

A
SELECTION
OF APPROVED
HYMNS
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,
SUITED TO
VARIOUS OCCASIONS.
FOR
WORSHIPPING ASSEMBLIES,
AND
PRIVATE FAMILIES.

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'Praise is comely for the upright.'....Ps. xxxiii. 1.

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# HYMNS.



## HYMN I.

*The Song of the Angels. For the Nativity of our  
blessed Lord and Saviour.*

*Luke ii. ver. 8—15.*

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
All seated on the ground, [night,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 “Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread  
Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;  
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 “To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 “The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find,  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of Angels, praising God, who thus  
Address'd their joyful song :

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- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace,  
 Good-will, henceforth, from heav'n to men,  
 Begin, and never cease."

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HYMN II.

The Song of Men responsive to the Song of the Angels.

- 1 **W**HILE Angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
 Shall men no Anthem raise ?
 O may we lose these useless tongues,
 When we forget to praise !
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
 And join the heav'nly throng ;
 For Angels no such love have known
 As we, to wake their song.
- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
 And peace on earth is giv'n ;
 For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
 With news of joy from heav'n !
- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn ;
 Let heav'n and earth in concert sing,
 "The Promis'd Child is born."
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
 By highest worlds is paid :
 Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd ;

H Y M N III.

- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
 Where now our Saviour reigns;
 To rival these celestial choirs
 In their immortal strains!

H Y M N III.

On the Sufferings of our blessed Lord and Saviour.

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

HYMN IV.

On the Resurrection.

- 1 **S**INCE Christ our Passover is slain,
 A sacrifice for all;
 Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
 To keep the festival:
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
 Of sin and malice fed;
 But with unfeign'd sincerity,
 And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being rais'd by Pow'r divine,
 And rescu'd from the grave,
 Shall die no more; Death shall on him
 No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
 He once vouchsaf'd to die:
 But that he lives, he lives to God
 For all eternity.
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
 But graciously restor'd,
 And made, henceforth, alive to God,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN V.

For the same.

- 1 **C**HRIST from the dead is rais'd and made
 The First Fruits of the tomb;
 For, as by man came death, by man
 Did resurrection come.

- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind
 Did guilt and death derive ;
 So by the righteoufness of Christ,
 Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
 Seek only how to get
 The things which are above, where Christ,
 At God's right hand is set.

HYMN VI.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost ! Creator, come,
 Inspire the souls of thine ;
 Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made
 Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
 Of God, and fire of love ;
 The everlasting spring of joy,
 And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
 God's law in each true heart ;
 The promise of the Father, thou
 Dost heav'nly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy sacred love embrace ;
 Assist our minds, by nature frail,
 With thy celestial grace,

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- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
 And give us peace within,
 That, by thy guidance blest, we may
 Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
 And Son, from death reviv'd,
 And thee with both, O Holy Ghost,
 Who art from both deriv'd.

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HYMN VII.

*For the same.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys;  
 Our souls how heavily they go,  
 To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise!  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

## HYMN VIII.

*For the same.*

- 1 **H**E's come! let ev'ry knee be bent,  
 All hearts new joy resume ;  
 Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,  
 "The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,  
 Could God on man bestow ?  
 Angels for this rejoice above,  
 Let man rejoice below !
- 3 Hail, Blessed Spirit ! may each soul  
 Thy sacred influence feel ;  
 Do thou each sinful thought control,  
 And fix our wav'ring zeal !
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey  
 Those checks which we should know ;  
 Thy motions point to us the way ;  
 Thou giv'st us strength to go.

## HYMN IX.

*For the Holy Communion.**From the Revelation of St. John.*

- 1 \***T**HOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,  
 Art worthy to receive ;  
 Since all things by thy pow'r were made,  
 And by thy bounty live.

\* Chap. iv.

- 2 † And worthy is the Lamb all pow'r,  
Honour, and wealth to gain,  
Glory and strength ; who for our sins  
A sacrifice was slain !
- 3 † All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,  
And ransom'd us to God,  
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,  
By thy most precious blood.
- 4 || Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,  
By all in earth and heav'n,  
To him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb be giv'n.

## HYMN X.

*For the same.*

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
'Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them thy sweet mercies know !
- 2 Hail sacred Feast, which Jesus makes !  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !  
'Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food !
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
Was not for you the victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the children's bread ?

