 162.

The Godly Consideration of Election in Christ comfortable.

- 1 **S**ONS we are, through God's election,
S Who in Jesus Christ believe:
 By eternal destination,
 Sov'reign grace we here receive:
 Lord thy mercy
 Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Ev'ry fallen soul, by sinning,
 Merits everlasting pain;
 But thy love, without beginning,
 Has restor'd thy sons again:
 Countless millions
 Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul! adore, and wonder!
 Ask, 'O why such love to me?'
 Grace hath put me in the number
 Of the Saviour's family:
 Hallelujah!
 Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,
 And shall never, never cease;
 Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
 Guide me in the way of peace!
 Make me walk in
 All the paths of holiness.
- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
 And my soul returns to thee;
 Let the pow'r of thy ascension
 Manifest itself in me;
 Through thy Spirit,
 Give the final victory!
- 6 When the angel sounds the trumpet;
 When my soul and body join;
 When my Saviour comes to judgment;
 Bright in majesty divine;
 Let me triumph
 In thy righteousness as mine.

- 7 When in that blest habitation,
 Which my God has fore-ordain'd;
 When in glory's full possession,
 I with saints and angels stand;
 Free grace only
 Shall resound through Canaan's land.

HYMN 66. 6. 8. 4. *Oliver.*

Leoni 90.

The Covenant of God.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abram praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love!
 Jehovah, great I AM!
 By earth and heav'n confest,
 I bow, and bless the sacred name
 For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abram praise;
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I'd all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and pow'r:
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.
- 3 The God of Abram praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me, all my happy days,
 In all his ways:
 He calls a worm his friend,
 He calls himself my God!
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by himself hath sworn;
 I on his oath depend;
 I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend;

I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore;
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

PART THE SECOND.

- 5 Though nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand;
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
 At God's command:
 The wat'ry deep I pass
 With Jesus in my view,
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.
- 6 The goodly land I see
 With peace and plenty blest;
 The land of sacred liberty
 And endless rest:
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our righteousness!
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace:
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And glorious, with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.
- 8 The ransom'd nations bow
 Before the Saviour's face,
 Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,
 O'erwhelm'd with grace:
He shows his scars of love:
They kindle to a flame,
 And sound through all the worlds above,
 'The slaughter'd Lamb!'

- 9 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high,
 'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
 They ever cry:
 Hail Abram's God and mine!
 I join the heavenly lays;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN 67. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Missionary 257. Worksop 31. Salem 139.

Support in God's Covenant under Trouble. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 **M**Y God, the cov'nant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure;
 And in his matchless grace, I feel
 My happiness secure.
- 2 What, though my house be not with thee
 As nature could desire?
 To nobler joys, than nature gives,
 Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My Father art become;
 Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
 And heav'n my final home;
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
 For all that will is love;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy cov'nant the last accent claims
 Of this poor fault'ring tongue;
 And that shall the first notes employ
 Of my celestial song.

HYMN 68. 112th. *Bentley's Collection.*

Scarborough 203. Hoxton 121.

Pleading the Covenant. Psalm lxxiv. 20.

- 1 **O** LORD, my God! whose sov'reign love
 Is still the same, nor e'er can move,
 Look to the covenant, and see,
 Has not thy love been shown to me?

Remember me, my dearest Friend,
And love me always to the end.

- 2 Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My strong, my stubborn will incline
To be obedient still to thine;
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

HYMN 69. 7s.

Feversham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove;
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;
Those tremendous foes of ours

From their cursed empire drove—
Mighty in redeeming love.

- 8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 70. L. M. *Steele.*

Winchester 137. Rothwell 174.

Redemption by Christ alone. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains;
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
In valu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell:
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun:
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

HYMN 71. 8. 7. 4. *F*—.

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Finished Redemption.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!

See it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
'It is finish'd!
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

- 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God has promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- [4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!—
Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heav'n,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 72. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Leeds 19. Rochford 22.

[Verses 1, 2, and 6, of this Hymn are set to the tune 277,
called *Salvation.*]

It is finished. John xix. 30.

- 1 **T**IS finish'd! so the Saviour cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head, and dy'd:
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,

- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

HYMN 73. 8s. *D. Turner.*

Limefield 94.

Gratitude to God for Redemption. Eph. i. 7, 11.

- 1 **S**HALL Jesus descend from the skies,
To atone for our sins by his blood,
And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God?
- [2 No brute could be ever so base!
Shall man thus ungrateful then prove?
Forbid it, O God of all grace!
Forbid it, thou Spirit of love!
- 3 The devils would laugh us to scorn,
For folly so shameful as this:
O let us to God then return,
Sure never was goodness like his.]
- 4 He sav'd us, or we had been lost,
Nor comfort, nor hope, had e'er known;

- Yet he knew this salvation would cost
No less than the blood of his Son.
- 5 Through him we forgiveness shall find,
And taste the sweet blessings of peace;
If, contrite, and humbly resign'd,
We trust in his promised grace.
- 6 This world, then, with all its gay joy,
That its thousands has snar'd and undone,
May tempt, but shall never destroy
Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own,
- 7 While here through the desert we stray,
Our God shall be all our delight;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And also of fire in the night;
- 8 Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.
- 9 And there while his glories we see,
And feast on the joys of his love,
We chang'd to his likeness shall be,
And then shall all gratitude prove.

HYMN 74. 8. 8. 6. *To the lady.*

Chatham 59. Hinton 276.

Christ's Atonement.

- 1 **O** THOU, who didst thy glory leave
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall—
If thou hast bought me with a price,
My sins against me ne'er shall rise;
For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead?
Didst thou without the city bleed
To expiate my stain?
On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The suff'rings of the man.

- 3 Behold him for transgressors giv'n!
Behold th' incarnate King of heav'n
For us, his foes, expire!
Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone:
Praise, till, with all the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

HYMN 75. 8. 7. L. H. C.

Tabernacle 239. Trowbridge 21.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

- 1 **H**AIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean 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 favour;
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heav'n;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly host 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.

- 4 Worship, honour, 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.

HYMN 76. 7s.

Deptford 124. Firth's 146.

Pleading the Atonement. Ps. lxxxiv. 9.

- 1 **F**ATHER, God, who seest in me
 Only sin and misery,
 Turn to thy anointed one,
 Look on thy beloved Son;
 Him, and then the sinner, see;
 Look through Jesus' wounds, on me.
- 2 Heav'nly Father, Lord of all,
 Hear, and show thou hear'st my call!
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Smile on me a sinner now!
 Now the stone to flesh convert,
 Cast a look, and melt my heart.
- 3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Hear, my advocate divine,
 Lo! to his, my suit I join;
 Join'd with his, it cannot fail:
 Let me now with thee prevail!
- 4 Turn from me thy glorious eyes,
 To his bloody sacrifice—
 To the full atonement made,
 To the utmost ransom paid:
 And, if mine, through him thou art,
 Speak thy mercy to my heart.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above,
 Is not all thy nature love?

- Pity from thine eye let fall ;
 Bless me while on thee I call :
 Am I thine, thou Son of God ?
 Take the purchase of thy blood,
- 6 Father, see the victim slain,
 Offer'd up for guilty men :
 Hear his blood prevailing cry,
 Let thy bowels then reply !
 Then through him the sinner see ;
 Then, in Jesus, look on me.

HYMN 77. C. M. *Toplady's Collection.*

Missionary 257. Cambridge New 74. Follett 181.

Efficacious Grace. Psalm xlv. 4, 5.

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

HYMN 78. L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. New Sabbath 122.

The Conversion of Zaccheus. Luke xix. 1—10.

- 1 **O**NCE, as the Saviour pass'd along,
 Zaccheus fain the Lord would see ;

- Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,
He ran before, and climb'd a tree.
- 2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,
Upward he look'd, and saw him there ;
'Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
'Must be thy guest to-day ; prepare.
- 3 'To-day,' the pard'ning Saviour cries,
'Salvation to thy house is come ;
'On wings of sov'reign love it flies :
'Go, tell the blissful news at home.'
- 4 Lord, look on souls that gaze around :
To ev'ry listening sinner speak ;
Now may thy ancient love abound ;
From ev'ry seat a captive take.
- 5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet ;
Come to the feast his love prepares ;
'The lost are sought and sav'd,' how sweet !
And 'not the righteous,' Christ declares.
- 6 Say, what are you come out to view,
Jesus who once for sinners died ?
O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
'Cast sinful, righteous self aside.'
- 7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest ?
Dost thou invite thee to my home ?
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,
To-day let thy salvation come.

HYMN 79. C. M.

New-York 33. Hammond 226. Staughton 264.

*The lost Sheep found ; or, Joy in Heaven on the Conversion
of a Sinner. Luke xv. 3, 4.*

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep :
- 2 But O the joy ! the transport sweet !
When he the wand'rer finds :
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

- 3 Homeward he hastes, to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
'A wand'ring sheep's return'd,' they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN 80. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Wantage 204. Bangor 231.

The Converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd Salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd:
- 3 'Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n!
'Thou spotless Lamb of God!
'I see thee, bath'd in sweat and tears,
'And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 'Yet, quickly from these scenes of wo
'In triumph thou shalt rise,

- ‘Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
‘And shine above the skies.
- 5 ‘Amid the glories of that world,
‘Dear Saviour, think on me;
‘And in the vict’ries of thy death
‘Let me a sharer be.’
- 6 His pray’r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
‘To-day thy parting soul shall be
‘With me in Paradise.’

HYMN 81. S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

New Eagle Street 55. Ryland 48.

Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration. 1 Cor. vi. 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne’er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay:
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heav’n hath fix’d his throne,
He’ll fix his members there.

HYMN 82. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Rochford 22. Langdon 217.

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

- 1 **T**O God my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring:

- Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord!
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life, which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days:
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

HYMN 83. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23. Paul's 246.

Human Righteousness insufficient to Justify. Mic. vi. 62.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
Or bow myself before thy face? [near,
How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiply'd oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy?
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood—
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 What have I, then, wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my ev'ry boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

- 5 Guilty, I stand before thy face ;
 My sole desert is hell and wrath ;
 'T were just the sentence should take place ;
 But O, I plead my Saviour's death !
- 6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
 Who dy'd for sinners on the tree ;
 I plead his righteousness alone :
 O put the spotless robe on me.

HYMN 84. L. M.

Leeds 19. Lewton 30.

Imputed Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6. Isa. xlv. 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness,
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To take my mansion in the skies ;
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 'Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me.'
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 While, through thy blood, absolv'd I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim !
 Sinners—of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
 No age can change its glorious hue :
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead hear now thy voice !
 Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

HYMN 85. 112th. *President Davies.*

New Haven 248. Hoxton 121.

The pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders! all thy ways
 Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
 But the fair glories of thy grace
 More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
 Such guilty daring worms to spare;
 This is thy grand prerogative,
 And none shall in the honour share:
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Angels and men resign their claim
 To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
 These glories crown Jehovah's name
 With an incomparable blaze:
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
 We take the pardon of our God:
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
 A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood:
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 This godlike miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all th' angelic choirs above:
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

HYMN 86. C. M. *Steele.*

Ludlow 84. Brighthelmstone 208.

Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wander'd from the Lord!

How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet, sov'reign mercy calls, 'Return:'
Dear Lord, and may I come!

My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wand'rer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wond'rous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 87. L. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Milbank 113. New Sabbath 122. Lewton 30.

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

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

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

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

4 For this stupendous love of heav'n,
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
Let love in equal ardours glow.

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

HYMN 88. S. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Wirksworth 158. Broderip's 252.

Confession and Pardon. 1 John i. 9. Prov. xxviii. 13

- 1 **M**Y sorrows, like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint,
 Into thy bosom, O my God!
 Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine
 Could once defy the Lord,
 Could rush with vi'lence on to sin,
 In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood
 A rebel to the skies,
 And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
 Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 O, shall I never feel
 The meltings of thy love?
 Am I of such hell-harden'd steel,
 That mercy cannot move?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,
 Here at thy cross I lie,
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
 And weep, and love, and die.
- 6 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise!
 "Behold my wounded veins!
 "Here flows a sacred crimson flood,
 "To wash away thy stains."
- 7 See, God is reconcil'd!
 Behold his smiling face!
 Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
 And sound aloud his grace.

HYMN 89. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Pardon spoken by Christ. Matt. ix. 2.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest pow'rs shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiv'n;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear,
All like the harps of heav'n.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful, I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardons down
Shall crowns of life bestow.

HYMN 90. L. M. *Stogdon.*

Virginia 234. Kingsbridge 88.

God ready to forgive; or, Despair sinful.

- 1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What though our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
Immanuel's blood will make them white,
As snow through the pure æther borne.

- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise;
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?
- 6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
"No humble penitent shall die:"
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

HYMN 91. 8. 6. 8. *Cruttenden.*

Ewell 80. Francis 200. Weston Favell 27.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son;
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown;
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours, here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure.
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,

Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear:
 Enough!—I wait th' appointed day:
 Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away.

HYMN 92. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Braintree 25. Stanford 9.

Abba Father. Gal. iv. 6.

1 **S**OV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim;
 Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
 Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
 How tender, and how dear!
 Not all the harmony of heav'n
 Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart;
 And show that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.

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

HYMN 93. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Oxford 106. Follett 181.

True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

1 **H**ARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
 To life and liberty;
 Transported fall before his feet
 Who makes the pris'ners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
 And breaks old Satan's chain;
 Smiling he deals those pardons round,
 Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
 His Spirit from on high;
 We lose the terrors of the slave,
 And Abba, Father! cry.

- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

HYMN 94. 7s. *Humphreys.*

Georgia 192. Turin 244.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity.
- 2 God did love them, in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe:
With them, &c.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:
With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.
- 6 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,

Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy :
With them, &c.

- 7 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ ;
They with love and peace are fill'd :
They are by his Spirit seal'd :
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity !

HYMN 95. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Christians the Sons of God. John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n,
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- [3 On them, a happy chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace :
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
His pity and his love engage :
He clasps them in his arms, and there
Secures them with parental care.]
- 5 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go ;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 6 When, through temptation, they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel ;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.
- 7 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,

Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

- 8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father! too.
- 9 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

HYMN 96. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Harborough 142. Simon's 250.

Communion with God and Christ. 1 John i. 5.

- 1 **O**UR heav'nly 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 ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are;
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
'Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

HYMN 97. L. M. Beddome.

Ulverston 179. Rippon's 188.

Desiring Communion with God.

- 1 **M**Y rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,

With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heav'n—that leads to God.

- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above;
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn:
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
'Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

HYMN 98. C. M. *Cowper.*

Ludlow 84. Condescension 116.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

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

HYMN 99. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Workshop 31. Wantage 204.

*O that I knew where I might find him.**Sins and Sorrows laid before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4.*

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN 100. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Abridge 201. Elenborough 170.

Sanctification and Pardon.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?
- 2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;
Bedew us with thy blood.
- 3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

- 4 We bless that wond'rous purple stream,
That cleanses ev'ry stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.
- 5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath!
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

HYMN 101. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Mark's 65. Bowden 78.

Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd. John x. 10.

- 1 **P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
Who on so kind an errand came;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.
- 2 Hail, great Immanuel, from above!
High seated on thy throne of love;
O pour the vital torrent down—
Thy people's joy, the Lord's renown.
- 3 Scarce half alive, we sigh and cry,
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye;
Kind Saviour, let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.
- 4 The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal!
O may we all its influence feel!
'Till inward deep experience show,
Christ can begin a heav'n below.

HYMN 102. S. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Simon's 250. Broderip's 252.

The Leper healed; or, Sanctification implored. Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the leprous Jew,
Oppress'd with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.
- 2 "O speak the word," he cries,
"And heal me of my pain:
"Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
"To make a leper clean."

3 Compassion moves his heart;
 He speaks the gracious word;
 The leper feels his strength return,
 And all his sickness cur'd.

4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
 Sick of a worse disease:
 Sin is my painful malady,
 And none can give me ease.

5 But thy Almighty grace
 Can heal my leprous soul:
 O bathe me in thy precious blood,
 And that will make me whole.

HYMN 103. S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Hopkins 157. Kibworth 249.

The Security of Christ's Sheep. John x. 27—29.

1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,
 While Jesus silence breaks;
 No angel's harp such music yields,
 As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries,
 "My soul approves them well:
 "Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
 "And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
 "With tokens of my love;
 "But richer pastures I prepare,
 "And sweeter streams, above.

4 "Unnumber'd years of bliss
 "I to my sheep will give;
 "And, while my throne unshaken stands,
 "Shall all my chosen live.

5 "This try'd Almighty hand,
 "Is rais'd for their defence: [there?
 "Where is the pow'r shall reach them
 "Or what shall force them thence?"

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
 Let faith triumphant cry;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.

HYMN 104. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Angel's Hymn 60. Green's Hundred 89.

Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ.

1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
 In what impetuous streams it fell!
 Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
 And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
 Fled from the close-pursuing wave;
 Nor could their mightiest tow'rs defend,
 Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
 How shrill the universal cry
 Of millions in the last despair,
 Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!
- 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint!
 Surrounded with a chosen few,
 Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
 And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.
- 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
 While storms of vengeance round me fall;
 Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd
 Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
 Nor ever quit that sure retreat;
 Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
 Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.
- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen;
 There not a wave of trouble rolls:
 But the bright rainbow round the throne
 Seals endless life to all their souls.

HYMN 105. C. M. *F—*

Bedford 51. Brightelmstone 208.

Perseverance. Psalm cxix. 117.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou made me know thy
 Conduct me in thy fear; [ways?
 And grant me such supplies of grace,
 That I may persevere.

- 2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
'Till all my toils shall cease,
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

HYMN 106. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Kingsbridge 28. Ulverston 179.

Perseverance desired.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood;
By ties, both nat'ral and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.
- 2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee!
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame I deprecate:
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

HYMN 107. 5, 6. *Toplady.*

Horsington 219. Winwick 75.

The Method of Salvation.

- 1 **T**HREE, Father! we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show forth thy praise,
Nor is thy love known

By election alone;

For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy Son.

2 The goodness in vain

We attempt to explain,

Which found and accepted a ransom for men.

Great SURETY of thine,

Thou didst not decline [design.

To concur with the Father's most gracious

3 To Jesus, our friend,

Our thanks shall ascend,

Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end:

Our ransom he paid!

In his merit array'd [made.

We attain to the glory for which we were

4 Sweet Spirit of grace!

Thy mercy we bless,

For thy eminent share in the council of peace:

Great agent divine,

To restore us is thine,

And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.

5 O God, tis thy part

To convince and convert;

To give a new life, and create a new heart:

By thy presence and grace

We're upheld in our race,

And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

6 Father, Spirit, and Son,

Agree thus in one,

[own;

The salvation of those he has mark'd for his

Let us, too, agree

To glorify thee—

Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three!

HYMN 108. 8. 7. 4.

Lewes 63. Hemsley 223.

Free Salvation. 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 **J**ESUS is our great salvation,
 Worthy of our best esteem!
 He has sav'd his fav'rite nation;
 Join to sing aloud to him:

- He has sav'd us,
Christ alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involv'd in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound:
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession!
Save us from hypocrisy!
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee!
Best of favours!
None compar'd with this can be.
- 4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee;
Make us walk as pilgrims here;
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near:
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.
- 5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine;
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be thine:
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

HYMN 109. C. M.

Ashley 152. Great Milton 212.

Complete Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION, through our dying God,
Shall surely be complete;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.
- 2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Displays his pow'r, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiv'n;

Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heav'n.

- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay:
"A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

HYMN 110. 11. 8. K——.

Calne 69. Pithay 191.

Distinguishing Grace. Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of
His rich and distinguishing grace. [days,
2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame, [drew,
When each in the cords of his kindness he
And brought you to love his great name.
3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt: [in sin,
You all would have liv'd, would have died too
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
4 What was there in you that could merit
Or give the Creator delight? [esteem,
'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to
While others were suffer'd to go [obey,
The road which by nature we chose as our way!
Which leads to the regions of woe.
6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs; [fame,
Be your's the high joy still to sound forth his
And crown him in each of his songs.

HYMN 111. (First Part.) C. M.

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

By the grace of God, I am what I am. 1 Cor xv. 8.

- 1 **G**REAT God, 'tis from thy sov'reign grace
That all my blessings flow;

- Whate'er I am, or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 'Tis this my pow'rful lusts control,
And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort through my soul,
And makes my nature clean.
- 3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all, as well as I.
- 4 How full must be the springs from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich,
On which so many feed.

HYMN 111. (Second part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Price's 187. Lowel 260.

Salvation by Grace from the first to the last. Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- [3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- [5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

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

HYMN 112. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Weybridge 92. Sprague 166.

God glorious and sinners saved. Isaiah xlv 23.

1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

[2 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,

4 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe—
We love, and we adore!
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

[6 When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear mys'tries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!]

7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

8 Oh, may I Lear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 113. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Grove House 143. Hammond 226.

O Lord, say unto my soul, 'I am thy Salvation.' Psalm xxxv.

- 1 **S**ALVATION!—Oh, melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my pray'r to praise.

SCRIPTURE

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.*

HYMN 114. (First Part.) L. M.

Dr. S. Stennett.

Paul's 246. Ulverston 149. Gould's 272.

God reasoning with Men. Isaiah i. 18.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners," saith the mighty God,
"Heinous as all your crimes have been,

* The section of Hymns entitled *Scripture Invitations*, is now enlarged.

"Lo! I descend from mine abode,
"To reason with the sons of men.

- 2 "No clouds of darkness veil my face,
"No vengeful lightnings flash around:
"I come with terms of life and peace:
"Where sin hath reign'd let grace abound."
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
O make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

HYMN 114. (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Manning 245. Lebanon 79.

Seek ye my face. Psalm xxvii. 8.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, "Seek ye my face,"
My soul admires the wond'rous grace;
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face and live.
- 2 I'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come;
(If I turn back, how sad my doom!)
And begging, in his way I'll lie,
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.
- 3 Daily I'll seek, with cries and tears,
With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs;
And, if not heard—I'll weeping sit,
And perish at the Saviour's feet.
- 4 But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive—
The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

HYMN 115. (First Part.) 8. 7. 4.

Helmesly 223. Jordan 81.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv. 1.

- 1 **C**OME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!

- Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, join'd with pow'r:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Come ye thirsty! come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify:
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the *fitness* he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden;
 On the ground your Maker lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinner, will not *this* suffice?
- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners *here* may sing the same.

HYMN 115. (Second Part.) 8. 7. 4.

Mr. Fountain, one of the missionaries in Bengal.

Helmley 223. Painswick 162.

The Gospel Message; or, Reconciliation to God.

1 **S**INNERS, you are now address'd
In the name of Christ our Lord;
He hath sent a message to you,
Pay attention to his word.

He hath sent it;
Pay attention to his word.

2 Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been;
You have spent your lives in nothing
But in adding sin to sin:

All your actions
One continued scene of sin.

3 Yet your long-abused Sov'reign
Sends to you a message mild,
Loth to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconcil'd;

Hear him woo you—
Sinners, now be reconcil'd.

4 Pardon now is freely publish'd
Through a Mediator's blood;
Who hath dy'd, to make atonement,
And appease the wrath of God!

Wond'rous mercy!
See, it flows through Jesus' blood!

HYMN 116. (First Part.) C. M. *Fawcett.*

Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Let the Wicked forsake his ways, &c. Isaiah lv. 7.

1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;

- A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 116. (Second Part.) L. M.

Tooley Street 279 Mark's 65. Bredby 165.

The angels hasten'd Lot. Gen. xix. 15.

I made haste, and delayed not. Ps. cxix. 60.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten, *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this ev'ning stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, *to return,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

- 4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest*,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,
 For fear the curse should thee arrest,
 Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
 Now rouse him from his senseless state!
 O let him not thy counsel spurn,
 Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

HYMN 117. L. M. *Steele.*

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Weary Souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

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

HYMN 118. 148th.

Eagle Street 16. Bethesda 112.

Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,

The Gospel's voice attend,
 While Jesus sends to you:
 Ye perishing and guilty, come—
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame:
 All things are ready—sinners, come,
 For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heav'nly word
 His messengers proclaim;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name:
 Backsliding souls, return and come,
 Cast off despair—there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near;
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear!
 Let whosoever will now come;
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 119. 7s.

Hotham 224. Bath Abbey 147.

Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

1 **L**ORD, how large thy bounties are,
 Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
 What a feast dost thou prepare,
 And what invitations send!
 Now fulfil thy great design:
 Who didst first the message bring;
 Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
 Now compel them to come in.

2 Rushing on the downward road,
 Sinners no compulsion need
 Glory to forsake, and God;
 See, they run with rapid speed:

Draw them back by love divine;
 With thy grace their spirits win;
 Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
 Now compel them to come in.

- 3 Thus their willing souls compel,
 Thus their happy minds constrain,
 From the ways of death and hell,
 Home to God, and grace again:
 Stretch that conq'ring arm of thine,
 Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin;
 Ev'ry heart to thee incline;
 Now compel them to come in.

HYMN 120. C. M. *Steele.*

Huddersfield 202. Wiltshire 110. Missionary 257.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
 Attend the heav'nly sound;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow:
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your ev'ry pain:
 (Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey:
 Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
 And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

HYMN 121. (First Part.) 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150. Westbury-leigh 278.

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

- 1 **Y**E scarlet-colour'd sinners, come;
 Jesus, the Lord, invites you home;
 O whither can you go!
 What! are your crimes of crimson hue?
 His promise is for ever true;
 He'll wash you white as snow.
- 2 Backsliders! fill'd with your own ways,
 Whose weeping nights and wretched days
 In bitterness are spent,
 Return to Jesus—he'll reveal
 His lovely face, and sweetly heal
 What you so much lament.
- 3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'tis I—
 He loves you still, but means to try
 If faith will bear the test:
 The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good,
 He shed for you his precious blood;
 O trust him for the rest!
- 4 Ye tender souls! draw hither too,
 Ye grateful, highly-favour'd few,
 Who feel the debt you owe;
 Press on, the Lord hath more to give;
 By faith upon him daily live,
 And you shall find it so.

HYMN 121. (Second Part.) C. M

Cambridge New 74. Missionary 257.

The Invitation of Wisdom.

- 1 **L**O! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
 And courts us to her arms;
 Who can resist the wond'rous grace,
 And slight her pow'ful charms!
- 2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
 Riches which shall endure;
 Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
 Nor finest gold so pure.

- 3 Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures which never cloy:
"Come drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
"And taste celestial joy."
- 4 Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

HYMN 121. (Third Part.) L. M.

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

The Invitation of Wisdom accepted. Rev. iii. 17.

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

HYMN 122. L. M. *Beddome.*

Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.

The First Promise. Gen. iii. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN, by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam, our head, and parent, fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Through all the mazy deeps of hell.
- 2 Infernal pow'rs rejoic'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy through his Son.
- 3 Serpent accurs'd, thy sentence read;
"Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel:
"The woman's seed shall break thy head,
"Thy malice faintly bruise his heel."
- 4 Thus God declares; and Christ descends,
Assumes a mortal form, and dies;
While in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conq'ror conquer'd lies.
- 5 Dying, the King of glory deals,
Ruin to all his num'rous foes;
His pow'r the Prince of Darkness feels,
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

HYMN 123. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Lebanon 79. Islington 40.

As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
The Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear thy weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,—
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue :
He comes to set thy spirit free ;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN 124. C. M.

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Fear not, for I am with thee. Isaiah xli. 10.

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear ?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near ?
- 2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints ?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints ?
- 3 Why droop our hearts ? why flow our eyes ?
While such a voice we hear ?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near ?
- 4 To all thine other favours, add
A heart to trust thy word ;
And death itself shall hear us sing
While resting on the Lord.

HYMN 125. C. M. *Needham.*

Maidstone 196. Sprague 166.

My Grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 **K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks,
To cheer the drooping saint ;
" My grace sufficient is for you,
" Though nature's pow'rs may faint.

- 2 " My grace its glories shall display,
 " And make your griefs remove ;
 " Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
 " Of boundless pow'r and love."
- 3 What, though my griefs are not remov'd,
 Yet why should I despair ?
 While my kind Saviour's arms support,
 I can the burden bear.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
 'Tis good to trust thy name :
 Thy pow'r, thy faithfulness, and love,
 Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet, through thy grace,
 I all things can perform ;
 And smiling, triumph in thy name,
 Amid the raging storm.

HYMN 126. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

New-York 33. Devises 14.

My God shall supply all your Need. Phil. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **M**Y God!—how cheerful is the sound !
 How pleasant to repeat !
 Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
 Where God hath fix'd his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply
 From his redundant stores !
 What streams of mercy from on high
 An arm almighty pours !
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
 These ample blessings flow :
 Prepare my lips his name to sing,
 Whose heart has lov'd us so.
- 4 Now, to our Father, and our God
 Be endless glory giv'n,
 Through all the realms of man's abode,
 And through the highest heav'n.

HYMN 127. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Arlington 17. Hammond 226.

Fear not; it is your Father's good Pleasure to give you the Kingdom. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares,
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence: [voice
'Midst sands, and rocks, your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call,
To triumph in his sight.
- [4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring,
For sure supports like these;
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
Thy living promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name:
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,
Which breaks this mortal frame.]

HYMN 128. 11s. *K*—.

Gerard 156. Broughton 172.

Exceeding great and precious Promises. 2 Pet. i. 4.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In ev'ry condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
"ever be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd!
"I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;

- "I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 "thee to stand,
 "Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
 "The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 "For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 "And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 "My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
 "The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 "Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "E'en down to old age all my people shall
 "prove
 "My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 "And when hoary hairs shall their temples
 "adorn, [borne.
 "Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-
 "prieve,
 "I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
 "That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to
 "shake,
 "I'll never, no never, no never forsake."
-

CHRIST.

HYMN 129. (First Part.) C. M.

Abridge 201. Bedford 91. Cambridge New 74.

The Divinity of Christ.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Word!
 The Father's equal Son;
 By heav'n's obedient hosts ador'd,
 Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd
 Thine energy divine;
 For not a single thing was made
 By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,
 Sublimier facts survey;

- The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 See the Redeemer cloth'd in flesh,
And ask the reason, "Why?"
The answer fills my soul afresh—
"To suffer, bleed, and die!"
- 5 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form:
A man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.
- 6 The Lord of glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Justice the Prince of Life condemns
To die in anguish too.
- 7 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;
And thus, to souls with sin distress,
Eternal bliss ensures.
- 8 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

HYMN 129. (Second Part.) C. M. *Medley*.

Irish 171. Arlington 17.

The Incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
- 4 Down, through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;

And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

[5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heav'nly light
'The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
'Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

[7 O for a glance of heav'nly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!]

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
"Good-will and peace are now complete;
"Jesus was born to die."

9 Hail Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
'Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 130. 7s. J. C. W.

Georgia 192. Hart's 221.

The Song of the Angels.

1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph to the skies;
Hail th' heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

[3 Mild he lays his glory by;
Born, that men no more might die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.]

4 Come, desire of nations! come,
Fix in us thy humble home:

Rise the woman's promis'd seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head

- 5 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd!"

HYMN 131. C. M. *Steele.*

Charleston 195. Sprague 166.

The Incarnation. John i. 14.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Adore th' eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sov'reign pow'r
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn, illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd!
- 3 Then shone Almighty pow'r and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

HYMN 132. 8. 7. 4. *Robinson.*

Lewes 63. Painswick 162.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?

Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art ev'ry creature's theme
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

- 2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise: Hal.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,— [Hal.
 Works with skill and kindness wrought:
- 4 For thy providence that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
 Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along;
 Thought is poor, and poor expression:
 Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?
 Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives:
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thy own.
 Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 133. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bath Chapel 26. Jersey 15.

The condescending grace of Christ. Matt. xx. 28.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King:
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by;—
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
Then, in that flesh, to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

HYMN 134. C. M.

Tiverton 100. Otford 106.

The Redeemer's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 135. L. M. (First Part.)

Dr. Doddridge.

Leeds 19. Rowles 73.

Christ's Transfiguration. Matt. xvii. 4.

- 1 **W**HEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest?
- 2 With thee in the obscurest cell
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of Glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor, thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cry'd "Lord 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join
Where all thy saints around thee shine:
- 6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how
'Tis good to dwell for ever there! [fair!
Come death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

HYMN 135. (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.

Hinton 266. Chatham 59.

Gethsemane. Matt. xxvi. 26—35.

- 1 **I**MMANUEL, sunk with dreadful woe,
 Unfelt, unknown to all below—
 The sinner's surety stood—
 In agonizing pangs of soul,
 He drinks from wormwood's bitt'rest bowl,
 And sweats great drops of blood.
- 2 See his disciples slumb'ring round,
 Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
 He treads the press alone:
 In vain to heav'n he turns his eyes,
 The curse awaits him from the skies—
 His death must it atone.
- 3 O Father, hear! this cup remove!
 Save thou the darling of thy love
 (The prostrate victim cries)
 From overwhelming fear and dread!
 'Though he *must* mingle with the dead—
 His people's sacrifice.
- 4 His earnest pray'rs, his deep'ning groans,
 Were heard before angelic thrones;
 Amazement wrapt the sky;
 "Go, strengthen Christ!" the Father said:
 Th' astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,
 And left the realms on high.
- 5 Made strong in strength, renew'd from heav'n
 Jesus receives the cup as giv'n,
 And, perfectly resign'd,
 He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
 Sustains the curse,—removes it all,—
 Nor leaves a dreg behind.

HYMN 136. L. M. *Whitefield's Collection.*

Babylon Streams 23. Green's Hundred 89.

Behold the Man John xix. 5.

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the man!
 The man of grief, condemn'd for you!

- The Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd;
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd!
- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
Oh that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!
- 7 The rocks could feel thy pow'rful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

HYMN 137. L. M. *Steele.*

Dresden 178. Paul's 246.

*A dying Saviour.**

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour
Hark! his expiring groans arise! [dies:
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
' Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

* See Hymns on Redemption, and the Lord's Supper.

- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?
- 4 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN 138. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Canterbury 199. Tunbridge 103.

The attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amaz'd centurion, cry
“*This is the Son of God!*”
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.
- 5 Oh, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

Rochford 22. Redemption 243.

