



A  
SELECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

DONE

UNDER THE APPOINTMENT

OF THE

PHILADELPHIAN ASSOCIATION.

---

BY SAMUEL JONES, D. D.

AND

BURGISS ALLISON, A. M.

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FOURTH EDITION.

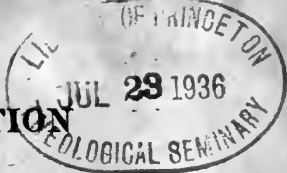
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PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR THEOPHILUS HARRIS,

*By Joseph Rakestraw.*

1819.



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*Entered according to Law.*

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## PREFACE.



1. IT is thought the following notes may be sufficient.

2. The letters, J. and A. are the initials of the respective selectors, Jones and Allison.

3. It is not designed that those Hymns appointed to be sung at the opening of public worship, before sermon, and after sermon, should be invariably used on those occasions only; but every one is left to his own discretion.

4. Notwithstanding the Hymns in the latter part of the Book are principally designed for private use, yet they may be used in public, in such Congregations as are generally acquainted with tunes suited to them.

5. This Collection is restricted to a small size, with a view to lessen the price, and to render it more portable. It is thought, however, that no material inconvenience will follow, except that sometimes it may be difficult to find an Hymn after sermon, that will accord with the subject of discourse: but the Hymns under the word Dismission, in the Index, which are of general import, will in a good degree remedy the defect.

6. By the Scheme of General Contents, wherein the Hymns on the different occasions are duly arranged, any Hymn wanted may be, in a general way,

pretty readily found: Nevertheless, a Table of First Lines follows, as also an Index of more particular contents at the end of the Book.

SAMUEL JONES.

Lower Dublin, Dec. 17, 1801.

## PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

A new edition of this Collection of Hymns, being for some time desired by many, their wishes have at length been accomplished, with some few additions, have, at the request of friends been made to this edition. They are principally in the Appendix. A very few have also been omitted, because not considered so well adapted for public worship. Those which have been added, are marked with the letter H. in order that they may be the more easily distinguished.

THEOPHILUS HARRIS.

Lower Dublin, Oct. 22, 1818.

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A  
SELECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS, &c.



1. Common Metre. J.

*Invoking the Spirit.*

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,  
Descending from above,  
His waiting family inspire  
With joy, and peace, and love!
- 2 Thee we the Comforter confess;  
Unless thou'rt present here,  
Our songs of praise are vain address,  
We utter heartless pray'r.
- 3 Wake, heavenly Wind, arise, and come,  
Blow on the drooping field;  
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,  
And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip  
That shall proclaim thy word;  
And bid each awful hearer keep  
Attention to the Lord.

## 2. Common Metre. J.

*Address to the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **O**NCE more we come before our God,  
 Once more his blessing ask ;  
 O may not duty seem a load ;  
 Nor worship prove a task !
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send  
 From heav'n in JFSU's name,  
 To make our waiting minds attend,  
 And put our souls in frame.
- 3 To seek thee all our hearts dispose ;  
 To each thy blessing suit ;  
 And let the seed thy servant sows  
 Produce a plenteous fruit.
- 4 Bid the refreshing north-wind 'wake ;  
 Say to the south-wind, blow ;  
 Let ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,  
 And all the garden grow.
- 5 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs  
 The cold with warmth divine ;  
 And as the benefit is ours,  
 Be all the glory thine.

3. Common Metre. (Ps. 5.) *A.*

*For the Lord's Day Morning.*

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

4. Common Metre. (Ps. 89.) *A.*

*Reverential Worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH rev'rence let the saints appear  
And bow before the Lord,  
His high commands with rev'rence hear,  
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!  
How bright thine armies shine!  
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?  
Or truth compar'd with thine?
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest  
On thy supporting hand,  
Darkness and day from east to west  
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds controul,  
And rule the boist'rous deep;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heav'n, earth and air, and sea are thine,  
And the dark world of Hell:  
How did thine arm in vengeance shine  
When Egypt durst rebel!



3. Common Metre. Steele. *A.*

*Invitation.*

- 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 wo.
- 3 Here springs of sacred joys arise,  
'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.

6. Common Metre. *A.**Triumphs of Grace.*

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 JESUS, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrow cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken heart rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

## 7. Common Metre. A.

*Book of God's Word and Nature.*

- 1 **T**HOU only source of true delight,  
 Whom I unseen adore!  
 Unveil thy beauties to my sight  
 That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;  
 But in thy sacred word  
 I read in fairer, brighter lines,  
 My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,  
 And sins and sorrows rise,  
 Thy love with cheerful beams of hope  
 My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene  
 Is clouded o'er with pain;  
 My gloomy fears rise dark between,  
 And I again complain.
- 5 **J**ESUS, my Lord, my Life, my Light,  
 O come with blissful ray;  
 Break radiant thro' the shades of night,  
 And chase my fears away.

8. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*God glorified in the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,  
Invites his children near ;  
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love  
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,  
Fresh wisdom we pursue ;  
And thousand angels learn thy name,  
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,  
Thy wonders here we trace ;  
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,  
And shines in Jesu's face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes  
To our incarnate God !  
And thy revenging justice shows  
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace  
Our warmer thoughts employs,  
Gilds the whole scene with brightest rays,  
And more exalts our joys.

9. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.**Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.*

1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
 Who never knew thy grace ;  
 But our loud songs shall still record  
 The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
 And send them to thy throne ;  
 All glory to th' United Three,  
 The undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)  
 That form'd us by a word ;  
 'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame :  
 Salvation to the Lord !

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

10. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. *J.**Heavenly Worship.*

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 heavenly air,  
 With heavenly lustre shine ;  
 Before the throne of God appear,  
 And feast on love divine.
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,  
 Shall all our powers employ,  
 Delighted range th' ethereal plains,  
 And take our fill of joy.

11. Long Metre. Beddome. J.

*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 tho' myself a wretch undone,  
Hope for acceptance thro' 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.

12. Long Metre. (Ps. 65.) J.

*Public Prayer and Praise.*

- 1 **T**HE praise of Zion waits for thee,  
My God ; & praise becomes thy house ;  
There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercies bend the skies,  
To save, when humble sinners pray,  
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
And islands of the northern sea.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,  
But grace shall purge away their stain,  
The blood of Christ will never fail  
To wash my garments white again.

- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose  
 And give him kind access to thee ;  
 Give him a place within thy house,  
 To taste thy love divinely free.

13. Long Metre. Stennett. J.

*The Sabbath.*

- 1 **A** **N** **O** **T** **H** **E** **R** 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 heaven,  
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks might rise  
 As grateful incense to the skies,  
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
 Which none, but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly 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!

14. Long Metre. Cowper. *A.*

*On prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hind'rances 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,  
 Prayer climes the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armor 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 thro' 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.

15. Long Metre. (Ps. 103.) *A.*

*Blessing God.*

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,  
 Call home thy thoughts that rove  
 Let all the pow'rs within me join, [abroad  
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
 His favours claim thy highest praise;  
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
 Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;  
 He owns the ransom, and forgives  
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;  
 His mercy crowns our growing years;  
 He satisfies our mouths with good,  
 And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 5 Let the whole earth his power confess,  
 Let the whole earth adore his grace,

The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join  
In work and worship so divine.

16. Long Metre. Rippon. Coll. *A.*

*Loving-kindness of God.*

- 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 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
Prone from my JESUS to depart;  
But tho' I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O! may my last expiring breath,  
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 5 Then let me mount and soar away,  
To the bright worlds of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

17. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Invitation of Christ.*

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

18. Long Metre. Beddome. *A.*

*Craving the Spirit.*

- 1 **C**OME gracious Spirit, heav’nly dove,  
 With light and comfort from above;  
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
 O’er every thought and step preside.

- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far,  
From every 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 every 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 bless'd ;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

19. Long Metre. *A.*

*Exhorting to Worship.*

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

4 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.

20. Long Metre. (Ps. 100.) J.

*Praise to our Creator.*

1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King,  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;  
We are his work, and not our own,  
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to his courts repair,  
And make it your divine employ,  
To pay your thanks and honours there.

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

21. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Delight in Public Worship.*

- 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,  
And feasts 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 my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

22. Short Metre. Hart. A.

*Invoking the Spirit.*

- 1 **C**OME, HOLY SPIRIT, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,  
Thou heavenly Paraclete,  
Give us to lie, with humble hope,  
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our breasts the flames  
Of never dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to JESU's blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of GOD.
- 5 Shew us that loving Man,  
That rules the courts of bliss,  
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,  
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.



23. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. A.

*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 the 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 heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 This heav'nly King is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs  
To carry us above.
- 5 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

24. Short Metre. (Ps. 95.) *A.*

*Exhortation to Praise.*

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own:  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
We are his works, and not our own:  
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,  
And hearts grown hard, like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race;
- 5 The Lord in vengeance drest  
Will lift his hand and swear,  
You that despise my promis'd rest,  
Shall have no portion there.

25. Short Metre. *A.**Heavenly Praise.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION to our God,  
 Who sitteth on the throne;  
 Thanksgiving to the Holy Ghost,  
 And to the Lamb, the Son.
- 2 All glory, praise, and pow'r,  
 To God be ever given,  
 By every Angel round the throne  
 And all the hosts of heaven.
- 3 Great are thy wondrous works!  
 Most just and true thy ways;  
 Lord God Almighty, King of saints,  
 High in eternal praise.
- 4 Who shall not fear thy might?  
 By every pow'r ador'd;  
 All nations shall before thee kneel,  
 And gladly call thee Lord.

26. Common Metre. Lyric Poems. *J.**A Song to Creating Wisdom.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL WISDOM thee we praise,  
 Thee the creation sings;  
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills & seas  
 And heaven's high palace rings.

- 2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky !  
 How glorious to behold !  
 Ting'd with a blue and heavenly dye,  
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
 And strike the gazing sight,  
 Thro' 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 the sweet beauties of thy grace  
 Our softer passions move ;  
 Pity divine in JESU'S face  
 We see, adore, and love.

27. Common Metre. Steele. J.

*Creation and Providence.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought  
 Creation's beauties o'er, [surveys  
 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 power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, pow'r and goodness Lord,  
In all thy works appear ;  
And Oh ! let man thy praise record,  
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

5 Thy providence his constant guard,  
When threat'ning woes impend,  
Or will the impending dangers ward  
Or timely succours lend.

6 On us that providence has shone,  
With gentle smiling rays,  
O may our lips and lives make known  
Thy goodness and thy praise.

28. Common Metre. Steele. J.

*The Excellency of the Scripture.*

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 the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
 And yields a free repast ;  
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows  
 Invite the longing taste.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise,  
 To cheer the fainting mind ;  
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 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.

29. Common Metre. J.

*For a clean Heart.*

- 1 **O** FOR an heart to love my GOD !  
 An heart from sin set free ;

An heart that always feels the blood  
So freely shed for me !

2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne ;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.

4 An heart in every thought renew'd  
And fill'd with love divine :  
Perfect and right and pure and good,  
A copy, LORD, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human wo ;  
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lamb,  
That I thy love may know.

6 Thy holy nature, LORD ! impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of love.

50. Common Metre. Steele. J.

*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 Then to the shining seats of bliss  
 The wings of faith shall soar,  
 And all the charms of paradise  
 Our raptur'd thoughts explore.
- 3 Pleasures unsullied flourish there,  
 Beyond the reach of time ;  
 Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair  
 In all her flow'ry prime.
- 4 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care  
 And discord there shall cease ;  
 And perfect joy and love sincere  
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 5 The soul, from sin for ever free,  
 Shall mourn its power no more ;  
 But cloth'd in spotless purity,  
 Redeeming love adore.



- 6 There shall the followers of the Lamb,  
Join in immortal songs ;  
And endless honours to his name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 7 LORD, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
Our feeble notes inspire ;  
Till in thy blissful courts above  
We join th' angelic choir.

51. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Breathing after the-holy Spirit.*

- 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 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys ;  
Our souls can neither fly, nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear LORD ! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate ?

- Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

32. Common Metre. Dr. Gibbons. J.

*The Gospel worthy of all acceptance.*

- 1 **J**ESUS the 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.

33: Common Metre. (Ps. 145.) J.

*The goodness of God.*

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
 My God, my heav'nly King!  
 Let age to age thy righteousness  
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
 His goodness to the skies;  
 Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines  
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
 On thee for daily food;  
 Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,  
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, LORD,  
 How slow thine anger moves!

But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
To cheer the soul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim :  
May we, who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

34. Common Metre. Lyric Poems. *A.*

*Looking upward.*

1 **E**ARTH has detain'd me prisoner  
And I'm grown weary now, [long  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue  
There's nothing here for you.

2 Lord in my thoughts I stretch me down  
And upward glance mine eyes,  
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.

3 There the dear Man my Saviour sits,  
The God, how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.

4 Seraphs with elevated strains  
Circle the throne around,  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.

- 5 JESUS the Lord their harps employs,  
 JESUS my love they sing ;  
 JESUS, the name of both our joys,  
 Sounds sweet from every string.

35. Common Metre. (Ps. 116.) A.

*Thankfulness for mercies.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God  
 For all his kindness shown ?  
 My feet shall visit thine abode,  
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house,  
 My off'rings shall be paid ;  
 There shall my zeal perform the vows  
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
 Thou ever blessed God !  
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
 How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
 How great thy grace to me !  
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
 Nor shall my purpose move :

Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.

36. Common Metre. (Ps. 69.) *A.*

*Obedience and Death of Christ.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,  
I bless my Saviour's name;  
He bought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,  
His duty and his zeal  
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,  
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,  
Shall better please my God,  
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
- 4 This shall his humble follow'rs see,  
And set their hearts at rest;  
They, by his death, draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,  
To God their voices raise,  
While lands and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance the praise.

37. Common Metre. (Ps. 84.) *A*,  
*God's presence in his House.*

- 1 **M**Y soul how lovely is the place  
 To which thy God resorts !  
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,  
 Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies  
 His saving pow'r displays,  
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,  
 With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich grace the heav'nly Dove  
 Descends and fills the place,  
 While Christ reveals his wondrous love,  
 And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy works declare  
 The secrets of thy will ;  
 And still we seek thy mercy there,  
 And sing thy praises still.

38. Common Metre. Beddome. *A*.

*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 powers of earth and hell,  
 God will these powers restrain ;  
 His mighty arm their rage repel,  
 And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good,  
 He will for his provide ;  
 Grant them supplies of daily food,  
 And give them heaven beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,  
 Or leave his work undone ;  
 He's faithful to his promises,  
 And faithful to his son.
- 5 You in his wisdom, power and grace,  
 May confidently trust ;  
 His wisdom guides, his power protects,  
 His grace rewards the just.

39. Common Metre. Dr. Stennett. J.

*The glorious Gospel, 1 Tim. i. 11.*

- 1 **W**HAT Wisdom, Majesty and grace  
 Thro' 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 robe 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 lofty 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 power  
Our firm dependance place.

40. Common Metre. (Ps. 8.) J.

*Condescension of God.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wondrous  
Is thine exalted name ! [great  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,  
The moon that rules the night,  
And stars that well adorn the sky,  
Those moving worlds of light :

- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
 Who dwells so far below,  
 That thou should'st visit him with grace,  
 And love his nature so?
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear,  
 To take a mortal form,  
 Made lower than his angels are,  
 To save a dying worm?
- 5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great  
 Is thine exalted name!  
 The glories of thy heav'nly state  
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

41. Long Metre. (Ps. 63.) J.

*Longing after God.*

- 1 GREAT God indulge my humble claim;  
 Be thou my joy, my hope, my rest;  
 The glories that compose thy name,  
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
 Be thou my father and my God;  
 And make me thine by sacred ties,  
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,  
 For thee I long, to thee I look;

As travellers in thirsty lands,  
Pant for the cooling water brook.

O may thy love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless,  
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

42. Long Metre. (Ps. 136.) J.

*Creation and Redemption.*

**G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways,  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords & kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light ;  
He bids the moon direct the night ;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When sun and moon shall be no more.

- 5 He sent his Son with power to save  
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our  
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat; [feet,  
 His mercies ever shall endure,  
 When this vain world shall be no more.

43. Long Metre. Lyric Poems. J.

*God exalted above all Praise.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL power, whose high abode  
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
 Infinite length, beyond the bounds  
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step above thy seat,  
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;  
 In vain the tall arch-angel tries  
 To reach the 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 heaven, but men below ;  
 Be short our tunes, our words be few,  
 A sacred rev'ence checks our songs,  
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

44. Long Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Spirituality of God.*

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God ! a Spirit pure,  
 Invisible to mortal eyes ;  
 Th' immortal, and the 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 ;  
 Ours is the God that made the heavens,  
 Jehovah he, and God alone.

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

{45. Long Metre. Dr. Doddridge. J.

*Immutability of God.*

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 general flame arise,  
And melt the arches of the skies :

- 6 Calm as a summer's ocean, we  
Can all the wreck of nature see,  
While grace secures us an abode,  
Unshaken as the throne of God.

46. Long Metre. Dr. Doddridge. J.

*The Gospel Jubilee.* (Ps. lxxxv. 15.)

- 1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound  
And spread the joyful tidings round;  
Let every 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 heaven,  
Your joy, and boast, is freely given;  
Fair Salem your arrival waits,  
With golden streets and pearly gates.

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

47. Long Metre. J.

*The Lord is God.*

- 1 **D**OES it not grief and wonder move  
 To think of Israel's dreadful fall,  
 Who needed miracles to prove  
 Whether the Lord were God or Baal.
- 2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,  
 His features glow with love and zeal ;  
 In faith and prayer he lifts his hand,  
 And makes to heav'n his great appeal.
- 3 " O God ! if I thy servant am,  
 If 'tis thy message fills my heart ;  
 Now glorify thy holy name :  
 And shew this people who thou art. "
- 4 He spoke, and lo ! a sudden flame,  
 Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone ;



The people struck, at once proclaim,  
 "The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

- 5 Like him we mourn an awful day,  
 When more for Baal than God appear ;  
 Like him, believers, let us pray,  
 And may the God of Israel hear.
- 6 LORD ! if thy servant speaks thy truth,  
 If he indeed is sent by thee ;  
 Confirm the word to all our youth,  
 And let them thy salvation see.
- 7 Now may thy Spirit's holy fire,  
 Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word ;  
 Consume each hurtful vain desire,  
 And make them know thou art the Lord.

48. Long Metre. (Ps. 19.) J.

*The Books of Nature and of the Scripture.*

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
 But when our eyes behold thy word,  
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days thy power confess ;  
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,  
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So when thy truth begun its race,  
It touch'd and glauc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
'Till through the world thy truth has run,  
'Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n ;  
Lord cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

49. Long Metre. (Ps. 36.) J.

*Providence and Grace.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God !  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;

- Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;  
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
 Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
 The whole creation is thy charge,  
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My GOD ! how excellent thy grace,  
 Whence all my hope and comfort springs ;  
 The sons of Adam in distress,  
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house,  
 We shall be fed with sweet repast ;  
 There mercy like a river flows,  
 And brings Salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
 Springs from the presence of my Lord ;  
 And in thy light our souls shall see  
 The glories promis'd in thy word.

50. Long Metre. (Ps. 45.) A.

*Christ and his Church.*

- 1 **T**HE king of saints, how fair his face,  
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace !  
 He comes with blessings from above,  
 And wins the nations to his love.

- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold,  
The queen array'd in purest gold;  
The world admires her heav'nly dress,  
Her robe of joy and Righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own;  
He calls and seats her near his throne:  
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget  
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice  
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;  
Let Him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,  
For He's thy Maker, and thy Lord.
- 5 Let endless honours crown his head;  
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;  
While we with cheerful songs approve,  
The condescensions of his love.

51. Long Metre. (Ps. 68.) A.

*Ascension of Christ.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky,  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious, when the Lord was there,

While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious pow'rs of bell,  
That thousand souls had captives made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

52. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. A.

*Holy walk.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,  
The honours of our Saviour-God;  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth & love,  
Our inward piety approve.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the LORD,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

53. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Devout retirement.*

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts vain world,  
 be gone,  
 Let my religious hours alone ;  
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
 And kindles with a pure desire :  
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
 And feed my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 O haste, but with a smiling face,  
 And spread the table of thy grace ;  
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 4 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !  
 How sweet thy entertainments are !  
 Never did angels taste above  
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

5 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

54. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Encouragement to wait on God.*

1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,  
 “ Bless'd is the man that hears my  
 word ;

Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
 And at my feet for mercy waits.”

2 “ The soul that seeks me shall obtain  
 Immortal wealth, and heav'nly gain :  
 Immortal life is his reward,  
 Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 But the vile wretch that flies from me,  
 Doth his own soul an injury ;  
 Fools that against my grace rebel,  
 Seek death, and love the road to hell.”

55. Long Metre. Dr. S. Stennett. *J.*

*God's reasoning with men. Is. i. 18.*

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

- 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 sins 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.

56. Long Metre. Doddridge. *A.*

*A joyful Course.*

- 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 power.
- 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!

57. Common Metre. (Ps. 119.) A.

*Breathing after Holiness.*

- 1 **O** that the Lord would guide my ways  
 To keep his statutes still!  
 O that my GOD would grant me grace,  
 To know and do his will!
- 2 O send thy Spirit down, to write  
 Thy law upon my heart!  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;  
 Let no corrupt design,  
 Nor covetous desires arise  
 Within this soul of mine.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere ;  
 Let sin have no dominion, LORD,  
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
 'Tis a delightful road ;  
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
 Offend against my God.

58. Common Metre. A.

*Christ precious.*

- 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 most richly meet ;  
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 O may thy grace still cheer 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;  
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms  
 My joy in life and death!

59. Short Metre. *A.**A preached Word.*

- 1 **W**ITH heart and lips unfeign'd,  
 We praise thee for thy word;  
 We bless thee for the joyful news  
 Of our redeeming LORD.
- 2 O Let thy present voice,  
 Accomplish thy design,  
 Distil on all our thirsty souls,  
 And consecrate us thine.
- 3 Water thy sacred seed,  
 And give it great increase;  
 Let neither fowls nor rocks nor thorns,  
 Hinder the fruits of peace.
- 4 Then tho' we weeping sow,  
 And tears our hearts employ;

We know we shall return again,  
And bring our sheaves with joy.

- 5 Our lives now hid with Christ,  
With him shall soon appear;  
And we, array'd in all his light,  
Shall meet him in the air.

60. Common Metre. (Ps. 89.) J.

*A blessed Gospel.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up  
Thro' their Redeemer's name:  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor satan dares condemn.
- 4 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives:  
Israel, thy King forever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

## 61. Common Metre. J.

*Grace.*

- 1 **R**ich grace, free grace most sweetly calls  
 Directly come who will ;  
 Just as you are, for Christ receives  
 Poor helpless sinners still.
- 2 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls ;  
 Grace keeps us inly poor ;  
 And, O ! that nothing else but grace  
 May rule for evermore.

## 62. Common Metre. (Ps. 130.) J.

*Pardoning Grace.*

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,  
 The borders of despair,  
 I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
 My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,  
 And thine impartial hand,  
 Mark and revenge iniquity,  
 No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God  
 For crimes of high degree ;  
 Thy Son has bought them with his blood,  
 To draw us near to thee.

- 4 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,  
 Let Israel seek his face ;  
 The Lord is good as well as just,  
 And plenteous is his grace.
- 5 There's full Redemption at his throne  
 For sinners long enslav'd ;  
 The great Redeemer is his Son,  
 And Israel shall be sav'd.