† Chap. v. 12. ‡ Chap. v. 9. || Ver. 13.

- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,  
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests !  
 And may each soul salvation see,  
 That here its holy pledges tastes !
- 5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,  
 In countless numbers let them come,  
 And gather from their Father's board,  
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb !
- 6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,  
 Till through the world thy truth has run,  
 Till with this bread all men be blest  
 Who see the light, or feel the sun !

## HYMN XI.

*For the same.*

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,  
 Who once at distance stood ?  
 And, to effect this glorious change,  
 Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,  
 To bear our souls above !  
 What should allay our lively hope,  
 Or damp our flaming love !
- 3 Then let us join the heav'nly Choirs,  
 To praise our Heav'nly King !  
 O may that love which spread this board  
 Inspire us while we sing—

- 4 “ Glory to God in highest strains,  
 “ And to the earth be peace ;  
 “ Good-will from heav’n to men is come ;  
 “ And let it never cease !”

HYMN XII.

*On the New Year.*

- 1 **T**HE God of life, whose constant care  
 With blessings crowns each op’ning year,  
 My scanty span doth still prolong,  
 And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
 To the vast regions of the dead,  
 Since to this day the changing sun  
 Through his last yearly period run !
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,  
 “ Or through this year, or month, or day,  
 “ I shall retain this vital breath,  
 “ Thus far, at least, in league with death ?”
- 4 That breath is thine, Eternal God ;  
 ’Tis thine to fix my soul’s abode ;  
 It holds its life from thee alone,  
 On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,  
 Make them and own them still as thine ;  
 So shall they live secure from fear,  
 Though death should blast the rising year.

- 6 Thy children, panting to be gone,  
 May bid the tide of time roll on,  
 To land them on that happy shore;  
 Where years and death are known no more !
- 7 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin, nor hell shall reach that place ;  
 No groans to mingle with the songs,  
 Resounding from immortal tongues :
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;  
 No cares to break the long repose ;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O, long expected year ! begin ;  
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 To sleep in death, and rest with God.

## HYMN XIII.

*The Christian's Hope.*

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,  
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
 I see my Maker, face to face ;  
 O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
 And mercy may be sought,  
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
 And trembles at the thought ;

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- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
 In Majesty severe,  
 And sit in judgment on my soul ;  
 O how shall I appear !
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
 Who does her sins lament,  
 The timely tribute of her tears  
 Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
 E'er yet it be too late ;  
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
 To give these sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
 Her pardon to procure,  
 Who knows thy only Son has died,  
 To make her pardon sure.
- 7 Great God ! with wonder and with praise  
 On all thy works I look !  
 But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
 Shine brighter in thy Book.
- 8 The stars, that in their courses roll,  
 Have much instruction giv'n ;  
 But thy good Word informs my soul.  
 How I may soar to heav'n.
- 9 The fields provide me food, and show  
 The goodness of the Lord ;  
 But fruits of life and glory grow  
 In thy most holy Word.

- 10 Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
 Here my best comfort lies ;  
 Here my desires are satisfy'd,  
 And here my hopes arise.
- 11 Lord, make me understand thy law,  
 Show what my faults have been ;  
 And from thy gospel let me draw  
 Pardon for all my sin.
- 12 Here would I learn how Christ has died  
 To save my soul from hell ;  
 Not all the books on earth beside  
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 13 Then let me love my Bible more,  
 And take a fresh delight,  
 By day to read these wonders o'er,  
 And meditate by night.

## HYMN XIV.

*On Gratitude to God.*

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth  
 The gratitude declare,  
 That glows within my ravish'd heart !  
 But thou can'st read it there.

- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face ;  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er ;  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

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- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through ev'ry period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
For oh ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

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HYMN XV.

*On the Glory of God in the Starry Heavens : being a
Translation of Part of the 19th Psalm of David.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole,
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The Hand that made us is divine."

HYMN XVI.

*On the Providence of God. Taken chiefly from
the 23d Psalm of David.*

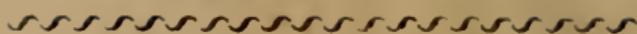
- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
- 2 My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend ;
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

- 3 To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
- 5 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade ;
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
- 6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
'The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN XVII.