The dying Love of Christ constraining to thankful devotion.
2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

- 1 **S**EE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne:
Accept our humble cheerful vow;
Thou art our Sov'reign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour King,
The condescensions of his love.
- 4 Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,
To view with *pity's* melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe:
Amazing love!—did Jesus *die*?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
Oh! let his praise each hour employ,
'Till hours no more their circles run!
- 6 He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs!
Resound, resound, the Saviour's name!
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

HYMN 140. 148th. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Resurrection 72. DarweN's 82.

The Resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 **Y**ES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conq'ring head;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet:
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heav'n they fly
 The joyful news to bear;
 Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say,
 "Jesus, who bled,
 "Hath left the dead;
 " He rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals! catch the sound—
 Redeem'd by him from hell,
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell;
 Transported, cry—
 "Jesus, who bled,
 "Hath left the dead,
 " No more to die."
- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning God!
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

HYMN 141. 7s.

Easter Hymn 232. Feversham 220.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

- 1 **C**HRI^ST the Lord is risen to-day!
 Sons of men and angels say!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!
 Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"
Once he dy'd, our souls to save;
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What, though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life let us receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
'Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection—thou.

HYMN 142. 7s.

Hart's 221. Easter Hymn 232.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph, up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.

- 4 Heav'n displays her portal wide!
Glorious hero, through them ride!
King of Glory! mount the throne—
Thy great Father's, and thy own. Hal.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong! Hal.
- 6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Hal.

HYMN 143. L. M.

Bramcote 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of our's.

- 1 **W**HEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie,
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!
- [3 Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd;
In his release *our own* we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.]
- 4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy, when he appears.
- 6 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

HYMN 144. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

New-York 33. Crowle 3.

Comfort to those who seek a risen Jesus. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief—
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conq'ror could detain.
- 5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And, thro' unnumber'd years, he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 145. L. M. *Wesley's Collection.*

Chesnut New 160. Comb's 45.

Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The pow'rs of hell are captive led;
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits;
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, of boundless pow'r possest;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN 146. 148th. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Darwell's 82. Swithin's 44.

Jesus seen of Angels. 1 Timothy iii. 16.

- 1 **O**H, ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace;
His beauteous face
In heav'n ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heav'n-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.
- 3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in ev'ry dress,
In ev'ry combat foil'd;

And joy'd to crown
 The victor's head,
 When Satan fled
 Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
 Ye press'd, with strong desire,
 That wond'rous sight to see—
 The Lord of life expire;
 And could your eyes
 Have known a tear,
 Had dropp'd it there,
 In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch ye keep,
 Till the blest moment come,
 To rouse him from his sleep;
 Then roll'd the stone,
 And all ador'd
 Your rising Lord,
 With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light,
 The shining conq'ror rode,
 Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight
 Up to the throne of God;
 And wav'd around
 Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings
 Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their *own* Redeemer's praise:
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

HYMN 147. L. M. *Steele.*

Portugal 97. Redemption 243.

The exalted Saviour.

1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above;

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wond'rous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
Oh, may we feel the sacred flame;
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 Jesus, who dy'd that we might live—
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place.
Oh! what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
Would still confess the off'rer poor!

6 Yet, though for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise;
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

HYMN 148. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Miscellany.*

Ailie Street 241. Langdon 217.

The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of Christ.

Phil. ii 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of Love design'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heav'nly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love!
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

- 4 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans;
The Prince of Life resigns his breath—
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 5 But see the wonders of his pow'r!
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song!
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue;
How low, how vain, are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

HYMN 149. 148th.

Greenwich New 62. Portsmouth New 144.

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is king;
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns—
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell;
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,

And ev'ry bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy;
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,—
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN 150. 104th. *Fawcett.*

Hanover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

The Fulness of Christ. John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

- 1 **A** FULNESS resides
 In Jesus our head,
 And ever abides,
 To answer our need:
 The Father's good pleasure
 Has laid up in store
 A plentiful treasure,
 To give to the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants,
 We need not to fear;
 Our num'rous complaints
 His mercy will hear:
 His fulness shall yield us
 Abundant supplies;
 His power shall shield us,
 When dangers arise.
- 3 The fountain o'erflows,
 Our woes to redress;
 Still more he bestows,
 And grace upon grace
 His gifts in abundance
 We daily receive;
 He has a redundance
 For all that believe.
- 4 Whatever distress
 Awaits us below,

Such plentiful grace
 Will Jesus bestow,
 And still shall support us,
 And silence our fear;
 For nothing can hurt us
 While Jesus is near.

- 5 When troubles attend,
 Or danger, or strife,
 His love will defend,
 And guard us through life;
 And when we are fainting,
 And ready to die,
 Whatever is wanting
 His hand will supply.

HYMN 151. 8s.

New Jerusalem 230. Uxbridge 161.

The Unsearchable Riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8:

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
 How shall I his beauties declare?
 Or how shall I speak of his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are?
 His angels can never express,
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace;
 No! this is a myst'ry unknown.
- 2 In him, all the fulness of God
 For ever transcendentally shines;
 Though once like a mortal he stood,
 'To finish his gracious designs:
 Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
 Vile rebels like me to set free,
 His glory sustained no loss,—
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his pow'r,
 Seem'd then with each other to vie,
 When sinners he stoop'd to restore,—
 Poor sinners condemned to die!—
 He laid all his grandeur aside,
 And dwelt in a cottage of clay—

Poor sinners he lov'd till he dy'd,
To wash their pollutions away.

- 4 O sinners, believe and adore
The Saviour, so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him:
Come all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd,
Believe, and your peace shall begin.
- 5 Now sinners, attend to his call,
"Whoso hath an ear let him hear,"
He promises mercy to all,
Who feel their sad wants, far and near.
He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace, yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

HYMN 152. L. M. *Steele.*

Kingsbridge 88. Portugal 97.

The Intercession of Christ Heb. viii. 25.

- 1 **H**E 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 arm'd 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 pow'rful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:

Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN 153. C. M. *Toplady.*

Newbury 132. Charleston 195.

Christ's Intercession prevalent. John xvii. 24.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
'Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that comes to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim:
"Father, I will that all my saints
"Be with me where I am:
- 5 "By their salvation, recompense
"The sorrows I endur'd;
"Just to the merits of thy Son,
"And faithful to thy word."
- 6 Eternal life, at his request,
To ev'ry saint is giv'n:
Safety below, and after death,
The plenitude of heav'n.
- [7 Founded on right, thy pray'r avails;
The Father smiles on thee;
And now, thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 8 Let the much incense of thy pray'r
In my behalf ascend;
And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.]

HYMN 154. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Michael's 119. Elim 151.

*Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate,
Ex. xxviii. 29.*

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne!

HYMN 155. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

*Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trials, and
Intercession for him. Luke xxii. 31, 32.*

- 1 **H**OW keen the tempter's malice is!
How artful, and how great!
Though not one grain shall be destroy'd,
Yet will he sift the wheat.
- 2 But God can all his pow'r control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive soul regain.
- 3 There is a Shepherd, kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep:

Nor shall th' infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

- 4 Blest Jesus! intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
O raise us when we prostrate lie;
And comfort lost restore.
- 5 Thy secret energy impart,
That faith may never fail;
But, 'midst whole show'rs of fi'ry darts,
That temper'd shield prevail.
- 6 Secur'd ourselves by grace divine,
We'll guard our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST.

HYMN 156. L. M.

Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.

- 1 **W**HERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!
- 4 He sweetens ev'ry humble groan,
He recommends each broken pray'r;

* These characters of Christ follow one another alphabetically. Others, which it was necessary to place under different heads, may be found in the Index.

Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.

- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord!
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

HYMN 157. L. M.

Lebanon 79. Lewton 30.

Brazen Serpent. Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's grieving tribes com-
plain'd,
With fi'ry serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent straight the prophet made,
Of molten brass, to view display'd.
- 2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heav'n their mournful sighs ascend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a pow'r that makes them whole.
- 3 But, oh, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
What life, by faith, our souls receive!
What pleasures do his sorrows give!
- 4 Still may I view the Saviour's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!
- 5 Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
By thy atonement set me free!—
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

HYMN 158. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Islington 40. New Sabbath 122.

Bread of Life. John vi. 35. 48.

- 1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heav'nly bread;
They choose the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.
- 2 Jesus! thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed;

- In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 3 Without this bread, I starve and die;
No other can my need supply:
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in ev'ry place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;
This living food descends from heav'n,
As manna to the Jews was giv'n.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives;
What strength, what nourishment it gives;
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread!

HYMN 159. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Leeds 19. Madan's 107.

Bride and Husband; or, The Marriage between Christ and the Soul.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the heav'nly lover, gave
His life, my wretched soul to save:
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove,
'Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heav'nly bridegroom wins my heart.
- 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding dress,—
The robe of perfect righteousness.
- 5 Lost in astonishment, I see,
Jesus! thy boundless love to me:
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

- 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
 O Saviour, keep me near thy side!
 I fain would give thee all my heart,
 Nor ever from my Lord depart.

HYMN 160. L. M. *Beddome.*

Kimbolton 251. Chard 175.

Bright and Morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light, that roll so near
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
 O tell, how mean your glories are—
 How faint and few, compar'd with his!
- 2 We sing the Bright and Morning Star
 Jesus, the Spring of light and love:
 See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above!
- 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad;—
 Point out the puzzled Christian's way;
 Still, as he goes, he finds the road,
 Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- [4 Thus, when the Eastern Magi brought
 Their royal gifts, a star appears;
 Directs them to the babe they sought,
 And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]
- 5 When shall we reach the heav'nly place
 Where this bright star shall brightest shine?
 Leave far behind these scenes of night,
 And view a lustre so divine?

HYMN 161. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Bath Chapel 26. Evan's 190.

Chief among Ten Thousand; or, The Excellencies of Christ.
 Cant. v. 10—16.

- 1 **T**O Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring:
 When he's the subject of the song,
 Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
 And on his glories dwell;

Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

[6 His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

7 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.]

8 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

HYMN 162. 8, 7. *Madan's Collection.*

Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

Consolation of Israel. Luke ii. 25.

1 **C**OME thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:

Isr'el's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,—
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

- 2 Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a child, and yet a King,
 Born, to reign in us for ever,—
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thy own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thy all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

*HYMN 163. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Wareham 117. Wells 102.

Corner-stone. 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou show a Corner-stone,
 For us to build our hopes upon,
 That the fair edifice may rise
 Sublime in light beyond the skies!
- 2 We own the work of sov'reign love;
 Nor death, nor hell, the hope shall move,
 Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
 Laid by thy own almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have try'd,
 And all the pow'rs of hell defy'd;
 Floods of temptations beat in vain,
 Well doth this Rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
 Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
 'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
 And here securely they abide;
- 5 While they that scorn this precious Stone,
 Fond of some quicksand of their own,
 Borne down by weighty vengeance, die,
 And buried deep in ruin lie.

HYMN 164. C. M.

New-York 33. Sillman 66.

Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

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

HYMN 165. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Stanford 9. Huddersfield 202.

The Door. John x. 9. Hosea ii. 15.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
 Whose mercies never fail;
 Who opens wide a door of hope
 In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
 The building's strong and fair;
 Within are pastures fresh and green,
 And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
 For Jesus is the door:

Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'ling through one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home!

HYMN 166. L. M. *Dr. Steele.*

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Our Example. John xiii. 15.

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

HYMN 167. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bramcoate 8. Antigua 120.

Forerunner and Foundation of our Hope. Heb. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, our souls adore!
A painful suff'rer now no more,
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heav'n's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturb'd his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone!
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own Forerunner, see,
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

HYMN 168. 104th. *Hart.*

Stockwell 140 Hanover 130.

Fountain opened for Sinners. Zec. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,—
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King;
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.
- 2 This Fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;

When pierc'd by the spear,
It flow'd from his heart,
With blood and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But if guilt removed
Return and remain;
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

4 'This fountain, unseal'd,
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small:
Here's strength for the weakly,
That hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

5 This fountain, though rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here:
Come, needy and guilty,
Come, loathsome and bare;
Though lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all stain,
Whenever apply'd;
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Though leprous as mine.

HYMN 169. C. M. *Cowper.*

Tunbridge 103. Evan's 190.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 O may I there, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 But when this lisp'ing, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

HYMN 170. L. M. *Newton.*

Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.

Friend.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
 I have a rich almighty Friend;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name;
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
 And, by his pow'r my foes control'd;
 He found me wand'ring far from God,
 And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthron'd with him above the skies:
 Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

PAUSE.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend. 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns:
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve;
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my friend can say.
- [6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask:
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.]
- 8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

HYMN 171. L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Gift of God. John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day!
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,—
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distress;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest,

- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

HYMN 172. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Oxford 177. Newbury 132.

Head of the Church. Ephesians iv. 15. 16.

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

HYMN 173. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Liverpool 83. Irish 171.

Jesus—precious to them that believe. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heav'n might hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul!
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

HYMN 174. 7s.

Turin 244. Feversham 220.

Immanuel. Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **G**OD *with us!* O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite:—
Oh, mysterious depth and height!
- 2 *God with us!* Amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 *God with us!* But tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
- [4 *God with us!* Oh, blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme!
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]
- 5 *God with us!* Oh, wond'rous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

HYMN 175. C. M. *Steele.*

Charleston 195. Milbourn Port 183. America 265.

King of Saints.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite pow'r, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 176. C. M. *H—*.

Miles's Lane 32. Condescension 116.

Crown him.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small:
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 177. C. M.

Miles's Lane 32. Foster 96.

The spiritual Coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

ANGELS.

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

MARTYRS.

- [2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

CONVERTED JEWS.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Isr'el's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.]

BELIEVING GENTILES.

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

SINNERS OF EVERY AGE.

- [5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 'To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

OURSELVES.

- 7 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the *everlasting* song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 178. 112th. *C. Wesley.*

Uffculm 93. Hoxton 121.

Kinsman. Ruth iii. 2—9.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we claim thee for our own,
 Our Kinsman near allied in blood,
 Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
 The Son of Man, the Son of God;
 And lo! we lay us at thy feet,
 Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.
- 2 Partaker of my flesh below,
 To thee, O Jesus, I apply;
 Thou wilt thy poor relations know;
 Thou never canst thyself deny,
 Exclude me from thy guardian care,
 Or slight a sinful beggar's pray'r.
- 3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,
 I trust my faithful friend to prove;
 Now o'er thy meanest servants spread
 The skirt of thy redeeming love:
 Under thy wings of mercy take,
 And save me for thy merit's sake.
- 4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,
 Lord over all, to worms allied?
 Answer me from that bleeding cross,
 Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride,
 And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
 Thine, wholly thine, for ever be!

HYMN 179. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Babylon Streams 23. Kingsbridge 88. Gould's 272.

Lamb of God, &c. John i. 29.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love:
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
'To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace, through him abound,
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

HYMN 180. S. M. *J. C. W.*

New Eagle Street 55. Enfield 5.

Leader.

- 1 **T**HOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ransom'd people led.
- 2 Angel of Gospel-grace!
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

HYMN 181. L. M. *Steele.*

Virginia 234. Rippon's 188.

Life of the Soul. John xiv. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN 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 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort, die,
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word;
 That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives;
 Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
 Immoveable the promise stands;
 Not all the pow'rs of earth, or hell,
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN 182. 8. 7.

Carlisle 95. Welsh 210.

Light. Isaiah ix. 2.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come! and thy dear self revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 The new heav'n's and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise!
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes!

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
 Come, and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
 Come, and bring thy Gospel-grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
 By the influence of thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

HYMN 183. 7s. *W*—.

Scotland 194. Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

Melchizedek a Type of Christ. Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

- 1 **K**ING of Salem, bless my soul!
 Make a wounded sinner whole!
 King of righteousness and peace,
 Let not thy sweet visits cease!
- 2 Come, refresh this soul of mine
 With thy sacred bread and wine;
 All thy love to me unfold,
 Half of which cannot be told.
- 3 Hail, Melchizedek divine!
 Thou great High-Priest shalt be mine;
 All my pow'rs before thee fall,—
 Take not tithe, but take them all.

HYMN 184. C. M.

New-York 33. Providence College 10.

Messenger of the Covenant. Mal. iii. 1.

- 1 **J**ESUS, commission'd from above,
 Descends to men below,
 And shows from whence the springs of love
 In endless current flow.

- 2 He whom the boundless heav'n adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me.
- 3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn;
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born:
- 4 To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word;
Who never knew or lov'd his face,
And all his will abhorr'd:
- [5 To me, who could not even praise,
When his kind heart I knew,
But sought a thousand devious ways,
Rather than keep the true:]
- 6 Yet this redeeming angel came,
So vile a worm to bless;
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.
- 7 Oh that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And, for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine!

HYMN 185. L. M. *Needham.*

New Sabbath 122. Mark's 65.

Messiah. Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

- 1 **G**LORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 Oh, what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son, to send!
That man condemn'd to die might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold,

- Judah thy royal sceptre's broke;
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.
- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-shone;
It wanted not thy glitt'ring store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wond'rous child!
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.
- 7 Jesus, thy Gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

HYMN 186. 7. 6. 8. *C. Wesley.*

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

Passover. Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

- 1 **C**HRI**S**T, our passover is slain,
To set his people free,—
Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny:
Lord, that we may now depart,
And truly serve our pard'ning God,
Sprinkle ev'ry house and heart
With thine atoning blood.
- 2 Let the angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil;
Let his pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.
- 3 Wilt thou not a diff'rence make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,

Vengeance on th' Egyptians take,
 And grace to Israel show?
 Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
 We on the paschal Lamb rely?—
 See us cover'd with the blood,
 And pass thy people by.

HYMN 187. C. M. *Steele.*

Stillman 66. *Condescension* 116.

Pearl of great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 **Y**E glitt'ring toys of earth adieu!
 A nobler choice be mine;
 A *real* prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense;—
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
 O name divinely sweet!
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign;
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be for ever blest.
- 6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine;
 Accept the wish that love inspires,
 And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 188. L. M. *Steele.*

Ulverston 179. *Portugal* 97. *Gould's* 272.

Physician of Souls. *Jeremiah* viii. 22.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made,
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?

- In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in ev'ry part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great Physician near:
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.
- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart;
For here a sov'reign cure is found,
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for ev'ry painful wound.

HYMN 189. C. M.

Great Milton 212. Ludlow 84.

Physician; or, The Miracles of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, since thou art still to-day
As yesterday the same;
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

LEPER.

- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.

- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
 I sink beneath my sin;
 But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
 Of thine can make me clean.

DEAF AND DUMB.

- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands;
 Open, O Lord, mine ear;
 Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
 And lift them up in pray'r.
- 6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long)
 My voice I cannot raise;
 But, Oh! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
 The dumb shall sing thy praise.

LAME.

- 7 Lame, at the pool, I still am seen,
 Waiting to find relief;
 While many others venture in,
 And wash away their grief.
- 8 Now speak my mind, my conscience, sound,
 Give, and my strength employ;
 Light as a hart, my soul shall bound,
 The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

- 9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
 Oh! let me find thee near;
 Jesus, in mercy, hear me cry;
 Thou Son of David, hear!
- 10 See, I am waiting in the way,
 For thee the heav'nly light;
 Command me to be brought, and say
 "Sinner, receive thy sight."

POSSESSED.

- 11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
 To thy great name submit;
 Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
 And place me at thy feet.

- 12 From sin, the guilt, the pow'r, the pain,
 Thou wilt relieve my soul;
 Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
 For thou wilt make me whole.

HYMN 190. 148th. *Cennick.*

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

High-priest.

- 1 **A** GOOD High-Priest is come,
 Supplying Aaron's place,
 And taking up his room,
 Dispensing life and grace;
 The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
 But grace and truth by Jesus' name.
- 2 My Lord a priest is made,
 As sware the mighty God
 To Israel and his seed;
 Ordain'd to offer blood
 For sinners, who in mercy seek,
 A priest, as was Melchizedek.
- 3 He once temptation knew
 Of every sort and kind,
 That he might succour shew
 To every tempted mind:
 In every point the Lamb was try'd,
 Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 4 He dies; but lives again,
 And by the altar stands;
 There shows how he was slain,
 Op'ning his pierced hands:
 Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause
 Of us, who have transgress'd his laws.
- 5 I other priests disclaim,
 And laws, and offerings too,
 None but the bleeding Lamb
 The mighty work can do;
 He shall have all the praise; for he
 Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

HYMN 191. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Leeds 19. Langdon 217.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **M**ONG all the priests of Jewish race,
 Jesus the most illustrious stands;
 The radiant beauty of his face
 Superior love and awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek
 Could claim such high descent as he;
 His nature and his name bespeak
 His unexampled pedigree.
- 3 Descended from th' eternal God,
 He bears the name of his own Son;
 And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,
 He puts his priestly garments on.
- 4 The mitred crown, th' embroider'd vest,
 With graceful dignity he wears;
 And, in full splendour, on his breast
 The sacred oracle appears.
- 5 So he presents his sacrifice,—
 An off'ring most divinely sweet;
 While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
 And cover o'er the mercy-seat.
- 6 The Father, with approving smile,
 Accepts the off'ring of his Son;
 New joys the wond'ring angels feel,
 And haste to bear the tidings down.
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat
 Gives sacred pleasure to my breast;
 Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
 To Christ, the Advocate and Priest.

HYMN 192. 112th. *President Davies.*

Carey's 11. New-Haven 248. Pearce 269.

Prophet, Priest, and King. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name!
 The great Jehovah's darling, thou!

Oh, let me catch th' immortal flame,
 With which angelic bosoms glow!
 Since angels love thee, I would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.

- 2 My *Prophet* thou, my heav'nly guide,
 Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
 The words, that from thy lips proceed,
 Oh, how divinely sweet they are!
 Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.
- 3 My great *High-priest*, whose precious blood,
 Did once atone upon the cross;
 Who now dost intercede with God,
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
 In thee I trust; thee I would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.
- 4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,
 A willing subject at thy feet;
 All other lords I disavow,
 And to thy government submit:
 My *Saviour King* this heart would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.

HYMN 193. L. M.

Redemption 243. Wells's Row 98.

The Ransom. Isaiah lxi. 2.

- 1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
 "A year of freedom to declare,
 "From debts and bondage to discharge;
 "And Jews and Greeks the grace shall
 "share:
- 2 "A day of vengeance I proclaim,
 "But not on man the storm shall fall;
 "On me its thunders shall descend,
 "My strength, my love, sustain them all."
- 3 Stupendous favour! matchless grace!
 Jesus has died, that we might live:
 Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
 Could so divine a ransom give.

- 4 To him who lov'd our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise,
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

HYMN 194. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Oxford 177. Sprague 166.

Our Righteousness. Jeremiah xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
S And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are giv'n;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heav'n.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

HYMN 195. 7s. *Toplady.*

Deptford 124. Firth's 146. Rest 282.

Rock-smitten; or, The Rock of Ages. Isaiah xxvi. 4.

- 1 ROCK of ages, shelter me!
R Let me hide myself in thee!

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever 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;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

HYMN 196. L. M. *Steele.*

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Saviour—the only One. Acts iv. 12.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 Nor other name will heav'n approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd, by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

HYMN 197. S. M. *Steele.*

Finsbury 155. Mansfield 154.

Shepherd. Psalm xxiii. 1—3.

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my Spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety, blest;
Beneficence divine!
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are these.

HYMN 198. 104th.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Hanover 130.

Strong-hold. Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

YE pris'ners of hope,
O'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jesus look up
For certain relief;
There's no condemnation
In Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation
His grace doth afford.

Should justice appear
A merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer,
And soon shall you know
That sinners, confessing
Their wickedness past,
A plentiful blessing
Of pardon shall taste.

Then dry up your tears,
Ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears
To give you relief:
If you are returning
To Jesus, your friend,
Your sighing and mourning
In singing shall end.

"None will I cast out
"Who come," saith the Lord,
Why then do you doubt?
Lay hold of his word:
Ye mourners of Sion,
Be bold to believe,
For ever rely on
Your Saviour, and live.

HYMN 199. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

New Sabbath 122. Martin's Lane 67.

Sun. Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

GREAT God! amid the darksome night,
Thy glories dart upon my sight,

- While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.
- 2 But when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness, and thy goodness too.
- 3 Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's sight!
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity!
- 4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadows of thy face;
As in the pale and sickly moon,
We trace the image of the sun.
- 5 In ev'ry work thy hands have made,
Thy pow'r and wisdom are display'd:
But O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour shine!
- 6 He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.
- 7 Oh, may the vital strength and heat,
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun.

HYMN 200. C. M. *Toplady.*

New-York 33. *Condescension* 116.

Vine and the Branches. John xv. 1—5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

- 3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine;
Wither'd and barren should I be
If sever'd from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant, which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with pow'r divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

HYMN 201. L. M. *Cennick.*

Leeds 19. Lewton 30.

Way to Canaan.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The king's high-way of holiness,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, and burden, long has been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd 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:
My sinful self to thee I give!
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God!"

HYMN 202. 8, 8, 6.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

Way, Truth, and Life. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ th' appointed road:
Oh, may we tread the sacred *Way!*
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!
- 2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and *true*:
Oh, may we all his word believe!
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above for ever lives,
And *Life* to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine!
Oh, may his Spirit in me dwell!
'Then, sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

HYMN 203. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bramcoate 23. Langdon 217.

Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.
1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

- 1 **M**Y God! assist me, while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise:
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In Christ I view a store divine;
My Father, all that store is thine!
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd:
Hail to the Saviour and the God!
- 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
"Let there be light," th' Almighty said;
And Christ, my Sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.
- 4 Cond' mn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful justice ask'd my blood:

That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

- 5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin;
And lo! his grace hath made me clean!
He rescues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.
- 6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue!
Ye angels, warble back my song!
For love like this demands the praise
Of heav'nly harps and endless days.

HYMN 204. C. M. *Toplady.*

Bedford 91. Brighthelmstone 203.

All in All.

- 1 **C**OMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My ALL IN ALL I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I'll burn:
Chosen of thee, ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign:
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

HYMN 205. 8s. *K—*.

New Jerusalem 230. Locke 49.

*All in All; or, The Testimony concerning Jesus, the Soul of
Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.*

- 1 **T**HE Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land,

- Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
 And brought to Jehovah's right hand:
 With pleasure we freely confess
 The Bible all books doth outshine;
 But Jesus, his person and grace,
 Affords it that lustre divine.
- 2 In ev'ry *prophetical book*,
 Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
 With joy we behold, as we look,
 The wonderful Saviour reveal'd;
 His glories project to the eye,
 And prove it was not his design
 Those glories concealed should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.
- 3 The *first gracious promise* to man
 A blessed prediction appears;
 His work is the soul of the plan,
 And gives it the glory it wears:
 How cheering the truth must have been,
 That Jesus, the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And hell in captivity lead!
- 4 The *ancient Levitical Law*,
 Was prophecy, after its kind:
 In types, there, the faithful foresaw
 The Saviour that ransom'd mankind:
 The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
 The blood that was sprinkled of old,
 Had life, when the people could taste
 The blessings those shadows foretold.
- 5 Review each *prophetical song*,
 Which shines in prediction's rich train,
 The sweetest to Jesus belong,
 And point out his suff'rings and reign:
 Sure David his harp never strung
 With more of true sacred delight,
 Than when of the Saviour he sung,
 And he was reveal'd to his sight.
- 6 May Jesus more precious become!
 His word be a lamp to our feet,

While we in this wilderness roam,
 Till brought in his presence to meet!
 Then, then, we will gaze on thy face,—
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!
 Recount all thy wonders of grace,
 Thy praises eternally sing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 206. (First Part.) 112th

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

The Promised Comforter. John xiv. 16—18.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we hang upon the word
 Our longing souls have heard from thee;
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,—
 Thy promise made to such as me;—
 To such as Zion's path pursue,
 And would believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou say'st, "I will the Father pray,
 "And he the Comforter shall give,
 "Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
 "And never more his temples leave;
 "Myself will to my orphans come,
 "And make you mine eternal home."
- 3 Come, then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
 And let the promise now take place;
 Be it according to thy will,
 According to the word of grace;
 Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
 And send us down the Comforter.
- 4 He visits oft the troubled breast,
 And oft relieves our sad complaint;
 But soon we lose the transient guest,
 But soon we droop again, and faint.
 Repeat the melancholy moan,
 "Our joy is fled, our comfort gone."

- 5 Hasten, him, Lord, into each heart,
 Our sure inseparable guide:
 Oh, may we meet and never part!
 Oh may he in our hearts abide!
 And keep his house of praise and pray'r,
 And rest and reign for ever there!

HYMN 206. (Second Part.) 8s.

Limefield 94.

The Love of the Spirit. Rom. xv. 30.

- 1 **T**HE love of the Spirit I sing,
 By whom is redemption apply'd;
 Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
 And make them his mystical bride.
- 2 'Tis he circumcises the hearts,
 Their callousness kindly removes;
 Life, light, and affection imparts
 To them that so freely he loves.
- 3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
 The beauty of Jesus to view;
 He changes the bent of the mind,
 The glory of God to pursue.
- 4 The stubbornest will he can bow,
 The foes that dwell in us restrain;
 And none can be trodden so low,
 But he can revive them again.
- 5 His blest renovation begun,
 He dwells in the hearts of his saints;
 Abandons his temple to none,
 Nor e'er of his calling repents.
- 6 Impress'd with the image divine,
 The soul to redemption he seals;
 And each with the Saviour shall shine,
 When glory complete he reveals.
- 7 How constant thy love I believe,
 Which stedfast endures to the end;
 Then never, my soul, may I grieve
 So loving—so holy a friend.

HYMN 207. (First Part.) L. M. B—.

Ailie Street 241. Ulverston 179.

The Leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 207. (Second Part.) C. M.

Follett 281. Braintree 25.

The Work of the Spirit represented by the Wind; or, Sovereign saving Grace. John iii. 8.

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel,
The soul-enliv'ning breeze.
- 2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the pow'r of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.

- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
 With life, and light, and joy!
 None can thy mighty pow'r control—
 Thy glorious work destroy.

HYMN 208. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Magdalene 214. Rowles 73.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.

- 1 **B**LESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
 Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
 More needs the current to obtain,
 Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side,
 Through all the desert gently glide;
 Then, in Immanuel's land above,
 Spread to a sea of joy and love!

HYMN 209. L. M.

Kimbolton 251. Martin's Lane 67.

Divine Influences compared to Rain. Psalm lxxii. 6.

- 1 **A**S show'rs on meadows newly mown,
 Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
 Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
 Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands, that beneath a burning sky
 Have long been desolate and dry,
 Th' infusions of his love shall share,
 And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains in all their store,
 Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
 Are not so copious as that grace,
 Which sanctifies and saves our race.

- 4 As, in soft silence, vernal show'rs
Descend, and cheer the fainting flow'rs,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heav'nly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

HYMN 210. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Wareham 117. Fawcett 184. Gould's 272.

Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit.

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

THE INFLUENCES OF
HYMN 211. (First Part.) 112th.

President Davies.

Hoxton 121. Francis 200.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! source of light!
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume!
Come, *condescending* Spirit! come.
- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:
Come, *vivifying* Spirit! come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.
- 3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heav'nly fire;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
'Though in the flame we should expire:
Our breasts expand to make thee room:
Come, *purifying* Spirit! come.
- 4 Let pure devotion's fervours rise!
Let ev'ry pious passion glow!
Oh, let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, *condescending* Spirit! come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

HYMN 211. (Second Part.) S. M.

Stoke 207. New Eagle-street 55.

The Holy Spirit Invoked.

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, come;
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy, dispense!
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quick'ning influence.

- 3 Melt, melt, this frozen heart;
 This stubborn will subdue;
 Each evil passion overcome,
 And form me all anew.
- 4 Mine will the profit be,
 But thine shall be the praise;
 And unto thee I will devote
 The remnant of my days.

HYMN 212. (First Part.) L. M.

Mark's 65. Chard 175.

Entire Dedication; or, Reasons for desiring the work of the Spirit.

- 1 **E**MPTY'D of earth, I fain would be,
 Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
 Reserv'd for Christ that bled and dy'd,—
 Surrender'd to the crucify'd!—
- 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
 The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
 Prepar'd for Heav'n, my noblest care,—
 And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!
 My friend, and my companion thou;
 Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
 And put all other loves to flight.
- 4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
 And to thyself the conquest get:
 Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
 Slain by thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword.
- 5 Constrain my soul thy sway to own:
 Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone:
 Let Dagon fall before thy face,—
 The ark remaining in its place.
- 6 Detach from sublunary joys
 One that would only hear thy voice,
 Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
 Nor glow but with celestial fire.

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

HYMN 212. (Second Part.) L. M.

Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

A propitious Gale longed for.

1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
 "Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 "But swell my sails, and speed my way!
 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 "And loose my cable from below;
 "But I can only spread my sail; [gale!"
 "Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious

HYMN 213. L. M. *Steele.*

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

The influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv. 16, 17.

1 **D**EAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
 In such a wretched heart as mine?
 Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
 Favour astonishing, divine!
 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
 And hope almost expires in night,
 Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
 Great spring of comfort, life, and light?
 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
 Else would my hopes for ever die,
 And ev'ry cheering ray depart.
 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
 Do I not find his healing voice
 The tempest of my fears control,
 And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?
 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
 With ardent wish, my heart aspires;
 Can it be less than pow'r divine
 Which animates these strong desires?

- 6 What less than thy Almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 7 And, when my cheerful hope can say
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heav'nly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN 214. 8s.

Uxbridge 161. New Jerusalem 230.

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkness.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit—the dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his conscience with blood.
- 2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin;
Resolv'd, by the strength of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.
- 3 If, when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
Oh, Spirit of pity and grace!
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to grieve thee no more.

- 4 If now I lament after God,
 And pant for a drop of his love,
 If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
 Obtain'd me a mansion above;
 Come, heavenly Comforter! come,
 Sweet witness of mercy divine!
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

HYMN 215. (First Part.) L. M.

Bredby 165. Horsely 205. Gould's 272.

The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart. Psalm II. 11.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Not take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 But oh! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest;
 Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
 I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—
 E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes;
 Into thy rest of love receive,
 And bless me with the calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
 And raise me by thy gracious hand;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 215. (Second Part.) C. M.