63. Common Metre. Toplady. J.

*Christ's Intercession.*

- 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 For all that come to God by him,  
 Salvation he demands ;  
 Points to their names upon his breast,  
 And spreads his wounded hands.
- 3 His sweet atoning sacrifice  
 Gives sanction to his claim :  
 " Father, I will that all my saints  
 " Be with me where I am :
- 4 " By their salvation, recompense  
 " The sorrows I endured ;

“Just to the merits of thy Son,  
“And faithful to thy word.”

- 5 Eternal life, at his request,  
To every saint is given :  
Safety on Earth, and, after death,  
The plenitude of Heaven.

64. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.  
*The Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,  
That cloth'd himself in clay ;  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away !
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach his bless'd abode ;  
Sweet be the accents of our songs,  
To our incarnate God.

- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
 Your sweetest voices raise;  
 Let heav'n, and all created things,  
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.

65. Common Metre. J.

*The Kingdom of God, not in word, but in power.*

- 1 **A** Form of words, tho' e'er so sound,  
 Can never save a soul;  
 The Holy Ghost must give the wound,  
 And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Though GOD's election is a truth,  
 Small comfort there I see,  
 'Till I am told by GOD's own mouth,  
 That He has chosen me.
- 3 Sinners, I read, are justified  
 By faith in JESU's blood:  
 But when to me that blood's appli'd,  
 'Tis then I've peace with GOD.
- 4 Imputed righteousness I own,  
 A doctrine most divine;  
 When JESUS to my heart makes known,  
 That all his merit's mine.
- 5 To perseverance I agree;  
 The thing to me is clear;



Because the LORD has promis'd me  
That I shall persevere.

- 6 Thus Christians glorify the LORD ;  
His Spirit joins with ours,  
In bearing witness to his word,  
With all its saving pow'rs:

66. Common Metre. Edm. Jones. J.

*The successful Resolve.* Est. 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 sovereign 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.”

67. Common Metre. Ryland, Jun. J.

*Hell the Sinner's own Place.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the traitor's doom  
 To “ his own place” consign'd,  
 What holy humble fear and 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 shone.

- 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 JESU'S feet,  
 And I expect in heaven a place  
 Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sov'reign grace  
 To all around I'd tell,  
 Which made a place in glory mine,  
 Whose just desert was hell.

68. Common Metre. J.

*Dismission.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, before we hence depart  
 Send thy good Spirit down;  
 Let him reside in every heart,  
 And bless the seed that's sown.
- 2 Thou fountain of eternal love!  
 Who gav'st thy Son to die,  
 O let thy Spirit from above  
 Enlighten and apply.

69. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Dismission.*

- 1 **I**N vain Apollos' silver tongue,  
 And Paul's with strains profound,  
 Diffuse among the listening throng,  
 The Gospel's glad'ning sound :
- 2 **J**ESUS, the work is wholly thine,  
 To form the heart anew,  
 Now let thy sovereign grace divine  
 Each stubborn soul renew.

70. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*The prospect of Heaven makes death easy.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign :  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never fading flow'rs :  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dress'd in living green :  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.

- 4 But fearful mortals start and shrink,  
 To cross this narrow sea ;  
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.]
- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unbeclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold  
 Should fright us from the shore. [flood

71. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Sanctification Sought.*

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,  
 Who from the imprisoning grave  
 Restor'd the shepherd of the sheep,  
 Omnipotent to save,
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood,  
 Which he on Calvary spilt,  
 To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,  
 On which our hopes are built,
- 3 Perfect our souls in every 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 for these blessings pray:  
With glory let his name be crown'd,  
'Through heaven's eternal day!

72. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Praise to the Lamb.*

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,  
Blest Lamb, be glory given!  
Here shall thy praises be begun,  
And carried on in heaven.
- 2 The host 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.

73. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*God our only happiness.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting All;  
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod!  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,  
Scatters his feeble light:  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Amidst the shades I roll,  
If my Redeemer raise my head,  
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health, and safe abode:  
We praise thy name for all these things,  
But they are not my God.

- 6 Were I possessor of the earth,  
 And call'd the stars my own ;  
 Without thy graces, and thyself,  
 I were a wretch undone.

74. Common Metre. J.

*Desiring Assurance of God's favour.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of joys divine,  
 To thee my soul aspires :  
 O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"  
 'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,  
 Unmingled, and refin'd ;  
 Substantial bliss, without alloy  
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smiles can gild the shades of wo,  
 Bid stormy trouble cease,  
 Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,  
 And sweeten pain to peace.
- 4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,  
 Assure me of thy love ;  
 O speak the kind transporting word,  
 And bid my fear remove.



- 5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,  
 And triumph in my God ;  
 Till heavenly transport tunes my voice,  
 To spread thy praise abroad.

75. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Safety in God.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,  
 And triumph in my God ;  
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
 His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,  
 The gates of gaping hell,  
 And fix'd my standing more secure  
 Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love  
 Beneath my soul he plac'd,  
 And on the rock of ages set  
 My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my bless'd abode  
 Is wall'd around with grace ;  
 Salvation for a bulwark stands  
 To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
 And all his legions roar ;

Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging power.

- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,  
And songs of praises sing;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

76. Common Metre. J.

*For New Year's Day.*

- 1 **A**ND now, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past:  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,  
And what thy great concern.
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,  
Set out afresh for Heaven;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
 And on his grace depend ;  
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,  
 Nor doubt a happy end.

77. Common Metre. Dr. S. Stennett. J.

*The Attraction of the Cross.* (John xii. 32.)

1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see  
 Th' incarnate Son of God,  
 Expiring on the 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 th' 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 O 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!

78. Common Metre. A.

*Contrition.*

- 1 **O** THOU whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh;  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See! low before thy throne of grace,  
We wretched wanderers mourn;  
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?  
Hast thou not said, return?
- 3 And shall our guilty fears prevail  
To drive us from thy feet?  
O let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine;  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence only can bestow  
Delights which never cloy;  
Be this my solace here below,  
And my eternal joy.

79. Common Metre. The Coll. A.

*Providence.*

- 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 sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take ;  
 The clouds you so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace ;  
 Behind a frowning Providence  
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour ;  
 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.

80. Common Metre. The Coll. *A.*

*Rapture.*

- 1 **F**rom thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself outbrave,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,  
In Heaven's unmeasured space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus every smile of thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring;  
And thousand tastes of new delights,  
From all thy graces spring.

81. Common Metre. The Coll. *A.*

*Christian Soldier.*

- 1 **D**RESS uniform the soldiers wear,  
When duty calls abroad ;  
Not purchas'd at their cost or care,  
But by the prince bestow'd.
- 2 Christ's soldiers too, if Christ-like bred,  
Have regimental dress ;  
'Tis linen white, fac'd with red,  
'Tis Christ's own righteousness.
- 3 A rich and sightly robe it is,  
And to the soldier dear ;  
No rose can learn to blush like this,  
Nor lily look so fair.
- 4 'Tis wrought by Jesu's skilful hand,  
And ting'd with his own blood ;  
It makes the Cherubs gazing stand,  
To view this robe of God.
- 5 This vesture never waxeth old,  
Nor spot thereon can fall ;  
It makes a soldier brisk and bold,  
And dutiful withal.
- 6 This robe put on me, Lord, each day,  
And it shall hide my shame,

Shall make me fight, and sing, and pray,  
And bless my captain's name.

82. Common Metre. The Coll. *A.*

*General.*

- 1 **G**LORY to GOD, who gave the word  
And bid the preachers cry;  
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 **L**ORD, ever give us of this bread,  
And grant us ears to hear;  
Hearts to receive the heavenly seed,  
And bring forth fruit with fear.
- 3 **O** may thy word direct our path,  
And guide our fault'ring feet;  
Direct us in the living way,  
And to thy mercy seat!
- 4 **F**ill every hungry soul, that cries,  
From thine exhaustless store;  
And let no one go empty hence,  
But taste, and pray for more.
- 5 **L**et all thy children, LORD, be fed,  
With the eternal word;  
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,  
Increasing in the LORD.



83. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*A Godly sorrow for Christ's sufferings.*

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!  
And did my sov'reign die;  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died  
For man his creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in tenderness,  
And melt my eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

84. Common Metre. Dr. Doddridge. J.

*Salvation Approaching.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and lift your eyes  
And raise your voices high ;  
Awake, and praise that sovereign love  
That shews 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 powers, decay ;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

85. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.


*The Parable of the Sower.* Matt. xiii. 3—10.

- 1 **N**OW, LORD, the heav'nly seed is  
Be it thy servants' care [sown,  
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,  
By humble fervent prayer.

- 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 given the rich increase,  
 "And be the glory thine."

86. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*Love of Christ.*

- 1  JESU, JESU, dearest LORD,  
 How wondrous is thy love!  
 Thy patience, pity, tenderness,  
 Which I each moment prove!
- 2 O LORD, how faithless is my heart;  
 How apt to turn aside,  
 And wander in its own deceits  
 Of reasoning and pride!
- 3 Yet, dearest Saviour, love me still,  
 The poorest, and the worst;  
 For well I know where sin abounds,  
 Thy grace abounds the most.
- 4 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,  
 And sin because thou'rt good;

But let thy love fill me with shame,  
That I thy love withstood.

5 On me, my King, exert thy power,  
Make old things pass away,  
Create all new, and draw me still,  
Still nearer ev'ry day.

6 I thank and praise thee, dearest LORD,  
For all that thou hast done :  
O take me to thee as I am,  
For thy redeemed one.

87. Common Metre. (Ps. 71.) J.

*Rejoicing in hope.*

1 **M**Y Saviour, my Almighty friend,  
When I begin to praise ;  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore !  
Send down thy grace, O blessed LORD,  
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length,  
Of the celestial road ;  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see the LORD my GOD.

- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
 The vict'ries of my King!  
 My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,  
 Shall thy salvation sing.
- 5 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
 My Saviour and my GOD;  
 His death hath brought my foes to shame  
 And drown'd them in his blood.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,  
 With this delightful song,  
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
 Nor think the season long.

88. Common Metre. Steele. J.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **T**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 Let wonder still with love unite,  
 And gratitude and joy ;  
 JESUS be our supreme delight,  
 His praise our best employ.
- 4 JESUS, who left his throne on high,  
 Left the bright realms of bliss,  
 And came to earth to bleed and die:—  
 Was ever love like this ?
- 5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
 Our humble thanks to thee ;  
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,  
 "The Saviour died for me."
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,  
 Till strangers love thy charming name  
 And join the sacred song.

89. Common Metre. Steele. J.

*Watchfulness and prayer, (Matt. xxvi. 41.)*

- 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise !  
 What snares beset my way !  
 To Heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,  
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain  
 And melt in flowing tears !

My weak resistance, ah! how vain!  
How strong my foes and fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid;  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Tho' trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting spirits up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 When ere 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.

90. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*The Sinner converted.*

1 **O**FT I reflect upon thy grace,  
With tears of thankfulness,  
Which call'd me from my native place,  
The world's wide wilderness.

- 2 My precious time I vainly spent,  
 Subject to nature's sway ;  
 My corrupt, carnal will was bent  
 Its motion to obey.
- 3 Thick darkness overspread my mind,  
 I stumbled in the night ;  
 All my affections were inclin'd  
 To creaturely delight.
- 4 God saw me in this wretched case,  
 A slave to base desire ;  
 And, by an act of special grace,  
 The brand pluck'd from the fire.
- 5 O may a sense of mercies past,  
 Stir up my soul to praise ;  
 And whet my appetite to taste  
 Thy larger draughts of grace.

91. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*The Believer's Hope.*

- 1 **H**E is a GOD of sov'reign love,  
 That promis'd Heav'n to me ;  
 And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
 Where happy spirits be.
- 2 Prepare me, LORD, for thy right hand,  
 Then come the joyful day !



Come death and some celestial band!  
To bear my soul away.

- 3 Then, my beloved, take my soul  
Up to thy blest abode;  
That face to face I may behold  
My Saviour and my God.
- 4 GOD has laid up in Heav'n for me  
A crown which cannot fade;  
The righteous Judge at the great day  
Shall place it on my head.
- 5 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone;  
But all that love and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.

92. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*The Christian's Expectation.*

- 1 **G**OD of all consolation, take  
The glory of thy grace;  
Thy gifts to thee we render back  
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Not unto us, but thee, O LORD,  
Glory to thee be giv'n,  
For ev'ry gracious thought and word,  
That brought us nearer Heav'n.

- 3 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
 And he will keep them still ;  
 And you and I shall surely stand  
 With him on Zion's hill.
- 4 Him eye to eye we there shall see,  
 Our face, like his, shall shine ;  
 O what a glorious company,  
 When saints and angels join !
- 5 O what a joyful meeting there,  
 In robes of white array'd ;  
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
 And crowns upon our head !
- 6 Then let us earnestly contend,  
 And fight our passage thro' ;  
 Bear in our faithful mind the end,  
 And keep the prize in view.

93. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*Breathing after Heavenly Things.*

- 1 **T**O thee, my GOD, I hourly sigh,  
 But not for golden stores ;  
 Nor covet I the brightest gems,  
 On the rich eastern shores.
- 2 Nor that deluding empty joy,  
 Men call a mighty name ;

- Nor greatness in its gayest forms,  
My restless thoughts inflame.
- 3 Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms,  
My fond desires allure ;  
Far greater things than earth can yield  
My wishes would secure.
- 4 Those blissful, those transporting smiles,  
That brighten Heaven above ;  
The boundless riches of thy grace,  
And treasures of thy love.
5. These are the mighty things I crave :  
O ! make these blessings mine ;  
And all the glories of the world  
I gladly will resign.

94. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*Tribulation.*

- 1 **T**HE souls that would to JESUS press  
Must fix this firm and sure,  
That tribulation, more or less,  
They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt ;  
'Tis GOD's own wise decree :  
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,  
Nor is the strongest free.

- 3 The world opposes from without,  
 And unbelief within :  
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,  
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up,  
 And then how proud we grow,  
 'Till sad desertion makes us droop,  
 And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares  
 To catch the wand'ring heart ;  
 And seldom do we see the snares,  
 Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify ;  
 Pursue the narrow path ;  
 Look to the LORD with stedfast eye,  
 And fight with hell by faith.
- 7 Tho' we are feeble, CHRIST is strong ;  
 His promises are true ;  
 We shall be conqu'rors all ere long,  
 And more than conqu'rors too.

95. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Trials overcome by Hope.*

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

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

96. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Submission.*

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came  
 And crept to life at first,  
 We to the earth return again,  
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
 And fondly call our own,  
 Are but short favours borrow'd now,  
 To be repaid anon.

- 2 'Tis GOD that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave;  
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)  
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread;  
And we'll adore the justice too  
That strikes our comforts dead.

97. Common Metre. Dr. Watts Serm. J.

*Holy Fortitude.*

- 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 speake his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery 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 cross, 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.

98. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Invitation.*

1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

2 Come all ye hungry, starving souls  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind ;

- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
 A soul-reviving feast,  
 And bids your longing appetites  
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
 And pine away and die;  
 Here you may quench your raging thirst  
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
 In a rich ocean join;  
 Salvation in abundance flows,  
 Like floods of milk and wine.

99. Common Metre. (Ps. 1.) Dr. Watts. *J.*

*The way and the end of the righteous and wicked.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place  
 Where sinners love to meet;  
 Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
 And hates the scoffer's seat.
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord  
 Has plac'd his chief delight;  
 By day he reads or hears the word,  
 And meditates by night.
- 3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair  
 Shall his profession shine;



While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust;  
What vain designs they form!  
Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff before the storm.

5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
Amongst the sons of grace,  
When Christ the judge at his right hand  
Appoints his saints a place.

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

100. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*A prayer for Faith.*

1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah! whither shall I go!

2 What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath?  
What pain, what labour, to secure  
My soul from endless death!

- 3 O JESUS, could I thus believe,  
 I now should feel thy power ;  
 Now my poor soul thou wouldst receive  
 Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
 My weary, longing eyes ;  
 O let me now receive that gift !  
 My soul without it dies !

101. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. Zech. xiii. 1. J.

*Fountain opened.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !  
 Our sin, how deep it stains !  
 And satan binds our captive souls  
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
 Sounds from GOD's sacred word ;  
 " Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
 " And trust upon the LORD."
- 3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,  
 And run to this relief ;  
 We would believe thy promise, LORD,  
 O ! help our unbelief.
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
 Teach us, O LORD ! to fly :

There may we wash our spotted souls  
From crimes of deepest die !

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King !  
Our reigning sins subdue ;  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
And form our souls anew.

6 Poor, guilty, weak and helpless worms,  
On thy kind arm we fall ;  
Be thou our strength and righteousness,  
Our JESUS, and our All.

102. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*Renewing Grace.*

1 **J**ESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's friend ;  
Come to my help, pronounce the word,  
Bid my corruptions end.

2 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,  
'Thou canst victorious prove ;  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love.

3 Thy powerful Spirit can subdue  
Unconquerable sin :  
Cleanse my foul heart, and make it clean,  
And write thy law within.

- 4 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,  
 The blind his sight receive ;  
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,  
 The heart of stone believe.
- 5 The Æthiop then shall change his skin,  
 The dead shall feel thy power ;  
 The loathsome leper shall be clean,  
 And I shall sin abhor.

103. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*The pressure of sin.*

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone !  
 O that I could at last submit,  
 At Jesu's feet to lay me down,  
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,  
 The GOD of my salvation see !  
 Weary, O LORD, thou know'st I am ;  
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
 Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 4 I would, but thou must give the power,  
 My heart from ev'ry sin release ;

Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy heav'nly peace.

- 5 Come, LORD, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Let not my JESUS long delay ;  
Appear, in my hard heart appear,  
My GOD, my Saviour, come away.

104. Common Metre. (Ps. 51.) J.

*Original and actual sin confessed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress  
And guilt before thine eyes ;  
Against thy law, against thy grace,  
How high my crimes arise !
- 2 I from the stock of Adam came,  
Unholy and unclean ;  
All my original is shame,  
And all my nature sin.
- 3 Born in a world of guilt, I drew  
Contagion with my breath ;  
And as my days advanc'd, I grew  
A juster prey for death.
- 4 Cleanse me, O LORD, and cheer my soul  
With thy forgiving love ;  
O make my broken spirit whole,  
And bid my sins remove.

- 5 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,  
 Nor drive me from thy face ;  
 Create anew my vicious heart,  
 And fill it with thy grace.
- 6 Then shall I make thy mercy known,  
 Before the sons of men ;  
 Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
 And turn to God again.

105. Common Metre. (Ps. 126.) J.

*The joy of Conversion.*

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name  
 And chang'd my mournful state,  
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
 And did thy hand confess :  
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 Great is the work, my neighbours cried,  
 And own'd the power divine ;  
 Great is the work, my heart reply'd,  
 And be the glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
 Can give us day for night,

Make drops of sacred sorrows rise  
To rivers of delight.

- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait  
'Till the fair harvest come ;  
They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
It shan't deceive their hope !  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For grace insures the crop.

106. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*A Living and Dead Faith.*

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust !
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.

- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
 By a celestial power ;  
 This is the grace that shall prevail  
 In the decisive hour.

107. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*Renewing Grace.* Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God of truth and love,  
 In me thy power exert ;  
 The mountain from my soul remove,  
 The hardness of my heart :  
 My most obdurate heart subdue,  
 In honour to thy Son,  
 And now the gracious wonder shew,  
 And take away the stone.
- 2 I want a principle within  
 Of jealous, godly fear ;  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to feel it near :  
 I want the first approach to feel  
 Of pride, or vain desire,  
 To catch the wand'rings of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more depart,  
 No more thy goodness grieve ;



The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
 The tender conscience give :  
 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O GOD! my conscience make :  
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.

108. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*The Heavenly Guest.* Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 **A**ND will the LORD thus condescend  
 To visit sinful worms?  
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand,  
 In all her winning forms?
- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart  
 Unmov'd and cold remain?  
 Has this hard rock no tender part?  
 Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3 Shall JESUS for admission sue,  
 His charming voice unheard?  
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
 Remain for ever barr'd?
- 4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,  
 The lodging has possess'd;  
 And crowds of traitors bar the door  
 Against the heav'nly guest.

- 5 LORD, rise in thy all conqu'ring grace,  
 Thy mighty power display;  
 One beam of glory from thy face  
 Can drive my foes away.
- 6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;  
 Dear Saviour, enter in,  
 And guard the passage of my heart,  
 And keep out ev'ry sin.

109. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Weakness Bewailed.*

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee  
 My God, my chief delight?  
 Why are my thoughts no more by day  
 With thee, no more by night?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?  
 Where can such sweetness be  
 As I have tasted in thy love,  
 As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews  
 The savour of thy grace,  
 My heart presumes I cannot lose  
 The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,  
 The flatt'ring world employs

Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.

- 5 Then I repent and vex my soul,  
That I should leave thee so:  
Where will those wild affections roll,  
That let a Saviour go?

110. Common Metre. (Ps. 2.) J.

*The Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
The LORD's anointed Son?  
Why did they cast his laws away,  
And tread his gospel down?

- 2 The LORD that sits above the skies,  
Derides their rage below;  
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,  
And strikes their spirits through.

- 3 "I call him my eternal Son,  
"And raise him from the dead;  
"I make my holy hill his throne,  
"And will his kingdom spread.

- 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
"The utmost heathen lands:  
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
"The rebel that withstands."

- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,  
 Obey th' anointed LORD,  
 Adore the King of Heav'nly birth,  
 And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne ;  
 For if he frown, ye die :  
 Those are secure, and those alone,  
 Who on his grace rely.

111. Common Metre. (Ps. 27.) J.

*Prayer and Hope.*

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,  
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"  
 My heart reply'd, without delay,  
 "I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
 Nor frown my soul away :  
 God of my life, I fly to thee  
 In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear  
 Leave me to want or die,  
 My God would make my life his care,  
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
 Had not my soul believ'd,

To see thy grace provide relief;  
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

- 5 Wait on the LORD, ye trembling saints,  
And keep your courage up;  
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
And far exceed your hope.

112. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Complaint of spiritual Sloth.*

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?  
Awake, my sluggish soul!  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain  
Labour, and tug, and strive;  
Yet we, who have a heav'n to obtain,  
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move;  
We, for whose guard the angel-bands  
Come flying from above:
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchas'd with his blood!

- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
 And never act our parts?  
 Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,  
 And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
 Upward our souls shall rise ;  
 With hands of faith and wings of love,  
 We'll fly and take the prize.

113. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Different success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **C**HRI**S**T and his cross is all our theme:  
 The myst'ries that we speak  
 Are scandal in the Jews esteem,  
 And folly in the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlightened from above  
 With joy receive the word ;  
 They see what wisdom, power, and love,  
 Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital favour of his name  
 Restores their fainting breath ;  
 But unbelief perverts the same  
 To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,  
 Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,

In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
And Paul may plant in vain.

114. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*A Sympathising Saviour.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our high Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And, in his measure, feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power,  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

115. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Deadness under the Word.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain ;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
My mem'ry can retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !  
How negligent my fear !  
How low my hope of joys above !  
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy sov'reign power impart  
To give thy word success ;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Shew my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high ;  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.



116. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Flesh and Spirit.*

- 1 **W**HAT diff'rent powers of grace and  
Attend our mortal state! [sin  
I hate the thoughts that work within,  
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
While sin and satan reign;  
Now raise my songs of triumph high,  
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,  
'Till perfect day arise;  
Water and fire maintain the fight,  
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,  
And vex and break my peace;  
But I shall quit this mortal life,  
And sin for ever cease.

117. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Justification by Christ only.*

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.

- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murm'ring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

118. Common Metre. Hart. *A.*

*Perseverance.*

- 1 **T**HE sinner that by precious faith  
Has felt his sins forgiv'n,  
Is from that moment pass'd from death  
And seal'd an heir of Heaven.
- 2 Tho' thousand snares inclose his feet,  
Not one shall hold him fast;  
Whatever dangers he may meet,  
He shall get safe at last.
- 3 Not as the world the Saviour gives,  
He is no fickle friend:

Whom once he loves, he never leaves ;  
But loves him to the end.

4 For Christ in ev'ry age has prov'd  
His purchase firm and true ;  
If this foundation be remov'd,  
What shall the righteous do ?

5 Brethren, by this your claim abide,  
This title to your bliss :  
Whatever loss you bear beside,  
O ! never give up this.

119. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Repentance.*

1 **O**H, if my soul was form'd for wo,  
How would I vent my sighs !  
Repentance should like rivers flow,  
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord  
Hung on th' accursed tree,  
And groan'd away a dying life  
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucify'd my God ;  
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood !

- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
 My heart hath so decreed ;  
 Nor will I spare those guilty things,  
 That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart  
 My murder'd Lord I view,  
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
 And slay the murd'ers too.

120. Common Metre. The Coll. *A.*

*Petition.*

- 1 **O** DEAREST Lord, give me an heart  
 Inflam'd with love to thee ;  
 That thro' thy tedious toil and smart,  
 My soul may happy be.
- 2 I want, O Lord, from sin to flee,  
 And in thy wounds to rest ;  
 Bid me by faith come near to thee,  
 And lean upon thy breast.
- 3 Still let a sense of what thou'st done  
 In my hard heart be felt,  
 That by the love to me thou'st shewn  
 My inmost soul may melt.
- 4 O may I never, never faint,  
 Refresh'd by streams of love ;

Till, in thy glory, as a saint,  
I live with those above.

- 5 O may I now my all give up  
To thee, my dearest Lord ;  
And wait with all thy saints to sup  
Around the festal board.

121. Common Metre. The Coll. *A*

*The Christian happy.*

- 1 **H**OW happy is the christian's state,  
His sins are all forgiv'n ;  
A cheering ray confirms the grace,  
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.
- 2 Tho' in the rugged paths of life,  
He heaves the pensive high ;  
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds  
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,  
He feels the chast'ning rod ;  
The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes,  
To call his soul away ;  
His soul, in raptures, shall ascend  
To everlasting day.

122. Long Metre. The Coll. *A.*

*Sense of Pardon desired.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, Saviour, may I feel,  
O stamp me with thy Spirit's seal;  
Lord, seal my pardon with thy blood,  
And let me know I'm born of God.
- 2 One precious drop, Lord Je-us, grant,  
O! for one precious drop I pant!  
By faith apply thy healing blood,  
That I may cry, My Lord, my God.
- 3 Sprinkle it on my conscience, LORD,  
O let me hear the powerful word  
That rais'd the dead, and cheers the soul,  
And makes the sin-sick sinner whole.
- 4 And when this mortal life is o'er,  
And pain and sinning is no more,  
Receive my soul to thy bless'd home:  
O come, LORD JESUS, quickly come!

123. Long Metre. The Coll. *A.*

*Preparing for Death.*

- 1 **O**FT as the bell with solemn toll  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself. am I  
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die!

- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I love below,  
To God's tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 But could I bear to hear him say,  
“ Depart, accursed, far away ;  
With devils in the lowest hell  
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell ?”
- 5 LORD JESUS ! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee ;  
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sins, and in me live.
- 6 Then when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.
- 7 Rather my spirit would rejoice,  
And wait impatient for thy voice ;  
Glad when it bids me earth resign,  
Secure of heaven if thou art mine.

124. Long Metre. Addison. J.

*The Heavens declare the Glory of God.*

- 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 power display ;  
And publishes to ev'ry land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
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,  
Amid 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.”

125. Long Metre. (Ps. 56.) J.

*Protection and Grace.*

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
 Of boundless love & grace unknown,  
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,  
 The Lord will my desires perform ;  
 He sends his angel from the sky,  
 And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
 Above the Heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
 And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise  
 Immortal honours to thy name ;  
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise ;  
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
 And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
 His truth to endless years remains,  
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

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

126. Long Metre. (Ps. 85.) J.

*Mercy and Truth met.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh  
 The souls that fear & trust the Lord;  
 And grace descending from on high,  
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
 Since Christ the Lord came down from  
 By his obedience so complete, [heav'n;  
 Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
 Religion dwell on earth again,  
 And heav'nly influence bless the ground,  
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,  
 To give us free access to GOD;  
 Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
 But mark his steps, and keep the road.

127. Long Metre. Lyric Poems. *A.*

*A dying Saviour.*

- 1 **H**E dies! the heav'nly lover dies!  
**H**The tidings strike a doleful sound  
 On my poor heart-strings: deep he lies,  
 In the cold caverns of the ground.
- 2 Come saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 On the dear bosom of your God;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for men!  
 But low! what sudden joys I see!  
**J**ESUS the dead revives again.
- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster death in chains.
- 5 Say, live for ever wondrous King!  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!  
 Then ask the monster, where's his sting,  
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave?

128. Long Metre. Steele. *A.*

*Pardon and Rest for the weary Soul.*

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls with sin distress,  
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 hearts,  
The hope thy gracious word imparts ;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
And sweetly influ'nce every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

129. Long Metre. Doddridge. *A.*

*Chusing the better Part.*

- 1 **B** ESET with snares on every hand,  
 In life's uncertain path I stand :  
 Saviour divine diffuse thy light,  
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous 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.

130. Long Metre. Lyric Poem. *A.*

*Love to God.*

- 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.

131. Long Metre. (Ps. 24.) A.

*Saints dwell in Heaven.*

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
 And men & worms & beasts & birds,  
 He rais'd the building on the seas,  
 And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,  
 Thy palace, LORD, above the sky ;

Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?

- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin, [clean ;  
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are  
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,  
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,  
That seek the God of Jacob's face :  
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
And dwell in everlasting light.

132. Long Metre. (Ps. 32.) *A.*

*Pardon.*

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

- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That blots and cancels all his sins!  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

133. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Misimprovement of Time.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life!  
**H**ow vast our soul's affairs!  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story or a song  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,  
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
That slight the joys above!  
What chains of vengeance should we  
That break such cords of love! [feel,
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,



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

134. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Glory and Grace in the person of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song ;  
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue :  
Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in JESU'S face,  
The brightest image of his grace ;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Yes, in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands ;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 4 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice at JESU'S name !  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;  
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground !
- 5 O, may I live to see the place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face !  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name on harps of gold.

135. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Desiring the Divine presence.*

- 1 **W**E are a garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;  
A little spot inclos'd by grace  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's hand ;  
And all his springs in Zion flow  
To make this young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume ;  
Spirit divine ! descend, and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad  
To entertain our Saviour GOD ;  
And faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And every grace be active here.

136. Long Metre. (Ps. 138.) *A.*

*Confidence.*

- 1 **W**ith all my powers of heart & tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker with my song :  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
Not all thy works and names below,  
So much thy power and glory show.
- 3 To God I cried when trouble rose ;  
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes ;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5 Grace will complete what grace begins ;  
To save from sorrow, or from sins :  
The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

137. Long Metre. The Coll. .f.

*Completeness of Christ.*

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,  
Affection sounds in ev'ry word ;  
"Thou art my chosen one, he cries,  
Bound to my heart by various ties."
- 2 SWEET is thy voice, dear Lord, to me,  
"I will behold no spot in thee ;"

What mighty wonders love performs,  
That puts a comeliness on worms!

3 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,  
Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair;  
Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,  
Thy graces and thy righteousness.

4 O may my spirit daily rise,  
On wings of faith above the skies;  
Till death shall make my last remove,  
To dwell for ever in thy love!

138. Long Metre. The Coll. A.

*The sinner's Prayer.*

1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in thee;  
The fulness of thy promise prove,  
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind;  
An helpless soul, I come to thee,  
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;  
I want, do thou enrich the poor:  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O lift the abject sinner up.

- 4 LORD, I am blind, be thou my sight ;  
 LORD, I am weak, be thou my might ;  
 An helper of the helpless be,  
 And let me find my All in thee.

139. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*Trust in God under Difficulties.*

- 1 **W**HY, O my heart, these anxious cares,  
 Why these tumultuous sick'ning  
 fears ?  
 Why thus all pensive and forlorn,  
 Dost thou thy thick'ning troubles mourn ?
- 2 When threat'ning storms around thee rise  
 And low'ring tempests spread the skies,  
 On God, my soul, thy burden cast,  
 And seek in him a peaceful rest.
- 3 If falsehood and deceit abound,  
 And envy's darts in secret wound,  
 If earthly springs of comfort dry,  
 And ev'ry blooming joy should die ;
- 4 Silent I'll bear thy chast'ning rod,  
 Thy just displeasure, O my God !  
 On thee I'll wait with eager eyes,  
 To thee my pray'r with hope shall rise.

- 5 Yes, I shall hear thy cheering voice ;  
 In thee my soul shall yet rejoice ;  
 Thou wilt reveal thy smiling face,  
 And hence these gloomy horrors chase.
- 6 Thou art my Saviour, thou my GOD !  
 Thy grace will I proclaim abroad ;  
 That grace which bears my guilt away,  
 And turns the blackest night to day.

140. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*Christ the only Saviour.*

- 1 **L**ONG did my soul in JESU'S form  
 No comeliness nor beauty see ;  
 His sacred name by others priz'd,  
 Was tasteless still and dead to me.
- 2 Men call'd me christian, and my heart  
 On that delusion fondly stay'd ;  
 Moral my hopes, my Saviour self,  
 Till mighty grace the cheat display'd.
- 3 Thanks to the hand that wak'd my dream,  
 That shew'd me wretched, naked, poor ;  
 That sweetly led me to the rock,  
 Where all salvation stands secure.

- 4 Glad, I forsook my righteous pride,  
My moral, tarnish'd, sinful dress ;  
Exchang'd my dross away for Christ,  
And found the robe of righteousness.

141. Long Metre. (Ps. 145.) J.

*The Heart devoted to God,*

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And ev'ry setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise,  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds !  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !  
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

142. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*God's promise unchangeable.* Heb. vi. 17, 19.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee my God:  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
Join to confirm the wondrous grace:  
Eternal power performs the word,  
And fills all Heav'n with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies;  
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

143. Long Metre. Cennick. J.

*The way to Canaan.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my All, to heaven is gone;  
He, whom I fix my hope 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 a burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled yet the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell poor sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

144. Long Metre. Lyric Poems. J.

*The Law and Gospel.*

- 1 "CURST 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 every 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 lie ;  
And the keen sword that justice draws,  
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

145. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*Invitation.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel word,  
Haste to the supper of your Lord ;  
Be wise to know your gracious day ;  
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own  
And kiss his late returning son ;  
Ready the loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,  
Just now the stony heart to move ;  
'T' apply, and witness with that blood,  
And wash, and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate :  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,  
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;  
His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
And taste the fulness of his grace.

146. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*The almost Christian.*

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shews a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,  
Is the Redeemer's great command!  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,  
And makes his own damnation sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

147. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. (Ps. 51.) J.

*True Penitence.*

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!  
Let a repenting rebel live:  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace :  
Great God ! thy nature has no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O ! wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

[147.] Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*The stony Heart.*

- 1 **O** ! FOR a glance of heav'nly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away,  
And thaw with beams of love divine  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rent ; the earth can quake ;  
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;

Of feeling all things shew some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt :  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,  
(Amazing thought !) which devils fear :  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,  
And that dear something much I need :  
O ! may thy Spirit now refine  
From dross, and melt this heart of mine.

148. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*Satan repulsed.*

1 'TIS false : thou vile accuser go,  
I see through all the thin disguise,  
Back to thy native realms below,  
Thou parent of deceit and lies !

2 Think not to drive my trembling soul,  
Laden with guilt, to black despair :  
Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,  
And found my name not written there ?

- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,  
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:  
What other happy souls have found  
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, thy charge confess,  
Nor can thy malice make it more;  
Of crimes already numberless,  
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Set the black list before my sight;  
While I remember Jesus died,  
'Twill only urge my speedier flight,  
To seek salvation at his side.
- 6 Low at his feet I'll cast me down,  
To him reveal my grief and fear;  
And if he spurns me from his throne,  
I'll be the first who perish there.

149. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Remembering our Latter end.*

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God;  
Behold, the months come hast'ning on  
When you shall say, my joys are gone.
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,

Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.

- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell ;  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell !
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;  
Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

150. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.*

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and  
length,  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,



Be everlasting honour done  
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

151. Long Metre. Hart. J.

- 1 **D**ISMISS 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 JESU'S blood ;  
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

152. Long Metre. J.

- 1 **A**LL gracious God thy people bless,  
Enrich their souls with ev'ry grace ;  
May all receive thy precious word,  
Ascribing glory to the LORD.
- 2 Let careless sinners now attend,  
Before the means and life shall end !  
Excite attention to thy voice,  
And bid the troubled soul rejoice.
- 3 Though from thy temple we depart,  
Yet deign to dwell in ev'ry heart ;  
Keep us in all our ways, and be  
Our portion to eternity.

153. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*The Mysteries of Providence.*

- 1 **L**ORD how mysterious are thy ways?  
**L** How blind are we, how mean our  
 praise!  
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?  
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
- 2 Thy deep decrees from creature sight  
 Are hid in shades of awful night;  
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,  
 Not angel-minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God! I would not ask to see  
 What in futurity shall be;  
 If light and bliss attend my days,  
 Then let my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share?  
 Then let me trust thy guardian care;  
 Enough for me, if love divine  
 At length thro' every cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
 Be this my only wish below,  
 That Christ is mine; this great request  
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

154. Long Metre. 'The Coll. J.

*A Prayer.*

- 1 **B**E with me Lord, where'er I go ;  
**L**earn me what thou wouldst have  
me do ;  
Suggest whate'er I think or say ;  
Direct me in the narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,  
Lest I in my own strength confide ;  
Shew me my weakness, let me see  
I have my power, my All, from thee.
- 3 Enrich me always with thy love ;  
My kind Protector ever prove ;  
Thy signet put upon my breast,  
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist, and teach me how to pray ;  
Incline my nature to obey ;  
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,  
And only love what pleases thee.
- 5 O may I never do my will,  
But thine, and only thine fulfil ;  
Let all my time and all my ways  
Be spent and ended in thy praise.

155. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*To the Holy Ghost.*

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay ;  
 Tho' I have done thee such despite,  
 Cast not a sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
 Of all, who e'er thy grace receiv'd ;  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honour of my great High Priest ;  
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
 T' exclude me from 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 a 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.

156. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*Inconstancy.*

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, when, when shall it be  
**L**That I no more shall break with thee ;  
 When will this war of passion cease,  
 And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?
- 2 Here I repent and sin again ;  
 Now I revive, and now am slain ;  
 Slain by the same unhappy dart,  
 Which O ! too often wounds my heart !
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be  
 A garden seal'd to all but thee ?  
 No more expos'd, no more undone,  
 But live and grow to thee alone ?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my  
 course,  
 And draw me on with thy sweet force ;  
 Still make me walk, still make me tend  
 By thee, my way, to God my end.

157. Short Metre. (Ps. 25.) J.

*Distress of Soul.*

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire  
**M**Are ever to the Lord :  
 I love to plead his promises,  
 And rest upon his word.

- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,  
Bring thy salvation near ;  
When will thy hand release my feet  
Out of the deadly snare.
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace  
Of my forgiving God,  
Restore me from those dang'rous ways  
My wand'ring feet have trod !
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts  
Doth but increase my wo ;  
My spirit languishes, my heart  
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With every morning light  
My sorrow new begins ;  
Look on my anguish and my pain,  
And pardon all my sins.

158. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME all harmonious tongues  
Your noblest music bring :  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh  
To take away our guilt ;

Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monster spilt.

3 Down to the shades of death  
He bow'd his awful head ;  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.

4 No more the bloody spear,  
The Cross and nails no more ;  
For hell itself shakes at his name,  
And all the heavens adore.

5 Here the Redeemer sits,  
High on the Father's throne ;  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.

159. Short Metre. The Coll. J.

*Christ Justifies and Sanctifies.* John xix. 24.

1 **M**Y Saviour's pierced side  
Pour'd out a double flood ;  
By water we are purifi'd,  
And pardon'd by thy blood.

2 Look up, my soul, to him  
Whose death was thy desert ;  
And humbly view the living stream  
Flow from his breaking heart.

3 There on the cursed tree  
 In dying pangs he lies.  
 Fulfils his Father's great decree,  
 And all our wants supplies.

4 Thus the Redeemer came,  
 By water and by blood ;  
 And when the Spirit speaks the same,  
 We feel his witness good.

5 LORD, cleanse my soul from sin,  
 Nor let thy grace depart ;  
 Great Comforter, abide within,  
 And witness to my heart.

160. Short Metre. The Coll. J.

*Grace*, from 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 a way  
 To save rebellious man ;  
 And all the steps that gr ce display,  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet  
 To tread the heav'nly road ;



And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

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

161. Short Metre. Dr. Doddridge. *J.*

*Dismission.*

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join,  
To form a sacred song ;  
Ye Pilgrims in Jehovah's ways  
With music pass along.
- 2 All honour to his name,  
Who marks the shining way ;  
To him, who leads the wanderers on  
To realms of endless day.

162. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. *J.*

*Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away one stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
'Takes all our sins away ;

- A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay its hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see,  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

163. Short Metre. The Coll. J.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power ;  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues ;  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,  
" Ye blessed children come ;"  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his wand'ers home.

164. Short Metre. (Ps. 99.) J.

*Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.*

- 1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,  
Let all the nations fear ;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
Let earth adore its LORD ;  
Bright Cherubs his attendants stand,  
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,  
His honours are divine ;

His church shall make his wonders known,  
For there his glories shine.

- 4 How holy is his name !  
How terrible his praise !  
Justice and truth, and judgment join  
In all his works of grace.

165. Short Metre. The Coll. J.

- 1 **O**NCE more before we part  
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;  
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,  
Sing ev'ry tongue the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,  
And feed thereon, and grow ;  
Go on to seek to know the LORD,  
And practice what you know.

166. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Complaint of Ingratitude.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe ?  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow !
- 2 To what a stubborn frame,  
Hath sin reduce'd our mind !

- What strange rebellious wretches we,  
 And GOD as strangely kind !
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty GOD !  
 And mould our souls afresh ;
- Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of  
 And give us hearts of flesh. [stone,
- 4 Let old ingratitude  
 Provoke our weeping eyes ;  
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
 Let hourly thanks arise.

167. Short Metre. J.

*Dismission.*

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, thy blessing add  
 To what our ears have heard :  
 Pardon what thou hast seen amiss,  
 The truth let be rever'd.
- 2 May ev'ry soul improve  
 Thy messages of grace,  
 Before our time shall cease to be,  
 And we shall end our race.
- 3 Keep us from ev'ry harm,  
 Especially from sin ;  
 Direct us in the way of peace,  
 And safe to glory bring.

168. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord :  
Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death :  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or satan reign  
Over our mortal flesh again ;  
The various lusts we serv'd before,  
Shall have dominion now no more.

169. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *J.*

*The Commission.*

- 1 **T**Was the commission of our Lord,  
Go, teach the nations and baptize ;  
The nations have receiv'd the word,  
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 Repent, and be baptiz'd, he saith,  
For the remission of your sins ;  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shews us what the Gospel means.

- 3 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
 As water makes the body clean;  
 Thus are our natures purified  
 From the defiling stains of sin.
- 4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
 And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;  
 O may the great eternal Three  
 In Heaven our solemn vows record.

170. Common Metre. S. Stennett. *A.*

- 1 **T**hus was the great Redeemer plung'd  
 In Jordan's swelling flood;  
 To shew he'd one day be baptiz'd,  
 In tears, in 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 When lo! from realms of light and bliss,  
 The heavenly Dove comes down,  
 Lights on his venerable head,  
 Which rays of glory crown.
- 4 While his eternal Father's voice  
 An awful joy excites;

“ This is my well beloved Son,  
 “ In whom my soul delights.”

- 5 Lord, thy own precept we obey,  
 In thy own footsteps tread ;  
 We die, are buried, rise with thee  
 From regions of the dead.

171. Long Metre. Newport. Coll. *A*.

- 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 a 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 with such a friend.
- 4 But a much more tempestuous flood  
 O'erwhelm'd thy body and thy soul :  
 That's plung'd in tears & sweat & blood,  
 And over this black terrors roll.



- 5 Yet as the yielding waves give way,  
 To let us see the light again ;  
 So, on thy resurrection day,  
 The bands of death prov'd weak & vain.

172. Long Metre. Altered by B. Francis. J.

*Baptism. 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 thro' endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 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 Heaven 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.

173. Long Metre. J. Stennett. J.

*At Baptism.*

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace  
 The path their great Redeemer trod;  
 And follow thro' his liquid grave  
 The meek, the lovely Son of God!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,  
 And to a heavenly 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 given,  
 Who shews his grace to sinful men;

Let saints on earth and hosts in heav'n  
In concert join their loud Amen.

174. Long Metre. Trivett. *A.*

- 1 **N**OW keep me stedfast, dearest Lord,  
That I may serve thee with regard,  
As one baptiz'd in thine own way,  
And never let me from thee stray.
- 2 **L**ORD, give me strength for ev'ry day,  
To do thy will, rejoice and pray ;  
Long have I liv'd and did not know  
My strength must all from JESUS flow.
- 3 The work that he hath wrought for us,  
Doth testify it must be thus ;  
Come praise the Lord, 'tis he I know,  
And of his mercy share below.
- 4 Come Lord, come quickly, come away,  
Come quickly, Lord, and with me stay ;  
Come Lord, and feed me with the sheep,  
And from henceforth for ever keep
- 5 Me where thy sweetest pastures be,  
Till thou shalt take me up to thee ;  
'Till then, when on my knees I cry,  
Lord hear my prayer, send quick supply.

175. Short Metre. Newport Coll. *A.*

- 1 **I**N such a grave as this  
The meek Redeemer lay,  
When He, our souls to seek and save,  
Learn'd humbly to obey.
- 2 See how the spotless Lamb  
Descends into the stream!  
And teaches sinners not to scorn  
What him so well became.
- 3 His body sanctifies  
The salutary flood,  
And teaches us to plunge our souls  
In th' fountain of his blood.
- 4 Oh! sinners, wash away  
Your sins of crimson dye;  
Buried with him, your sins shall all  
In dark oblivion lie.
- 5 Rise and ascend with him,  
A heavenly life to lead,  
Who came to rescue guilty men  
From regions of the dead.

176. Common Metre. Dr. J. Stennett. J.

- 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 crucified 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.

177. Common Metre. Dr. S. Stennett. J.

*My Flesh is Meat indeed.* John vi. 65.

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 Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour, so divine ;  
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

4 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.

178. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Christ's dying Love.*

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind  
 Was God's eternal Son!  
 Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,  
 And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,  
 That when the Saviour knew  
 The price of pardon was his blood,  
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now though he reigns exalted high,  
 His love is still as great:  
 Well he remembers Calvary,  
 Nor let his saints forget.
- 4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
 While we his death record,  
 And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

179. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Pardon and Strength from Christ.*

- 1 **F**ATHER we wait to feel thy grace,  
 To see thy glories shine;  
 The LORD will his own table bless,  
 And make the feast divine.

- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,  
 We drink the sacred cup;  
 With outward forms our sense is fed,  
 Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne  
 Of our forgiving God,  
 Dress'd in the garments of his Son,  
 And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
 And climb the upper sky!  
 Christ will provide our souls with grace,  
 He bought a large supply.

180. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Divine Glories and Graces.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd!  
 Great God, how bright they shine!  
 While at thy word we break the bread,  
 And pour the flowing wine!
- 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,  
 And pleads its dreadful cause;  
 Here saving mercy spreads her hands,  
 Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Thy saints attend with every grace  
 On this great sacrifice;



- And love appears with cheerful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heaven directs her sight ;  
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,  
And warmer powers unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
And rising sin destroy ;  
Repentance comes with aching heart,  
Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,  
Let sin for ever die ;  
Then shall our souls be all delight,  
And ev'ry tear be dry.

181. Long Metre. Steele. J.

*A dying Saviour.*

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

- 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 sinking ray,  
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of wo,  
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow,  
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
 Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy power impart,  
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart;  
 Till all its powers and passions move  
 In melting grief, and ardent love.

182. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*The Spirit, Water and Blood.* 1 John, v. 6.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,  
 To praise our God on high,  
 Who from his bosom sent his Son,  
 To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease  
 To sing the Saviour's name;

Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,  
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears  
To bring us near to GOD;  
Great was our debt, and he appears  
To make the payment good.

4 Look up, my soul, to him  
Whose death was thy desert,  
And humbly view the living stream  
Flow from his breaking heart.

5 There on the cursed tree,  
In dying pangs he lies,  
Fulfil his Father's great decree,  
And all our wants supplies.

6 Thus the Redeemer came,  
By water and by blood:  
And when the Spirit speaks the same,  
We feel his witness good.

183. Short Metre. The Coll. J.

1 COME, O my soul, and sing  
How Jesus hath thee fed;  
How Jesus gave himself for thee,  
The true and living bread.

- 2 I love my Saviour Christ ;  
 His grace did freely move,  
 And justly my affections claim ;  
 I cannot help but love.
- 3 I love thee, O my Lord ;  
 I gladly thee adore :  
 O may I never turn again !  
 But love thee more and more !
- 4 O raise my feeble frame ;  
 My little stock improve :  
 Increase my ardour day by day,  
 And change me all to love.

184. Common Metre. The Coll. *A.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD, how glorious is his face,  
 How kind his smiles appear !  
 And O ! what melting words he says  
 To ev'ry humble ear !
- 2 " For you the children of my love,  
 " It was for you I died ;  
 " Behold my bleeding hands and feet,  
 " And look into my side.

- 3 "These are the wounds for you I bore,  
 "The tokens of my pains,  
 "When I came down to free your souls  
 "From misery and chains.
- 4 "When hell, and all its spiteful powers,  
 "Stood dreadful in the way;  
 "To rescue those dear lives of yours,  
 "I gave my own away.
- 5 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and died,  
 "I ruin'd satan's throne;  
 "High on the cross I hung, and spied  
 "The monster tumbling down."
- 6 Victorious GOD! what can we pay  
 For favours so divine?  
 Here, LORD, we give our souls away,  
 To be for ever thine.

185. Common Metre. (Ps. 22.) *A.*

- 1 **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,  
**O** LORD, protect thy Son;  
 Nor leave thy darling to engage  
 The powers of hell alone.

- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,  
With mighty cries and tears;  
God heard him in that dreadful day,  
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
His throne exalted high;  
And all the kindreds of the earth  
Shall worship, or shall die.
- 4 A num'rous offspring must arise  
From his expiring groans:  
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes  
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see  
His table richly spread;  
And all that seek the Lord shall be  
With joys immortal fed.

186. Common Metre. Trivett. A.

*Receiving a Member into the Church.*

- 1 **C**OME in, ye blessed of our God,  
Come join the children here;  
Wash'd in our dying Saviour's blood,  
For Jesus now appear.
- 2 Fellowship with us partake,  
Since room is found within,  
By Christ prepar'd for sick and weak,  
And cleansing from their sin.
- 3 Stay not within the wilderness,  
Nor waiting at the door;  
Come, Jesus will your wants redress,  
Were they ten thousand more.
- 4 The sick he leads, the filthy cleanse,  
The guilty and distress'd  
He pardons, he forgives their sins,  
And gives the weary rest.
- 5 We've tasted of his grace, and know  
His ordinances all,  
As breasts of consolation, flow  
With peace for great and small.

187. Common Metre. Hart. *A.*

- 1 **T**HAT doleful night before his death,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain  
 Did, almost with his latest breath,  
 This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep thy feast, LORD, are we met,  
 And to remember thee ;  
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,  
*For me, he died, for me.*
- 3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign  
 To our remembrance brings :  
 We eat the bread and drink the wine,  
 But think on nobler things.
- 4 O ! tune our tongues, and set and frame  
 Each heart that pants to thee  
 To sing, " Hosanna to the Lamb,  
 " The Lamb that died for me."

188. Common Metre. J. Stennett. *J.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, O word divinely sweet !  
 How charming is the sound !  
 What joyful news ! what heavenly sense  
 In that dear name is found !
- 2 Our souls, all guilty and condemn'd,  
 In hopeless fetters lay ;



Our souls, with numerous 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 prisoner to 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 power and mercy known ;  
'Till crowds of willing converts come  
And worship at thy throne.

189. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are !  
How heav'nly is the place,  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace !

- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,  
And sweetest glories shine;  
There Jesus says "that I am his,  
"And my beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here (says the kind redeeming Lord,  
"And shews his wounded side,)  
"See here the spring of all your joys,  
"That open'd when I died!"
- 4 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart!  
And tells of all his pain;  
"All this (says he) I bore for thee,"  
And then he smiles again.
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King  
For grace so vast as this?  
He brings our pardon to our eyes  
And seals it with a kiss.

190. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

- 1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"

“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,  
 “For he was slain for us.”

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine ;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be Lord for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth and seas,  
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 Let all creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

191. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count my loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the cross of Christ my God ;  
 All the vain things that charm me most  
 Isacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

192. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! we bow before thy feet:  
Thy table is divinely stor'd;  
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,  
'Tis living bread, we thank thee Lord.
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood,  
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine,  
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd  
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,  
For thy dear flesh is heav'nly food;  
In vain we search the world around,  
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best  
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;

But the rich cordial that we taste  
Gives life eternal to the dead.

- 5 Joy to the master of the feast ;  
His name our souls for ever bless ;  
To God the King, and God the Priest,  
A loud hosanna round the place.

193. Long Metre. Lyric Poems. A.

*A bleeding Saviour.*

- 1 **W**HAT heav'nly man, or lovely God,  
Comes marching downward from  
the skies,  
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,  
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 early souls as mine,  
This heav'nly flesh, 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 worms 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.

194. Common Metre. (Ps. 132.) J.

*Constitution of a Church.*

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest,  
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes  
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain,  
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provision of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.

- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,  
 Let God's anointed shine ;  
 Justice and truth his court maintain,  
 With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;  
 And as his kingdom grows,  
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
 And shame confound his foes.

195. Lenox, &c. Dr. Doddridge. J.

- 1 GREAT 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 prayer.
- 2 Though once estranged far,  
 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, the covenant grace  
 Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.

4 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.

196. Proper Metre. 2 of 6 and 1 of 8, and ditto.  
 (Ps. 122.) A.

1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,  
 To hear the people cry,  
 "Come let us seek our God to-day!"  
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
 We haste to Zion's hill,  
 And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,  
 And walls of strength embrace thee round;  
 In thee our tribes appear,



To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son  
Has fix'd his royal throne,  
And sits for grace and judgment there ;  
He bids the saints be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait  
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest ;  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest !

197. Long Metre. *A.*

1 **L**ORD bless thy saints assembled here  
In solemn cov'nant now to join ;  
Unite them in thy holy fear,  
And in thy love their hearts combine.

2 May they thy living members prove,  
Tho' all by nature once were dead ;  
Be thou their Lord, their life, their love,  
Their husband, and their living head.

- 3 Thus constituted may they be  
 Part of thy gen'ral church below ;  
 Yet independent, but on thee,  
 For thou alone their wants can know.
- 4 O give this church a large increase  
 Of such as thou wilt own and bless ;  
 Lord fill their gates with joy and peace,  
 And clothe them with thy righteousness.
- 5 Make her a garden wall'd with grace,  
 A temple built for God below ;  
 Where thy blest saints may see thy face ;  
 And fruits of thy bless'd Spirit grow.

## ORDINATION.

198. Long Metre. Dr. Watts J.

*The effusion of the Spirit : or the success of the  
 Gospel.*

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great  
 When the divine disciples met ;  
 While on their heads the Spirit came,  
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !  
 And power to give, and power to save !

Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,  
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth  
 From east to west, from south to north :  
 "Go, and assert your Saviour's cause ;  
 "Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,  
 Of what almighty force they are,  
 To make our stubborn passions bow,  
 And lay the proudest rebel low !

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdued,  
 While Satan rages at his loss,  
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

199. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*The Commission.*

1 "G<sup>O</sup> preach my gospel, saith the  
 LORD,

"Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;  
 "He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,  
 "He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 "Teach all the nations my commands,  
 "I'm with you till the world shall end ;

“ All power is trusted in my hands,  
 “ I can destroy, and I defend.”

- 3 He spake, and light shone round his head,  
 On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode ;  
 They to the farthest nations spread  
 The grace of their ascended God.

200. Common Metre. *A.*

- 1 **T**HE presence of thy grace impart,  
 And bless thy servants, Lord ;  
 Thy glory may they have at heart :  
 And guide them by thy word ;
- 2 That whilst by prayer and solem hands  
 Thy servant they ordain ;  
 They may respect thy bless'd commands,  
 But hold traditions vain.
- 3 O may this servant set apart  
 Thy gospel to proclaim,  
 Ne'er from those sacred truths depart,  
 Which glorify thy name.
- 4 If ordinances he attend,  
 O make thy word his guide ;  
 Nor suffer him e'er to depend  
 On any rule beside.

5 Then shall thy gospel, Lord, be crown'd  
With a divine success :

Thy servant in thy grace abound ;  
And thou his labours bless.

201. Common Metre. The Coll. *A.*

1 **L**ET thy devoted servant go,  
Thy word, Lord, to proclaim ;  
Thine only righteousness to show,  
And glorify thy name.

2 Grant him thine aid to speak thy word  
With readiness each hour :

Attend it with thy Spirit, LORD,  
And let it come with power.

3 Open the hearts of all that hear,  
To make their Saviour room :

O let them find redemption near,  
Let faith by hearing come.

4 Give them to hear the word as thine,  
Thy servant to receive ;

Lord prove thy truths with power divine  
That sinners may believe.

\* 5 Then shall thy servant joyful preach  
Thy grace so wide, so free ;

Nor ever cease the ways to teach

That lead, O LORD, to thee. (new.)

The verses marked with\* are added being entirely

202. Long Metre. The Coll. *A.*

- 1 **W**ITH all thy power, O Lord, defend  
Him whom we now to thee com-  
mend ;  
A faithful minister secure,  
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;  
Give to his footsteps paths of peace ;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil ;  
Preserve him, Lord, from ev'ry ill.
- 3 Before his face 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 power exert ;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of Redeeming grace.

203. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

- 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 the 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 sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
 That see this heav'nly 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.

## AT AN ASSOCIATION.

204. Long Metre. Beddome. J.

*A prayer for Ministers.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
 We plead for those who plead for thee,  
 Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge !

Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;  
Their best 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 which 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 power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains ;  
Let light thro' distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head.



205. Long Metre. Francis. J.

*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 heavenly 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, and crown above ;

Thy praise shall be our best employ,  
Thy presence our eternal joy.

206. Common Metre. Newport Coll. A.

*At Meeting.*

- 1 **W**ELL met, dear friends in Jesu's  
name,  
Come let us now rejoice,  
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim  
With cheerful heart and voice.
- 2 But, O dear Jesus, Lamb of God,  
Send down the heav'nly Dove,  
His graces to diffuse abroad,  
And warm our hearts with love!
- 3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,  
Except thy face we see :  
Thy presence makes a heav'n most sweet  
Where'er we meet with thee.
- 4 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend  
To meet us with a smile,  
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influ'nce send,  
And purge our hearts from guile :
- 5 That at the close each one may say,  
We meet not here in vain ;

For we have tasted heaven to-day,  
Nor could we more contain.