For the Mercies of Redemption.

- 1 **A**LL-Glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise !
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view !
- 2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low !
Just on the brink of endless woe ;
When Jesus from the realms above,
Came on the wings of boundless love,



- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
 And spread around his heav'nly light !
 By him what wondrous grace is shown
 To souls impoverish'd and undone !
- 4 He shows beyond these mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance as ours ;
 Where Saints in light our coming wait,
 To share their holy, happy state !



HYMN XVIII.

For Public Mercies and Deliverances.

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong ;
 His pow'r and grace shall be our song ;
 From him alone all mercies flow ;
 His arm alone subdues the foe !
- 2 Then praise this God who bows his ear
 Propitious to his people's prayer ;
 And though deliv'rance he may stay,
 Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,
 Still fav'd by thine Almighty hand,
 The tribute of its love to bring
 'To thee, our Saviour and our King ;
- 4 Till ev'ry public temple raise
 A song of triumph to thy praise ;
 And ev'ry peaceful private home
 To thee a temple shall become.

- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy glorious fight ;
 Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
 Till life's last hour, to persevere.

HYMN XIX.

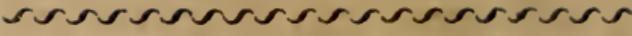
On God's Dominion over the Sea.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas ! thine awful voice.
 Bids all the rolling waves rejoice ;
 And one soft word of thy command
 Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
 Sportful to thee a tribute pays ;
 And largest monsters of the deep,
 At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 3 Thus is thy glorious power ador'd
 Among the wat'ry nations, Lord !
 Yet men who trace the dang'rous waves,
 Forget the mighty God who saves !

HYMN XX.

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

- 1 **L**ORD ! for the just thou dost provide ;
 Thou art their sure defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence,

- 
- 2 Though they through foreign lands should
And breathe the tainted air [roam,
In burning climates, far from home ;
Yet thou, their God, art there.
- 3 Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry country please ;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas !
- 4 When waves on waves, to heav'n uprear'd,
Defy'd the pilot's art ;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart ;
- 5 To thee I rais'd my humble pray'r,
To snatch me from the grave !
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save !
- 6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still !
- 7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be ;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.
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HYMN XXI.

*Prayer and hope of Victory.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of grace and pow'r  
Attend his people's humble cry ;  
Defend them in the needful hour,  
And send deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 In his salvation is our hope,  
And in the name of Israel's God  
Our troops shall lift their banners up ;  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts ;  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts !
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
And let our trust be firm and strong,  
Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

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HYMN XXII.

For the Use of the Sick.

- 1 **W**HEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly ;
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly the healing pow'r impart ;
Bethesda's* bath refus'd to save,
Unless an Angel bless'd the wave.

* *John v. 4.*

- 3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
 Receive commission all from thee;
 And not a plant which spreads the plains,
 But teems with health, when heav'n ordains.
- 4 Clay and Siloam's † pool, we find,
 At heav'n's command restor'd the blind;
 And Jordan's ‡ waters hence were seen
 To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 5 But grant me nobler favours still;
 Grant me to know and do thy will;
 Purge my foul soul from ev'ry stain,
 And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue!
 My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
 Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
 And pour the horrors of despair.
- 7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
 My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes:
 To me thy boundless love extend,
 My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
 Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
 His blood procures for human race
 Admittance to the Throne of Grace.
- 9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
 And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
 His blood is all-sufficient found
 To draw the shaft and heal the wound.

† *John ix. 7.*‡ *2 Kings v. 10.*

- 10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
 What venom gives such pain within?
 Thou great Physician of the soul,
 Rebuke my pangs and make me whole.
- 11 O! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
 And bow submissive to thy will,
 Sicknes and death shall both agree
 To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN XXIII.

On Recovery from Sicknes.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
 Our God deserves our song;
 We take the pattern of our praise
 From Hezekiah's* tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
 Are open'd wide in vain,
 If he that holds the keys of death
 Command them fast again.
- 3 When he but speaks the healing word,
 Then no disease withstands;
 Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
 And fly, as he commands.
- 4 If half the strings of life should break,
 He can our frame restore,
 And cast our sins behind his back,
 And they are found no more.