Worksop 31. Walsal 237.

The grieved Spirit desired to return.

- 1 **M**Y grace so weak, my sin so strong,
 My heart is greatly pain'd:
 Bless'd Spirit, art thou griev'd?—and is
 Thine influence restrain'd?

- 2 Tell me,—Oh, tell me what will please,
And cause thee to return;
As doves the absence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.
- 3 Come, then, Celestial Helper! come,
With energy divine;
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.
- 4 Vouchsafe, in answer to my pray'r,
Thy visits to renew;
Increase my faith, dispel my fear;
Oh, guard and save me too.

HYMN 215. (Third Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Portugal 97.

Prayer for all the saving Influences of Grace.

- 1 **I**'M in a world of hopes and fears,—
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.
- 2 Shed down, O Lord! a heav'nly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 Each sacred principle impart;
The faith, that sanctifies the heart:
Hope, that to heav'n's high vault aspires;
And love, that warms with holy fires.
- 5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
That may my constant thought pursue—
That may I love and practise too.
- 6 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.—

- 7 There glories shine and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport—the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in Thee.

HYMN 216. (1st Part.) C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

New-York 33. Sprague 166.

Divine Drawings celebrated. Hosea xi. 4.

- 1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While pow'r and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqu'ror's feet.

HYMN 216. (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal New 263. Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

The Time of Love; or, Praise for the Work of the Spirit.
Ezek. xvi. 6. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'twas a time of wond'rous love,
When thou didst first draw near my
And, by thy Spirit from above, [soul,
My raging passions didst control.
- 2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near;
But he my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.

- 3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, *equal* praise.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

HYMN 217. (First Part.) 8. 8. 6. *S. Pearce.*

Baltimore 167. Hinton 266.

Contentment encouraged by the Divine Promise.
Hebrews xiii. 5.

- 1 **L**ET Ocean's waves tumultuous rise,
And strive in vain to pierce the skies,
And mingle with the stars;
Then disappointed backward roll!
And, wild with rage, disturb the pole
With their presumptuous wars.
- 2 Let Rebel Angels, doom'd to fire,
Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
And combat with their God:
Then headlong from th' ethereal height
Precipitate their downward flight,
At his effective nod.
- [3 Let murm'ring Mortals too repine,
Arraign the Providence divine,
And blame the deeds of Heav'n;
While passions strong, without control,
Disturb the agitated soul,
Enrag'd at what is giv'n.]
- 4 But shall the Christian's nobler mind—
By Grace renew'd, by Heav'n refin'd—
Indulge a murm'ring thought?
Shall he, who claims Jehovah's strength,
Who shall be brought to Heav'n at length,
Bemoan *his* present lot?

* The Christian Graces and Tempers are placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

- 5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries,
Nor let th' ungen'rous thought arise,
Offspring of discontent:
No! while my God, my Saviour lives,
'Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the blessings sent.
- 6 Since he has said, "I'll ne'er depart;"
I'll bind his promise to my heart,
Rejoicing in his care;
This shall support, while here I live;
And, when in glory I arrive,
I'll praise him for it there.

HYMN 217. (Second part.) S. M. *Beddome*,
Gospel 53. Enfield 5.

Faith, its Author and Preciousness. Eph. ii. 8

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

HYMN 218. C. M.

Abingdon 42. *Condescension* 116.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss
And saves me from its snares:
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares:—

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:
- 5 Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood:
And helps my feeble hopes to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there, unshaken, would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

HYMN 219. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Rochford 22. Rothwell 174.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief. Mark ix. 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows, rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

HYMN 220. 8s.

Lambeth 57. Uxbridge 161.

Faith fainting.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine:
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease:
 The blood of atonement apply;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
 The rock that is higher than I:
 Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice,
 Thy presence is fair to behold;
 Attend to my sorrows and cries—
 My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep:
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests, with a roar,—
 "The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
 "Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah! tell me how is it I find
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
 Almighty to rescue thou art;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r:
 Come succour and gladden my heart,—
 Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

HYMN 221. 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59. Westbury Leigh 278.

Faith reviving.

- 1 **F**ROM whence this fear and unbelief?
 Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
 Thy spotless Son for me?

And will the righteous Judge of men
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid
 Whate'er thy people ow'd;
 How then can wrath on me take place,
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
 And sprinkled with thy blood?

[3 If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
 And freely, in my room, endur'd
 The whole of wrath divine;
 Payment God cannot twice demand—
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.]

4 Turn then, my soul, unto the rest!
 The merits of thy great High-priest
 Speak liberty and peace;
 Trust in his efficacious blood;
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus dy'd for thee.

HYMN 222. 8s.

New Jerusalem 230. Lambeth 57.

Faith conquering.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his crucified God,
 His pardon at once he receives,—
 Redemption in full through his blood:
 Though thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such Salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name;
 The work of God's Spirit it is;
 A principle, active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.

- 3 It treads on the world and on hell;
 It vanquishes death and despair;
 And Oh! let us wonder to tell,
 It overcomes heaven by pray'r,—
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend;
 'To hope his forgiveness as just,
 And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
 That stand betwixt God and the soul;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole;
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;
 And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN 223. 8s. *Toplady.*

New Jerusalem 230. Locke 49.

Faith triumphing.

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,—
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 My person and off'rings to bring:
 The terrors of law and of God
 With me can have nothing to do,
 My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;
 His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor things that are now,—
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Impress'd on his heart it remains
 In marks of indelible grace:

Yes! I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given:
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorifi'd spirits in heaven.

HYMN 224. S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Salem New 99.

Weak Believers encouraged.

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

HYMN 225. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.

Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16. Heb. x. 39.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n;
 New works can give us no pretence
 To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done
 Can make a wounded conscience whole:

Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul:

- 3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word!
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its pow'r display!
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

HYMN 226. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bedford 91. Brighthelmstone 208.

Being in the Fear of God all the Day long. Prov. xxiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HRIECE happy souls, who born from
While yet they sojourn here, [heav'n,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne—
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought!
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,—
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;

And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our pow'rs to rest.

- 8 In solid pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN 227. C. M. *Needham.*

Stamford 9. Hammond 226. Bath Chapel 26.

Fear of God. Prov. xiv. 26.

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

HYMN 228. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Michael's 119. Follet 181.

Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **A**M 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 flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face;
Must I not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

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

HYMN 229. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Chard 175. Ailie Street 241.

Gravity and Decency.

1 **B**EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport, and play—
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richest vest,
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher!
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;

And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

HYMN 230. L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. Virginia 234. Gould's 272.

Hope set before us.

- 1 **A**ND be it so—that, till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And slaves to sin, and Satan's pow'r,
Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do?—shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan and die?
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?
- 3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints, we ask a place,—
For in thy mercy there is room.
- 4 Lord, we believe! Oh, chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief:
Lord, we repent! Oh, let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief.
- 5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above,—
With all the joys of hope divine.

HYMN 231. (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175. New Court 173.

Hope in Darkness.

- 1 **O** GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enliv'ning beams depart!
- 2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will *never* rise?
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn?
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky,

My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

- 4 Oh, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

HYMN 231. (Second Part.) 148th. *Beddome.*

Carmarthan New 35.

Who can tell; or, hoping against Hope. Jonah iii. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee I'll make
My griefs and sorrows known;
And with an humble hope
Approach thine awful throne:
Though by my sins deserving hell,
I'll not despair;—for, who can tell?
- 2 To thee, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there—
My foes subdue, my fears dispel—
I'll daily seek;—for, who can tell?
- 3 Endanger'd or distress,
To thee alone I'll fly,
Implore thy pow'rful help,
And at thy footstool lie;
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait;—for, who can tell?
- 4 My heart misgives me oft,
And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee
Will make it all serene:
Satan suggests that I must dwell
In endless flames;—but, who can tell?
- 5 Vile unbelief, begone;
Ye doubts, fly swift away;
God hath an ear to hear,
While I've an heart to pray:
If he be mine, all will be well—
For ever so;—and, who can tell?

HYMN 232. L. M. 8. 8. 6.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150. Westbury Leigh 278.

Hoping and Longing. Num. xiii. 30. Deut. iii. 25.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord! and help us to rejoice
 In hope that we shall hear thy voice,—
 Shall one day see our God;
 Shall cease from all our painful strife,
 Handle and taste the Word of Life,
 And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 Let us not always make our moan,
 Nor worship thee, a God unknown;
 But let us live to prove
 Thy people's rest, thy saint's delight,
 The length and breadth, the depth and height
 Of thy redeeming love.
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 We stand, and from the mountain top
 See all the land below:
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of paradise
 In endless plenty grow:
- 4 A land of corn, and wine and oil,
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
 With ev'ry blessing blest;
 There dwells the Lord, our Righteousness,—
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.
- 5 Oh, when shall we at once go up!
 Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
 But the good land possess:
 When shall we end our ling'ring years,
 Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears;—
 An howling wilderness.
- 6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
 Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
 Our unbelief remove;
 The heav'nly Canaan, Lord divide!
 And, oh, with all the sanctify'd,
 Give us a lot of love!

HYMN 233. L. M. *Steele.*

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections.

1 Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart th' anxious sigh?
 Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe, if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand—
 That gracious hand on which I live
 Doth life, and time, and death, command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wond'rous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread! how bright they shine
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust, while I adore,—
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then have I all my heart can crave;
 A present help in time of need;
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine—and I am blest.

HYMN 234. L. M. *Steele.*

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

Happy Poverty; or, the Poor in Spirit Blessed. Matt. v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more;
 Let faith survey your future store;
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
 And pours th' penitential tear;

- Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours*!
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And ev'ry wish hath full supplies:—
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state, which pow'r and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.
- 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my pray'r!
Reveal, confirm my int'rest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this, my soul desires to know!
- 8 Oh, let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce th' glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

HYMN 235. C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Humble Pleading for Mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart, and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- [2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink—with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell;

Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our num'rous fears dispel.

- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Oh, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break;
And breaking soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down, our gracious friend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

HYMN 236. L. M. *Beddome*.

Ulverston 179. Rippon's 188. Babylon Streams 23.

The humble Publican. Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD! with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart:
Oh, help me soon, or else I die.
- 2 Here, on my soul a burden lies!
No human pow'r can it remove;
My num'rous sins like mountains rise:
Do thou reveal thy pard'ning love.
- 3 Break off these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains;
And bring me safe to heav'n and thee.

HYMN 237. 7s. *Madan's Collection*.

Alcester 213. Cookham 36.

A Prayer for Humility.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child:

Pleas'd with all the Lord provides:
Wean'd from all the world besides.

- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Isr'el still adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

HYMN 238. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Old Hundred 100. Chard 175.

Rejoicing in God. Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with pow'r presides,
And mercy all his empire guides:
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong! your valour trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,—
Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known:
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,—
That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and pow'r, we find
In one Jehovah all combin'd:
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.
- 6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love.

HYMN 239. S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Salem New 99. Mansfield 154.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song;
 Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair!
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flow'rs of paradise
 In rich profusion spring;
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
 In beaut'ous prospect rise;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,
 Who marks the shining way!
 To him who leads the wand'ers on
 To realms of endless day!

HYMN 240. 7s. *Cennick.*

Bath Abbey 147. Heart's 221.

Rejoicing in Hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise;
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
 Christ our Advocate is made;—
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
 Brother to our souls becomes.

- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,—
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Christ, your Father's darling Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord ! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee !

HYMN 241. L. M. *Cowper.*

Rochford 22. Mark's 65.

Return of Joy.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my
 mind,
 And smiling day once more appears ;
 Then, my Redeemer ! then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart ;
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee !
- 3 Oh, let me then, at length, be taught
 (What I am still so slow to learn,)
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,—
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will ;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine,

Thou therefore all the praise receive ;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 242. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

New Sabbath 122. Portugal 97.

Justice and Equity. Matt. vii. 12.

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer! how divine—
How righteous is this rule of thine,
“Never to deal with others worse
“Than we would have them deal with us ”
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain ;
And ev'ry conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tend'rest wishes rest ;
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss ?
Call in self-love to judge the cause ;
Let our own fondest passion show
How we should treat our neighbour too.
- 5 How bless'd would ev'ry nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love !
All would be friends, without a foe,
And form a paradise below.
- 6 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep ;
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
'Those savage passions, for our guide.

HYMN 243. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Chard 175. Truro 105.

God shining in the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord of boundless might !
With uncreated glories bright !
His presence gilds the worlds above,—
Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When, in substantial darkness veil'd,

The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

- 3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said :
And light all o'er its face was spread ;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God ! with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine ;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light,

HYMN 244. L. M.

Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

One Thing I know. John ix. 25. Isaiah liv. 13.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour ! make me wise to see
My sin and guilt, and remedy ;
'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought,
"They shall of Isr'el's God be taught."
- 2 Their plague of heart thy people know ;
They know thy name, and trust thee too ;
They know the Gospel's blissful sound,
The paths where endless joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the Son ;—
Their's is eternal life begun :
Unto salvation they are wise,—
Their grace shall into glory rise :
- 4 But—ignorance itself am I ;
Born blind—estrang'd from thee I lie ;
O Lord ! to thee I humbly own
I *nothing* know as should be known.
- 5 I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin,—
My foes without, or plague within ;

Know not my int'rest, Lord, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty.

- 6 But help me to declare to-day,
If *many* things I cannot say,
"One thing I know," all praise to thee,
"Though *blind* I was—yet now I *see*."

HYMN 245. C. M. *Fawcett.*

Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Knowledge at present imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

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

HYMN 246. L. M.

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

Liberality; or, The Duty and Pleasures of Benevolence.

- 1 **O**H, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of Heaven!

- Rebels he deigns to call his sons,—
 Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
 The grace that blazes like a sun;
 Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
 Through all your lives let mercy run!
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
 Swift let the great salvation fly;
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
 To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
 And be her counsellor and stay;
 Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
 To useful happy life, his way.
- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
 Your bowels of compassion move;
 Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—
 Their hatred recompens'd with love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
 Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
 Thus will you glorify your God,
 And thus the Christian name adorn.

HYMN 247. L. M. *D. Turner.*

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c. Deut. vi. 5.

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God!
 Paternal goodness marks thy name!
 Thy praises, through thy high abode,
 The heav'nly hosts with joy proclaim—
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
 For man to suffer, bleed, and die;
 And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,
 For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him, thy reconciled face,
 With joy unspeakable I see;
 And feel thy pow'rful wond'rous grace
 Draw, and unite my soul to thee.

- 4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
 Attracted by a creature's pow'r,
 Would from this blissful centre start,
 Lord, fix it there, to stray no more!

HYMN 248. C. M. *Dr. Ryland.*

New-York 33. *Condescension* 116.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.

- 1 **O** LORD! I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
 My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dry'd,
 Thy fulness is the same;
 May I with this be satisfy'd,
 And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near;
 A fountain which will ever run
 With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
 But may be found in thee;
 I must have all things, and abound,
 While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil;
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He, that has made my heav'n secure,
 Will here all good provide:
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor;
 What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
 I triumph and adore:
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 'To love and please thee more.

HYMN 249. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Martin's Lane 97. Langdon 217.

Love to Christ, present or absent.

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

HYMN 250. 7s. *Newton.*

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

- 1 **'T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- [3 Could my heart so hard remain;
Pray'r a task and burthen prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain;
If I knew a Saviour's love?]

- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin;—
Can I deem myself a child?—
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- [7 Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet;
If I did not love the Lord?]
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray!
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 251. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Lebanon 79. Manning 245. Gould's 272.

Desiring Love to Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, let me love! or is my mind
Harden'd to stone or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair-one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.
- 2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;

He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains;

- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms—
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies!
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?
- 6 Again he lives! and spreads his hands,—
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
“By these dear wounds!” says he, and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.
- 7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears!
This heart shall yield to death or love.

HYMN 252. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Sprague 166. Brighthelmstone 208.

Profession of Love to Christ.

- 1 **A**ND have I, Christ, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose gen'rous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In ev'ry human breast.

- 5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
 Had I no love for thee:
 Rather than not my Saviour love,
 O may I cease to be!

HYMN 253. 8s. *B. Francis.*

New Jerusalem 230. Locke 49. Uxbridge 161.

Supreme Love to Christ.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love!
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above
 To shout his adorable name:
 To gaze on his glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 'To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell;
 'To shine with the angels of light;
 With saints, and with seraphs to sing;
 'To view, with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside,
 A darksome and restless abode!
 Molested with foes on each side,
 And longing to dwell with my God:
 Oh, when shall my Spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Through realms of ineffable day!
- 4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing crowd:
 Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above,
 To gaze on thee, world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love?

- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
 Shall ever molest me again,
 Perfection of glory reigns there:
 This soul and this body shall shine
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God his full beauty displays.
- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away:
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows,—
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

HYMN 254. S. M. *Fawcett.*

Vermont 134. Stoke 207. Harborough 142

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love!
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour out ardent pray'rs:
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear:
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

255, 256 LOVE TO THE BRETHREN.

- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 255. S. M. *Beddome.*

Eagle Street New 55. Enfield 5.

Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd
- 3 Let envy, child of Hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 256. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

New Court 173. Antigua 120.

The Heart purified to unfeigned Love for the Brethren by the Spirit. 1 Peter i. 22.

- 1 **G**REAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's name.
- 2 Still let the heav'nly fire endure,
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure;
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.
- 3 Celestial Dove! descend, and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing:
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

HYMN 257. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Ludlow 84. Charmouth 28.

Love to our Neighbour; or, The good Samaritan.
Luke x. 29—37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! send thy grace
All-pow'rful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathising breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And, 'midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for ev'ry wound.

HYMN 258. C. M.

Worksop 31. Ann's 58.

Love to our Enemies from the Example of Christ.
Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

- 1 **A**LOUD we sing the wond'rous grace
Christ to his murderers bare;
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive!" his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down,
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing!
And, whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
 For enemies will pray ;
 With love, their hatred—and their curse
 With blessings—will repay.

HYMN 259. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Providence College 10. New-York 33.

All Attainments vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 **S**HOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
 Her richest gifts on me,
 Still, O my God ! I should be poor,
 If void of love to thee.
- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
 Could make me truly good :
 Not zeal itself could recompense
 The want of love to God.
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
 But were deny'd thy grace ;
 My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
 Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Though thou shouldst give me heav'nly skill
 Each mystery to explain ;
 If I'd no heart to do thy will,
 My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God !
 As mountains to remove ;
 No faith could do me real good,
 That did not work by love.
- [6 What though, to gratify my pride,
 And make my heav'n secure,
 All my possessious I divide
 Among the hungry poor ;
- 7 What though my body I consign
 To the devouring flame,
 In hope the glorious deed will shine
 In rolls of endless fame !
- 8 These splendid acts of vanity,
 Though all the world applaud,
 If destitute of charity,
 Can never please my God.]

- 9 Oh, grant me, then, this one request,
 And I'll be satisfy'd,—
 That love divine may rule my breast,
 And all my actions guide.

HYMN 260. S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Mansfield 154. Mount Ephraim 185.

The Meek beautified with Salvation. Psalm cxlix. 4.

- Y**E humble souls, rejoice,
 And cheerful praises sing!
 Wake all your harmony of voice;
 For Jesus is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,
 Whom here your souls have known,
 Pledges the honour of his word
 T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,
 For which his blood was paid!
 How beauteous shall your souls appear,
 Thus sumptuously array'd!
- 4 Sing! for the day is nigh,
 When, near your Saviour's seat,
 The tallest sons of pride shall lie
 The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
 And all thy saints confess
 The royal robes, in which they shine,
 Were wrought by sov'reign grace.

HYMN 261. C. M. *Needham.*

Crowle 3. Miall 240.

Moderation; or, The saint indeed. Phil. iv. 5.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious steps
 Still keep the golden mean:
 Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
 Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
 Nor acts the boaster's part;
 His modest tongue the language speaks
 Of his still humbler heart.

- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
 For truth dwells in his breast;
 With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
 And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heav'n bestows,
 He takes with thankful heart:
 With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
 And gives the poor a part.
- 5 To sect or party his large soul
 Disdains to be confin'd:
 The good he loves, of ev'ry name,
 And prays for all mankind.
- 6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
 Of truth and heav'nly love;
 The bigot's rage can never dwell
 Where rests the peaceful dove.
- 7 His bus'ness is to keep his heart,
 Each passion to control;
 Nobly ambitious well to rule
 The empire of his soul.
- 8 Not on the world his heart is set,
 His treasure is above;
 Nothing beneath the sov'reign good
 Can claim his highest love.

HYMN 262. L. M.

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

Agur's Wish. Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **T**HUS Agur breath'd his warm desire—
 "My God, two favours I require;
 "In neither my request deny,
 "Vouchsafe them both before I die:
- 2 "Far from my heart and tents exclude
 "Those enemies to all that's good;—
 "Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
 "And Falsehood's pestilential breath.
- 3 "Be neither wealth nor want my lot:
 "Below the dome, above the cot,
 "Let me my life unanxious lead;
 "And know not luxury nor need."

- 4 Those wishes, Lord, *we* make our own ;
 Oh, shed in moderation down
 Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
 Expiring, tunes thy praise in death !
- 5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
 May we with thankfulness receive
 Th' exub'rance—still our God adore,
 And bless the needy from our store !
- 6 Or, should we feel the pains of want,—
 Submission, resignation, grant ;
 Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
 Or call us to the bliss on high.

HYMN 263. L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christian Patience. Luke xxi. 19.

- 1 **P**ATIENCE!—Oh, what a grace divine!
 Sent from the God of pow'r and love,
 Submissive to its Father's hand,
 As through the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state,
 And wait, contented, our discharge,
 Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
 The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
 We smile amid our heaviest woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 Oh, for this grace! to aid us on,
 And arm with fortitude the breast,
 Till life's tumultuous voyage o'er—
 We reach the shores of endless rest!
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign;
 Hope shall in full fruition die;
 And patience in possession end,
 In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

HYMN 264. L. M. *Beddome.*

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Patience.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up:—
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thy unchanging love;
 Let not a drop of wrath be there!—
 The saints, for ever bless'd above,
 Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will;
 And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

HYMN 265. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Stillman 66. Hammond 226. Michael's 119.

God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm lxxxv. 8.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts! unite
 In silence soft and sweet:
 And thou, my soul, sit gently down
 At thy great Sov'reign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
 Yet gladly I attend;
 For lo! the everlasting God
 Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
 The sounds of peace convey;
 The tempest at his word subsides,
 And wind and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
 To grieve his love no more;
 But, charm'd by melody divine,
 To give its follies o'er.

HYMN 266. 112th. *R. Hill.*

Huxton 121. Uffculm 93.

A Prayer for the promised Rest. Isaiah xxvi. 3.

- 1 **D**EAR friend of friendless sinners, hear,
 And magnify thy grace divine;
 Pardon a worm that would draw near,
 That would his heart to thee resign;
 A worm, by self and sin opprest,
 That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.
- 2 With holy fear, and rev'rend love,
 I long to lie beneath thy throne;
 I long in thee to live and move,
 And stay myself on thee alone:
 Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
 To find in thee the promis'd rest.
- 3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
 In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
 Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
 Completely stay'd, dear Lord! on thee:
 How calm their state, how truly blest,
 Who trust on thee the promis'd rest!
- 4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
 And vindicate my righteous cause;
 Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
 And bend me to obey thy laws;
 In thy dear arms of love caress'd,
 Give me to find thy promis'd rest.
- 5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
 With all its wrathful fury die;
 Let the Redeemer dwell within,
 And turn my sorrows into joy:
 Oh, may my heart, by thee possess'd,
 Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

HYMN 267. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bedford 91. Ann's 53.

*God hath command'd all Men every where to repent.**Acts xvii. 30.*

- 1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay:

- The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad,
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach'd through all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear!
- 4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 268. (First Part.) C. M.
Dr. Doddridge.

Walsal 237. Bangor 231.

Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus turned into Prayer.
Acts viii. 21—24.

- 1 **S**EARCHER of hearts, before thy face,
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Intreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
Oh, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.
- 3 If tinctur'd with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,

Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out th' accursed stain.

- 4 If in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.
- 5 To humble penitence and pray'r
Be gentle pity giv'n:
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heav'n.

HYMN 268. (Second Part.) L. M.

Rothwell 174. Portugal 97.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

- 1 **L**ORD! shed a beam of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away?
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.
- 4 But **ONE** can yet perform the deed;
That *One* in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.
- 5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

HYMN 269. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Coombs's 45. Bromley 104. Gloucester 12.

Christ exalted to give Repentance. Acts v. 31.

- 1 **E**XALTED Prince of Life! we own
The royal honours of thy throne;

- 'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour! we confess
The sov'reign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live!
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wro't thy death.

HYMN 270. 7s. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Cookham 36. Stoel 264.

Penitential Sighs.

- 1 **F**ATHER! at thy call I come:
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on ev'ry side.
- 2 Here I'll make my piteous moan!
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.
- 3 Ah! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.
- 4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father! pity me!
All my hope's alone in thee.
- 5 But may such a wretch as I,
Self-condemn'd, and doom'd to die,—
Ever hope to be forgiv'n,
And be smil'd upon by heav'n!
- 6 May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myself a child of thine;

And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart?

- 7 Yes, I may! for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'Tis a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.
- 8 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do;
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.
- 9 Has my elder brother dy'd?
And is justice satisfy'd?
Why—oh, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

HYMN 271. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Charmouth 28. Ann's 58.

The Penitent.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

HYMN 272. C. M. *Steele.*

Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

Penitence and Hope.

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

HYMN 273. L. M. *Beddome.*

Ulverston 179. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The Prodigal Son; or, The repenting Sinner accepted.
 Luke xv. 32.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God will not despise
 The contrite heart for sacrifice;
 The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
 Rises accepted to the throne.
- 2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
 The trembling lip, the blushing face;

His bowels yearn, when sinners pray;
And mercy bears their sins away.

- 3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with
shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.
- 4 Thus, what a rapt'rous joy possest
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn!

HYMN 274. C. M. *Beddome.*

Walsal 237. Bangor 231.

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

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

HYMN 275. C. M. *Cowper.*

Elenborough 170. BRIGHTHELMSTONE 208.

The contrite Heart. Isaiah lvii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;

* Or—Dost thou departed friends lament.

- If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break;
And heal it if it be.

HYMN 276. C. M. *Beddome.*

Abridge 201. Wantage 204.

Resignation; or, God our Portion.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God' are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey's mix'd with gall:
 'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
 Be *Thou* my all in all.

HYMN 277. C. M. *Cowper.*

Bedford 91. Crowle 3.

Submission.

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

HYMN 278. C. M. *Steele.*

James's 163. Tunbridge 103.

Filial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, "My Father, God!"

- Lord! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 "My Father"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 279. C. M. *T. Greene.*

Grove-House 143. Condescension 116.

It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And, of his bounties, may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath th' heaviest load;
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can, from afflictions, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!

Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of All descend
In awful flames of fire!
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

HYMN 280. C. M. *Needham.*

Braintree 25. Huddersfield 202.

Self-Denial; or, Taking up the Cross. Mark viii. 38.
Luke ix. 26.

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

HYMN 281. C. M.

Grove-house 143. Brighthelmstone 208.

Self-Denial. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

- 1 **A**ND 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
Compar'd with thee, Supremely Good!
Divinely Bright and Fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

HYMN 282. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Crowle 3. Gainsborough 29.

Sincerity and Truth. Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints—the foll'wers of the Lamb—
Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear:
Constant and just to all they speak—
For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through ev'ry false disguise.
- 4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears,

Firm to the truth: and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

- 5 Lo! from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints—his faithful friends—
Rise, and possess their crown.
- 6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite,
And guilty liar, fly?

HYMN 283. S. M. *Beddome.*

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Sincerity desired.

- 1 **I**F secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine,
Purge out, O God! that cursed leaven,
And make me wholly thine.
- 2 If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
Oh, tear the infernal traitor thence
And reign thyself alone.
- 3 Is any lust conceal'd?
Bring it to open view;
Search, search, dear Lord! my inmost soul,
And all its pow'rs renew.

HYMN 284. (First Part.) C. M. *Fawcett.*

Ann's 58. Stillman 66.

Spiritual Mindedness; or, Inward Religion.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 More needful *this* than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;

- 'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own!
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

HYMN 284. (Second Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166.

Godliness profitable; or, the Benefit of genuine Religion.

1 Tim. iv. 8.

- 1 **H**OW vast the blessings, how divine,
From godliness which flow!
Nor men, nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value show.
- 2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
To Christians, while on earth;
It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.
- 3 God, for himself, hath set apart
The godly, whom he loves:
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.
- [4 There is a rich and free reward,
The eye of faith descries,
Reserv'd for all, who fear the Lord,
Above the starry skies.]

- 5 A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
Christ will on such bestow;
For them the seeds of bliss are sown,—
The fruits of glory grow.

HYMN 285. C. M. *Tate.*

Exeter 4. Michael's 119.

Encouragement to trust and love God. Psalm xxxiv.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all, who are distress,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
'The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of his love!—
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supply'd.

HYMN 286. (First Part.) L. M.

Bowden 78. Rowles 73.

*Trust and Confidence; or, Looking beyond present
Appearances. Heb. iii. 17, 18.*

- 1 **A**WAY my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of his face.

But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The field illude the tiller's toil—
 The empty stall no herd afford—
 And perish all the bleating race;
 Yet, I will triumph in the Lord!—
 The God of my salvation praise!

3 Away, each unbelieving fear!
 Let fear to cheering hope give place;
 My Saviour *will* at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face:
 Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see;
 Still will I in my Jesus trust,
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope—believing against hope—
 His promis'd mercy will I claim;
 His gracious word shall bear me up,
 To seek salvation in his name;
 Soon my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 286. (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Paul's 246.

All Things working for Good, &c. Rom. viii. 28.

1 **T**EMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,
 Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
 Will, through the grace of God, our friend,
 In everlasting triumph end!

2 To those who him sincerely love,
 All penal evils blessings prove;
 Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
 Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

- 3 Lord, let this thought in deep distress
 Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise;
 'Midst earth and hell's opposing pow'rs,
 We still are safe, if thou art ours.

HYMN 287. (First Part.) L. M.

Ulverston 179. Dresden 178.

Humble trust; or, Despair prevented.

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
 Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
 Hast thou not pardons rich and free;
 And grace, an overwhelming flood?
- 2 Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul
 From thee, to regions of despair?
 Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
 And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—
 To limit mercy's sov'reign reign:
 What other happy souls have found
 I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt; my sins confess:
 Can men or devils make them more?
 Of crimes, already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
 While I remember thou hast dy'd,
 'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
 To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down;
 To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
 And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
 I'll be the *first* who perish'd there.

HYMN 287. (Second Part.) C. M.

Grove House 143. Bedford 91.

Trust encouraged by the Promise,—I will be their God.

- 1 **I**F God is mine, then present things,
 And things to come, are mine;
 Yea, Christ, his Word, and Spirit too,
 And glory all divine.

- 2 If he is mine, then, from his love,
He ev'ry trouble sends;
All things arè working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.
- 4 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me *himself*,
Is more than these to me.
- 5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He is a solid comfort when
All other comforts fail.
- 6 O, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside!
My soul shall at the *fountain* live,
When all the *streams* are dry'd.

HYMN 288. C. M. *Beddome.*

Oxford 177.

Fear not.

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

- 5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in his wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,
His grace rewards the just.

HYMN 288. (Second Part.) C. M.

Worksop 31. Ludlow 84.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! why should I doubt thy love,
Or disbelieve thy grace?
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
Although thou hide thy face.
- 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd:
And wilt thou not appear again
Where thou hast once appear'd?
- 3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,
And told me, I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine?
- 4 Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?
Or, are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd?
- 5 Lord! let not groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possess'd;
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,
And trust for all the rest.

HYMN 289. 8, 8, 6. *Jesse.*

Chatham 59. Hinton 266.

Fears removed—It is I; be not afraid. John vi. 20.

- 1 **U**NCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
From first to last, O Lord, I've been!
Deceitful is my heart;

Guilt presses down my burden'd soul;
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.

- 2 When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,—
Ungratefully delay'd:
At length his voice more pow'rful came,
" 'Tis I," he cried, " I, still the same;
"Thou need'st not be afraid."
- 3 My heart was chang'd; in that same hour
My soul confess'd his mighty pow'r;
Out flow'd the briny tear;
I listen'd still to hear his voice;
Again he said, " In me rejoice;
" 'Tis I—thou need'st not fear."
- 4 " Unworthy of thy love!" I cry'd:
" Freely I love," he soon reply'd,
" On me thy faith be staid:
" On me for ev'ry thing depend;
" I'm JESUS still the sinner's Friend,—
"Thou need'st not be afraid."

HYMN 290. 104th. *Newton.*

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. *Sussex 70.*

I will trust, and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will per-
form: [storm.
With Christ in the vessel I smile at the
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide:
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail, [vail.
The word he has spoken shall surely pre-
- 3 His love in times past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.

- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my
 path, [death:
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with
 And can he have taught me to trust in his
 name, [to shame?
 And thus far have brought me, to put me
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 - Temptation or pain?—he told me no less:
 The heirs of salvation I know from his
 word, [Lord.
 Through much tribulation must follow their
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up that sinners might
 live!
 His way was much rougher and darker than
 mine, [pine?
 Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I re-
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-
 fore long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
 song.

HYMN 291. L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

True Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13—18.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, who finds the grace—
 The blessing of God's chosen race;
 The wisdom coming from above,
 And faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,
 Who knows "the Saviour dy'd for me,"—
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heav'nly understanding gains.
- 3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flow'ry paths are peace:
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compar'd with her.

- 4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.
- 5 Happy the man, who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n, are one.

HYMN 292. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

Zeal for Christ; or, Peter and John following their Master.
John xxi. 18—20.

- 1 **B**LEST men, who stretch their willing
hands
Submissive to their Lord's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that lov'd their souls in death.
- 2 Lead me to suffer and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord! art nigh:
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
And teach me, smiling, to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its trembling into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,—
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;"
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and silent love.

HYMN 293. (First Part.) C. M. *Beddome.*

Bedford 91. Grove House 143.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow th' advances which I make,
With heav'n itself in view.
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God! my love inflame;

Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervour strive;
And all those pow'rs employ for thee
Which I from thee derive!

HYMN 293. (Second Part.) C. M.

Great Milton 212. Condescension 116.

Zeal for God; or, Longing for the Mind of Christ.

- 1 **I**F duty calls, and suff'ring too,
My Lord! I'd follow thee;
As thou hast done, so would I do:
As thou art, I would be.
- 2 With zeal inflam'd, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil!
- 3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Did through thy conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 4 Depending on thy sov'reign grace,
I'll tread the heav'nly road;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.
- PAUSE.
- 5 Oh, let me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed!
God's Word, his Spirit, and his Grace,
Do all to duty lead.
- 6 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss
To save from sin and hell?—
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.
- 7 Those who to Christ for refuge flee
Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obey'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

HYMN 294. (First Part.) L. M. *Fawcett.*

Fawcett 184. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

The Christian awakened—"What must I do to be saved?"
Acts ix. 6.

- 1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?
- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cry'd
- 3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

HYMN 294. (Second Part.) C. M.

Abridge 201. Ann's 58. Elenborough 170.

The great Question answered.

- 1 **I**S there, in heav'n or earth, who can
A wretched mortal save?
Make a poor lep'rous sinner clean?
Redeem an helpless slave?

- 2 Who can appease an angry God?
Relieve a burden'd mind?
In whom a soul o'erwhelm'd with guilt
May ease and safety find?
- 3 Yes! there is one, who dwells on high,
That can do this, and more;
A being of unbounded love,
And uncontrolled pow'r;
- 4 Immanuel is his name; who once,
Upon th' accursed tree,
Bore the vast weight of all their sins
Who, burden'd, to him flee.
- 5 But now he lives—he ever lives,
And pleads what he hath done:
Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgives,
Through his atoning Son.
- 6 Jesus! I to thy feet repair,
And there will prostrate lie;
Be thou propitious to my pray'r,
And I shall never die.

HYMN 295. 8, 7. *D. Turner.*

Trowbridge 21. Welsh 210. Tabernacle 239.

Supplicating—Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.
Mark x. 47.

- 1 **J**ESUS! full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation:
See! I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, oh, send me quick relief!
- [3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?]
- [4 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,

- Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.
- 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
- 6 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone;
Search thro' heav'n, the land of blessing,
Seeking good, and finding none.]
- 7 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.
- 8 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thy arm be now revealed;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
- 9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perish'd suing,
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
- 10 Sav'd!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love!

HYMN 296. (First Part.) 7s.

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer; or, Venturing on the Mercy of God, in Christ.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie:
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son!
Jesus! to thine arms I fly;
Come and save me, or I die.

HYMN 296. (Second Part.) C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

*The plain serious Christian's daily Hymn.**Help me, my God—O save me. Psalm cix. 26.*

- 1 **H**ELP and SALVATION, Lord! I crave;
For *both* I greatly need:
None else these blessings can bestow;
From thee they must proceed.
- 2 *Help* me thy glories to behold,
Thy loveliness to see:
Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the Deity.
- [3 *Help* me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize:
Save from impenitence; and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]
- 4 *Help* me to cleave to Christ alone!
Where else can sinners fly?

- Save me from all self-righteousness,
And ev'ry idol nigh.
- 5 *Help* me to live upon thy word,
The Christian's daily food ;
Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to ev'ry good.
- 6 *Help* me to do thy holy will ;
Let duty bliss dispense :
Save from a disobedient heart,
From sloth and negligence.
- 7 *Help* me to persevere in grace ;
Still gladly foll'wing on :
Save me from each backsliding path,
To which my heart is prone.
- [8 *Help*, in prosperity, that I
True gratitude may find :
Save me from pride and carnal ease,
And from an earthly mind.
- 9 *Help*, in adversity to bow
My neck to bear the yoke :
Save me from wrath and discontent,
Which would my God provoke.
- 10 *Help* me to conquer all my foes,
Satan, the world, and sin :
Save from temptation's snares without,
And this base heart within.
- 11 *Help* me to wait the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy :
Save me from all the ills of life,
The dread of death destroy.

HYMN 297. (1st Part.) L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Mark's 65. Rowle's 73.

Choosing the better Part. Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B** ESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;

To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 297. (Second Part.) 8, 8, 6.

Westbury-Leigh 278. Broadmead 150.

Admiring the love of God, in Christ.

- 1 **M**Y God! thy boundless love we praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Through heav'n its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray,
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May;
Perfumes the breathing gale:
'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.
- 3 But, in thy Gospel, it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast;
There, Love immortal leaves the skies,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eyes
And give the weary rest.
- 4 There smiles a kind, propitious God,
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiv'n?
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heav'n.

- 5 Then, in redeeming love rejoice,
 My soul!—and hear a Saviour's voice,
 That calls thee to the skies:
 Above life's empty scenes aspire,—
 Its sordid cares and mean desire,—
 And seize th' eternal prize.

HYMN 298. (1st Part.) S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Kibworth 249. Eagle Street New 55.

Devoting himself to God. Rom. xii. 1.

- 1 **A**ND will th' eternal King
 So mean a gift reward!
 That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
 Which thine own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim;
 And to thine altar move,
 The willing victims of thy grace,
 And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire!—
 The sacrifice inflame:
 So shall a grateful odour rise
 Through our Redeemer's name.

HYMN 298. (Second Part.) S. M.

Broderip's 252. Aynhoe 108.

Going forward; or, Difficulties the occasion of Prayer and Pleading. Exodus xiv. 15.

- 1 **L**IKE Israel, Lord, am I!
 My soul is at a stand;
 A sea before, an host behind,
 And rocks on either hand.
- 2 O Lord! I cry to thee,
 And would thy word obey:
 Bid me advance; and through the sea,
 Create a new-made way.
- 3 Without thee, I must sink
 Beneath the swelling flood,
 Or fall a prey to those who think
 To glut them with my blood.

- 4 The time of greatest straits,
Thy chosen time has been,
To manifest thy pow'r is great,
And make thy glory seen.
- 5 Thou wast by Abra'm own'd
A God in time of need:—
Thou art *Jehovah-Jireh* found
By all of Abra'm's seed.
- 6 Thy pow'r is still the same;
On thee I would rely:
Wilt thou not answer to thy name
To such a worm as I?
- 7 Oh, send deliv'rance down!
Display the arm divine!
So shall the praise be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

HYMN 298. (Third Part.) L. M.

Lebanon 79. Paul's 246.

Renouncing the moral Law as a covenant of Life; but admiring it as a rule of conduct.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus for his people died,
The holy law was satisfy'd:
Its awful penalties he bore:
It can command, but curse no more.
- 2 He having suffer'd in their stead,
The law in cov'nant form is dead,
But rules them with a gentle sway;
And they with sweet delight, obey.
- 3 Amazing Love!—how rich, how free!
That Christ should die for such as we!
From hence the holiest duties flow,
Of saints above, and saints below.

HYMN 299. (1st. Part.) L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

New Court 173. Derby 169.

*Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. vi. 19.
1 John. v. 21.*

- 1 **A**ND will th' offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?

- Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast:
All hail! I cry, thou heav'nly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heav'nly train!
Here live, and here for ever reign!
'Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway:
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
'To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.
- 5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace:
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And God in Christ be all in all.

HYMN 299. (Second Part.) C. M.

Prome 255. Salem 139. Foster 96.

Imploring the Presence of God.

- 1 **L**ORD! let me see thy beauteous face;
It yields a heaven below;
And angels round the throne will say
'Tis all the heav'n they know.
- 2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee,
Would more delight my soul,
'Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

HYMN 299. (Third Part.) L. M.

Rowles 73. Langdon 217.

Happy in the Salvation of God. Psalm xlv. 4.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God! to thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord! from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:

Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.

- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptur'd there—
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below;
The fulness of that boundless sea,
Whence flow'd the river down to me.
- 6 My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes,
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

HYMN 300, 8. 8. 6. *J. C. W.*

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150. Westbury-Leigh 278.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and tho't,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine;
Already sav'd from self-design,
From ev'ry creature-love—
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own :
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise ;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,—
 A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair ;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay ;
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord ! replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest :
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
 Now—Oh, my Saviour, brother, friend !—
 Receive me to thy breast !

HYMN 301. 7. 6.

Amsterdam 136.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place !
 Sun, and moon, and stars, decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source ;
 Thus a soul, new-born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;

Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies;
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,—
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

HYMN 302. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Camb New 74. Furman 135. Milbourn Port 183.

Running the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigour on:
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all animating voice
 That calls thee from on high:
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down.

HYMN 303. L. M.

Coomb's 45. Bromley 104. Derby 169.

The Christian Warfare. Eph. vi. 13—17.

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds th' alarm of war!
 "Awake! the pow'rs of hell are near!
 "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"
- 2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around:
 Make haste to gird my armour on,
 And bid each trembling fear begone.

- 3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conq'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

HYMN 304. 148.

Eagle Street 16. Grove 125. Clapham 18.

The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

- 1 **J**ESUS! at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye:
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm out ride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,—
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
Oh, may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more

- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss;
 Be thou, dear Lord! still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss!
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost! and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,
 Waft me from all below,
 To heav'n—my destin'd place!
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 305. 7s.

Hotham 224.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the Refuge.

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

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

HYMN 306. (1st Part.) L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

The Christian's Temptation moderated, a Proof of God's Fidelity. 1 Cor. x. 13.

- 1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,
 And make Jehovah's arm their song:
 His shield is spread o'er ev'ry saint;
 And, thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage
 With mingled cruelty and rage!
 A faithful God restrains their hands,
 And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
 A strength proportion'd to our day:
 And, when united trials meet,
 Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
 Which Jesus ratify'd with blood:
 Still is he gracious, wise, and just;
 And still, in him, let Israel trust.

HYMN 306. (Second Part.) 7s. *Cowper.*

Bath Abbey 147. Alcester 213.

Welcoming the Cross.

- 1 **T**IS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross;
 But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss:
 Trials must and will befall;
 But—with humble faith to see

THE CHRISTIAN.

Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

- 2 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:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r:
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?
Bastards may escape the rod,*
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not,—would not, if he might.

HYMN 307. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Chard 175. Derby 169.

The Ministry of Angels.

- 1 **G**REAT God! what hosts of angels stand,
In shining ranks, at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!
- 2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell.
- 3 How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do,
What joy their active spirits feel,
To execute their Sov'reign's will!
- 4 Hither, at his command, they fly,
To guard the beds on which we lie;
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

* Hebrews xii. 8.

- 5 [Aghast the hostile Syrian band
 Around the helpless prophet stand,
 While mighty Gabriel downward flies,
 And with his chariot fills the skies.
- 6 Herod attempts, but all in vain,
 To bind a Peter with his chain :
 At one soft word an Angel speaks,
 'The massy chain asunder breaks.]
- 7 Send, O my God, some angel down,
 (Though to a mortal eye unknown)
 To guide and guard my doubtful way
 Up to the realms of endless day.

HYMN 308. C. M. *Steele.*

Charmouth 28. Worksop 31.

Walking in Darkness, and trusting in God. Isaiah i. 31.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
 To thee I breathe my sighs:
 When will the mournful night be gone?
 And when my joys arise?
- 2 My God—O could I make the claim—
 My Father and my friend—
 And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
 On which thy saints depend!
- 3 By ev'ry name of pow'r and love,
 I would thy grace entreat:
 Nor should my humble hopes remove,
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
 Thy word is all my stay;
 Here I would rest till light returns,
 Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
 Relieve my aching heart;
 O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
 And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays,
 And change these deep complaining sighs
 For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 309. S. M.

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 19.

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.
- 5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be:
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee!
- 6 But if indeed I *would*,
Though I *can* nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.
- 7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of pow'r.
- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will afford me strength,
In all the ways to run?

HYMN 310. L. M. *Beddome.*

Virginia 234. Lewton 30.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

- 1 **T**HE wand'ring star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind;
'The morning cloud, and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there ought in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heav'n, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess,
Our folly and unstedfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

HYMN 311. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

Pride Lamented.

- 1 **O**FT have I turn'd my eye within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.
- 2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
'To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

- 4 Rend, O my God, the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless pow'r subdue.
- 5 So shall Humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

HYMN 312. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Crowle 3. Wantage 204.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within?
Since ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?
- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul:
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost:
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God:
O, fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

HYMN 313. 7. 6. 8.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

Backsliding and returning; or, The Backslider's Prayer.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep;
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart:
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd, that we might live;
 "Father (at the point to die,
 "My Saviour gasp'd,) Forgive!"
 Surely, with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
 O, my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

HYMN 314. C. M. *Fawcett.*

London 180. Bangor 231.

Peter's Fall and Recovery. Luke xxii. 54—62.

- 1 **H**OW did the pow'rs of darkness rage
 Against the Son of God!

- While cruel men on earth engage
To shed his precious blood.
- 2 His friends forsook him with surprise,
When that dread scene began;
And one perfidiously denies
He ever knew the man.
- 3 How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's pow'r!
E'en *Peter's* flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.
- 4 His firmest purpose will not stand;
Behold his guilt and shame;
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.
- 5 At length the suff'ring Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes!
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.
- 6 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble pray'r;
If I am found in Peter's case,
I would not still despair.
- 7 Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,
My wand'ring soul restore;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more.

HYMN 315. C. M. *Newton.*

Crowle 3. Worksop 31.

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

- 1 **S**WEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And, when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;

I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail:
O come without delay.

HYMN 316. C. M. *Steele.*

Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Troubled, but making God a Refuge.

1 **D**EAR 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 ev'ry pain I feel.

3 But Oh! 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 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's pray'r;
 O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 317. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Cambridge New 74. Hephzibah 77.

Persecution to be expected by every true Christian.

2 Tim. iii. 12.

- 1 **G**REAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
 We shout thy conq'ring name:
 Legions of foes beset thee round,
 And legions fled with shame.
- 2 A vict'ry, glorious and complete,
 Thou by thy death didst gain;
 So in thy cause may we contend,
 And death itself sustain!
- 3 By our illustrious General fir'd,
 We no extremes would fear;
 Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,
 If thou, our Lord, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
 To triumph and renown;
 Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
 May we but share thy crown.

HYMN 318. 8, 7, 4. *Fawcett.*

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Cast down, yet hoping in God. Psalm xliiii. 5.

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heav'nly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love?
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

HYMN 319. C. M.

Brightelmstone 208. Frome 255. Grove House 143.

The Request.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From ev'ry murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee:
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend;
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And crown my journey's end."

HYMN 320. C. M. *Steele.*

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Watchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

- 1 **A** LAS! what hourly dangers rise:
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 321. L. M. *Newton.*

Kingsbridge 88. Rippon's 188.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
 And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;
 But it has been in such a way
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
 At once he'd answer my request,
 And by his love's constraining pow'r
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart,
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell
 Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
 Intent to aggravate my woe;
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd;
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
 "I answer pray'r for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
 "From self and pride to set thee free;
 "And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 "That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 322. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Growing in Grace. 2 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 **P**RAISE to thy name, eternal God!
 For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
 For all thy influence from above,
 To warm our souls with sacred love;

- 2 Bless'd be thy hand which from the skies
Brought down this plant of paradise;
And gave its heav'nly beauties birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 But why does that celestial flow'r
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?
- 4 Too plain, alas! the languour shows
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

HYMN 323. L. M. G——.

Lebanon 79. New Sabbath 122.

Rising to God.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys!
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God;
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

HYMN 324. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Magdalene 214. Lewton 30.

Remembering all the way the Lord has led him.

Deut. viii. 2.

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.
- 3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy:
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?
- 6 'Tis even so thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMN 325. S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Sutton 149. Stockport 47.

Waiting for the coming of his Lord; or, the active Christian.

Luke xii. 35—38.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,

- Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that fav'rite servant's head,
Amidst th' Angelic band.

HYMN 326. L. M.

Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Solicitous of finishing his Course with Joy. Acts xx. 24.

- 1 **A**SSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise,
For the rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital pow'r.
- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd their terrors we'll survey;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight!
Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ, our better life!

HYMN 327. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Martin's Lane 67. Portugal 97.

The believer committing his departing Spirit to Jesus.

- 1 **O** THOU, that hast redemption wrought,
Patron of souls thy blood hath brought;
To thee our spirit we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.
- 3 When all the pow'rs of nature fail'd,
Thy ever-constant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When ev'ry mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose,
The healing balm of all our woes;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine Omnipotence to save.
- 5 O may' our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain!
- 6 In raptures there, divinely sweet,
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display!

HYMN 328. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.

The Christian warrior animated and crowned. Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How pow'rful, and how sweet!
- 2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow:
"Who first in such a warfare dies
"Shall speediest vict'ry know.

- 3 "I have my days of combat known,
 "And in the dust was laid;
 "But thence I mounted to my throne,
 "And glory crowns my head.
- 4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
 "My hands the crown shall give;
 "And you the sparkling honours wear,
 "While God himself shall live."
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are fir'd
 With courage and with love;
 Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
 Our hopes are fix'd above.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

HYMN 329. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

Retirement and Meditation. Psalm iv. 4.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no
 Seek out some solitude to mourn, [more;
 And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep recess;
 In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
 My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be search'd and purify'd.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer:
 Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove
 That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN 330. L. M. *Beddome.*

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Reading the Scriptures.

- 1 **G**REAT God, oppress'd with grief and
fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there,
'To soothe the sorrows of my mind.
- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page;
Of threat'nings find an ample store,
But nought that can my grief assuage!
- 3 And is there nought? Forbid, dear Lord,
So base a thought should ever rise!
I'll search again; and, while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes!
- 4 'Tis done: and, with transporting joy,
I read the heaven-inspir'd lines;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heav'nly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor;
Here's healing balm for ev'ry wound,
A salve for ev'ry fest'ring sore.

HYMN 331. L. M. *President Davies.*

Magdalene 214. Paul's 246.

Self-Examination. Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise;
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear;
How few, alas! approv'd and clear!
- 2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?

Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action, shine?

- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove: let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.
- 5 Scatter the clouds, which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And, to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

HYMN 332. C. M.

Charmouth 28. Bedford 91.

Secret Prayer. Matthew vi. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

PAUSE.

- 5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit:
Lord, let thy mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

HYMN 333. C. M.

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Going to a new Habitation.

- 1 **G**REAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

HYMN 334. L. M. *Steele.*

Magdalene 214. Horsley 205.

The Christian's noblest Resolution. Joshua xxiv. 15.

- 1 **A**H, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways!

Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN 335. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

Family Religion. Gen. xviii. 19.

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

HYMN 336. S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Simon's 250.

Prayer for Infants; or, Children Day by Day given to God.

- 1 **G**REAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!
- 2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed:

- 4 May they receive thy word,
 Confess the Saviour's name,
 Then follow their despised Lord
 Through the baptismal stream.
- 5 Thus let our favour'd race
 Surround thy sacred board,
 There to adore thy sov'reign grace,
 And sing their dying Lord.

HYMN 337. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Condescension 116. New-York 33.

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.

Mark x. 14.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 "For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 "The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent pray'r
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be!
- [4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
 Ye children, seek his face;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.]
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 338. 148th. *B. Francis.*

Clapham 18. Dartmouth 46. Greenwich New 62.

On opening a place of Worship.

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below!
- 4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!
- 5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above,
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord!

- 6 Here, may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise,
 And shine, like polish'd stones,
 Through long succeeding days;
 Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

HYMN 339. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Chard 175. Wareham 117.

On opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 **G**REAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace;
 Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
 Long may they echo to thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
 With all the graces of his train;
 While pow'r divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And, in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN 340. C. M. *Newton.*

Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

On opening a Place for Social Prayer.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
 Thy presence now display;
 As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

- 3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

HYMN 341. S. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Kibworth 249. Vermont 134.

The Pleasure of Social Worship.

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts:
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN 342. 7s. *D. Turner.*

Feversham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

The Excellency of Public Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD of Hosts, how lovely fair,
LE'en on earth, thy temples are!
 Here thy waiting people see
 Much of heav'n, and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss that softens all our woes;
 While thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
 Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,
 We our happy lives employ:
 Love and long to love thee more,
 'Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

HYMN 343. L. M. *Steele.*

Langdon 217. Chard 175.

The Happiness of humble Worship. Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
HO Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
 Fain would my longing passions meet
 'The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
 Whom thy indulgent favours raise
 To dwell in those abodes of joy,
 And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men, whom strength divine
 With ardent love and zeal inspires:
 Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
 With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate
 Affords more real joy to me,
 Than thousands in the tents of state:
 'The meanest place is bliss with thee.

- 5 God is a sun: our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows:
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 6 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy fav'rites of his care.
- 7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest is he
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

HYMN 344. L. M.

Bramcoate 8. Lewton 30.

Delight in God's House, and Confidence in him. Ps. xxvii.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask, that to my end
Fair Sion's dome I may attend:
- 3 There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God;
For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart reply'd to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord!
- 5 Should ev'ry earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my Father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in ev'ry strait,
On God with sacred courage wait:
His hand shall life and strength afford;
O ever wait upon the Lord.

HYMN 345. S. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Price's 187. Hopkins 157.

Forms vain without Religion.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!
 How wond'rous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature, in ev'ry dress,
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too;
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the worship due.
- [4 But pride, that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform,
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty worm.]
- 5 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis form'd again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God my soul ascend,
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 346. 8. 8. 6. *Merrick.*

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in Worship. Ps. cxli.

- 1 **T**HE joyful morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore:

- My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.
- 2 Hither from *Judah's* utmost end,
 The heav'n-protected tribes ascend;
 Their off'rings hither bring:
 Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
 O Sion, while with bended knee
 To Jacob's God we pray;
 How bless'd, who calls himself thy friend!
 Success his labours shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.
- 4 O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
 May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
 And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
 Distribute all her store!
- 5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
 How can my tongue, O Sion, fail
 To bless thy lov'd abode?
 How cease the zeal that in me glows,
 Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
 The mansions of my God?

HYMN 347. 7s. *D. Turner.*

Alcester 213. Feversham 220.

A Song of praise to the Redeemer. Psalm xl. 7, 8.

- 1 **H**OLY wonder, heav'nly grace,
 Come, inspire our humble lays,
 While the Saviour's love we sing,
 Whence our hopes and comforts spring.
- 2 Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
 Touch'd his tender bosom so,
 That, when justice death demands,
 Forth the great Deliverer stands;

- 3 Cries to God, "Thy mercy show;
 "Lo! I come, thy will to do;
 "I the sacrifice will be,
 "Death shall plunge his dart in me."
- 4 Though the form of God he bore,
 Great in glory, great in pow'r,
 See him in our flesh array'd,
 Lower than his angels made.
- [5 He that heav'n itself possess'd,
 Now an infant at the breast!
 Angels from the world above,
 See and sing th' amazing love!
- 6 Through the shining hours of day,
 Toil and danger mark his way;
 Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
 Witness oft his midnight prayer.]
- 7 Now the heav'nly lover dies!
 Darkness veils the mid-day skies!
 Angels round the bloody tree
 Throng, and gaze in extacy!
- [8 Pow'rs unseen earth's bosom heave,
 Rocks and tombs asunder cleave;
 While the temple's rending veil
 Tells the priest the awful tale.]
- 9 But the third day's dawning come,
 Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb!
 Reascends his native sky,
 Where he lives, no more to die.
- 10 On his cross he builds his throne,
 Whence he makes his glories known,
 Sends his Spirit down to give
 Dying sinners grace to live.

HYMN 348. L. M. *J. Stennett.*

Rowles 73. Magdalene 214.

The Sabbath.

- 1 **A** NOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 349. 148th.

Carter Lane 141. Dartmouth 46.

A Hymn for Lord's Day morning.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant Death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd;
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts THE GOD ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannas rings;
While earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:

“Worthy art thou, who once was slain,
“Thro’ endless years to live and reign.”

- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conq’ring car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th’ unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Num’rous as drops of morning dew.

HYMN 350. C. M. B——.

Salem 139. New-York 33..

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick’ning beams; .
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne’er breaks up,
The sabbath ne’er shall end;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heav’nly air,
With heav’nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our pow’rs employ;
Delighted range th’ ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

HYMN 351. C. M. *Cennick.*

Brighthelmstone 208. Providence College 10.

Lord's Day Evening.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- [3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul,
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below
And give thyself to me.]
- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

HYMN 351. (Second Part.) L. M. *Dr. Watts.*

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Lord's Day Evening.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heav'n below:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
 That, hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 352. L. M.

Gloucester 12. Lebanon 79.

The Eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
 No groans to mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes:
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

HYMN 353. L. M. *Cowper.*

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat!
 Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words! ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heav'n in supplication sent;
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

HYMN 354. 7s.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need;
 This emboldens me to plead:
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 355. C. M. *Edmund Jones.*

Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King.
 Esther iv. 16.

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

- 7 "But if I die with mercy sought,
 "When I the King have tried,
 "This were to die (delightful thought!)
 "As sinner never died."

HYMN 356. S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Broderip's 252.

A broken heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, Lord,
 A broken heart I bring;
 And wilt thou graciously accept
 Of such a worthless thing.
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
 My faith directs its eyes;
 Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
 But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
 The law was satisfy'd:
 And now, to its most rig'rous claims,
 I answer, "Jesus died."

HYMN 357. L. M. *Beddome.*

Rippon's 188. Ulverston 179.

Holy Boldness.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,
 I dare approach thy throne, O God;
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
 Doth with refulgent brightness shine:
 And while my faith beholds it near,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
 With courage sing, with fervour pray;
 And, though myself a wretch undone,
 Hope for acceptance, through thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree
 Expir'd, to set the vilest free;

On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

HYMN 358. 8. 8. 6. *J. Straphan.*

Chatham 59.

The Lord's Prayer Matt. vi. 9—13.

- 1 **O**UR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
Oh, lend a pitying ear,
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
Oh! condescend to hear.
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sov'reign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.
- 3 From thy kind hand each temp'ral good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us still a fresh supply:
If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O God! that rise
And call for vengeance from the skies;
And while we are forgiv'n,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
And malice harbour in that breast,
That feels the love of heav'n.
- 5 Protect us in the dang'rous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power,
Oh! set our spirits free:
And if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.
- 6 Thine is the pow'r; to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,
All glory to thy name:

Let every creature join our lays,
 In one resounding act of praise,
 Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

HYMN 359. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

To be Sung between Prayer and Sermon

- 1 **W**HERE two or three with sweet accord,
 "Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 "Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 "And offer solemn pray'r and praise;
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
 "Amid this little company;
 "To them unveil my smiling face,
 "And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word:
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

HYMN 360. C. M.

Great Milton 212. Condescension 116.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **I**N vain Apollo's silver tongue,
 And Paul's, with strains profound,
 Diffuse among the list'ning throng
 The Gospel's gladd'ning sound.
- 2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
 To form the heart anew;
 Now let thy sov'reign grace divine
 Each stubborn soul subdue.

HYMN 361. (First Part.) 112th. *Farwell.*

Uffculm 93. Carey's 11. Hoxton's 121.

Before Sermon.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,
 Prepare us to receive thy word:
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear:

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy Gospel with success.

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread:

Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

- 3 To us the sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign pow'r and energy:
 And may we, in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear:

Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
 Teach us to know and do thy will:
 Thy saving pow'r and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day:

Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

HYMN 361. (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

Longing for the Presence and Blessing of God. 1 Sam. vii. 2.

- 1 **L**OOK from on high, great God, and see
 Thy saints lamenting after thee:
 We sigh, we languish, and complain;
 Revive thy gracious work again.

- 2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
 Bind up and heal the broken heart;
 Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
 And let our foes prevail no more.

- 3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To ev'ry heart apply thy word;
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.

HYMN 362. C. M. *Beddome.*

Bath Chapel 26. Michael's 119.

The Freeness of the Gospel.

- 1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of ev'ry blood!
- 2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the Gospel feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come, then, ye men of ev'ry name,
Of ev'ry rank and tongue;
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.

HYMN 363. 7s.

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;

Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 364. L. M.

Portugal 97. Horsley 205. Gould's 272.

The Pool of Bethesda. John v 2—4.

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

HYMN 365. 8. 7. 4. *To a lady's Collection.*

Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

Prayer for Minister and People.

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the Gospel-feast;

Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
 Ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest!
 O receive us,
 Let us find the promis'd rest.

HYMN 366. L. M.

Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

Casting the Gospel-net. Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

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

HYMN 367. S. M. *Beddome.*

Harborough 142. Wirksworth 158.

He beheld the City, and wept over it. John xix. 41.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see!
 Be thou astonish'd O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
 Each sin demands a tear;

In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 368. 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223. Lewes 63.

A blessing requested.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's design'd to give:
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

HYMN 369. 148th.

Bethesda 112. Carmarthan New 35.

Blind Bartimeus. Luke xviii. 35—38.

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face:
Begging I sit by the way side,
And long to know the crucify'd.
- 2 Jesus, attend my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear;
If now thou passest by,
Stand still, and call me near;
The darkness from my heart remove,
And show me, now, thy pard'ning love.

HYMN 370. L. M. *Beddome.*

Coomb's 45. Islington 40.

Thy kingdom come. Matt. vi. 10.

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat;
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN 371. L. M.

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones. - Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wond'rous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

HYMN 372. C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. New-York 33.

The Parable of the Sower. Matt. xiii. 3—23.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, the heav'nly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heav'nly blessing to bring down,
By humble fervent pray'r.
- 2 In vain we plant, without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heav'nly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine;
"Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase,
"And be the glory thine."

HYMN 373. 148th. *Newton.*

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

- 1 **O**N what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

HYMN 374. L. M.

Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

The Spread of the Gospel. Matt. vi. 10.

- 1 **T**O distant lands thy Gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of Grace! salvation show.

- 2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,
 Thy name, O God! immortalize:
 May nations yet unborn confess
 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness.

HYMN 375. C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 202.

Duties and Privileges. Jude 20, 21.

- 1 **W**HILE sinners, who presume to bear
 The Christian's sacred name,
 Throw up the reins to ev'ry lust,
 And glory in their shame;
- 2 Ye saints preserv'd in Christ, and call'd,
 Detest their impious ways,
 And on the basis of your faith
 An heav'nly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
 Depend from day to day,
 And, while he breathes his quick'ning gale,
 Adore, and praise, and pray.
- 4 Preserve unquench'd your love to God,
 And let the flame arise,
 And higher still and higher blaze,
 Till it ascend the skies.
- 5 With a transporting joy expect
 The grace your Lord shall give,
 When all his saints shall from his hands
 Their crowns of life receive.

HYMN 376. C. M. *Toplady's Collection.*

Grove House 143. Foster 96. Salem 139.

Now is the accepted Time.

- 1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away
 To Christ, and heal your wounds;
 This is the welcome gospel-day,
 Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
 To drink the cup of wrath:

And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

HYMN 376. (Second Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The convinced Sinner encouraged.

- 1 **W**HO is the trembling sinner, who
That owns eternal death his due?
Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?
- 2 Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,
Hear, Jesus speaks, be of good cheer;
Upon his cleansing grace rely,
And thou shalt never, never die.

HYMN 377. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

Acceptance through Christ alone. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar.
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sov'reign virtue to atone:
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

HYMN 377. (Second Part.) 7s.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164. Hotham 224.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **'T**IS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

- 2 After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity!
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

HYMN 378. L. M.

Rowles 73. Portugal 97.

Habakkuk iii. 17. 18.

- 1 **I**S Jesus mine! I'm now prepar'd
 To meet with what I thought most hard;
 Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
 And comforts melt away like snow;
 2 No blasted trees of failing crops
 Can hinder my eternal hopes;
 Though creatures change, the Lord's the
 Then let me triumph in his name. [same,

HYMN 379. 7s.

Deptford 124. Turin 244.

Help. Hosea xiii. 9.

SELF-DESTROY'D, for help I pray:
 Help me, Saviour, from above;
 Help me to believe, obey;
 Help me to repent, and love;
 Help to keep the graces giv'n,
 Help me quite from hell to heav'n.

HYMN 380. C. M.

Abridge 201. Grove House 143.

Felix trembling. Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

- 1 **S**EE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and pow'r,
 See his resplendent bride,
 Attend to hear a pris'ner preach
 The Saviour crucify'd.
 2 He well describes who Jesus was,
 His glories and his love,
 How he obey'd and bled below,
 And reigns and pleads above.

- 3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
 "Go, for this time, away ;
 "I'll hear thee on these points again,
 "On some convenient day."
- 4 Attention to the words of life
 Let Felix thus adjourn ;
 Lord, let us make these solemn truths
 Our first and last concern.

HYMN 381. S. M.

Eagle Street New 55. Vermont 134.

Jabez's Prayer. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

- 1 " **O** THAT the Lord indeed
 "Would me, his servant, bless,
 "From ev'ry evil shield my head,
 "And crown my paths with peace!
- 2 "Be his almighty hand
 "My helper and my guide,
 "Till with his saints in Canaan's land
 "My portion he divide."

HYMN 382. (First Part.) C. M.

Brighthelmstone 208. Ann's 58.

Desiring to walk in the Way of Holiness to Happiness.

Psalm lxxxiv. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD God, omnipotent to bless,
 My supplication hear ;
 Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
 Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
 To tread the sacred road,
 O teach my wand'ring feet the way
 To Zion's blest abode !
- 3 Or, if I'm trav'ling in the path,
 Assist me with thy strength,
 And let me swift advances make,
 And reach thine heav'n at length !

- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,
 Are all compris'd in this,
 To follow where thy saints have led,
 And then partake their bliss.

HYMN 382. (Second Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166. Bedford 91.

Good Hope of Interest united with Gratitude.

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

HYMN 383. 104th.

Sussex 70. Hanover 130.

Praise for Salvation.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour alone the Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on his throne, the Prince
 of our Peace; [blood;
 Who evermore saves us by shedding his
 All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord and our God!
- 2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
 Thou merciful spring of pity and grace:
 Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
 And say, Our dear Saviour redeems us from
 hell.

- 3 Preserve us in love, while here we abide:
 O never remove thy presence, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see
 With joy the bless'd vision completed in thee.

HYMN 383. (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Bredby 165.