* *Isaiah xxxix. 9, &c.*

- 5 To him I cry'd, "Thy servant save,
 "Thou ever good and just ;
 "Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave ;
 "Thy pow'r is all my trust !"
- 6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears :
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 Through my remaining years.

HYMN XXIV.

On the same.

- 1 **M**Y God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
 Thee I'll extol with thankful voice ;
 Restor'd by thine Almighty pow'r,
 With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
 To thee I cry'd, and thou didst save ;
 Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
 My life didst rescue from the grave.
- 3 Wherefore, ye Saints ! rejoice with me,
 With me sing praises to the Lord ;
 Call all his goodness to your mind,
 And all his faithfulness record.
- 4 His anger is but short ; his love,
 Which is our life, hath certain stay ;
 Grief may continue for a night,
 But joy returns with rising day !

- 5 Then what I vow'd in my distress,
 In happier hours I now will give,
 And strive that in my grateful verse
 His praises may for ever live.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 'The blest and undivided Three,
 The one sole Giver of all life,
 Glory and praise for ever be.

HYMN XXV.

Funeral Consolations.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n declares
 To those in Christ who die !
 " Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
 " They reign with him on high."
- 2 Then, why lament departed friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 Death's but the servant Jesus sends
 To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd we're secure,
 Death hath no sting beside ;
 The law gave sin its strength and pow'r ;
 But Christ, our ransom, died !
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 When in the grave he lay ;
 And rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
 To everlasting day !

- 5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
 To Christ, our life, we'll sing ;
 " Where is thy victory, O grave ?
 " And where, O death, thy sting ?"

HYMN XXVI.

Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel.

St. Matth. chap. x.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye heralds, in my name,
 Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound ;
 The glorious Jubilee proclaim,
 Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
 And teach them where salvation lies ;
 With care bind up the broken heart,
 And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
 But harmless as the peaceful dove,
 And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
 That ye're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
 Freely, in love, to others give ;
 Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
 And, by your labours, sinners live,

HYMN XXVII.

*The same Commission, from St. Mark xvi. 15. &c.
and from St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.*

- 1 “ **G**O preach my Gospel, faith the Lord,
“ Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
“ Explain to them my sacred Word,
“ Bid them believe, obey, and live.
- 2 “ I’ll make my great commission known,
“ And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
“ By all the works that I have done,
“ And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 “ Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
“ Go cast out devils in my name;
“ Nor let my prophets be afraid,
“ Tho’ Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 “ While thus ye follow my commands,
“ I’m with you till the world shall end;
“ All pow’r is trusted in my hands;
“ I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode!
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.



HYMN XXVIII.

The Coming and Office of Christ. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad found, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breath inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners 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 heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name,

HYMN XXIX.

*The Blessedness of Gospel Times ; or, the Revelation
of Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa. v. 2, 7-10.
Matt. xiii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And fought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad !
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.



HYMN XXX.

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 !
- 2 Come faints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
And thousand drops of richer blood !
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains !
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, glorious King,
" Born to redeem, instruct, and save !"
Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting ?
" And where thy victory, O grave ?"

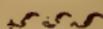




HYMN XXXI.

Christ's *Ascension*. Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
'The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loofe all your bars of mafsy light,
And wide unfold the radiant fcene;
He claims thofe manfions 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, fin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chaunt 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 boundlefs power poffeft,
The King of faints and angels too,
God over all, forever bleft!





HYMN XXXII.

The Penitent's Supplication.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN XXXIII.

Jer. iii. 22. Hof. xiv. 4.

- 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 wanderer home !
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove ?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing 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 XXXIV.

*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 ;  
 O let the troubled waters move,  
 And minister thy healing love.
- ///

## HYMN XXXV.

*The True Penitent.*

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

## HYMN XXXVI.

*The necessity of renewing Grace.*

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart unchang'd can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray :  
Reason debas'd can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can ought beneath a pow'r divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live !  
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray  
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine !  
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## HYMN XXXVII.

*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 powerful aid impart,  
 My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
 And bid the tempter flee ;  
 And let me never, never stray  
 From happiness and thee.



## HYMN XXXVIII.

*The Joys of Heaven.*

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heaven 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 power 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 followers 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 XXXIX.