Gratitude to Christ.

- 1 **T**O him who on the fatal tree
 Pour'd out his blood, his life, for me,
 In grateful strains my voice I'll raise,
 And in his service spend my days.
- 2 To list'ning multitudes I'll tell
 How he redeem'd my soul from hell;
 And how, reposing on his breast,
 I lost my cares, and found my rest.
- 3 Through him my sins are all forgiv'n,
 He ever pleads my cause in heav'n:
 I'll build an altar to his name,
 And to the world his grace proclaim.

HYMN 384. (First Part.) C. M.

Boston 159. Miall 240.

Not unto us. Psalm cxv. 1.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,
 Bless'd Lamb, be glory giv'n:
 Here shall thy praises be begun,
 And carried on in heav'n.
- 2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
 Eternal anthems sing:
 To imitate them here, lo! we
 Our hallelujahs bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
 Like theirs our songs should rise;
 Like them, we never should be tir'd,
 But love the sacrifice.
- 4 'Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays;

And when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

HYMN 384. (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Otford 106. Missionary 257.

Joying and glorying in the Lord.

- 1 **Y**E saints of ev'ry rank, with joy,
To God your off'rings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills, and vales,
With loud hosannas ring.
- 2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues and hearts inflam'd,
His wond'rous deeds proclaim.
- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the *world* to know,
How *great* the Master whom you serve,
And yet how *gracious* too.

HYMN 385. 8s.

Locke 49. Lambeth 57.

Our God for ever and ever. Psalm xlviii. 14.

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

HYMN 386. C. M. *Cennick.*

Newington 61. Great Milton 212.

Christ the burthen of the song.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name;
Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favour'd throng,
 Then we will sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN 387. 6. 4.

Bermondsey 52. Bridgewater 261.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high!
 Let earth and skies reply,
 Praise ye his name:
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye his name:
 Tell what his arm hath done,
 What spoils from death he won;
 Sing his great name alone;
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one
 Praising his name;
 Those who have felt his blood
 Sealing their peace with God,
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb.

- 4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 388. L. M. *Hart.*

Lebanon 79. Horsley 205. Manning 245.

At Dismission.

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

HYMN 389. 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223. Westbury 51.

At Dismission.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

- Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us!
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found!
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we ready
 Rise, and reign in endless day!

HYMN 390. C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Brighthelmstone 208.

Sanctification and Growth. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
 Who from th' impris'ning grave
 Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep
 Omnipotent to save.
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
 Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
 To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
 On which our hopes are built,
- 3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace
 T' accomplish all his will,
 And all that's pleasing in his sight
 Inspire us to fulfil?
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake,
 We ev'ry blessing pray:
 With glory let his name be crown'd
 Through heav'n's eternal day!

HYMN 391. L. M.

Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

The Peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

- 1 **T**HE 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 ev'ry soul assembled here!

HYMN 392. 8. 7. *Newton.*

Welsh 210. Jewin-Street 222.

May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 **M**AY the Grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
-

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 393. C. M.

Grove House 143. Condescension 116.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who made the earth and heav'n,
Of equal dignity possess'd,
Be equal honours giv'n.

HYMN 394. S. M. *Beddome*

Aynhoe 108. Price's 137.

TO thee, eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
Be universal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

HYMN 395. L. M. *Bp. Ken.*

Magdalene 214. Old Hundred 100.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 396. 104th.

Sussex 70. Hanover 130.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publish abroad, again and again,
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free
 grace,
The gifts of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

HYMN 397. (First Part.) 8. 7. 4. Measure.

Helmsley 223.

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.

HYMN 397. (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6. Measure.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heav'nly host,
And in the church below,
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

THE WORLD.

HYMN 398. L. M. *Blackmore.*

Portugal 97. Green's Hundred 89.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

- 1 **W**HAT are possessions, fame, and pow'r,
The boasted splendour of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.
- 3 If wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?
- 4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with pow'r divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?
- 5 When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succour when we need it most?
- 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar,
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?
- 7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?
- 8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant:

Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

HYMN 399. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

New-York 33. Providence College 10.

Vanity of the World. Psalm iv. 6.

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will supply our vast desires,
"Or show us any good?"
- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit:
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine;
Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

HYMN 400. C. M. *Needham.*

Tunbridge 103. Abridge 201.

The rich Fool surprised. Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls! who think to find
A solid bliss below:
Bliss! the fair flow'r of paradise,
On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd
T' increase his worldly store;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.

- 3 "What shall I do?" distress'd he cries—
 "This scheme will I pursue:
 "My scanty barns shall now come down,
 "I'll build them large and new.
- 4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
 "My soul to take its ease:
 "Eat, drink, be glad; my lasting store
 "Shall give what joys I please."
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heav'n
 Th' Almighty made reply;
 "For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
 "This night thyself shalt die."
- 6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
 Are but an empty dream:
 And may I seek my bliss alone,
 In thee the good supreme!

HYMN 401. C. M.

Charmouth 28. Bangor 231.

The whole World no compensation for the loss of one Soul.

Mark viii. 36.

- 1 **L**ORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
 With solid good for show?
 Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss
 In everlasting woe?
- 2 Let us not lose the living God
 For one short dream of joy;
 With fond embrace cling to a clod,
 And fling all heav'n away.
- 3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear;
 We all thy charms defy;
 And rate our precious souls too dear
 For all thy wealth to buy.

HYMN 402. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

The Farewell.

- 1 **D**EAD be my heart to all below,
 To mortal joys and mortal cares;

- To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.
- 2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.
- 3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?
- 4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
- 5 Come, heav'n, and fill my vast desires;
My soul pursues the sov'reign good:
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

HYMN 403. C. M.

New-York 33. Maidstone 196.

The Church described; or, The Stability and Glory of Zion
Cant. vii. 10.

- 1 **S**AY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?
- 2 Fair as the moon when in the skies,
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full orb'd glory rides;
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud, he springs,

And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;

- 4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!
- 5 This is the church by heav'n array'd
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

HYMN 404. L. M. *Steele.*

Derby 169. Wells Row 98.

The Presence of Christ, the Joy of his People.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd;
And angels hail the glorious morn
That show'd the great Messiah born;
- 2 The Prince! the Saviour! long desir'd,
Whom men foretold, by heav'n inspir'd,
And raptur'd saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With pow'r and majesty divine:
- 4 But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again, to our admiring eyes;
- 6 Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
'Thy courts below, like those above,
'Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heav'n and earth resound thy praise.

HYMN 405. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Great Milton 212. Exeter 4.

Asking the Way to Sion. Jer. 1. 5.

- 1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent pray'r!
- 4 O come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

HYMN 406. 148th. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Swainin's 44. Darwell's 82.

At the forming a Church.

Isa. lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 13. 19.

- 1 **G**REAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place;
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of pray'r!
- 2 Though once estrang'd afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own;

Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
Our Father-King,
Thy cov'nant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And, while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine;
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

HYMN 407. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Portugal 97. Derby 169.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ
Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

- 3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honour'd name;
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 408. L. M.

Wareham 117.

*On sending a Member into the work of the Ministry—Isaiah's
Obedience to the heavenly Vision. Isa. vi. 8.*

- 1 **O**UR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in Majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills:
- 2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the Seraphim ador'd,
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
'They veil their faces, and their feet.
- 3 Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name!
O for thine altar's glowing coal,
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!
- 4 Then if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
'Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."
- 5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
Though ev'ry effort seem in vain;
It ample recompence shall be,
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

HYMN 409. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Paul's 246. Rippon's 188. Gould's 272.

Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

HYMN 410. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn. Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 **L**ET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an Angel's heart,
And fill a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego:—
For souls, which must for ever live,
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 411. L. M. *Dr Doddridge.*

Allie Street 241. Portugal 97.

*The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving Pastors after his own Heart. Jer. iii. 15.***At the Settlement of a Minister.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Isr'el, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By the inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread.
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And bless this tribute of our praise.

HYMN 412. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Abingdon 42. Braintree 25.

Christ's care of Ministers and Churches. Rev. ii. 1.

- 1 **W**E bless th' eternal Source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine;
And through this dark beclouded world
Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the church's sov'reign King,
Whose golden lamps we are;
Fix'd in the temples of his love,
To shine with radiance fair.

* See Hymn 407, and Association Hymns.

- 3 Still be our purity preserv'd;
 Still fed with oil the flame;
 And in deep characters inscrib'd
 Our heav'nly Master's name!
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
 And all our state surveys,
 His smiles shall with new lustre deck
 The people of his praise.

HYMN 413. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne,
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
 And all our trembling lips would tell;
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
 And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.
- 3 Though we have sinn'd, and justly dread
 The vengeance hov'ring o'er our head,
 Yet, pow'r benign, thy servant spare,
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 4 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
 Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
 To prowling wolves an easy prey.
- 5 Restore him sinking to the grave;
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
 Back to our hope and wishes give,
 And bid our friend and father live.
- 6 Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
 In ev'ry breast his image lies;
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

- 7 Yet if our supplications fail,
 And pray'rs and fears can nought prevail,
 Condemn'd on this dark desert coast
 To mourn our much-lov'd leader lost;
- 8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
 Support him through the gloomy way;
 Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
 And guide him through the dreary shade.
- 9 Around him may thy angels wait,
 Deck'd with their robes of heav'nly state,
 To teach his happy soul to rise,
 And waft him to his native skies.

HYMN 414. C. M.

Huddersfield 202. Matthews 34.

At a Minister's leaving his people.—Paul's Farewell Charge.
 Acts xx. 26, 27.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends,
 It was a weeping day;
 But Jesus made them all amends,
 And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 In heav'n they met again with joy
 (Secure no more to part)
 Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,
 And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
 Their children soon shall meet;
 Together see their Saviour's face,
 And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
 Though oft and plainly warn'd,
 Will tremble when they meet again
 The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
 If any perish here;
 The preachers, who have told you *all*,
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.

- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view;
O! hear their pray'r, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

HYMN 415. L. M.

Bowden 78. Chard 175.

*The People's Prayer for their Minister; or, Ministers and
Missionaries* committed to God.*

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

HYMN 416. L. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

The Pastor's Wish for his People. Phil. iv. 1.

- 1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart belov'd,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness;

* See also Hymn 420. first, second and third parts.

† The pronouns in this Hymn, if necessary, may be read in the plural, *them*, &c. &c.

- Adorn the Gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.
- 3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.
- 4 Glory in his dear honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,
Himself and all his people view!

HYMN 417. L. M.

Wareham 117. Marks 65.

At a Choice of Deacons. 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

- 1 **F**AIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy deacons are thine own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice*
Of such, whose gen'rous prudent zeal
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
May they his sacred table spread,—
The table of their pastor fill,
And fill the holy poor with bread!
- [4 When pastor, saints, and poor, they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd;
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and through their lives abound.]

* If this Hymn be sung *before* the Choice, then the Second line of the Second Verse may stand thus:

“ For Wisdom to direct our Choice.”

- 5 By purest love to Christ, and truth,
 O may they win a good degree
 Of boldness in the Christian faith,
 And meet the smile of thine and thee!
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—
 The work of love—is fully done,
 Call them from serving tables here,
 To sit around thy glorious throne.

MONTHLY & MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

HYMN 418. (First Part.) 8. 7.

Carlisle 95. Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

Glorious Things spoken of Zion, the City of God.

Psalm lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode:
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- [2 See! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.]
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 418. (Second Part.) L. M.

Gloucester 12. Chard 175.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel, animated by Prophecy.

- 1 **E**XERT thy pow'r, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- [2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blissful day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.]
- 3 Thy prophecies *must* be fulfill'd,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.

- 4 Soon shall the mingled image fall,
(Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,)
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.
- 5 In one vast-symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And infidelity, asham'd,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.
- 6 Afric's emancipated sons,
Shall shout to Asia's rapt'rous song;
Europe resound her Saviour's fame,
And Western climes the note prolong.
- 7 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom must extend;
And *ev'ry man*, in *ev'ry face*,
Shall meet a brother, and a friend.

HYMN 418. (Third Part.) L. M.

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

The approaching fall of Babylon predicted. Rev. xiv. 6—8.

- 1 **P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can her *tott'ring* palace fall,
'Till some blest messenger arise,
The spacious heathen world to call.
- 2 And see the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty Angel fly,
The Gospel tidings to convey
To ev'ry land beneath the sky!
- 3 O see, on both the Indies' coast,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The untaught savage press to hear;
And, hearing, wonder and adore:
- [4 See, while the joyful truth is told,
"That Jesus left his throne in heav'n,
"And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
"That guilty souls might be forgiv'n;"
- 5 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye;

- And hear him ask, "For wretched me,
 "Did this divine Redeemer die?"
- 6 "Ah! why have ye so long forborne
 "To tell such welcome news as this?
 "Go now, let *ev'ry sinner* hear,
 "And share in such exalted bliss."]
- 7 The Islands, waiting for his law,
 With rapture greet the sacred sound;
 And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
 Cast all their idols to the ground.
- 8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
 Thy curs'd foundation shall give way,
 And thine eternal overthrow
 The triumphs of the cross display.

HYMN 418. (Fourth Part.) L. M.

Well's 102. Devotion 271.

Invitation to propagate the Gospel throughout the earth.

- 1 **G**O, Missionaries, and proclaim
 The kind Redeemer you have found;
 Publish his ever-precious name
 To all the wond'ring nations round.
- 2 Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
 Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
 You bring—*a freedom bought with blood,*
 The blood of an incarnate God.
- 3 And tell the panting sable chief,
 On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
 You come—*with a refreshing stream,*
 To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go, tell on India's golden shores,
 The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan,*
 That *to enrich this deathless MIND*
 You come—the friends of GOD and Man.
- 5 Tell *all* the distant isles afar
 That lie in darkness and the grave,

* *Tibet and Boutan*; parts of Asia, little known to Europeans, but lately mentioned by the Baptist Missionaries.

You have *the glorious light to show,*
Jesus has come *to seek and save.*

- 6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love,
And, crown'd with energy divine,
Its heav'nly origin will prove.

HYMN 418. (Fifth Part.) L. M.

Gloucester 12. Derby 169.

Neglect in spreading the Gospel reproved and deplored.

- 1 "GO," said the voice of heav'nly love,
"My Gospel preach to ev'ry land;
"Lo! I am with you to the end;
"Observe and follow my command."
- 2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And told the ever-gracious news,
As they from him receiv'd in charge,
First, to the unbelieving Jews:
- 3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name,
And the glad tidings of his grace
To this distinguish'd country came.
- 4 But ah! to spread their sacred theme,
How few have *our* attempts been found!
What heathen lands from *us* have heard
The glorious heart-reviving sound?
- 5 To *us* their duty they bequeath'd;
And left the promise on record;
And had our ardour equall'd theirs,
The same had been our blest reward.
- [6 We too had multitudes beheld
Forsake the gods their hands had made,
And the bright beam of heav'nly day
Their *yet* benighted realms pervade.]
- 7 Saviour divine, our guilt forgive!
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal!
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
And let us all his influence feel!

HYMN 419. (First Part.) L. M.

Chard 175. Gloucester 12.

Prospect of Success; or, Encouragement to use Means.

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present an *harvest* to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part,
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Let us improve the heav'nly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall as America be blest.
- 6 Invite the *globe* to come, and prove
A Saviour's condescending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.
- [7 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.]
- 8 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
"And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek, and Jew,"
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

HYMN 419. (Second Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Evans 190. Irish 171. Missionary 257.

The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I give the Heathen lands
 "For thine inheritance,
 "And to the world's remotest shores
 "Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own;
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne?
- 4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace?
- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
 Under the expanse of heaven,
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exemption, given?
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name ador'd!
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout
 Hosannas to thy Lord!
- 7 Asia and Africa, resound
 From shore to shore his fame:
 And thou, America, in songs,
 Redeeming love proclaim!

HYMN 420. (First Part.) C. M.

Oxford 106. Michael's 119.

Prayer for Missionaries.

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

- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy Gospel to mankind,
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul,
 Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 O, when shall Afric's sable sons
 Enjoy the heav'nly word,
 And vassals, long-enslav'd, become
 The freedmen of the Lord?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace?
- 6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love;
 Soften the tiger to a lamb,
 The vulture to a dove!
- 7 * Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread the Gospel rays;
 And build on Sin's demolish'd throne
 The temples of thy praise.

Verses 8, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in substance, were written off Margate, by *Mr. William Ward*, one of the Baptist Missionaries, on their departure for India, May 28, 1799.

- [8 O charge the waves to bear our friends
 In safety o'er the deep;
 Let the rough tempest speed their way,
 Or bid its fury sleep.]
- 9 Whene'er thy sons proclaim good news
 Beneath the Banian's shade,
 Let the poor Hindoo feel its pow'r,
 And grace his soul pervade.

* Verses 7, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, may be sung alone.

10 O let the heav'nly Shaster* spread;
 Bid Brahmans preach the word;
 And may all India's tribes become
 One CAST to serve the Lord.

PAUSE.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
 Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r;
 Then thousands shall confess its sway,
 And bless the saving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace
 The barren wastes shall rise,
 With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
 A blooming paradise.

13 True holiness shall strike its root
 In each degen'rate heart,
 Shall in a growth divine arise,
 And heav'nly fruits impart.

14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
 Her wings from shore to shore:
 No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
 No murd'rous cannon roar.

15 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
 Are in thy word foretold:
 Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring
 This promis'd age of gold.

16 *Amen*, with joy divine, let earth's
 Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heav'n's
 Unnumber'd choirs reply!

HYMN 420. (Second Part.) L. M.

Wareham 117. Wells 13. Lebanon 79.

A Blessing on Missions and Missionaries requested.

1 **W**HERE'ER the blustering north-wind
 blows,
 And spreads its frost, or fleecy snows;

* The *Shasters* are the religious books of the Hindoos; the *Brahmans* are their priests, and the *Casts* are the different classes of the people.

- Where'er the sun, with quick'ning ray,
Shines all abroad and gives the day ;
- 2 Where'er the lesser orbs of light
Dart forth their beams and gild the night ;
There may his heralds loud proclaim
The Saviour's love, the Saviour's name.
- 3 For work so pleasing, so benign,
Lord, grant thy influence divine ;
Till all "the spacious globe around,"
"With" raptur'd "songs of praise resound."

HYMN 420. (Third Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185. Lowell 260. Mansfield 154.

*Missionaries addressed and encouraged.**

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey ;
Arise ! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame ;
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success ;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

* See also Hymn 415.

HYMN 420. (Fourth Part.) C. M.

Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.

The wonder-working God invoked for his Church. Isa. li. 9.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which hast such wonders wrought;
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.
- 2 Art thou not it which Rahab slew?
And crush'd the dragon's head?
Constrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew,
From their accustom'd bed.
- 3 Again thy wonted prowess show,
Be thou made bare again;
And let thine adversaries know
That they resist in vain.

HYMN 421. (First Part.) L. M.

Aylie Street 241. Rochford 22.

Longing for the Latter-day Glory.

- 1 **H**OW many years has man been driv'n
Far off from happiness and heav'n?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wand'ring church, to roam no more?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
And ever since, his fallen race,
From age to age, are void of grace.
- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee!
- 4 Hasten it, Lord, in ev'ry land;
Send thou thine angels, and command,
"Go, sound deliv'rance; loudly blow
"Salvation to the saints below."
- 5 We want to have the day appear!
The promis'd great sabbatic year,

When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

- 6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily pray'r shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

HYMN 421. (Second Part.) L. M.

Aylie Street 241. Portugal 97.

*Prayer to God for his special Interposition in spreading the
Gospel. Zech. ix. 13—16.*

- 1 **H**OW long, O God, "has man been
"driv'n
"Far off from happiness and heav'n!
"When wilt thou" graciously "restore"
Thy banish'd sons, to rove no more?
- 2 For near six thousand years, thy foe,
Has triumph'd over all below;
Save that a little flock is found,
With rav'ning wolves encompass'd round.
- 3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,
An ample compensation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happiness and God restore?
- 4 From ev'ry nation, ev'ry tongue,
A remnant must to him belong;
Nor can there be too vile a race,
To furnish trophies of his grace.
- 5 Exert that pow'r which could subdue
The furious slaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cause become
Victorious over Greece and Rome.
- 6 Now, Lord, before thy servants go,
Let God himself the trumpet blow;
Hasten the Gospel Jubilee,
'That bids a captive world be free.

HYMN 421. (Third Part.) 10s.

Warsaw 211. Guestwick 274.

The House must be of Fame and Glory throughout all Countries. 1 Chron. xxii. 25.

- 1 **T**HE house now to be builded to the Lord,
Whose firm foundation-stone his hand
hath laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed
That which king Solomon so glorious made.
- 2 Wide as the spacious globe on which we
tread,
This sacred temple shall its bounds extend;
Its blessings, not to Abra'm's seed confin'd,
Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.
- 3 See, in the torrid regions of the south,
The humble worshipper approach with joy:
And shiv'ring natives of the frozen pole,
In the same heav'nly strains their lips em-
ploy.
- 4 With all simplicity of word and deed,
With zeal for God, and love to souls inspir'd,
See the successful Missionaries teach;
Their ardour still by gath'ring converts fir'd.
- 5 Hark! they proclaim salvation by the cross,
And thousands press t' accept the boundless
grace;
Jesus his own almighty pow'r displays,
His temple now is universal space!

HYMN 421. (Fourth Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166. Staughton 264. Cambridge New 74.

Saints longing to see their King with his many Crowns.
Rev. xix. 12.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye saints, behold your King
With God-like honours crown'd;
Ten thousand beauties in his word
Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,

- Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honour'd there.
- 3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show
The vict'ries he hath won :
O may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run !
- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conq'ror, ride !
And millions more subdue,
Destroy *our* enmity and pride,
And *we* will crown thee too.

HYMN 422. (First Part.) 112th.

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

Gentiles praying for Jews. Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear,
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed ;
Justly they claim the softest pray'r
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,
Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n ;
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curst of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away ?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'ers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past ;
"All Israel shall be sav'd at last."
- 4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer come ;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And shout to God the glory due.

HYMN 422. (Second Part.) 148th.

Portsmouth New 144.

*Evangelical Philanthropy; or, The Song of a Christian
Loyalist.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the pris'ner's chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.
- 2 The cause of Righteousness,
And truth, and holy peace,
Design'd our world to bless,
Shall spread, and never cease:
Gentile and Jew, their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due with rapture vow.
- 3 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries
Truth's empire to repel,
By cruelty and lies:
The infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.
- 4 He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.
- 5 All pow'r is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heav'n with smiles approve his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.
- 6 This little seed from heav'n
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever-blessed leav'n
Diffus'd abroad must be;
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen! Amen!

PAUSE.

Resurrection 72.

- 7 Ye, who have known his name,
Subserve his glorious plan;
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of God and man:
How happy ye who own his sway!
Ye own'd shall be another day.
- 8 All hail, incarnate Lord!
Our souls triumphant cry;
Be thy bless'd name ador'd,
By all beneath the sky.
But, when we join the hosts above,
In strains divine we'll sing thy love.

-HYMN 422. (Third Part.) L. M.

Horsley 111. Magdalene 34.

*The Fields white for Harvest.**

- 1 **L**IFT up your joyful eyes, and see
A plenteous harvest all around,
Rip'ning for bliss, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:
- 2 A harvest of immortal souls,
Secur'd by an almighty pow'r,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms, shall hurt,
Nor rav'nous beasts of prey devour.
- 3 Oh happy day! when all the saints
Complete in glory shall be found;
And, like their great, their mystic head,
Be with eternal honours crown'd.

HYMN 422. (Fourth Part.) C. M.

Gloucester 12. Lebanon 77. Islington 40.

He must reign; or, The Victories of Christ the Triumph of Christians.

- 1 **Y**ES, mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become like dust beneath thy feet.

* The Hymns from the 427th, to the 441st, also relate to the spread of the Gospel, and the Happiness of the Church.

- 2 Then rescu'd souls shall bless thy pow'r;
 Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
 Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
 Shall conquer with their conq'ring King.
- 3 And when, through brilliant gates of gold,
 Thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies,
 May we the shining pomp behold,
 And partners of the triumph rise.
- 4 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
 The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
 While heav'n's transported realms resound
 Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

ASSOCIATIONS;

OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF CHURCHES
 AND MINISTERS.*

HYMN 423. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

*Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven; or, God's gracious
 Approbation of Active Attempts to revive religion.*

Mal. iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on mortal worms looks down
 From his celestial throne;
 And, when the wicked swarm around,
 He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
 The scandals of the times,
 And join their efforts to oppose
 The wide-prevailing crimes.
- 3 Low to the social band he bows
 His still attentive ear;
 And, while his angels sing around,
 Delights their voice to hear.
- 4 The chronicles of heav'n shall keep
 Their words in transcript fair,
 In the Redeemer's book of life
 Their names recorded are.

* See also Hymns 403—406, 412—422.

5 "Yes, (saith the Lord) the world shall know
 "These humble souls are mine:
 "These, when my jewels I produce,
 "Shall in full lustre shine.

6 "When deluges of fiery wrath
 "My foes away shall bear,
 "That hand which strikes the wicked thro',
 "Shall all my children spare."

HYMN 424. L. M. *B. Francis.*

Derby 109. Truro 165. Bramcoate 8.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the Lord.

1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,
 Thy ministers their tribute bring,
 Their tribute of united praise,
 For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
 And publish loud thy healing word,
 While angels sound thy glorious name,
 Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme:
 And, while we feel thy heav'nly love,
 We burn like seraphim above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise,
 With us, an equal song of praise:
 They are the noblest work of God,
 But we, the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound;
 Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
 Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
 And watch them with unwearied heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
 Our care below, our crown above:
 Thy praise shall be our best employ,
 Thy presence our eternal joy.

HYMN 425. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Brightelmstone 208. Condescension 116.

Lovest thou me? feed my Lambs. John xxi. 15.

1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my heart, and see;

- And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- [4 Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?]
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HYMN 246. L. M. *Beddome.*

Aylie Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer for Ministers.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain—
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine:

- To them thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fears, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—
 Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy new-creating pow'r.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
 Distressed souls forget their pains ;
 Let light through distant realms be spread,
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

HYMN 427. (First Part.) 8. 7. 4.

Altered by *Dr. Ryland*.

Lewes 63. Painswick 162. Helmsley 223.

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee !
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
 Lord, &c.
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
 Ev'ry part look'd gay and green :
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
 Happy seasons we have seen !
 Lord, &c.
- [4 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee :
 Lord, &c.

- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth! Lord, &c.
- 6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below;
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show: Lord, &c.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
 Lord, &c.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 O! permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain: Lord, &c.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs:
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
 Lord, &c.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh:
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee!

HYMN 427. (Second Part.) L. M.

Gould's 272. Babylon Streams 23.

For a Church in a low condition. Psalm li. 18.

- 1 **O** GOD of Zion! from thy throne,
 Look with an eye of pity down;
 Thy church now humbly makes her pray'r;
 Thy church, the object of thy care.
- 2 We are a building thou hast rais'd,
 How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd;
 Yet all to utter ruin falls,
 If thou forsake our tott'ring walls.

- 3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of pray'r and praise,
When holy services gave birth
To joys-resembling heav'n on earth.
- 4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.
- 5 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes:
If earth and hell should yet assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.
- 6 Near to each other, and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
Oh, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our num'rous wants supply.
- 7 Oh, show that in our low estate,
No blessing for us is too great;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

HYMN 427. (Third Part.) 11s.

Gerard 156. Broughton 172. L. H. C.

Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

- 1 **O** ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no
man can save; [may'd,
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh over-
whelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee
defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in
thine eyes?" [stand;
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee
to land.

And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

[4 May the glorious day approaching
 On their grossest darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting Gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name,
 All the borders
 Of the great IMMANUEL'S land.]

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 429. L. M. *Beddome.*

Gloucester 12. Coomb's 45. Bromley 104.

The Increase of the Church.

- 1 **S**HOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns!
 Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread;
 And sinners, freed from endless pains,
 Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
 Daily at Sion's gate arrive;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- [3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
 O'ercome by his victorious pow'r;
 Princes in humble posture wait,
 And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
 Nations remote their off'rings bring;
 And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay
 To their exalted God and King.]
- 5 O may his conquests still increase,
 And ev'ry foe his pow'r subdue;
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his growing glory show.

- 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 430. 148th.

Dartmouth 46. Carter Lane 141.

The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And ev'ry age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conq'ring King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!
- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign!
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

HYMN 431. 148th.

Portsmouth New 144. Grove 125.

The completing of the Spiritual Temple. Zech. iv. 7.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:

Ye saints around, through all its frame,
Harmonious sound the builder's name.

- 2 Beneath his eye and care,
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:
There shall he place the polish'd stone,
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

COLLECTIONS

FOR POOR CHURCHES AND POOR BRETHREN.*

HYMN 432. 8. 7. *B. Francis.*

Jewin Street 222. Northampton Chapel 126.

At a Collection for poor Ministers, or Missionaries.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.
- 3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:

* See also Hymn 246.

While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of ev'ry station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

HYMN 433. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Braintree 25. New-York 33.

Relieving Christ in his Members. Matt. xxv. 40.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from thee.

HYMN 434. L. M.

Lebanon 77. Manning 245. Islington 40.

Of thine own have we given thee. 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares;
My grateful thanks to him shall rise;
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.
- 2 And shall I grudge to give *his* poor
A mite from all my gen'rous store?

No, Lord! the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

HYMN 435. L. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Martin's Lane 67. Horsley 205.

The Beneficence of Christ, for our Imitation.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 *That man may last but never lives,*
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Who none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank:
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
'Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

HYMN 436. C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240. Staughton 264.

Providing bags that wax not old. Luke xii. 33.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay:
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

HYMN 437. S. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Wirksworth 158. Eagle Street New 55. Broderip's 252.

Praise for Conversion. Psalm lxi. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen, while I tell,
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cried;
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd;
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;
Pardon'd my sins; and, with a smile,
The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 O! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

HYMN 438. C. M.

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

The Conversion of Sinners, a Matter for Prayer and Praise

- 1 **T**HERE'S joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,

- To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 "Come, saints, and hear what God hath
Is a reviving sound: [done,"
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around!
- 3 Often, O sov'reign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day;
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praises too;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Give thee the glory due.

HYMN 439. C. M. *Newton.*

Brighthelmstone 208. Maidstone 196.

Apostacy—Will ye also go away?

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

No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.

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

HYMN 440. L. M. *Steele.*

Paul's 246. Wareham 117. Gould's 272.

*To whom shall we go, but unto thee? or, Life and Safety in
Christ alone. John vi. 67—69.*

- 1 **T**HOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty friend;
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 'Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 6 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.

HYMN 441. L. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Green's Hundred 89. Mark's 65.

Prayer for the whole Church.

- 1 **I**N thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,

- That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy pow'r,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.
- 3 Protect the young from ev'ry snare,
And let thy staff support the old;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heav'nly day,
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The with'ring plants from their decay.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 442. 112th.

Carey's 11. Uffculm 93.

Christ Baptized in Jordan.

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The SON OF GOD the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse;
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heav'ns! your Maker lies
In deeds conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like, th' Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the pow'r divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But hark! my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along?

Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song?
 "This is my well-beloved Son,
 "I see well pleas'd what he hath done."

- 5 Thus the Eternal FATHER spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod;
 Through parting skies the accents broke,
 And bids us hear the SON of GOD:
 O hear, the awful word to-day,
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

HYMN 443. L. M. *J. Stennett.*

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came the lost to seek and save,
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
 To find a tomb beneath its wave.
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 "All righteousness," he meekly said:
 "Why should we then to do his will,
 "Or be asham'd, or be afraid?"
- 3 With thee, into thy wat'ry tomb,
 Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
 To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
 To let us see the light again,
 So, on the resurrection day,
 The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
 The gates of death shall open wide,
 Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
 And rise and triumph at thy side.

HYMN 444. 8. 8. 6. *Norman.*

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Thus it becometh us, &c. Matthew iii. 15.

- 1 **T**HUS it became the Prince of Grace,
 And thus should all the favour'd race

High heav'n's command fulfil;
 For that the condescending God
 Should lead his follow'rs through the flood,
 Was heav'n's eternal will.

2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
 We make these ways our favour'd choice,
 And thus with zeal pursue:
 No, heav'n's eternal sov'reign Lord
 Has, in the precepts of his word,
 Enjoin'd us thus to do.

3 And shall we ever dare despise
 The gracious mandate of the skies,
 Where condescending Heav'n,
 To sinful man's apostate race,
 In matchless love, and boundless grace,
 His will reveal'd has giv'n?

4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
 Assist us now thy grace to sing;
 And still direct our way
 To those bright realms of peace and rest,
 Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd
 With one great choral day.

HYMN 445. 8. 7. *Fawcett.*

Welsh 210. Carlisle 95.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

1 **H**UMBLE souls who seek salvation,
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of Revelation,
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.

Flee to him your only Saviour;
 In his mighty name confide;
 In the whole of your behaviour,
 Own him as your sov'reign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice:
 Jesus says, "Let each believer
 "Be baptised in my name:"

He himself in Jordan's river
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

- 3 Plainly hear his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

HYMN 446. C. M.

Charmouth 28. Matthew's 34.

The Believer constrained by the Love of Christ to follow him.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptis'd?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

HYMN 447. C. M. *Dr. Ryland.*

Devizes 14. Otford 106.

Difficulties in the Way of Duty surmounted.—Hinder me not.
Gen. xxiv. 56.*

- [1 **W**HEN Abr'ham's servant, to procure
A wife for Isaac, went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish,—
Her parents gave consent.

* This Hymn may begin at the sixth verse,

- 2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man,
His journey to delay;
"Hinder me not," he quick reply'd,
"Since God hath crown'd my way."
- 3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord
My soul to him did wed;
"Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes,
"Since God my way hath sped."
- 4 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
"My ev'ry pleasant sweet;"
"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."
- 5 "Stay," Satan, my old master cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"
"Hinder me not, I will begone,
"My God has broke my chain."]
- 6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my IMMANUEL'S land.'
- 9 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.

HYMN 448. C. M. *J. Stennett.*

Bath Chapel 26. Huddersfield 202.

Immersion.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptis'd,
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
 Beneath the yielding wave;
 Thus was his sacred body rais'd
 Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
 In thy own footsteps tread,
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
 Our ever-living head.

HYMN 449. 8, 7.

Northampton Chapel 126.

Buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom. iv. 4.

- 1 **J**ESUS, mighty King in Sion!
 Thou alone our guide shall be;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee:

- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptis'd beneath the wave.

- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue;
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

HYMN 450. L. M. *J. Stennett.*

Chard 175. Rochford 22.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod!
 And follow through his liquid grave
 The meek, the lowly, Son of God!

- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heav'nly life aspire,
 Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd,
 They shine in clean and bright attire!

- 3 O sacred rite, by thee the name,
 Of Jesus we to own begin:
 This is our resurrection pledge,
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

- 4 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heav'n,
In concert join their loud Amen.

HYMN 451. L. M. *Gregg.*

Altered by *B. Francis.*

Rippon's 188. Bredby 165. Horseley 205.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!
- 7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

HYMN 452. L. M.

Bramcoate 8. New Court 173.

*The Candidates.—They were Baptised, both Men and Women.
Acts viii. 12.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us, thy grace hath done,
Constrain'd by thy Almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be deny'd;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy tablet let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

HYMN 453. C. M. *Beddome.*

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

Morning before Baptism; or, at the water's side. Ps. cxxix. 32.

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our ev'ry smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercis'd again;
And nurtur'd by celestial pow'r,
In exercise remain.

- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy;
Vain world begone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee our Saviour and our God
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heav'n our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our All, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

HYMN 454. L. M.

Ailie Street 241. Derby 169.

The Administrator.

- 1 "GO teach the nations, and baptize,"
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries;
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O bless them with peculiar grace:
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM.

HYMN 455—467. L. M.

Old Hundred 100. Portugal 97.

WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs,
Is always worthy of our songs:
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demands our wonder and our praise.

Beddome.

Hosanna to the Church's Head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!

He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!

J. Stennett.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!

Beddome.

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

Beddome.

We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe:
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

Beddome.

Eternal Spirit, heav'nly dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.
All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F——.

Ye, who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
"Ye blessed of the Lord, come in."

H. F——.

Jesus, my Saviour, and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay,
"Arise, my love, and come away."

H. F——.

Amazing grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?

R

Ah! no: dear Lord, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H——.

Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. Stennett.

With lowly minds, and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
'Till the great rising day reveal,
'Th' immortal glory of his face.

G——.

'TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
We humbly dedicate our pow'rs;
If, with Jehovah's blessings crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

HYMN 468. 148th.

Bethesda 112. Swithin's 44.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain;
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.
- 2 When our incarnate God,
The sov'reign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Receiv'd the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And, dove-like, flew the King to crown.
- 3 The day was never known,
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shown such grace,
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On Jesus' head the heav'nly beam.

- 4 Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire:
 This ordinance is thine,
 Do thou our souls inspire!
 Thou wilt attend on all thy sons:
 "Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

HYMN 469. C. M. *James Newton.*

Crowle 3. James's 163.

After Baptism. Mark xvi. 16.

- 1 "PROCLAIM," saith Christ, "my won-
 drous grace
 "To all the sons of men;
 "He that believes, and is baptis'd,
 "Salvation shall obtain."
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on *those*,
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have publicly declar'd
 That Jesus is *their* Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may *they* advance,
 And run the Christian race;
 And through the troubles of the way
 Find all-sufficient grace.

HYMN 470. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Charleston 195. Hammond 226.

A practical improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.

- 1 ATTEND, ye children of your God;
 A Ye heirs of glory, hear;
 For accents so divine as these
 Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptis'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die;
 With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There, by his Father's side, he sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair;
 Yet owns himself your Brother still,
 And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise,
 On wings of faith and love;

Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

- 5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive pow'r,
To raise and fix us high.

HYMN 471. C. M. *Beddome.*

New-York 33. Sprague 166.

The reflection of a Baptised Believer—He went on his Way rejoicing. Acts viii. 9.

- 1 **T**HE holy eunuch, when baptis'd
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?
- 2 "Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
"Of whom I lately read?
"Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
"Was number'd with the dead?"
- 3 "Is he, who, bursting from the grave,
"Now reigns above the sky,
"My advocate before the throne,
"My portion when I die?"
- 4 "Have I profess'd his holy name?
"Do I his Gospel bear
"To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
"And shall I spread it there?"
- 5 "Bless'd pool! in which I lately lay,
"And left my fears behind;
"What an unworthy wretch am I!
"And God profusely kind.
- 6 "Bless'd emblem of that precious blood,
"Which satisfied for sin;
"And of that renovating grace,
"Which makes the conscience clean."
- 7 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy,
Help us to keep in view;
The same our work, the same, O make
Our consolation too.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 472. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Ailie Street 241. Bramcoate 8.

A preparatory thought for the Lord's Supper.

In Imitation of Isaiah, xliii. 1—3.

- 1 **W**HAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood, [skies,
With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious MAN, that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own these wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why, for such earthly souls as mine,
This heav'nly wine, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy guests as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

HYMN 473. C. M. *Steele.*

Irish 171. Braintree 25.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms:
 He calls, he bids you come:
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
 But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
 There love and pity meet;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart
 That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd
 Invites your souls to come;
 The rebel shall be call'd a child,
 And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 474. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Yarmouth 128. Dresden 178. Rowles 73.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 Up to his Father's courts he flies;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, death, in chains!
 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous KING,
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

HYMN 475. C. M. *J. Stennett.*

Liverpool 83. Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **J**ESUS! O word divinely sweet!
 How charming is the sound!
 What joyful news! what heav'nly sense!
 In that dear name is found!
- 2 Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,
 In hopeless fetters lay;
 Our souls, with num'rous sins deprav'd,
 To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
 A willing victim fell,
 And on his cross triumphant broke
 The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,
 He mighty was to save;
 He died, but could not long be held
 A pris'ner in the grave.
- 5 Jesus! who mighty art to save,
 Still push thy conquests on;
 Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
 Where'er the sun has shone.
- 6 O Captain of salvation! make
 Thy pow'r and mercy known;
 Till crowds of willing converts come
 And worship at thy throne.

HYMN 476. L. M. *J. Stennett.*

Chard 165. Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day,
On which our dearest Lord was slain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appear on earth again.
- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs, and seraphs, heav'nly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

HYMN 477. L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Holy Admiration and Joy.

- 1 **J**ESUS, when faith, with fixed eyes,
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections, who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?
- 3 Look, saints, into his op'ning side;
The breach how large, how deep, how wide!
Thence issues forth a double flood,
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.
- 4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows,
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
- 5 Thus I could ever, ever sing
The suff'rings of my heav'nly King;

With growing pleasures spread abroad
The myst'ries of a dying God.

HYMN 478. L. M.

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Meditating on the Cross of Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless suff'rer, cover'd o'er
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.
- 2 Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?
- 3 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' unperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.
- 5 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.
- 6 That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.
- 7 The sorrow, shame, and death, were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this!

HYMN 479. L. M. *D. Turner,*

Old Hundred 100. Angel's Hymn 60.

*Set him above all Principalities and Powers—Worthy is the
Lamb that was slain to receive Glory and Blessing.*
Eph. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **N**OW far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brightest throne,

Invisible to mortal eyes;
But not to humble faith unknown.

[2 The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sov'reign pow'r,
Fly through the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.

3 Satan, and all his rebel crew,
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,
Crush'd by his hands, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.

4 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controls!
Yet from his high exalted state
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]

5 Though in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world, or time, began,
He shines the Son of God confess'd,
Yet owns himself the Son of Man.

6 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heav'ns he ever lives;
Of joys *there* pours th' eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.

7 All hail! thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raise,
The full salvation promis'd bring,
Then ev'ry tongue shall sing thy praise!

HYMN 480. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Ailie Street 241. Redemption 243.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

1 **N**OW let our faith grow strong, and rise
And view our Lord in all his love:
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross:
Beneath our sins he groan'd and died;

See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his Almighty Father's side.

- 3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And seals our pleasure with his pains.
- 4 Or if we climb th' eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqu'ror sits enthron'd;
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.
- 5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
How much they love their dying God?
Lord, here we'd banish ev'ry foe,
We hate the sins that cost thy blood.
- 6 Commerce no more we hold with hell,
Our dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell,
Stamp'd as a seal on ev'ry heart.

HYMN 481. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

The Triumphs of the Cross.

- 1 **N**O more, dear Saviour, will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause:
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.
- 2 In ev'ry feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays;
Truth, wisdom, majesty and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.
- 3 Thy wealth the pow'r of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine;
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends;
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.
- 4 Yet, (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire;
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night;
And angels from the scene retire.
- 5 But why from these sad scenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?

He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.

- 6 The indignation of a God
On him avenging justice hurl'd:
Beneath the weight he firmly stood;
And nobly sav'd a falling world.
- 7 Those triumphs of stupendous grace
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart;
Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart!

HYMN 482. C. M. *Dr. J. Stennett.*

Wantage 204. Burford 198.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucify'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you,
"For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
"And rose, and triumph'd too."
- 5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had;
What will it be above?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your praising pow'rs;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:

Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

HYMN 483. C. M. *D. S. Stennett.*

Bangor 231. Worksop 31.

My flesh is Meat indeed. John vi. 53—55.

- 1 **H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
These heart-reviving joys.
- 4 His body torn, with rudest hands,
Becomes the finest bread:
And, with the blessing he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.
- 5 His blood, that from each op'ning vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,
That cheers both God and man.
- 6 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour so divine!
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.
- 7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all,
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

HYMN 484. L. M. *Beddome.*

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

Jesus wept—he died—See how he loved us. John xi. 35.

- 1 **S**O fair a face, bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!

- He wept, he bled, he died for you;
 What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthron'd above, with equal glow,
 His warm affections downward flow;
 In our distress he bears a part,
 And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
 He knows the frailty of our frame;
 Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
 Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

HYMN 485. C. M. *Steele.*

Wantage 204. Charmouth 23.

The Wonders of Redemption.

- 1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
 The Sov'reign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
 To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For man, (O miracle of grace!)
 For man, the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood!
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free;
 And may I hope *that* love extends
 Its sacred pow'r to me!
- 6 What glad return can I impart,
 For favours so divine?
 O take my all—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.

HYMN 486. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Irish 171. Michael's 119.

Room at the Gospel feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **T**HE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heav'n.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 487. L. M. *Steele.*

Wareham 117. Rochford 22.

Communion with Christ at his Table.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name by heav'n and earth ador'd!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to ev'ry heart.

HYMN 488. C. M. *Steele.*

Liverpool 83. Oxford 177.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 489. 148th. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Carmarthan New 35. Swithin's 44.

A Song of Praise to Christ.

1 **C**OME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,

- Your noblest pow'rs exert,
 To celebrate his fame:
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for God,
 And such his love for you,
 He nobly undertook
 What Gabriel could not do:
 His ev'ry deed of love and grace
 All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.
- 3 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 What he endur'd, O who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell!
- 4 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansions of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes,
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up through the sky the conq'ror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 5 From thence he'll quickly come,
 His chariot will not stay,
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see his lovely face,
 And ever be in his embrace.
- 6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve:
 Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
 The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

HYMN 490. L. M. *President Davies.*

Portugal 97. Horsley 205. Rowles 73.

Self-dedication at the Lord's Table.

- 1 **L**ORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?

With full consent thine I would be ;
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

- 2 Thee, my new master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all ;
Lord, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

HYMN 491. C. M.

Bedford 91. Foster 96.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **T**O thee let my first off'ring rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his glad'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh !
So oft vouchsaf'd before !
Still may it lead, protect, supply !
And I that hand adore !
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart !
And without guilt be gay !
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend
As vice or folly's cure ;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure !
- 5 Be this, and ev'ry future day,
Still wiser than the past ;
And, when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 492. C. M. *D. Turner.*

Braintree 25. Hammond 226.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **W**ITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
And stores of darkness, lie :

- Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.
- 2 And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy pow'r unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.
- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met,
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious, in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

HYMN 493. 8. 8. 6. *W*—.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile!—what shall I say,
I live to see another day,
O let me live to thee!
A thousand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliss;
What must fruition be!
- 2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Jesus hath for his prepar'd;
Nor can the heart conceive;
Thou hast commanded me, to-day,
To live by faith, and I'd obey;
Lord, help me to believe.

HYMN 494. S. M. *S*—.

Sutton 149. Price's 187.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;

- And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly parent sing :
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame ;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am ?
- 5 Oh ! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice ;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
- 7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 495. L. M.

Madan's 107. Ulverston 179.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**REAT God to thee my ev'ning song,
With humble gratitude, I raise ;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And ev'ry gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.
- 3 And yet, this thoughtless wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,

Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 496. L. M. *Bp. Ken.*

Magdalene 214. Ailie Street 241.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, KING of kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
Praise God, &c.

HYMN 497. C. M. *M—*.

Irish 171. Great Milton 212.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;

Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.
- 4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

HYMN 498. C. M. *Needham.*

Michael's 119. Evan's 190.

On the Spring.

- 1 **T**HE icy chains that bound the earth,
Are now dissolv'd and gone:
Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts his new liv'ry on.
- 2 Where awful desolation reign'd,
Blest plenty rears her head;
Exulting, with a smile, to see
Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 Teeming with life, th' advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heav'n! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the west he flies:
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.
- 5 My soul in ev'ry scene admire
The wisdom and the pow'r:

Behold the God in ev'ry plant,
In ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

- 6 Yet, in his word, the God of grace
Has wrote his fairer name:
'The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.
- 7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into SPRING,
And be the glory thine.

HYMN 499. S. M.

Mansfield 154. Finsbury 155.

The Return of Spring Celebrated.

- 1 **F**ROM winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyless waste,
The spring in sudden youth appears,
With blooming beauty grac'd.
- 2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the solar beams!
And, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 Great God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise:
Thy pow'r and love in concert reign,
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 4 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
For men, enrich the land.
- 5 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

HYMN 500. C. M.

Braintree 25. Foster 96. Salem 139.

The Spring improved.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!

- The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flow'rs
Beauteous around us spring,
The birds, with joint harmonious pow'rs,
Invite our hearts to sing.
- 3 But ah! in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
I feel, 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.
- 4 O! would my Saviour, from on high,
Break through these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.
- 5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose!

HYMN 501. C. M. *Dr. Gibbons.*

Abridge 201. Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

- 1 **T**HE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms, and flow'rs,
T' adorn her reign, appear.
- 2 But soon canst thou, in righteous wrath,
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod,
To bless or to destroy.
- 3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;
- 4 At the dread order of his God
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with
And blooming life expires. [drought,

- 5 Like burnish'd brass, the heav'n around
 In angry terror burns,
 While the earth lies a joyless waste,
 And into iron turns.
- 6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
 Nor with our land contend;
 Bid the avenging skies relent,
 And show'rs of mercy send!

HYMN 502. C. M.

Ann's 58. Worksop 31.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

- 1 **H**OW hast thou, Lord, from year to year,
 Our land with plenty crown'd!
 And gen'rous fruit and golden grain
 Have spread their riches round.
- 2 But we thy mercies have abus'd
 To more abounding crimes;
 What heights, what daring heights in sin,
 Mark and disgrace our times!
- 3 Equal, though awful, is the doom,
 That fierce descending rain,
 Should into inundations swell,
 And crush the rising grain!
- 4 How just, that in the autumn's reign,
 When we had hop'd to reap,
 Our fields of sorrow and despair,
 Should lie an hideous heap!
- 5 But, Lord, have mercy on our land,
 Those floods of vengeance stay;
 Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
 Shine in unclouded day.
- 6 To thee alone we look for help;
 None else of dew and rain
 Can give the world the smallest drop,
 Or smallest drop restrain.

HYMN 503. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Old Hundred 100. Dresden 178.

The God of Thunder.

- 1 **O** THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!
- 2 He speaks; and lo! all nature shakes,
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.
- 3 Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emp'rors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.
- 4 Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas through.
- 5 Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.
- 6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

HYMN 504. C. M.

Devizes 14. Evans's 190.

Summer—An Harvest Hymn.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop:
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,
 And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness:
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
 The rip'ning harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
 Shall reap a glorious crop:
 The harvest shall by far exceed
 What I have sown in hope.

HYMN 505. C. M.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

*Harvest—*or, *The accepted Time and Day of Salvation.*
 Prov. x. 5.

1 **S**EE how the little toiling ant
 Improves the harvest hours:
 While summer lasts, through all her cells
 The choicest stores she pours.

2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
 But youth of life's the prime;
 Best is this season for our work,
 And this th' accepted time.

3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
 To-morrow, Folly cries;
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when, oh!
 To-day the sinner dies.

4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
 And seize the tender hour;
 Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
 And God will give the pow'r.

HYMN 506. C. M. *Steele.*

Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Winter.

1 **S**TERN Winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crown'd!

- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And, drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart—
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.
- 6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

HYMN 507. L. M. *Steele.*

New Sabbath 122. Rothwell 174.

Winter.

- 1 **S**EE, how rude winter's icy hand [ground;
Has stripp'd the trees and seal'd the
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move!
O! hush these storms, and clear my skies;
And let me feel thy vital love!
- 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour
 With humble pray'r and patient faith;
 Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
 Repose on what his promise saith.
- 6 He, by whose all-commanding word
 Seasons their changing course maintain,
 In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

HYMN 508. L. M.

Gloucester 12. Coomb's 45.

The Seasons crowned with Goodness. Psalm lxxv. 11.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of ev'ry joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and ev'ning shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolt no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

HYMN 509. 8. 7. *Robinson.*

Jewin Street 222. Welsh 210.

Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

HYMN 510. L. M.

New Sabbath 122. Antigua 120.

Help obtained of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

New Year's Day.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported still, we stand:
The op'ning year thy mercy shows:
Let mercy crown it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust;
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 511. L. M. S——.

Aylie Street 241. Langdon 217.

The barren Fig-Tree. Luke xiii. 6—9.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great deliv'rer's nigh.
- 3 Yet, why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumb'rer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?
- 4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit, afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord!
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

HYMN 512. 7s. *Fawcett.*

Alcester 213. Bath Abbey 147.

A Birth-Day Hymn. Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
 To my kind Redeemer's praise;
 With a grateful heart I own
 Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
 Well I know concerns me not;
 This should set my heart at rest,
 What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign:
 Father, let thy will be mine;
 May but all thy dealings prove
 Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r;
 Guard me in the trying hour:
 Let thy unremitting care
 Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
 Be directed to thy praise;
 So the last the closing scene
 Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
 Grant me but this one request,
 Both in life and death to prove
 Tokens of thy special love.

HYMN 513. C. M.

New-York 33. Miall 240.

A Wedding Hymn.

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage feast,
 O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
 To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
 Who now have plighted hands;
 Their union with thy favour crown,
 And bless their nuptial bands.

- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burthens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On ev'ry soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

HYMN 514. L. M. *Newton.*

Bramcoate 8. Rowles 73.

A Welcome to Christian Friends—At Meeting.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us,

- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore:
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet, to part no more.

HYMN 515. 7s.

Cookham 36. Hotham 224.

At Parting.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long,
In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

HYMN 516. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Magdalene 214. Portugal 97.

The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;

Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

- 4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

HYMN 517. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Early Piety. Matthew xii. 20.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 The humble poor he wont despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown:
His ear is open to their cries;
He quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 When piety, in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure:
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the pow'rs of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 6 Though press'd with fears on ev'ry side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

HYMN 518. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Salem 139. Foster 96. Evans's 190.

The Encouragement young Persons have to seek Christ.
Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,

- And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those that early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

HYMN 519. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Great Milton 212. Sprague 166.

Seek first the Kingdom of God. Matt. vi. 33.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN 520. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Ser.*

Green's Hundred 39. Ulverston 179.

A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven. Mark x. 21.

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature, then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heav'n condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing new.
- 3 But mark the chance: thus spake the Lord,
"Come, part with earth for heav'n to-day;"
The youth, astonish'd, at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure.
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heav'n so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

HYMN 521. S. M. *Fawcett.*

Eagle Street New 55. Harborough 142.

How shall a Young Man cleanse his Way? Psalm cxix. 9.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth;
And fly from ev'ry snare.
- 4 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine;
Unite it to thyself alone;
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let the word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my foll'wing days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclin'd;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern,
That leads to endless day.

HYMN 522. 8. 8. 6. *D. Bradberry's altered.*

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

The Importance of educating Youth.

Congregation.

- 1 **N**OW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odours to the skies,
The work of joy and love.
- Children.*
- 2 Teach us to bow before thy face;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

- 3 O what a num'rous race we see,
 In ignorance and misery,
 Unprincipled, untaught!
 Shall they continue still to lie
 In ignorance and misery,
 We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

- 4 Give, Lord, each lib'ral soul to prove
 The joys of thine exhaustless love;
 And while thy praise we sing,
 May we the sacred scriptures know,
 And like the blessed Jesus grow,
 That earth and heav'n may ring.

Congregation.

- 5 We feel a sympathizing heart;
 Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart;
 To thee thine own we give:
 Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
 O let these children live to thee,
 O let these children live.

HYMN 523. C. M. *J. Straphan.*

Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3.

Sunday School.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose heart expands,
 At melting pity's call,
 And the rich blessings of whose hands
 Like heav'nly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads;
 O may each tender bosom move,
 When mercy intercedes!
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth,
 And lead the mind that went astray,
 To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve,

When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

HYMN 524. C. M.

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Old Age approaching; or. Man frail and mortal.

1 **E**TERNAL God, enthron'd on high!
Whom angel hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool:
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions, gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

5 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God,
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay.

7 Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,

And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

FAST & THANKSGIVING DAYS.

HYMN 525. C. M.

Carolina 13. Windsor 247.

For a Public Feast.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and is Columbia spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries "Forbear."
- 4 What land so favour'd of the skies,
As these apostate States!
Our num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Yet still thy vengeance waits.
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indiff'rence down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

- 8 Then, should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God, is near.

HYMN 526. C. M. S——.

Abridge 201. Charnouth 28.

A Hymn for a Fast-Day. Gen. xviii. 23—33.

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And, with an humble fervent pray'r,
 For guilty Sodom sued;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
 Was his petition crown'd!
 The Lord would spare, if in the place
 Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul
 So rich a boon obtain?
 Great God, and shall a nation cry,
 And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Columbia, guilty, as she is,
 Her num'rous saints can boast;
 And now their fervent pray'rs ascend,
 And can those pray'rs be lost?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
 Now as in ancient times?
 Or does this sinful land exceed
 Gomorrah in its crimes?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
 Here yet is thine abode;
 Long has thy presence bless'd our land;
 Forsake us not, O God.

HYMN 527. L. M. *Steele.*

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
 Look up to thy divine abode;
 Or offer their imperfect pray'r,
 Before a just, a holy God?

- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 O may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.
- 4 With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone our land can shield.
- 5 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite!
Again attend our humble pray'r!
Again be mercy thy delight!
- 6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 7 Great God, the promis'd period bring,
Let standards be no more unfurl'd,
Come peace, and bless with balmy wing
The eastern and the western world.
- 8 When shall the gospel's healing ray
(Kind source of am.ty divine)
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

HYMN 528. L. M. *President Davies.*

Paul's 246. Dresden 178.

*National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies
pleaded for. Amos iii. 1—6.*

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
Oh! whither shall the helpless fly;
To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
 Before thy throne of grace we fall;
 And is there no deliv'rance there,
 And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
 To our forsaken God we turn;
 O spare our guilty country, spare
 The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God:
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
 We plead thy gracious promises,
 And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
 Have brought ten thousand blessings down
 On guilty lands in helpless woe;
 Let them prevail to save us too.

HYMN 529. C. M.

Cambridge New 74. Irish 171.

Thanksgiving for Victory over our enemies.

- 1 **T**O thee, who reign'st supreme above,
 And reign'st supreme below,
 Thou God of wisdom, pow'r, and love,
 We our successes owe.
- 2 The thund'ring horse, the martial band,
 Without thine aid were vain;
 And vict'ry flies at thy command
 To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh,
 When we our foës assail'd;
 'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
 And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty tow'rs,
 Into our hands are giv'n;
 Not from desert or strength of ours,
 But through the grace of heav'n.
- 5 What though no columns, lifted high,
 Stand deep inscrib'd with praise,
 Yet sounding honours to the sky
 Our grateful tongues shall raise:

- 6 To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has shown,
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.
- 7 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threat'ning dangers come,
Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
Their refuge, and their home.

HYMN 530. L. M. *Beddome.*

Derby 169. Portugal 97.

Peace prayed for.

- 1 **O**N us, oppress'd beneath thy stroke,
And overwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to look;
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend, with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift its fainting head.
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glitt'ring spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

HYMN 531. L. M.

Wareham 117. Redemption 243. Old Hundred 100.

Praise for National Peace. Psalm xlvi. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain;
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
Thy word the angry nations own, [pow'r:
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns, with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace with her what blessings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
Reviving Commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All moves subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

HYMN 532. L. M.

Horsley 205. Bramcoate 8.

*Thanksgiving for National Deliverance, and Improvement
of it. Luke i. 74, 75.*

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r,
And, though deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 2 Salvation doth to God belong;
His pow'r and grace shall be our song;
The tribute of our love we bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King!
- 3 Our temples guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
'To thee a temple shall become.
- 4 Still be it our supreme delight
'To walk as in thy honour'd sight;

Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

HYMN 533. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Thanks to God for his ever-enduring goodness. Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God with cheerful an-
thems ring, [sing;
While all our lips and hearts his goodness
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds pro-
claim;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name:
The Lord is good: his mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.
- 2 The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty
fills;
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours sound: you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known,
Through your immortal life with love increas-
ing, [ing.
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never-ceas-
- 3 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and
wine, [meet,
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations
And lay themselves at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth ev'ry
blessing.
- 4 Zion, enrich'd with his distinguished grace,
Bless'd with the rays of thine Immanuel's
Zion, Jehovah's portion, and delight, [face,
Grav'n on his hands, and hourly in his sight,
In sacred strains exalt that grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen
dwelling.
- 5 His goodness never ends; the dawn, the
shade, [display'd;
Still see new bounties through new scenes

Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their father's God:
 The deathless soul through its immense dura-
 tion,
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

6 Burst into praise, my soul! all nature join!
 Angels and men in harmony combine,
 While human years are measur'd by the sun,
 And while eternity its course shall run:
 His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,
 Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

HYMN 534.

A general Thanksgiving.

- 1 **S**AY, should we search the globe around,
 Where can such happiness be found,
 As dwells in this much-favour'd land?
 Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
 Her choicest blessings on our heads:
 By God supported still we stand.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
 Which comes from every foreign shore;
 Science and arts their charms display;
 Religion teaches us to raise
 Our voices in our Maker's praise,
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 These are thy gifts, Almighty King!
 From thee our matchless blessings spring;
 Th' extended shade, the fruitful skies,
 The raptures liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospel shows,
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 4 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
 To God we raise united songs;
 His pow'r and mercy we proclaim;
 And still, through ev'ry age shall own
 Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne,
 And triumph in his mighty name.
- 5 Long as the moon her course shall run,
 Or man behold the circling sun,

May'st thou o'er fair Columbia reign;
 Still crown her counsels with success,
 With peace and joy her borders bless,
 And all her sacred rights maintain.

HYMN 535. L. M.

New Court 173. Truro 105.

Deliverances. Numbers xxiii. 23.

- 1 **W**HAT hath God wrought! might Israel
 When Jordan roll'd its tide away, [say,
 And gave a passage to their bands,
 Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,
 When Jesus, rising from the dead,
 Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night,
 And bless'd the nations with his light.
- 3 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
 Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
 Shall we be led the desert through?
 And safe arrive at glory too?
- 4 The news shall ev'ry harp employ,
 Fill ev'ry tongue with rapt'rous joy;
 When shall we join the heav'nly throng,
 To swell the triumph and the song!

HYMN 536. L. M.

Prayer for the President, Congress, Magistrates, &c.

- 1 **G**REAT Lord of all, thy matchless pow'r
 Archangels in the heav'ns adore;
 With them our Sov'reign thee we own,
 And bow the knee before thy throne.
- 2 Let dove-ey'd peace, with odour'd wing,
 On us her grateful blessings fling,
 Freedom spread beauteous as the morn,
 And plenty fill her ample horn.
- 3 Pour on our Chief thy mercies down,
 His days with heav'nly wisdom crown;
 Resolve his heart, where'er he goes,
 "To launch the stream that duty shows."

- 4 Over our Capitol diffuse,
From hills divine, thy welcome dews;
While Congress, in one patriot band,
Prove the firm fortress of our land.
- 5 Our Magistrates with grace sustain,
Nor let them bear the sword in vain;
Long as they fill their awful seat,
Be vice seen dying at their feet.
- 6 For ever from the western sky
Bid the 'destroying angel' fly!
With grateful songs our hearts inspire,
And round us blaze a wall of fire.

SICKNESS & RECOVERY.

HYMN 537. C. M. *Steele.*

Charmouth 28. Ludlow 84.

Desiring the Presence of God in Affliction.

- 1 **T**HOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain opprest,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My ev'ry wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my ev'ry care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
'This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

- 6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
 My spirit longs to know;
 My wishes terminate in this,
 Nor can they rest below.
- 7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
 Aspire in vain to thee?
 Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
 I shall for ever be.
- 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 538. C. M. *Dr. Watts.*

Abridge 201. David's 186.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
 My body to thy will;
 'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
 Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are the ways of Providence,
 While they who love thee groan:
 Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
 Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
 And plead before her God,
 Lest th' o'erburden'd heart should break
 Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
 Give my poor spirit ease;
 While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
 And ev'ry tear he sees.
- [5 How shall I glorify my God,
 In bonds of grief confin'd?
 Damp'd is my vigour while this clod,
 Hangs heavy on my mind.]
- 6 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
 With peace upon its wings?
 Give it, O God, thy swift command,
 With all the joys it brings.

HYMN 539. C. M. *Leech.*

Windsor 247. London 180.

For a Time of general Sickness.

- 1 **D**EATH, with his dread commission seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.
- 2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.
- 3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly pow'r;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.
- 4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.
- 5 What though his darts, promiscuous hurl'd
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcasses
O'erload the cumber'd ground;
- 6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.
- 7 These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too;
But heav'nly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conqu'rors through.
- 8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise,
To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies.

HYMN 540. (First Part.) S. M. *Beddome.*

Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

Submission under Affliction.

- 1 **D**OST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?

O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.

2 Dost thou through death's dark vale
Conduct to heav'n at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.

3 Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

HYMN 540. (Second Part.) 8s. *S. Pearce.*

Limefield 94. - New Jerusalem 230.

For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by sickness from attending Public
Worship.

- 1 **T**HE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The glorious and beautiful place.
- 2 To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God;
Enraptur'd we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
- 3 The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour *we* lov'd and ador'd,
Who loved *us*, and made *us* his own.
- 4 Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd—extolling that grace,
Which set *us*,—once rebels, on high.
- 5 Faith clave to the crucify'd Lamb;
Hope, smiling, exalted its head;
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.
- 6 What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around;
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.

7 Sweet moments, if aught upon earth
 Resembles the joy of the skies,
 It is when the hearts of the flock,
 Conjoin'd to their Shepherd arise.

8 But ah! these sweet moments are fled,
 Pale sickness compels me to stay,
 Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
 As the moments are hasting away.

PAUSE.

9 My God! thou art holy and good,
 Thy plans are all righteous and wise;
 O help me submissive to wait,
 Till thou biddest thy servant arise.—

10 If to follow thee here in thy courts,
 May it be with all ardour and zeal,—
 With success and increasing delight,
 Performing the whole of thy will.

11 Or shouldst thou in bondage detain,
 To visit thy temples no more,
 Prepare me for mansions above,
 Where nothing exists to deplore!—

12 Where Jesus, the sun of the place,
 Refulgent incessantly shines,
 Eternally blessing his saints,
 And pouring delight on their minds.

13 There—there, are no prisons to hold
 The captive from tasting delight;
 There—there the day never is clos'd,
 With shadows, or darkness, or night:

14 There myriads and myriads shall meet,
 In our Saviour's high praises to join;
 While transported we fall at his feet,
 And extol his redemption divine.

15 Enough then—my heart shall no more
 Of its present bereavements complain;
 Since ere long I to heav'n shall soar,
 And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

HYMN 541. (First Part.) 8. 7. 4. *S. Pearce.*

Lewes 63. Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm.

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 Jesus whispers consolation,
 And supports my fainting soul,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.
- 2 Thus, the lion yields me honey,
 From the eater food is giv'n,
 Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
 Singing, as I wade to heav'n,—
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 And my sins are all forgiv'n.
- 3 'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
 With increasing brightness play,
 'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets
 Look more beautiful and gay:
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 So, in darkest dispensations,
 Doth my faithful Lord appear
 With his richest consolations,
 To reanimate and cheer;
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.
- 5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
 Billows still around me roar,
 Those that know not Christ—ye frighten;
 But *my soul* defies your pow'r.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 6 In the sacred page recorded
 Thus the word securely stands,
 "Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
 "Nought shall pluck you from my hands."
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Ev'ry word my love demands.
- 7 All I meet I find assist me
 In my path to heav'nly joy,

Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy;
Hallelujah, &c.

- 8 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, It led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

HYMN 541. (Second Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 **A** WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
Till Jesus gave me back my life:
My life!—my soul, recall the word,
'Tis life to see thy gracious Lord.
- 2 Why inconvenient *now* to die?
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving Lord, to come to thee?
- 3 He saw me made the sport of hell,
He knew the tempter's malice well;
And when my soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious Sun appear!
- 4 O bless him!—bless, ye dying saints,
The God of grace, when nature faints!
He shew'd my flesh the gaping grave,
To show me he had pow'r to save.

HYMN 542. (First Part.) C. M.

Dr. Doddridge.

David's 186. Newbury 132.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness. Psalm cxviii. 18, 19.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN of life, I own thy hand
In ev'ry chast'ning stroke;
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee, in my distress, I cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;

- Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath:
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour
Those heav'nly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the bless'd
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to deliv'ring grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

HYMN 542. (Second Part.) S. M.

Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

*The Benefit of sanctified Affliction; or, God bringing his
People into the Covenant under the Rod. Ezek. xx. 37,*

- 1 **H**OW gracious, and how wise,
Is our chastising God!
And oh! how rich the blessings are,
Which blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That ev'ry stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sov'reign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His cov'nant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

- 5 Dear Father, we consent
 To discipline divine;
 And bless the pain that makes our souls
 Still more completely thine.
- 6 Supported by thy love,
 We tend to realms of peace;
 Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
 And ev'ry frailty cease.
-

TIME AND ETERNITY.

HYMN 543. L. M. *Steele.*

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man. Ps. xxxix.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days!
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;
 A little point my life appears;
 How frail, at best, is dying man!
 How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
 Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
 He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
 And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine,
 My God! I bow before thy throne;
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hope on thee alone.

HYMN 544. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Paul's 246. Babylon Streams 23.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time. Eph. v. 15, 16.

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee
 Did infant Time his being draw;—
 Moments, and days, and months, and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;
 Steady and strong the current flows;

- Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid streams, are borne,
On to the everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its pow'r.

HYMN 545. 7s. *Dr. Ryland.*

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

*The Saint happy in being entirely at the Disposal of his Gods
My times are in thy hand. Psalm xxxi. 15; xxxiv. 1.*

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,—
All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time—
All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;
- 5 'Times the tempter's pow'r to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heav'nly Friend.

- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand—
Still to thee surrender'd stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.
- 9 Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

HYMN 546. C. M. *Steele.*

Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Time and Eternity; or, Longing after unseen Pleasures.
2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay:
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 Their joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,

In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on Faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. [spring,

HYMN 547. S. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Gosport 53. Henley 38.

Divine Mercies in constant Succession. Lam. iii. 22, 23.

1 **H**OW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies shew,—
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chas'd our sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sov'reign, and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

6 Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away,
To realms of light and bliss.

- 7 There rapt'rous scenes of joy
 Shall burst upon our sight ;
 And ev'ry pain, and tear, and sigh,
 Be drown'd in endless light.
- 8 Beneath thy balmy wing,
 O Sun of Righteousness!
 Our happy souls shall sit and sing
 The wonders of thy grace.
- 9 Nor shall that radiant day,
 So joyfully begun,
 In ev'ning shadows die away,
 Beneath the setting sun.
- 10 How various and how new
 Are thy compassions, Lord !
 Eternity thy love shall show,
 And all thy truth record.

HYMN 548. L. M.

Wareham 117. Horsley 205.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand !
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 Eternity !—tremendous sound !
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound !
 But oh ! if Christ and heav'n be mine,
 How sweet the accents ! how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r !
 An int'rest in the Saviour's blood—
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain !
 The rising doubt how sharp its pain !
 My fears, O gracious God ! remove ;
 Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord ! oh search my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy, impart ;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

HYMN 549. 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59.

A Prayer for seriousness in Prospect of Eternity.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty!
 To thee,—against myself,—to thee,
 A sinful worm, I cry,
 An half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'T'wixt two unbounded seas I stand;
 Yet how insensible!
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
 Or—shuts me up in hell!
- 3 O God! my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress!
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late;—
 Wake me to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom!
- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,—
 With holy trembling, holy fear,—
 To make my calling sure!
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure!
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

DEATH.

HYMN 550. (First Part.) C. M.

Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Canterbury 199. London 180.

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sov'reign—death.
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.
- 4 But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.
- 5 O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore,
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar!
- 6 There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.
- 7 "Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand!
"Then come the joyful day;
"Come, death, and some celestial band,
"To bear our souls away!"

HYMN 550. (Second Part.) 7. 6.

Grange Road 281. Culmstock 6.

Pleasing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

- 1 **A**H! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;

- But, on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day—
- 2 The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.
- 3 He once a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calv'ry bled!
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.
- 4 Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am:
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.
- 5 To him by grace united,
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.
- 6 There he is interceding
For all who on him rest:
The grace from him proceeding
Shall waft me to his breast.
- 7 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.
- 8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

HYMN 550. (Third Part.) C. M.

Grove House 143.

The Safe and Happy Exit.

- 1 **L**ORD, must I die? O let me die
Trusting in thee alone!
My *living* testimony giv'n,
Then leave my *dying* one!
- 3 If I must die—Oh let me die
In peace with all mankind;

- And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refin'd.
- 3 If I must die—as die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home!
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view!
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

HYMN 551. (First Part.) 148th.

Toplady's Collection.

Eagle Street 16. Clapham 18.

The Midnight Cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls arise!
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heav'nly bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all,
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.—
- 3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye—that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;—
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.
- 6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel pow'rs,
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:—
To see our Lord appear
May we be watching found,
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

HYMN 551. (Second Part.) L. M.

Old Hundred 100. Wareham 117.

Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

- 1 **O** GOD of Love! with cheering ray,
Gild my expiring streak of day;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wip'd away affliction's tear.
- 2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb;
Heighten my joys, support my head,
Before I sink among the dead.
- 3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death destroy my sins and fears!
May death, through Jesus, be my friend!
May death be life, when life shall end!
- 4 Crown my *last* moment with thy pow'r—
The *latest* in my latest hour;
Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

HYMN 552. C. M.

Windsor 247. Charmouth 28.

Victory over Death through Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 5.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight,
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.
- 2 But see my glorious leader nigh!
 My Lord—my Saviour lives;
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above;
 He met the tyrant's darts,
 And (Oh, amazing pow'r of love!)
 Receiv'd it in his heart.
- 4 No more, O grim destroyer! boast
 Thy universal sway;
 To heav'n-born souls thy sting is lost;
 Thy night the gates of day.
- 5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee!
 Accept the sacred trust;
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust;
- 6 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies:
- 7 When thy triumphant armies sing
 The honours of thy name,
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With glory to the Lamb;
- 8 Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays!
 And with the blissful throng
 Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise,
 In everlasting song.

HYMN 553. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Newbury 132. Carolina 13.

The Welcome Messenger.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we see a saint of thine
 Lie gasping out his breath,

- With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death ;
- 2 How we could e'en content to lay
Our limbs upon that bed !
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.
- 3 Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place !
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.
- 4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.
- 5 Oh, if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.
- 6 Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet ;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.
- 7 I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath and all my cares
Amid those heav'nly charms.
- 8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

HYMN 554. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Portugal 97. Brancoate 8.

Desiring to depart, and to be with Christ. Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be ;
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see ;

- Earth, twine no more about my heart!
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home!
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands!
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heav'n in all we do.

HYMN 555. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

James's 163. Elim 151.

The Presence of God worth dying for; or, The Death of Moses.
Deut. xxxi. 49, 50; xxxiv. 5.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heav'n repeats the song.
- 3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill;
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.
- 4 Thy love,—a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
Oh, 'tis a heav'n worth dying for,
'To see a smiling God!

- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried; [die;”
“Climb up the mount,” says God, “and
The prophet climb’d—and died.
- 6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker’s breast;
His Maker kiss’d his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
- 7 Show me thy face, and I’ll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

HYMN 556. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Exeter 4. Stillman 66.

Children dying in their Infancy, in the arms of Jesus.

Matt. xix. 14.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in ev’ry word,—
Thy love in ev’ry line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o’er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 “I take these little lambs,” said he,
“And lay them in my breast;
“Protection they shall find in me,
“In me be ever blest.
- 4 “Death may the bands of life unloose,
“But can’t dissolve my love:
“Millions of infant souls compose
“The family above.
- 5 “Their feeble frames my pow’r shall raise,
“And mould with heav’nly skill:
“I’ll give them tongues to sing my praise,
“And hands to do my will.”
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,

Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

HYMN 557. C. M. *Steele.*

Canterbury 199. Carolina 13.

At the Funeral of a young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r,—“I too must die!”
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God! thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For Death's surprising hour.

HYMN 558. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3.

*Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereaved of their
Children. Isaiah lvi. 4.*

- 1 **Y**E mourning saints, whose streaming
Flow o'er your children dead, [tears
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view
A heav'nly parent nigh.
- 3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand!
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.
- 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
"No names of daughters and of sons
"Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope
"A rising race can give;
"In endless honour and delight,
"My children all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which through our
Prepare a way for thee. [hearts

HYMN 559. L. M. *Fawcett.*

Angel's Hymn 60. Dresden 178.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunders stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest:
Death strikes the blow; he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss;—
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace:
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene;
 No terrors in his looks are seen;
 His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
 And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord! make my faith and love sincere,
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear:
 And, when the toils of life are past,
 May I be found in peace at last.

HYMN 560. 104th.

Hanover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

On the Death of a Believer.

- [1] **T**IS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled;
 Our brother is gone, the Christian is
 dead;
 The Christian is living in Jesus's love,
 And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due!—
 Supported by grace, he fought his way thro'
 Triumphantly glorious through Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and
 hell.
- 3 * Then let us record the conquering name,
 Our Captain and Lord with shoutings pro-
 claim: [head,
 Who trust in his passion, and follow their
 To certain salvation shall surely be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care,
 And give us the crown of righteousness there,
 Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim
 gaze,
 Or prostrate, adore thee in silence of praise.
- 5 Within us display thy love, when we die,
 And bear us away to mansions on high:
 The kingdom be given of glory divine,
 And crown us in heav'n eternally thine.

* If the three last verses of this Hymn be sung alone, then
 begin verse the third thus:—

“ Now let us record the conquering name.”

HYMN 561. S. M. *Toplady's Collection.*

Broderip's 252. Ryland 48.

Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

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

HYMN 562. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Carolina 13. Worksop 31.

Departed Saints asleep. Mark v. 39. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

- 1 " **W**HY flow these torrents of distress?"
The gentle Saviour cries;
"Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
"With unbelieving eyes?"
- 2 "Death's feeble arm shall never boast
"A friend of Christ is slain,
"Nor o'er their meaner part in dust
"A lasting pow'r retain.
- 3 "I come, on wings of love,—I come
"The slumb'ers to awake;
"My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
"And all its bonds shall break.
- 4 "Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise,—
"They rise, to sleep no more;
"But, rob'd with light and crown'd with joy,
"To endless day they soar."

- 5 Jesus! our faith receives thy word;
 And, though fond nature weep,
 Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
 And emulate their sleep.
- 6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
 With them to rest and praise;
 So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
 These separating days.

HYMN 563. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

Submission under bereaving Providences. Psalm xlvi. 10.

- 1 **P**EACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That blasts our joys in death,
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'Tis he,—the potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,—
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice;
 Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
 A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our cov'nant God and Father he,
 In Christ our bleeding Lord,
 Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
 With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
 He weaves for ev'ry brow:
 And shall rebellious passions rise,
 When he corrects us now?
- 6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
 We kiss the scourging hand;
 And yield our comforts and our life
 To thy supreme command.

HYMN 564. L. M.

Ulverston 179. Fawcett 184.

Satisfaction in God under the Loss of dear Friends.

- 1 **T**HE God of Love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' Almighty ever-living friend.
- 3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,—
Thou art each tender name in one:
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And on thy cov'nant-love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 565. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Windsor 247. Elenborough 170.

Death and Judgment appointed for all. Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 **H**EAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tombs survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell.
- 3 Once you must die; and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heav'n or hell attend
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 Oh may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend!
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

HYMN 566. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Ann's 58. Charmouth 28.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry:
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conq'ring death
Does God's own house invade;
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

HYMN 567. 8. 7. 4.

Jordan 81. Painswick 162. Mariners 286.

The Grave; or, Christ a Guide through Death to Glory.

1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;

- I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
 Bread of heav'n,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow:
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

HYMN 568. C. M.

Carolina 13. Windsor 247.

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised by the Spirit.
 Rom. viii. 11.

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts de-
 To grovel in the dust? [light
 Or why should streams of tears unite
 Around th' expiring just?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
 And triumph o'er the grave?
 Did not our Lord ascend on high,
 And prove his pow'r to save?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
 And dwell in all the saints?
 And should the temples of his grace
 Resound with long complaints?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and, like the sun,
 Burst through each sable cloud:

And thou, my voice, tho' broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me ;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of vict'ry sing ;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

HYMN 569. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Canterbury 199. Evans's 190.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

1 **H**OW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just ;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust ?

2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide, to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise !"
And, lo ! the graves obey :
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King

Shall bear us homeward, through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HYMN 570. (First Part.) L. M.

President Davies.

Angel's Hymn 60. Wareham 117.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature. Isa. xxiv. 18—20.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all Nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There, on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O, for ever, lost.
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN 570. (Second Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246. Horsley 205.

The Second Appearance of Christ. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

- 1 **M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.
- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll, [pole;
Through heav'n's wide arch, from pole to

Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast:—
Tremble, and fall, ye starry host.

- 3 This wreck of nature all around—
The angels' shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To *endless* bliss, or *endless* woe!
- 5 Lord, to *my* eyes this scene display
Frequent through each returning day,
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

HYMN 571. L. M.

Paul's 246. Angel's Hymn 60.

The Books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heav'n's unerring pen.
- 4 To ev'ry soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve:
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 572. S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Whitefield 168. Aynhoe 108.

The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked. Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
 And must the dead arise?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
 Shall this dread sentence sound;
 And, through the num'rous guilty throng,
 Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
 "To everlasting flame,
 "For rebel angels first prepar'd,
 "Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day;
 When earth and heav'n, before his face,
 Astonish'd, shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead;
 Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound,
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled;
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessing on your head.

HYMN 573. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Canterbury 199. Windsor 247

The final Sentence and Happiness of the Righteous.

Matt. xxv. 34.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my ear, my heart, rejoice,
 While Jesus, from his throne,
 Before the bright angelic hosts,
 Makes his last sentence known.

- 2 When sinners, cursed, from his face,
 To raging flames are driv'n;
 His voice, with melody divine,
 Thus calls his saints to heav'n.
- 3 "Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
 "Receive the great reward;
 "And rise, with raptures, to possess
 "The kingdom love prepar'd.
- 4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
 "His sov'reign purpose wrought,
 "And rear'd those palaces divine,
 "To which you now are brought.
- 5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
 "Protected by my pow'r;
 "While sin and death, and pains and cares,
 "Shall vex your souls no more."
- 6 Come, dear majestic Saviour! come,
 This Jubilee proclaim!
 And teach us language fit to praise
 So great, so dear a name.

HYMN 574. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Come, Lord Jesus.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
 When shall our eyes behold our God?
 What lengths of distance lie between,
 And hills of guilt! a heavy load!
- 2 Our months are ages of delay,
 And slowly ev'ry minute wears:
 Fly, winged time, and roll away
 These tedious rounds of sluggish years!
- 3 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains!
 Let th' eternal pillars bow!
 Blest Saviour! cleave the starry plains,
 And make the crystal mountains flow!
- 4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
 And pray, and wait the gen'ral doom!
 Come, thou, **THE SOUL** of all our joys!
 Thou, **THE DESIRE OF NATIONS**, come!

- 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
 And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
 Thou absent LOVE, thou dear unknown,
 'Thou FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND FAIRS.

HYMN 575. 8. 7. 4.

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Lo, he cometh.

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! _countless trumpets
 Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
 See their great exalted head!
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Through th' eternal deep resounds;
 Now resplendant shine his nail-prints,
 Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds:
 They who pierc'd him
 Shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints, behold the Judge appear;
 Truth and justice go before him,
 Now the joyful sentence hear!
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.
- 4 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 "Enter into life and joy!
 "Banish all your fears and sorrows;
 "Endless praise be your employ!"
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, to the skies!
- 5 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King;
 There, with all the hosts of heav'n,
 They eternal anthems sing:
 Hallelujah!
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 576. 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223. Trevecca 37.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14, 17. xxii. 17, 20.

- 1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus now shall ever reign!
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
 'Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see!
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away:
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment, come away!
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation
 'Travails, groans, and bids thee come!
- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne!
 Saviour! take the pow'r and glory;
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

HYMN 577. 8. 7. 4. *Newton.*

Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 **D**AY of Judgment,—day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour !
 Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the pow'rs of nature shaken,
 By his looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner !
 What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
 "Thou with Satan
 "And his angels have thy part!"
- 5 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed !
 "See the kingdom I bestow !
 "You for ever
 "Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise ;
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise !
 May we triumph,
 When the world is in a blaze !

HYMN 578. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Canterbury 199. Charmouth 28.

The last Judgment.

- 1 "HE comes! he comes! to judge the
 Aloud th' archangel cries! [world,"
 While thunders roll from pole to pole,
 And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
 And upward lift their eyes;
 The slumb'ring tenants of the ground
 In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
 Of hosts divinely bright,
 The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
 Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
 His eyes a fiery flame,
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,
 And Jesus is his name.
- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
 And scars his vict'ries tell:
 Lo! in his hand the conq'ror bears
 The keys of death and hell.
- 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
 And, at his dread command,
 Myriads of creatures round his feet
 In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peasants here expect
 Their last, their righteous doom;
 The men who dar'd his grace reject,
 And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 "Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
 The injur'd Jesus cries!
 While the long-kindling wrath within
 Flashes from both his eyes.
- 9 And now in words divinely sweet,
 With rapture in his face,
 Aloud his sacred lips repeat
 The sentence of his grace.

- 10 "Well done, my good and faithful sons,
 "The children of my love!
 "Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
 "Prepar'd for you above."

HYMN 579. 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59.

Longing for a place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
 come
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all:
 But can I bear the piercing thought!
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day:
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face:
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

HYMN 580. C. M. *Dr. Ryland.*

Worksop 31. London 180.

Hell, the Sinner's own place. Acts i. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the traitor's doom,
 To "his own place" consign'd,

- What holy fear, and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But sav'd by matchless grace;
Or else the lowest, hottest hell
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,
And thitherward rush'd on;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shown.
- 4 But lo! (what wondrous matchless love!)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the gospel sound,
And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,
A place at Jesus' feet,
And I expect in heav'n a place
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sov'reign grace,
To all around I'll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.

HYMN 581. L. M.

Sheffield 39. Paul's 246.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly;
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner! on the Gospel plains
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

HYMN 582. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.

The Rich Man and Lazarus. Luke xvi. 25.

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears—
 God's dearest children bath'd in tears!
 While they, who heav'n itself deride,
 Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my soul attend,
 And, ere I censure, view the end;
 That end, how diff'rent! who can tell
 The wide extremes of heav'n and hell?
- 3 See, the red flames around him twine
 Who did in gold and purple shine:
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain,
 T' allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,
 Full rivers of salvation flow;
 On Abram's breast he leans his head,
 And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
 The meanest of thy servant's fare:
 May I at last approach to taste
 The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

HYMN 583. C. M. *Steele.*

Oxford 106. Follett 181 Evans's 190.

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid
 Inspire each lifeless tongue; [heart,
 And let the joys of heav'n impart
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
 And discord there shall cease;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
 But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.

- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN 584. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Cambridge New 74. Hephizibah 77. Staughton 264

The Promised Land.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
 Can here no longer stay :
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 585. 50th. *J. Straphan.*

Cherriton 76. Old Fiftieth 233.

Heaven.

- 1 **O**N wings of faith mount up, my soul, and
 rise ;
 View thine inheritance beyond the skies :
 Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can
 tell, [dwell :
 What endless pleasures in those mansions
 Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glo-
 rious, [rious.
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victo-
 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
 In that blest country can admission gain ;
 No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
 For God's own hand shall wipe the falling
 Here our Redeemer lives, &c. [tear :
 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
 Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides :
 Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
 Its blooming head, and sov'reign virtue
 Here our Redeemer lives, &c. [bears :
 4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
 No sickly moon emits her feeble rays ;
 The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
 Th'exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads.
 Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
 5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!—
 Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires!
 When shall I at my heav'nly home arrive,—
 When leave this earth, and when begin to
 live ?
 For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victo-
 rious.

HYMN 586. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Elim 151. Stamford 9. Otford 106.

Happiness approaching. Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal pow'rs decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 587. L. M. *Steele.*

Martin's Lane 67. Coomb's 45. Bromley 104.

The Worship of Heaven. John xvii. 24.

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns:
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy and triumph spread
'Through all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

- 5 There all the fav'rites of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
 Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
 Our int'rest in that blissful place;
 Till death remove this mortal veil,
 And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN 588. C. M.

Elim 151. Cambridge New 74.

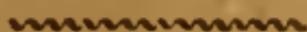
The Everlasting Song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long!
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits;
 The God! how bright he shines!
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around;
 And move and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:—
 Jesus, my love, they sing!
 Jesus, the life of both our joys,
 Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
- [5 Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run;
 And echo in majestic sounds
 The Godhead of the Son!
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
 And gentler notes they play!
 And bring the Father's Equal down
 To dwell in humble clay.

The 6th, 7th and 8th verses of this Hymn should be sung
 softer than the rest.

- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within;)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.
- 8 But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that lov'd and died.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord,
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!
- 12 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.

APPENDIX.



HYMN 1.

Jehovah Nissi. The Lord my banner. Exodus xvii. 15.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,—
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord,
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal,
My weapon from my side?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN 2.

Saul's Armour. 1 Sam. xvii. 38—40.

- 1 **W**HEN first my soul enlisted,
My Saviour's foes to fight:
Mistaken friends insisted
I was not arm'd aright:
So Saul advised David
He certainly would fail:
Nor could his life be saved
Without a coat of mail.
- 2 But David, though he yielded,
To put the armour on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventur'd forth with none.
With only sling and pebble
He fought the fight of faith;
The weapons seem'd but feeble,
Yet prov'd Goliath's death.
- 3 Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armour men provided,
I might have gain'd the day;
But arm'd as they advis'd me,
My expectations fail'd;
My enemy surpris'd me,
And had almost prevail'd.
- 4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
And arguments and pride;
I practis'd all my motions,
And Satan's pow'r defy'd;
But soon perceiv'd with trouble,
That these would do no good;
Iron to him is stubble,
And brass like rotten wood.
- 5 I triumph'd at a distance
While he was out of sight,
But faint was my resistance,
When forc'd to join in fight;
He broke my sword in shivers,
And pierc'd my boasted shield;

Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
And drove me from the field.

- 6 Satan will not be braved
By such a worm as I:
Then let me learn, with David,
To trust in the Most High;
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of pray'r;
Thus arm'd, when Satan sees us,
He'll tremble, and despair.

HYMN 3.

None upon earth I desire besides thee. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;

Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 4.

The Good Physician.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole!
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul!
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave;
 To tell to all around me,
 His wondrous pow'r to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compar'd with sin;
 On ev'ry part it seizes,
 But rages most within:
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness—all combin'd;
 And none, but a believer,
 The least relief can find.
- 3 From men, great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain;
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain:
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost;
 'Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician,
 How matchless is his grace!
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case:
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd;
 Then bid me look unto him;
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith;
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death:
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look, and live.

HYMN 5.

The future peace and glory of the Church. Isaiah lx. 15—20.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 O my people, faint and few;
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Themes of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways:
 You shall name your walls, salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures, without end shall flow;
 For the Lord your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow;
 Still in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But your griefs, for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me:
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

HYMN 6.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;

- Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light."
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death,
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shall be,
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 Oh for grace to love thee more!
-

SEASONS.

HYMN 7.

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace;
 And let the seed of sacred truth,
 Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heav'nly root:
 But fairest in the youngest shows,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
 The voice of sov'reign love!

Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's pow'r to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

HYMN 8.

Pleading for and with Youth.

- 1 **S**IN has undone our wretched race,
But Jesus has restor'd
And brought the sinner face to face
With his forgiving Lord.
- 2 This we repeat from year to year,
And press upon our youth;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
Lord, save them by thy truth.
- 3 Blessings upon the rising race!
Make this a happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.
- 4 We feel for your unhappy state,
(May you regard it too)
And would awhile ourselves forget;
To pour out prayer for you.
- 5 We see, though you perceive it not,
Th' approaching, awful doom;
O tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

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

HYMN 9.

Prayer for Children.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, our children see,
 By thy mercy we are free;
 But shall these, alas! remain
 Subjects still of Satan's reign?
 Israel's young ones, when of old
 Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold;
 Then thy messenger said "No;
 "Let the children also go."
- 2 When the angel of the Lord,
 Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
 Slew with an avenging hand,
 All the first-born of the land:
 Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
 Where the bloody sign was plac'd;
 Hear us, now, upon our knees,
 Plead the blood of Christ for these!
- 3 Lord, we tremble, for we know
 How the fierce malicious foe,
 Wheeling round his watchful flight,
 Keeps them ever in his sight:
 Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
 Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
 Lest the rav'nous bird of prey
 Stoop and bear the brood away.

HYMN 10.

Jehovah-Jesus.

- 1 **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense;

- Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky;
As when the six days' work he made,
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who dy'd for me.
- 6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

ORDINANCES.

HYMN 11.

On opening a place for social prayer.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

HYMN 12.

Welcome to the Table.

- 1 **T**HIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.
- 2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed:
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread!
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

HYMN 13.

Jesus hastening to suffer.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hastening, to Jerusalem,
He march'd before the rest!

- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
He pants to reach his cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes, to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can!
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God!
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes;
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.
-

ON THE SCRIPTURE.

The Light and Glory of the World.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;

Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

SOLEMN ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.

HYMN 15.

Expostulation.

- 1 **N**O words can declare,
No fancy can paint,
What rage and despair,
What hopeless complaint,
Fill Satan's dark dwelling,
The prison beneath;
What weeping and yelling,
And gnashing of teeth!
- 2 Yet sinners will choose
This dreadful abode,
Each madly pursues
The dangerous road;
Though God give them warning,
They onward will go,
They answer with scorning,
And rush upon woe.
- 3 How sad to behold
The rich and the poor,
The young and the old,
All blindly secure!
All posting to ruin,
Refusing to stop;
Ah! think what you're doing,
While yet there is hope!
- 4 How weak is your hand,
To fight with the Lord,
How can you withstand
The edge of his sword?
What hope of escaping
For those who oppose,
When hell is wide gaping,
To swallow his foes!

5 How oft have you dar'd
 The Lord to his face!
 Yet still you are spar'd
 To hear of his grace;
 O pray for repentance,
 And life-giving faith,
 Before the just sentence
 Consign you to death.

6 It is not too late
 To Jesus to flee,
 His mercy is great,
 His pardon is free!
 His blood has such virtue
 For all that believe,
 That nothing can hurt you,
 If him you receive.

HYMN 16.

Alarm.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
 Before you farther go!
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe?
 Once again I charge you, stop!
 For, unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you'll drop
 Into the burning lake!
- 2 Say, Have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When he judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,
 To drag you to his bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair:
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of blood-crimson'd dye;

- Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?
- 4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.
- 5 But as yet there is a hope
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who comes shall be deny'd,
He says, "There still is room."

HYMN 17.

Invitation.

- 1 **S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes 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 Emmanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?
- 3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!

- See from all his bursting veins,
 Blood of wondrous virtue flow!
 Shed to wash away thy stains,
 And ransom thee from woe.
- 4 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 mayest live by faith.
- 5 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.

SEEKING, PLEADING, AND HOPING.

HYMN 18.

The burdened Sinner.

- 1 **A**H, what can I do,
 Or where be secure!
 If Justice pursue,
 What heart can endure!
 The heart breaks asunder,
 Though hard as a stone,
 When God speaks in thunder,
 And makes himself known:
- 2 With terror I read
 My sin's heavy score,
 The number exceeds
 The sands on the shore;

- Guilt makes me unable
 To stand or to flee,
 So Cain murder'd Abel,
 And trembled like me.
- 3 Each sin, like his blood,
 With a terrible cry,
 Calls loudly on God
 To strike from on high;
 Nor can my repentance,
 Extorted by fear,
 Reverse the just sentence,
 'Tis just, though severe.
- 4 The case is too plain,
 I have my own choice;
 Again and again
 I slighted his voice;
 His warnings neglected,
 His patience abus'd,
 His gospel rejected,
 His mercy refus'd.
- 5 And must I then go,
 For ever to dwell
 In torments and woe
 With devils in hell!
 Oh where is the Saviour
 I scorn'd in times past;
 His word in my favour,
 Would save me at last.
- 6 Lord Jesus, on thee
 I venture to call,
 Oh look upon me,
 The vilest of all;
 For whom didst thou languish,
 And bleed on the tree?
 Oh pity my anguish,
 And say, " 'I was for thee."
- 7 A case such as mine
 Will honour thy pow'r,
 All hell will repine,
 All heav'n will adore;

If in condemnation
 Strict justice takes place,
 It shines in salvation
 More glorious, through grace.

HYMN 19.

The shining Light

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are dead,
 My terror now begins:
 I feel alas! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah whither shall I fly?
 I hear the thunder roar;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom;
 But sure a friendly whisper says,
 "Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

HYMN 20.

The Effort.

- 1 **C**CHEER up my soul, there is a mercy-seat,
 Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus an-
 swers pray'r;
 There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
 For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
 Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
 But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
 A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge with "Jesus dy'd."
- 5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
and die, [tions mean;
Well hast thou known what fierce tempta-
Such was thy love, and now enthron'd on
high,
The same compassion in thy bosom reign.
- 6 Lord, give me faith—he hears—what grace
is this! [grieve;
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to
He shows me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

HYMN 20.

The Effort—in another measure.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast dy'd."
- 5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;

- That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest tossed soul be still,
"My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will,
I can, I do believe.

CONFLICT.

HYMN 21.

Welcome Cross.

- 1 **T**IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 2 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:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away:
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

HYMN 22.

Afflictions sanctified by the Word.

- 1 **O** HOW I love the holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!

It guides me in the peaceful way,
I think upon it all the day.

- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?
What are all joys, compar'd with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path, secure, I stray'd;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
And straight I turn'd unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal woe.
- 5 Oh, hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precept I had still despis'd;
And still the snare, in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

HYMN 23.

Temptation.

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm,
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers, of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb,

Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

- 5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN 24.

Looking upwards in a Storm.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;
But a pray'r-hearing answering God
Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with thee;
They, whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God my God forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 25.

The Valley of the Shadow of Death.

- 1 **M**Y soul is sad, and much dismay'd!
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Apollyon at their head,
My heav'nly pilgrimage oppose!

- 2 See, from the ever-burning lake,
How like a smoky cloud they rise!
With horrid blasts my soul they shake,
With storms of blasphemies and lies.
- 3 Their fiery arrows reach the mark;
My throbbing heart with anguish tear;
Each lights upon a kindred spark,
And finds abundant fuel there.
- 4 I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;
Oh, I would drive it from my breast,
With thy own sharp two-edged sword,
Far as the east is from the west.
- 5 Come then, and chase the cruel host,
Heal the deep wounds I have receiv'd,
Nor let the pow'rs of darkness boast,
That I am foil'd, and thou art griev'd!

HYMN 26.

Self-acquaintance.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.
- 2 The fiery seeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurt my frame;
And wait but for the tempter's work,
To fan them to a flame.
- 3 Legality holds out a bribe,
To purchase life from thee;
And discontent would fain prescribe
How thou shalt deal with me.
- 4 While unbelief withstands thy grace,
And puts the mercy by;
Presumption, with a brow of brass,
Says, "Give me, or I die."
- 5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

- 6 Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
 Transform me by thy pow'r,
 And make me thy belov'd abode,
 And let me rove no more.

HYMN 27.

Why art thou cast down?

- 1 **B**E still, my heart! these anxious cares,
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares:
 They cast dishonour 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 pow'r.
- 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 Like David, thou may'st comfort draw,
 Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw,
 Goliath's rage I may defy,
 For God, my Saviour, still is nigh.
- 6 He, who has help'd me hitherto,
 Will help me all my journey through,
 And give me daily cause to raise
 New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 7 Though rough and thorny be the road,
 It leads thee home, apace, to God:
 Then count thy present trials small,
 For heav'n will make amends for all.

COMFORT.

HYMN 28.

Retirement.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree;
And seem'd by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store;
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 29.

Joy and Peace in believing.

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new:
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But he will bear us through,
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too:
 Beneath the spreading heav'ns,
 No creature but is fed;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there:
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 30.

True Pleasures.

- 1 **L**ORD, my soul with pleasure springs,
 When Jesus' name I hear;
 And when God the Spirit brings
 The word of promise near:
 Beauties too, in holiness,
 Still delighted I perceive;
 Nor have words that can express
 The joys thy precepts give.
- 2 Cloth'd in sanctity and grace,
 How sweet it is to see
 Those who love thee as they pass,
 Or when they wait on thee;

Pleasant too, to sit and tell
 What we owe to love divine ;
 Till our bosoms grateful swell,
 And eyes begin to shine.

- 3 Those the comforts I possess,
 Which God shall still increase :
 All his ways are pleasantness,
 And all his paths are peace :
 Nothing Jesus did or spoke,
 Henceforth let me ever slight ;
 For I love his easy yoke,
 And find his burden light.

HYMN 31. .

The Christian.

- 1 **H**ONOUR and happiness unite
 To make the Christian's name a praise :
 How fair the scene, how clear the light,
 That fills the remnant of his days !
- 2 A kingly character he bears,
 No change his priestly office knows ;
 Unfading is the crown he wears,
 His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
 Salvation shines upon his face ;
 His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
 His steps are dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honours he disdains,
 Nor stoops to take applause from earth ;
 The King of kings himself maintains
 Th' expenses of his heav'nly birth.
- 5 The noblest creatures seen below,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above ;
 God gives him all he can bestow,
 His kingdom of eternal love !
- 6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought !
 Methinks from earth I see him rise ;
 Angels congratulate his lot,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

DEDICATION AND SUR- RENDER.

HYMN 32.

My Soul thirsteth for God.

- 1 **I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd 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 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream!
- 5 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.

HYMN 33.

Love constraining to Obedience.

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress;
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;

Now if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

5 What should I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
What shall I render to the Lord?
Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice;
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

HYMN 34.

The Heart healed and changed by Mercy.

1 **S**IN enslav'd me many years,
And led me, bound and blind;
Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.
Where, I said, in deep distress,
Will these sinful pleasures end?
How shall I secure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend?

2 Friends and ministers said much
The gospel to enforce;
But my blindness still was such,
I chose a legal course:
Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
Scarce would show my face abroad,
Fear'd, almost, to speak or move,
A stranger still to God.