*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place ;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God,  
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas :
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs  
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

- ~~~~~
- 7 Yes, and before we rise,  
 To that immortal state,  
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
 Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below ;  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Sion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields  
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

~~~~~

HYMN XL.

Time and Eternity. 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 light ;
 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 There 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 spring,
 Immortal in the skies.

HYMN XLI.

The Christian's Confidence.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- ~~~~~
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.



HYMN XLII.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

Eccl. ix. 4—6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy bury'd in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands with all your might pursue ;
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave to which we haste ;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN XLIII.

The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, supremely 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 blifs divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise ?
 Not all th' angelic songs above
 Can render equal praise.

~~~~~

HYMN XLIV.

*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily course of duty run ;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past ;  
 Live this day, as if 'twere thy last :  
 T' improve thy talents take due care ;  
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
 Thy conscience as the noonday clear :  
 Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways  
 And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

- ~~~~~
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part ;  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
Glory to thee, eternal King.
  - 5 I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir ;  
May your devotion me inspire ;  
That I like you my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.
  - 6 May I like you in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight ;  
Perform like you my Maker's will :  
Oh ! may I never more do ill.
  - 7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
  - 8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
  - 9 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
  - 10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, y' angelic host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



## HYMN XLV.

*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,  
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphant rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :  
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;  
Divine love into me instil,  
Stop all the avenues of ill.

- 7 Thought to thought with my soul converse,  
 Celestial joys to me rehearse ;  
 And in my stead, all the night long,  
 Sing to my God a grateful song.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above, y' angelic host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN XLVI.

*Paraphrase of the 100th Psalm.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;  
 What lasting honours shall we rear,  
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heav'n our voices raise ;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- ~~~~~
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love ;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

~~~~~

HYMN XLVII.

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 dy'd 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 XLVIII.

Communion with Christ.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in 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, whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet ;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd ;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy to ev'ry heart.

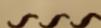




HYMN XLIX.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.



HYMN L.

Preparations for religious Worship.

- 1 **F**AR from my tho'ts, vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone ;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

~~~~~  
 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
 And kindles with a pure desire,  
 To see thy grace, to taste thy love,  
 And feel thine influence from above.

- 3 When I can say that God is mine,  
 When I can see thy glories shine,  
 I tread the world beneath my feet,  
 And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,  
 To cheer me in this barren land ;  
 And in thy temple let me know  
 The joys that from thy presence flow.

~~~~~  
 HYMN LI.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his Beauty.
 Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

- S**HOULD nature's charms to please the eye,
 In sweet assemblage join,
 All nature's charms would droop and die,
 Jesus, compar'd with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
 And vain her blooming store ;
 Her brightness languishes to shade,
 Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But ah, how far from mortal sight
 The Lord of glory dwells !
 A veil of interposing night
 His radiant face conceals.

- ~~~~~
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise
 On strong immortal wing,
 And reach thy palace in the skies,
 My Saviour and my King!
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
 And there (divine employ !)
 The triumphs of thy love repeat,
 In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day,
 O'er all the blissful place ;
 Who would not drop this load of clay,
 And die to see thy face ?

~~~~~

HYMN LII.

*The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Scriptures.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! in thy word  
 What endless glory shines !  
 Forever 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.

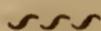
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
 And life, and everlasting joys  
 Attend the blifsful found.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be  
 My ever dear delight ;  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be thou for ever near ;  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

## HYMN LIII.

*The Seasons crowned with goodness.* Psalm lxxv. 11.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every 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 vigor shine  
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

- ~~~~~
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coast 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 evening 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 revolve no more.



### HYMN LIV.

#### *A Funeral Thought.*

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

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

## HYMN LV.

*A Charity Hymn.*

- 1 **L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,  
 Thou, in glory unconfin'd,  
 Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling  
 With the poor of humble mind.
- 2 As thy love, through all creation,  
 Beams like thy diffusive light ;  
 So the scorn'd and humble station,  
 Shrinks before thine equal fight.
- 3 Thus thy care, for all providing,  
 Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue ;  
 Who, the lot of all deciding,  
 To thy chosen Israel sung :
- 4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,  
 Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;  
 To the poor belongs the treasure,  
 Of the scatter'd ears behind.

*Chorus.*

These thy God ordains to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive plants increasing,  
 Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,  
 Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,  
 But not search the bough again.

*Chorus.* These, &c.

6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,  
 Gladdens thy autumnal scene,  
 Own the bounteous hand bestowing,  
 But thy vines the poor shall glean.

*Chorus.* These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring  
 Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;  
 Mercy ev'ry sorrow sharing  
 Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,  
 Still the widow owns thy care,  
 Screen'd by thee in ev'ry danger,  
 Heard by thee in ev'ry pray'r.

*Hallelujah. Amen.*

HYMN LVI.

*At the Ordination or Institution of a Minister.*

1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! in thy house  
 We pay our homage and our vows ;  
 Whilst with a grateful heart we share  
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.

- 2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprang th' *Apostle's* honour'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;  
Hence dictates the *prophetic* page,  
And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 4 In lower forms to bless our eyes,  
*Pastors* from hence and *Teachers* rise ;  
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,  
Still mark a long extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by him, their graces live ;  
Whilst guarded by his potent hand,  
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright succession run,  
Through all the courses of the sun ;  
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 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 LVII.

*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 fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed :  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain—  
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 LVIII.

*Intreating the presence of God in Affliction.*

- 1 **L**OW at thy gracious feet I bend,  
My God, my everlasting friend,  
Permit the claim, O let thy ear  
My humble suit indulgent hear!
- 2 No earthly good my wish inspires;  
Great is the boon my soul desires,  
But thou hast bid me seek thy face,  
Hast bid me ask thy promis'd grace.
- 3 O may thy favour (bliss divine!)  
With fuller, clearer radiance shine!  
Brighten my hopes, dispel my fears,  
Till not a cloud of grief appears!
- 4 But O my heart, reflect with shame,  
Canst thou prefer so bold a claim?  
Conscious how often thou hast stray'd,  
By empty vanities betray'd.
- 5 How oft, ungrateful to thy God,  
Have trifles call'd thy thoughts abroad;  
Till heavenly pity saw thee roam,  
And bade affliction bring thee home.
- 6 And when the snares of earth were broke  
By kind afflictions needful stroke,  
Hast thou not own'd with humble praise,  
That just and right are all his ways?

- ~~~~~
- 7 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne  
My vileness, and thy love I own ;  
O let that love with beams divine,  
Forgiving, healing, round me shine !
- 8 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,  
This heedless heart requires the rod,  
Thy arm, supporting, I implore,  
'The hand that chastens can restore.
- 9 O may the kind correction prove  
A fruit of thy paternal love !  
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,  
And make my heart entirely thine !
- 10 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,  
And wake to praise this feeble voice :  
While mercy, power, and truth employ  
My love, my wonder, and my joy.

~~~~~

HYMN LIX.

On the Death of a Father.

- 1 **T**HOUGH nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
That hand, which takes your joys away, ..
That sovereign hand can heal your woe.
- 2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
The father gone, remov'd the friend !
With heart resign'd his grace adore,
On whom your nobler hopes depend.

- ~~~~~
- 3 Does he not bid his children rise
Thro' death's dark shade, to realms of light?
Yet when he calls them to the skies,
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?
 - 4 His word (here let your soul rely)
Immortal consolation gives:
Your heavenly father cannot die,
Jesus, the friend, for ever lives.
 - 5 O be that dearest friend your trust,
On his almighty arm recline;
He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

~~~~~

### HYMN LX.

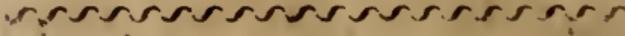
*The King of Saints.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known:  
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd  
With glories all divine;  
And tell the wondering nation round  
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 While majesty's effulgent blaze  
Surrounds his awful brow;  
E'en angels tremble as they gaze,  
And, veil'd, adoring bow.

- 
- 4 But love attempers every ray,  
Love, how divinely sweet !  
That stoops to view the sons of clay,  
And calls them to his feet !
- 5 Infinite power and boundless grace  
In him unite their rays ;  
You that have e'er beheld his face,  
Can you forbear his praise ?
- 6 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.
- 7 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.
- 8 O happy period ! glorious day !  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,  
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END OF THE HYMNS.



AN

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