3 Thus afraid to trust his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
Till, despairing of my case,
Down at his feet I fell:
'Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdu'd me to his sway;
By a simple word he spoke,
"Thy sins are done away."

HYMN 35.

Hatred of Sin.

- 1 **H**OLY Lord God! I love thy truth,
 Nor dare thy least commandments
 slight;
 Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
 I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within,
 Hope bids me still with patience wait;
 Till death shall set me free from sin,
 Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
 Where angels and archangels dwell;
 One sin, unslain, within my breast,
 Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.
- 4 The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
 And bless'd with liberty again,
 Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
 One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
 When glory crowns the christian's head;
 One view of Jesus as he is
 Will strike all sin for ever dead.
-

CAUTION.

HYMN 36.

Dependence.

- 1 **T**O keep the lamp alive,
 With oil we fill the bowl;
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream;
 It is not at our own command,
 But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word,
 Nor confidently say,

“I never *will* deny thee, Lord,”
But grant I never may.

- 4 Man’s wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e’en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, “I want no more,”
Confesses he has none.

HYMN 37.

The new Convert.

- 1 **T**HE new-born child of gospel-grace,
Like some fair tree when summer’s nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel’s shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.
- 2 No fears he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs;
Nor has he learnt, to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
- 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day;
What seem’d his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.
- 4 When Gideon arm’d his num’rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less;
And said, lest Israel vainly boast,
“My arm procur’d me this success.”
- 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That, sav’d by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

PRAISE.

HYMN 38.

Grace and Providence.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY King! whose wondrous
hand!
Supports the weight of sea and land;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good,
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

HYMN 39.

I will praise the Lord at all times.

- 1 **W**INTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.
- 2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
Seems to speak his dying groans.
- 3 Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth;

'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

- 4 What, has autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day
'Tell me of his smiling face.
- 5 Light appears with early dawn,
While the Sun makes haste to rise,
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes of the skies.
- 6 Ev'ning, with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shews an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest.

HYMNS ON PROMISCUOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMN 40.

A New Year's Hymn for a Child.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Lord! my heart would
Its young hosannas to thy praise: [raise
Thou, my Protector, ever near,
Hast blest me with another year.
- 2 Lord! hadst thou mark'd my follies past,
The year that's gone had been my last;
So oft thy precepts I forgot,
And did what thou hadst told me not.
- 3 Assist me, on this new-year's day,
To lift my heart and hands to pray;
Hear thou in heav'n, thou pard'ning God,
And save me through Immanuel's blood.
- 4 What thousands, Lord, this year will die!
If thou should'st bid my spirit fly,
O may it mount on wings of love,
To dwell with saints and thee above.
- 5 But should I still on earth appear,
I'd love and serve thee all the year,

And hope thy goodness to adore
In heav'n, where years are known no more.

HYMN 41.

Psalm 138th imitated.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thee my heart shall bless,
Thee before the gods confess;
Still presenting pray'r and praise,
Tow'rds thy temple will I gaze;
- 2 There thy love and truth record,
Thence receive thy honour'd word;
Thou, my soul with strength supplied,
In the day to thee I cried.
- 3 Sov'reigns shall thy name revere,
When the words of life they hear;
In thy footsteps lead the song,
Hail thee gracious, wise, and strong.
- 4 God his lofty throne ascends,
Yet to humble sinners bends;
Lifts the soul with sorrow bow'd,
Marks and hates the distant proud.
- 5 When the furious tempest drives,
He my sinking soul revives;
Midst the wrath of foes I stand,
Stretch'd for me is his right hand;
- 6 Full perfection this secures,
Jesus mercy still endures;
Lord, in me thy pow'r's confest,
Bear me to eternal rest.

HYMN 42.

The Star in the East.

- 1 SEE! see in the east a new glory ascends,
And pours its effulgence afar;
It glides on sublime, and earth's uttermost
Acknowledge Immanuel's Star. [ends
- 2 O'er the 'Jew trodden down,' as the prophets foretold,
It travels with lustre serene;

- While heathens transform'd, as intent they behold,
Are singing, 'The Star we have seen.'
- 3 Hark! from yonder bold hills how the Syrians shout,
While Comoron echoes the lay;
The German and Dane spread the tidings
And jubilees welcome the day. [about,
- 4 From the martyr'd Abdallah see Sabat re-
Arabian darkness he fears! [tire,
Love and zeal for a Saviour his bosom inspire,
And the christian translator appears.
- 5 And still, see the Day-star its journey pursue,
Even Brahmans pronounce it divine;
Jehovah incarnate shall multitudes view,
And scatter their gifts at his shrine.
- 6 Ye Herods, in vain do you menace and rage,
And vain is hell's horrible roar;
Time, meeting with Prophecy, opens her
And bids all the nations adore. [page,
- 7 Roll on, blessed Star, fill the world with thy
light,
The saints are expecting thy rays;
Bid the latter-day morning ascend in its
might,
And shine on our incense of praise.

HYMN 43.

We would see Jesus. John xii. 21.

- 1 **T**ELL us, ye servants of the Lord,
Where's your great Master found;
Him would we see, whose pow'rful word
Can heal our ev'ry wound.
- 2 *We would see Jesus*, for we know
His sov'reign grace alone
Can on us hearts of flesh bestow,
And for our sins atone.
- 3 *We would see Jesus*, does not he
Bid contrite sinners come?

And to such guilty souls as we
Proclaim, "there yet is room?"

- 4 Millions have hasten'd to his arms,
And now resound his name;
Him would we see, whose endless charms
Our anxious hearts inflame.
- 5 *We would see Jesus*, for his saints
May lean upon his breast;
Pour out, with confidence, their plaints,
And find celestial rest.
- 6 *We would see Jesus*, and would pray
For those unhappy friends,
Who choose, alas! that crooked way,
Which in perdition ends.
- 7 *We would see Jesus*, gracious friend,
From him derive our bliss;
And wait till we the heav'ns ascend,
And see him as he is.

HYMN 44.

Future Punishment.

- 1 **T**O fields of fire, or seats of day,
Each hour accelerates our way;
Who among us, let conscience tell,
Shall with devouring burnings dwell?
- 2 See thousands as they lose their breath
Pass from the first to second death;
Dragg'd* from the rounds of flattering sin,
Victims they fall of wrath divine.
- 3 In hell's strong prison, press'd with chains,
Sons of the morn feel endless pains;
While on the lost of Adam's race
The deathless worm for ever preys.
- 4 What shrieks the frighten'd ear assail,
Where Tophet spreads his dismal vale;

* Dr. Scott renders Psalm xxviii. 3. "Drag me not away with the wicked."

But hark! the drums* of justice roar,
And fright'ning shrieks are heard no more.

- 5 Jesus, I hasten from the pit,
And fall a suppliant at thy feet;
Well I deserve the dreadful flame,
But oh! my Refuge is thy name.

HYMN 45.

The Lord's Freeman. 1 Cor. vii. 22.

- 1 **A**RM'D principalities delight,
Their thousands to immure;
Satan their chief feasts on the sight,
And bears the key secure.
- 2 A captive once to sin and hell,
Content, in chains, I lay;
Foul and dishonour'd was my cell,
Excluding ev'ry ray.
- 3 Still had I lain; but through the gloom,
A voice of thunder came;
"Pris'ner, escape the wrath to come,
"Fly from eternal flame!"
- 4 I saw the pit its fires disclose,
And saw the op'ning skies;
Alarm'd, on bended knee I rose,
And rais'd to heav'n my cries.
- 5 Jesus, from yon imperial plains,
Approach'd on mercy's wing;
Shook down my prison, loos'd my chains,
And bid the rescu'd sing.
- 6 Christ my song, congenial minds,
From death and bondage freed;
For, whom the Son of God unbinds,
Has liberty indeed.

* Tophet was a place on the east of Jerusalem, which derived its name from beating of drums to drown the cries of the children who were there burned to Moloch. Mr. Brown says it may be rendered "the valley of shrieking." How awful an image of future punishment!

HYMN 46.

The Law of the Lord.

- 1 **F**AIR record of my Father's will,
Companion of the anguish'd mind,
Oft hast thou been my lamp, and still
Comfort and light from thee I find.
- 2 While on my thirsty soul descend
Thy ev'ning dews and morning rains;
Roots shall like Lebanon extend,
And corn and lilies charm the plains.
- 3 Possessions, spoils, or gold refin'd,
The luscious honey's dropping cells,
Give no such treasures to the mind;
In them no equal sweetness dwells.
- 4 From thee my quiver let me fill,
Or bear thee as my conq'ring sword;
Fainting, I stoop to drink thy rill,
And vigorous rise to bless my Lord.
- 5 With thee the rough path I'll pursue,
My faithful chart, my staff, my rod;
My glass, through which all heav'n I view,
'Till, loos'd from earth, I rise to God.

HYMN 47.

A Morning Hymn to Christ.

Translated from Dr. Buchanan.

- 1 **O**FFSPRING of thy Father, thou,
In essential glory bright,
Let me at thy footstool bow,
God of God, and light of light.
- 2 Night has fled, the waken'd eye
Sees the morn its radiance throw;
While the purpled earth and sky
All their late-veil'd beauties show.
- 3 But alas! from mental shade,
Mortals no deliv'rance find;
Clouding errors still pervade,
Still oppress the sinking mind.

- 4 Rise, thou purest Sun, arise,
Give the world thy living ray;
Pour thy lustre on our eyes,
Drive the fearful night away.
- 5 Frozen, barren, see we lie,
Melt the ice, and cleanse the soil,
At the brightness of thine eye,
Death and desolation smile.
- 6 Moistened with thy heav'nly dews,
Man, astonish'd, shall behold,
Earth, CELESTIAL FRUITS produce,
Sixty and a hundred fold.

HYMN 48.

On the Birth of Jesus Christ.

- 1 **H**ASTE, gratitude and joyous love,
Come, animate our willing tongues;
A God incarnate from above
Demands our lofty, sweetest songs.
- 2 While bright wing'd angels from the skies,
Announce to hinds the wondrous birth,
Let hymns and incense round us rise,
Let heav'n exult with raptur'd earth.
- 3 Seraphic visions fill the air,
Heard ye the strain from yonder cloud?
Shepherds, good news to you they bear,
In soft address, or anthem loud.
- 4 Glory to God, enthron'd on high,
Peace to the prostrate lands below;
Good will to men, to millions joy,
Let everlasting praises flow.
- 5 To Bethlehem glad swains repair,
And in the manger Christ behold;
Sages, conducted by his star,
Pour forth their frankincense and gold.
- 6 Messiah's reign, from pole to pole,
From east to western climes, extends;
Kingdoms expire as ages roll,
But his dominion never ends.

- 7 Deserts shall blossom as the rose,
Mountains and hills their voices raise ;
Nations possess divine repose,
And blessings stream through endless days.
- 8 Heralds of God, begin the song,
Sires, on the holy wonder dwell ;
Let youth the Saviour's name prolong,
And heav'n's full choir the anthem swell.

HYMN 49.

Ye must be born again. John iii. 7.

- 1 **A**WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go ;
O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near ;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
Still sounded in mine ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load ;
Alas ! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare.
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
I sunk in deep despair.

- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
 And felt his pity move ;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now, by his grace, is BORN AGAIN,
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise ;
 All hail ! the Lamb who once was slain,
 Unnumber'd millions, BORN AGAIN,
 Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 50.

Relative Duties.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, in your several stations,
 Dutiful to all relations,
 Give to each his proper due.
 Let not their unkind behaviour
 Make you disobey your Saviour :
 His command's the rule for you.
- 2 Parents, be to children tender ;
 Children, full obedience render
 To your Parents, in the Lord.
 Never slight, nor disrespect them ;
 Nor, through pride, when old, reject them ;
 'Tis the precept of the word.
- 3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection :
 Husbands, with a kind affection,
 Cherish, as yourselves, your wives.
 Masters, rule with moderation,
 Sway'd by justice, not by passion :
 To the scriptures square your lives.
- 4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
 Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
 To the good—nor to the bad ;
 Not refusing what you're bidden,
 Not replying when you're chidden :
 'Tis the ordinance of God.

- 5 This shall solve th' important question,
Whether thou'rt a real Christian,
 Better than each golden dream:
 Better far than lip-expression,
 Tow'ring notions, great profession:
 This shall show your love to him.

HYMN 51

The Penitent.

- 1 **P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word;
 But own my heart, with shame and grief,
 A mass of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room:
 And vent'ring hard, behold I come;
 But can there, tell me, can there be,
 Among thy children, room for *me*?
- 3 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed:
 And I'm a sinner vile indeed!
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free:
 O, magnify that grace in *me*.

HYMN 52.

Rejoicing in our Covenant-Engagements to God.

2 Chron. xv. 15.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
 On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 'Tis done: the great transaction's done:
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest my long-divided heart,
 Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When call'd on angel's bread to feast?
- 4 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear:
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 53.

The Wilderness transformed, or the happy Effects of the Gospel. Isa. xli. 18, 19. compared with xxxv. 1, 2. xl. 6—9. lv. 13, &c.

- 1 **A** MAZING beauteous change!
 A world created new!
 My thoughts with transport range
 The lovely scene to view;
 In all I trace,
 Saviour divine,
 The work is Thine,
 Be Thine the praise.
- 2 See crystal fountains play
 Amidst the burning sands;
 The river's winding way
 Shines through the thirsty lands;
 New grass is seen,
 And o'er the meads
 Its carpet spreads
 Of living green.
- 3 Where pointed brambles grew,
 Entwin'd with horrid thorn,
 Gay flow'rs for ever new,
 The painted fields adorn;
 The blushing rose,
 And lily there,
 In union fair,
 Their sweets disclose.
- 4 Where the bleak mountain stood;
 All bare and disarray'd,
 See the wide-branching wood
 Diffuse its grateful shade;
 Tall cedars nod,
 And oaks and pines,
 And elms and vines,
 Confess the God.
- 5 The tyrants of the plain
 Their savage chase give o'er;
 No more they rend the slain,
 And thirst for blood no more;

But infant hands,
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flow'ry bands.

- 6 O when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise;
To verify thy word,
And bless our wond'ring eyes!
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

HYMN 54.

The impoverished Saint rejoicing in God. Habak. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **S**O firm the saint's foundation stands,
Nor can his hopes remove;
Sustain'd by God's almighty hand,
And shelter'd in his love.
- 2 Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,
And vines their fruit deny,
Famine through all his fields prevail,
And flocks and herds may die.
- 3 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy;
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death itself destroy.
- 4 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose,
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,
While such a fountain flows.

HYMN 55.

The Care of the Soul the one Thing needful. Luke x. 42.

- 1 **W**HY will ye lavish out your years,
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While, in this various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind?
And famish an immortal mind;

- While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain,
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects, which you now pursue!
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy pow'r impart,
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy pow'r, unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

HYMN 56.

Christ sanctifying himself. that his people may be sanctified.

John xvii. 19.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the bleeding Lamb of God,
Our spotless sacrifice!
By hands of barb'rous sinners seiz'd,
Nail'd to the cross, he dies.
- 2 Blest Jesus, whence his streaming blood?
And whence this foul disgrace?
Whence all these pointed thorns, that rend
Thy venerable face?
- 3 "I sanctify myself (he cries)
"That thou may'st holy be;
"Come, trace my life; come, view my death;
"And learn to copy me."
- 4 Dear Lord, we pant for holiness,
And inbred sin we mourn:
To the bright path of thy commands
Our wand'ring footsteps turn.
- 5 Not more sincerely would we wish
To climb the heav'nly hill,
Than here, with all our utmost pow'r
Thy model to fulfil.

HYMN 57.

Being joined to Christ, and one Spirit with him. 1 Cor. vi. 17.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, I am thine,
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign,
My soul is in thy hands.
- 2 To thee I still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.
- 3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul to him, my Head;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his path to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near his side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear?
If he in heav'n hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

HYMN 58.

God the Author of Consolation. 2 Cor. vii. 6.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how rich his comforts are;
How wide they spread! how high they
He pours in balm to bleeding hearts, [rise
And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.
- 2 I have no hope, my spirit cry'd,
Just trembling on the brink of hell;
I am thy hope, the Lord reply'd,
My love secures its fav'rites well.
- 3 My grateful soul shall speak his praise,
Who turns its tremblings into songs;
And those that mourn shall learn from me,
Salvation to our God belongs.

HYMN 59.

God's Fidelity to his Promises. Heb. i. 23.

- 1 **T**HE promises I sing,
Which sov'reign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure,
And stedfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortals' years;
But still the same
In radiant lines
The promise shines
Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
'Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
'Thy word my rock.

HYMN 60.

"My Father's at the Helm."

An Incident—Spiritually improved.

- 1 **T**WAS when the seas, with horrid roar,
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid fear, with awful pow'r,
O'er each on board prevail'd;
- 2 Save one,—the captain's darling child,
Who fearless view'd the storm,
And, playful, with composure smil'd
At danger's threat'ning form.
- 3 "Why sporting thus?" a seaman cries,
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"

“Why yield to grief?” the boy replies;
 “My father’s at the helm!”

- 4 Poor doubting soul, from hence be taught
 How groundless is thy fear; [wrought—
 Think what the pow’r of Christ hath
 And he is ever near.
- 5 Safe in his hands whom seas obey,
 When swelling surges rise,
 He turns the darkest night to day,
 And brightens low’ring skies.
- 6 Though thy corruptions rise abhorr’d,
 And outward foes increase,
 ’Tis but for him to speak the word,
 And all is hush’d to peace.
- 7 Then upward look; howe’er distrest,
 Jesus will guide thee home
 To that eternal port of rest,
 Where storms shall never come.—J. A. K.

HYMN 61.

Christ seen of Angels.

- 1 **B**EYOND the glitt’ring starry globe,
 Far as th’ eternal hills,
 There in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
 In countless armies shine,
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 To offer songs divine.
- 3 “Hail Prince,” they cry, “for ever hail!
 “Whose unexampled love
 “Mov’d thee to quit these glorious realms,
 “And royalties above.”
- 4 Whilst thou didst condescend on earth
 To suffer rude disdain,
 They cast their honours at thy feet,
 And waited on thy train.
- 5 Through all thy travels here below,
 They did thy steps attend;

Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at last
The scene of love would end.

- 6 They saw thy heart transfix'd with wounds,
Thy crimson sweat and gore;
They saw thee break the bars of death,
As none e'er broke before.
- 7 They brought thy chariot from above,
To bear thee to thy throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
"The glorious work is done."

HYMN 62.

Holy Meekness.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove, and bring
Sweet peace on thine expanded wing:
Subdue my pride, my wrath appease,
And bid tumultuous passions cease.
- 2 Give me a temper all divine,
Let love in ev'ry action shine;
Let silken cords of friendship be
The bonds between mankind and me.
- 3 Provok'd, let me not do or say
What will not bear a strict survey;
By thy great pow'r my lusts control;
With thy rich grace adorn my soul.

HYMN 63.

The Messiah's reign; or, the Gospel age.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

- 4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years; [swords,
To ploughshares men shall beat their
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts, encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 7 Come, then, O house of Jacob! come,
To worship at his shrine:
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HYMN 64.

Liberty of Conscience.

- 1 **A**BSURD and vain attempt! to bind,
With iron chains, the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring by destructive flame.
- 2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n!
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine yields
No arms, but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reasons strong,
It draws the willing soul along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

HYMN 65.

Joseph made known to his Brethren. Gen. xli. 3, 4.

- 1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,

- His heart with compassion was fill'd;
 From weeping he could not forbear.
 Awhile his behaviour was rough,
 To bring their past sin to their mind;
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hasten'd to shew himself kind.
- 2 How little they thought it was he
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
 How great their confusion must be
 As soon as his name he had told!
 "I'm Joseph your brother," he said,
 "And still to my heart you are dear;
 "You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 "But God, for your sakes, sent me here."
- 3 Though greatly distressed before,
 When charg'd with purloining the cup,
 They now were confounded much more,
 Not one of them durst to look up.
 "Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
 "Forgive us the evil we did;
 "And will he our households maintain?
 "O this is a brother indeed!"
- 4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
 And laden with guilt, to the Lord,
 Surrounded with terror and shame,
 Unable to utter a word.
 At first he look'd stern and severe;
 What anguish then pierced my heart!
 Expecting each moment to hear
 The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart!"
- 5 But oh! what surprise when he spoke,
 While tenderness beam'd in his face;
 My heart then to pieces was broke,
 O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:
 "Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
 "By thee I was sold and was slain;
 "But I died to redeem thee from hell,
 "And raise thee in glory to reign.
- 6 "I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
 "And crucify'd often afresh;

- "But let me henceforth be esteem'd,
 "Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:
 "My pardon I freely bestow,
 "Thy wants I will fully supply;
 "I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
 "And soon will remove thee on high.
- 7 "Go, publish to sinners around,
 "That they may be willing to come,
 "The mercy which now you have found,
 "And tell them that yet there is room.
 Oh, sinners, the message obey!
 No more vain excuses pretend;
 But come, without further delay,
 To Jesus, our brother and friend.

HYMN 66.

Elijah fed by ravens. 1 Kings xvii. 6.

- 1 **E**LIJAH'S example declares,
 Whatever distress may betide,
 The saints may commit all their cares
 To him who will surely provide.
 When rain long withheld from the earth
 Occasion'd a famine of bread,
 The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,
 By ravens was constantly fed.
- 2 More likely to rob than to feed,
 Were ravens, who liv'd upon prey;
 But when the Lord's people have need,
 His goodness will find out a way:
 This instance to those may seem strange,
 Who know not how faith can prevail;
 But sooner all nature shall change,
 Than one of God's promises fail.
- 3 Nor is it a singular case,
 The wonder is often renew'd;
 And many can say to his praise,
 He sends them by ravens their food:
 Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,
 Though greedy and selfish their mind,
 If God has a servant to feed,
 Against their own wills can be kind.

- 4 Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
 Who croaks in the ears of the saints,
 Compell'd by a power unseen,
 Administers oft to their wants:
 God teaches them how to find food,
 From all the temptations they feel;
 This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
 Has help'd me to many a meal.
- 5 How safe, and how happy are they,
 Who on the good Shepherd rely!
 He gives them out strength for their day,
 Their wants he will surely supply:
 He ravens and lions can tame,
 All creatures obey his command;
 Then let me rejoice in his name,
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN 67.

Naaman. 2 Kings v. 14.

- 1 **B**EFORE Elisha's gate
 The Syrian leper stood;
 But could not brook to wait,
 He deem'd himself too good:
 He thought the prophet would attend,
 And not to him a message send.
- 2 Have I this journey come,
 And will he not be seen?
 I were as well at home,
 Would washing make me clean;
 Why must I wash in Jordan's flood?
 Damascus' rivers are as good.
- 3 Thus, by his foolish pride,
 He almost miss'd a cure;
 Howe'er, at length, he try'd,
 And found the method sure:
 Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
 The leprosy was quickly heal'd.
- 4 Leprous and proud as he,
 To Jesus thus I came,
 From sin to set me free,
 When first I heard his fame:

Surely, thought I, my pompous train
Of vows and tears will notice gain.

- 5 My heart devis'd the way
Which I suppos'd he'd take;
And when I found delay,
Was ready to go back,
Had he some painful task enjoin'd,
I to performance seem'd inclin'd,
- 6 When by his word he spake,
"That fountain open'd see;
" 'Twas open'd for thy sake,
"Go wash, and thou art free:"
Oh! how did my proud heart gainsay,
I fear'd to trust this simple way!
- 7 At length I trial made,
When I had much endur'd;
The message I obey'd,—
I wash'd, and I was cur'd:
Sinners, this healing fountain try,
Which cleans'd a wretch so vile as I.

HYMN 68.

Trust in God.

- 1 **T**HAT man no guards or weapons needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Thro' burning sands or mountain-snows.
- 2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear;
Redemption is his shield and tow'r;
He sees his Saviour always near,
To help in ev'ry trying hour.
- 3 Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries;
When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.
- 4 His love possessing, I am blest,
Secure whatever change may come;
Whether I go to east or west,
With him I still shall be at home.

- 5 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
 Though winter reigns with rigour there:
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
 And make a spring throughout the year.
- 6 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil,
 My lonely dwelling e'er should prove;
 His presence would support my toil,
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

HYMN 69.

The Power and Triumph of Faith. Dan. iii. 6.

- 1 **S**UPPORTED by the word,
 Though in himself a worm,
 The servant of the Lord
 Can wondrous acts perform:
 Without dismay he boldly treads
 Where'er the path of duty leads.
- 2 The haughty king in vain,
 With fury on his brow,
 Believers would constrain
 To golden gods to bow:
 The furnace could not make them fear,
 Because they knew the Lord was near.
- 3 As vain was the decree,
 Which charg'd them not to pray;
 Daniel still bow'd his knee,
 And worshipp'd thrice a-day.
 Trusting in God, he fear'd not men,
 'Though threaten'd with the lion's den.
- 4 Secure they might refuse
 Compliance with such laws;
 For what had they to lose,
 When God espous'd their cause?
 He made the hungry lions crouch;
 Nor durst the fire his children touch.
- 5 The Lord is still the same,
 A mighty shield and tow'r,
 And they who trust his name
 Are guarded by his pow'r;

He can the rage of lions tame,
And bear them harmless through the flame.

- 6 Yet we too often shrink,
When trials are in view;
Expecting we must sink,
And never can get through:
But could we once believe indeed,
From all these fears we should be freed.

HYMN 70.

The Beggar. Matt. vii. 7, 8.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou wouldst disdain;
And pleas, which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more:
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My wants have been but few:
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:

- Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy;
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

HYMN 71.

Bartimeus. Mark x. 47, 48.

- 1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
"Now to me afford thine aid."
Many for this crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."
- 2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give:
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
"Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

- 3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around,
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?
 "What a Saviour I have found!
 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
 "And would be advis'd by me!
 "Surely, would they hasten to him,
 "He would cause them all to see."

HYMN 72.

Zaccheus. Luke xix. 1—6.

- 1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
 And thought himself unknown:
 But how surpris'd was he
 When Jesus call'd him down!
 The Lord beheld him, though conceal'd,
 And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once
 Were painted in his face;
 "Does he my name pronounce,
 "And does he know my case?
 "Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
 "Lord, I with all I have am thine."
- 3 Thus, where the Gospel's preach'd,
 And sinners come to hear,
 The hearts of some are reach'd,
 Before they are aware:
 The word directly speaks to them,
 And seems to point them out by name.
- 4 'Tis curiosity
 Oft brings them in the way,
 Only the man to see,
 And hear what he can say;
 But how the sinner starts to find
 The preacher knows his inmost mind!
- 5 His long-forgotten faults
 Are brought again in view,
 And all his secret thoughts
 Reveal'd in public too:

Though compass'd with a crowd about,
The searching word has found him out.

- 6 While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fills his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart:
Then, like Zaccheus, he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

HYMN 73.

The trembling Gaoler. Acts xvi. 29—31.

- 1 **A** BELIEVER, free from care,
May in chains or dungeons sing,
If the Lord be with him there,
And be happier than a king:
Paul and Silas, thus confin'd,
Though their backs were torn by whips,
Yet, possessing peace of mind,
Sung his praise with joyful lips.
- 2 Suddenly the prison shook,
Open flew the iron doors;
And the gaoler, terror-struck,
Now his captives' help implores:
Trembling at their feet he fell,
"Tell me, sirs, what must I do
"To be sav'd from guilt and hell?
"None can tell me this but you."
- 3 "Look to Jesus," they reply'd,
"If in him thou canst believe,
"By the death which he has dy'd,
"Thou salvation shalt receive."
While the living word he heard,
Faith sprung up within his heart,
And, releas'd from all he fear'd,
In their joy his soul had part.
- 4 Sinners, Christ is still the same;
O that you could likewise fear!
Then the mention of his name
Would be music to your ear:

Jesus rescues Satan's slaves,
 His dear wounds still plead, "Forgive!"
 Jesus to the utmost saves;
 Sinners, look to him and live.

HYMN 74.

Man by Nature, Grace, and Glory.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man! extremes how wide,
 In this mysterious nature join!
 The flesh, to worms and dust allied,
 The soul immortal and divine!
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
 Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
 Till, stain'd by sin, it soon became
 The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, oh! amazing grace!
 Assum'd our nature as his own,
 Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
 Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
 The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
 Again a life divine he feels,
 Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what in yonder realms above,
 Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?
 With honour, holiness, and love,
 No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
 Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
 While wond'ring angels round him throng,
 And swell the chorus of his praise.

HYMN 75.

Sitting at the foot of the Cross.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Here I'd sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;

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

- 2 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie:
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye;
Much have I to be forgiven,
Daily miracle of grace!
Here it is I find my heav'n,
While upon the Lamb I gaze.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
Call for tears his feet to bathe;
On him still my faith abiding,
Life draws sweetly from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all straits to Jesus go,
Prove his balmy name more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

HYMN 76.

Parental Submission on the loss of a Child.

- 1 **A**ND is thy lovely shadow fled?
Yet stop those fruitless tears;
He from a thousand pangs is freed,
You from ten thousand fears.
- 2 Though lost, he's lost to earth alone,
Above he will be found;
Amidst the stars, and near the throne,
Which babes like him surround.
- 3 Look upward, and your child you'll see,
Fix'd in his blest abode;
What parent would not childless be,
To give a child to GOD?

HYMN 77.

Human Frailty.

- 1 **W**EAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

- 2 The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.
- 3 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 4 'Tis here the folly of the wise,
Through all his art we view;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.
- 5 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 6 But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

HYMN 78.

Longing to love.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love;
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove.
Thou know'st, (for all to thee is known)
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love.
- 6 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow, free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee,
My everlasting rest.
- 7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above:
Let earth and heav'n, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know
Give me thy only love.

HYMN 79.

For a Funeral.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to God
In his highest abode;
All heav'n be join'd, [kind!
To extol the Redeemer and friend of man-
He claims all our praise,
Who in infinite grace
Again hath stoop'd down,
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown,
2 Our partner below,
Our brother in woe,

From his sorrow and pain [remain;
 He hath call'd to the pleasures that always
 He hath snatch'd him away,
 From a cottage of clay,
 To a kingdom above,
 A kingdom of glory, and gladness, and love.

3 Our friend is restor'd
 To the joy of his Lord,
 With triumph departs,
 But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts:
 Follow after, he cries,
 As he mounts to the skies,
 Follow after your friend,
 To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end.

4 And shall we not press
 To that harbour of peace,
 That heav'nly shore, [more:
 Where sorrow, and parting, and death, are no
 Our brother pursue,
 And fight our way through
 In the strength of our Lord,
 Follow on, till we seize the eternal reward?

5 Through Jesus's name
 Our comrade o'ercame,
 And Jesus is ours,
 And arms us with all his invincible pow'rs:
 He looks from the skies,
 He shews us the prize,
 And gives us a sign,
 That we shall o'ercome by the mercy divine.

6 The Saviour of all,
 For us he shall call,—
 Shall shortly appear,
 Our day of eternal salvation is near:
 We too shall remove
 To our city above,
 On mortals look down,
 Triumphant assessors of Jesus's throne.

7 For us is prepar'd
 Th' angelical guard,

The convoy attends,
 A minist'ring host of invisible friends:
 Ready wing'd for their flight
 To the regions of light,
 The horses are come,
 The chariot of Israel, to carry us home.

HYMN 80.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!
 Another has enter'd his rest;
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:
 The soul of our sister is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays;
 And purples the heav'nly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace!
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessing ineffable meet:
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet!
- 3 How happy the angels that fall,
 Transported at Jesus's name!
 The saints whom he soonest shall call,
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
 Who first shall be summon'd away?
 My merciful God—is it I!
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart:
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

- 5 Thou know'st, in the spirit of pray'r,
 I groan for a speedy release;
 And long I have pin'd to be there,
 Where sorrow and misery cease:
 Where all the temptation is past,
 And loss and affliction is o'er,
 And anguish is ended at last,
 And trouble and death are no more.
- 6 Come then to my rescue, (I pray
 For this, and for nothing beside)
 Make ready, and bear me away,
 Thy weary disconsolate bride:
 The days of my mourning and pain
 Cut short, and in pity set free;
 And give me to rest, and to reign,
 For ever and ever in thee.

HYMN 81.

- 1 **A**H, lovely appearance of death!
 No sight upon earth is so fair—
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe
 Can with a dead body compare:
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind;
 How easy the soul that hath left
 This wearisome body behind!
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain,
 The war in the members is o'er;
 And never shall vex him again:
 No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay;

- Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er,
The quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free,
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become,
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

HYMN 82.

- 1 **O** SISTER in Jesus, arise,
And joyful his summons obey;
He beckons thee up to the skies,
In mercy he calls thee away:
His pity has sign'd thy release,
Return to thy native abode,
Make haste to the mansions of bliss,
And fly to the bosom of God.
- 2 To waft from the valley of tears,
To bear thee triumphantly home;
The chariot of Israel appears,
The convoy of angels is come!

- With envy we let thee depart,
 Thy happier spirit resign;
 The purchase of Jesus thou art;
 And God is eternally thine.
- 3 Go then to thy glorious estate,
 No longer our partner in woe,
 No longer oppress'd with our weight,
 To Jesus in paradise go:
 Redeem'd from a world of distress,
 Thou hear'st the acceptable word,
 He bids thee depart in his peace,
 And die for the sight of thy Lord.
- 4 Escape to a country above,
 Where only enjoyment is found;
 And springs of extatical love,
 And rivers of pleasure abound;
 No dreadful alarms of war,
 No famine, or sorrow, or pains,
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 But Jesus eternally reigns.
- 5 He reigns in the holiest place,
 He dwells in the midst of his own,
 And fully discovers his face,
 And fills them with raptures unknown;
 With bliss inexpressibly great
 Their glorify'd spirits o'erflow—
 Go, sister, and share their estate,
 To Jesus in paradise go.
- 6 O Saviour, her spirit receive,
 Which into thy hands we resign;
 And us from our sorrows retrieve,
 And us to our company join:
 Our number and glory complete,
 With all that are landed before,
 With thee let us joyfully meet,
 To part and to suffer no more.



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