207. Long Metre. *A.*

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy holy word,  
Thy churches thus conven'd, O Lord,  
By us, their delegates elect,  
Crave thy blest Spirit to direct.
- 2 O guide us by thy grace, to know  
What best promotes thy cause below ;  
And may our consultations be  
Fresh means to lead us, *Lord, to thee.*
- 3 Lord let the glory of thy name,  
And Zion's int'rest be our aim ;  
From ev'ry selfish motive free,  
Devoted wholly, *Lord, to thee.*
- 4 Associated year by year,  
From all thy churches may we hear  
Of souls that to thy altars flee,  
Dependant wholly, *Lord, on thee.*
- 5 The labours of thy servants bless,  
In turning souls to righteousness ;  
That many converts they may see :  
Yet give the glory, *Lord, to thee.*

208.    Common Metre.    (Ps. 18.)    J.

*Thanksgiving for Victory.*

- 1 **T**O thine Almighty arm we owe  
 The triumphs of the day ;  
 Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,  
 And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,  
 And break united powers,  
 Or burn their boasted fleet, or scale  
 The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field,  
 And trod them to the ground,  
 While thy salvation was our shield ;  
 But they no shelter found.
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,  
 And perish in their blood ;  
 Where is a rock so great, so high,  
 So powerful as our God.
- 5 The rock of Israel ever lives,  
 His name be ever blest ;  
 'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,  
 And gives his people rest.

209. Long Metre. President Davies. J.

*National Judgments deprecated, and national Mercies pleaded, Amos iii. 1. 6.*

- 1 **W**Hile o'er our guilty land, O Lord !  
 We view the terrors of thy sword,  
 O! whither shall the helpless fly ?  
 To whom but thee direct their cry ?
- 2 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 broughtten thousand blessings down  
 On guilty lands in helpless wo;  
 Let them prevail to save us too.

210. Long Metre. Steele. J.

*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 prayer,  
 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 Let past experience of thy care  
 Support our hope, our trust invite;  
 Again attend our humble prayer,  
 Again be mercy thy delight.
- 5 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.

211. Long Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.  
*Thanksgiving for national Deliverance.*

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear  
Propitious to his people's prayer;  
And though deliverance long delay,  
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 2 Salvation doth to God belong;  
His power 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 every 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.

212. Long Metre. Steele. J.

*Praise for national Peace.*

- 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 plains ;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,  
And marks their course, and bounds their  
power ;  
Thy word the angry nations own,  
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 gracious Lord,  
All move 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, our lives, and tongues,  
Confess thy goodness and adore.



215. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Thanksgiving for Victory.*

- 1 **T**O thee who reign'st supreme above,  
 And reign'st supreme below,  
 Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,  
 We our successes owe.
- 2 The thundering horse, the martial band,  
 Without thine aid were vain;  
 And victory flies at thy command,  
 To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Thy mighty arm unseen was nigh,  
 When we our foes assail'd;  
 'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,  
 And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 4 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.
- 5 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,  
 When threat'ning dangers come,  
 Their Father's God shall be their trust,  
 Their refuge and their home.

214. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. *A.*

- 1 **WHEN** Abra'm, full of sacred awe,  
 Before Jehovah stood,  
 And, with a humble fervent prayer,  
 For guilty Sodom sued ;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace  
 Was the 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 Are not the righteous dear to thee,  
 Now as in ancient times ?  
 Or does this sinful land exceed  
 Gomorrah in its crimes ?
- 5 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.

215. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. *A.*

- 1 **SEE**, gracious God, before thy throne  
 Thy mourning people bend !

- 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Why is America thus spar'd,  
Ungrateful as we are!  
O make thy awful warnings heard,  
While mercy cries, "Forbear."
- 4 Sinners, regardless of thy frown,  
Their pleasures they require;  
And sink, with gay indifference, down  
To everlasting fire.
- 5 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.

216. Common Metre. Hart. *A.*

- 1 **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,  
Who in thy presence stand,  
To offer up united prayer  
For this our sinful land.

- 2 Oft have we each in private pray'd  
 Our country might find grace,  
 Now hear the same petitions made  
 In this appointed place.
- 3 Or, if amongst us some be met  
 So careless of their sin,  
 They have not cried for mercy yet,  
 Lord, let them now begin.
- 4 Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,  
 By whom their prayers succeed,  
 Thy spir't of supplication give,  
 And we shall pray indeed.
- 5 Whatever be our destin'd case,  
 Accept us in thy Son ;  
 Give us his gospel, and his grace :  
 And then thy will be done.

217. > Common Metre. The Coll. A.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd and my guide  
 Will all my wants supply ;  
 In safety I shall still abide,  
 Beneath his watchful eye.
- 2 Though hast'ning to the silent tomb,  
 And death's dark shades appear ;  
 Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom  
 And banish ev'ry fear.

- 3 No evil can my soul dismay  
 While I am near my GOD ;  
 My comfort, my support, and stay,  
 My staff and guiding rod.
- 4 Thy constant bounties me surround,  
 Amidst my envious foes ;  
 My favour'd head with gladness crown'd,  
 My cup with blessings flows.
- 5 Thus shall thy goodness, love and care  
 Attend my future days ;  
 And I shall dwell for ever near  
 My God, and sing his praise.

218. Common Metre. Addison. *A.*

- 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 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redrest,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,

- Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran;  
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
 And led me on to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renew'd my face;  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 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.
- 7 Through ev'ry period of my life,  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide thy works no more;  
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 9 Through all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;

O For ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

219. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Harvest.*

- 1 **T**O praise the ever beauteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy powers :  
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 ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop :  
The harvest shall by far exceed,  
What I have sown in hope.

220. Common Metre. Steele. J.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd  
By death's resistless hand, (away  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth, imprest  
With awful power,—I too must die,—  
Sink deep in every 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 every heart obey ;  
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save ;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart  
With cleansing, healing power ;



This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

221. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Life and Eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name!  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase;  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves one the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things;  
Th' eternal state of all the dead,  
Upon life's feeble strings.

- 6 Infinite joy or endless wo  
 Attend on ev'ry breath;  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O LORD, our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dangerous road;  
 And if our souls are hurried hence,  
 May they be found with God.

222. Common Metre. Hughes's Coll. J.

*Death's a Warning.*

- 1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;  
 Repent, thy end is nigh;  
 Death at the farthest can't be far;  
 O think before you die!
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;  
 Thy sins how high they mount!  
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
 How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence,  
 His time there's none can tell;  
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
 To Heaven or to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
 Shall crawling worms consume;

But ah! destruction stops not there!  
Sin kills beyond the tomb!

5 To-day, the gospel calls; to-day  
Sinners, it speaks to you;  
Let every one forsake his way,  
And mercy will ensue:

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,  
How vile soe'er he be;  
Abundant pardon, peace with God;  
All given entirely free.

223. Long Metre. Fawcett. J.

*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 thunder stuns his ears,  
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract the breast;  
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest;  
Death strikes the blow, he groans & cries,  
And, in despair and horror, dies!

- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly 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 serene,  
 My judgment sound, my conscience clean ;  
 And when the toils of life are past,  
 May I be found in peace at last.

224. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Death and Glory.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, come meditate the day,  
 And think how near it stands,  
 When thou must quit this house of clay  
 And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view  
 The hollow gaping tomb ;  
 This gloomy prison waits for you,  
 Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 **O** ! could we die with those that die,  
 And place us in their stead,

- Then would our spirits learn to fly  
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How should we scorn these clothes of flesh,  
These fetters, and this load ;  
And long for evening to undress,  
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,  
And pray, and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

225. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*A Funeral Thought.*

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
My ears attend the cry ;  
“Ye living men, come view the ground  
“Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
“In spite of all your towers ;  
“The tall, the wise, the rev’rend head  
“Must lie as low as ours.”

- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom!  
 And are we still secure?  
 Still walking downward to our tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly;  
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky.

226. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

- 1 **W**HY should we start or fear to die?  
 What tim'rous worms we mortals  
 are!  
 Death is the gate of endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there!
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
 Fright our approaching souls away;  
 Still we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste;  
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 JESUS can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;

While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

227. Long Metre. (Ps. 89.) *A.*

1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,  
**H**ow frail our life, how short the  
date ;

Where is the man that draws his breath  
Safe from disease, secure from death ?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,  
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,  
“ Must death forever rage and reign !  
“ Or hast thou made mankind in vain ? ”

3 Where is thy promise to the just ?  
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust ?  
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,  
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day  
Wipes the reproach of saints away,  
And clears the honor of thy word :  
Awake our souls and bless the Lord.

228. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

1 **A**ND must this body die,  
**T**his mortal frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay ?

- 2 Corruption, earth and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
'Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,  
And often from the skies  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
'Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face  
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesu's dying love,  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.

229. Short Metre. (Ps. 90.) *A.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame?  
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay,  
That built our body first!



And ev'ry month and ev'ry day  
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay ;  
Just like a flood, our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight ;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea ;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

230. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

1 **W**HY do we mourn departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume :

- 3 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,  
 And soften'd ev'ry bed :  
 Where should the living members rest,  
 But with the dying Head?
- 4 Thence he arose and burst the chain,  
 To shew our feet the way,  
 From shades where death and darkness  
 To realms of endless day. [reign
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid his kindred rise ;  
 Awake, ye nations, under ground,  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

231. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. *A.*

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts  
 To grovel in the dust ? [delight  
 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 power to save?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come  
 And dwell in all the saints?

And should the temples of his grace  
Resound with long complaints ?

- 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun,  
Burst through each sable cloud ;  
And thou, my voice, though broke with  
Tune forth thy songs aloud. (sighs,
- 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.

232. Common Metre. Trivett. A.

- 1 **M**Y God ! my God ! and must I die,  
Thy presence to behold ;  
Lord break the bands, and let me fly  
To tread the streets of gold.
- 2 Learn me to dwell on things above,  
And sing as saints do there,  
Those brightest objects of thy love ;  
And quickly me prepare
- 3 To drop the body, and remove  
To yonder worlds on high ;  
Fain on thy wings, celestial Dove,  
My soul would thither fly.

- 4 Yet, trembling at each swelling wave  
Of death's cold flood, I stand ;  
Afraid to launch in them and leave  
This body and this land.
- 5 But if my Jesus I could hear,  
And see him standing by ;  
My soul would mouut beyond her fear,  
'Through death for Heaven fly.

233. Long Metre. Trivett. A.

*Funeral Occasions.*

- 1 **D**EATH, as a sleep or gentle doze,  
Does every weary saint compose ;  
Lays all its pain, and griefs remove,  
Conveys the soul to worlds above.
- 2 Where all its sighs and mournful cries,  
With pained heart and flowing eyes,  
Are chang'd for pleasures lasting, sweet,  
Nor can it more with sorrow meet.
- 3 Blest in the Lamb's embrace it lies,  
Praising its God above the skies ;  
In sparkling robes of glory bright,  
Transporting joys and pure delight.
- 4 Thus with the growing concert join,  
And seraphs in music divine,

- 'Tis rapture almost ravishing,  
 To hear the charming notes they sing.  
 5 Nor can those joys sublime be less,  
 They're flowing streams of perfect bliss ;  
 Yet parents and relations dear,  
 Are loath their loving friend to spare.

234. Long Metre. Trivett. *A.*

- 1 **WE** needs must die who banish'd lie,  
 Cloth'd with corrupt mortality ;  
 And drop these clothes of sinful clay,  
 Within the silent grave to lay.  
 2 God no man's person so respects ;  
 The fairest jewels, though select,  
 To dwell with Christ in majesty,  
 Must need submit, wither and die.  
 3 'Tis not in mortal bodies we  
 Jehovah's face can ever see ;  
 But are as water on the ground,  
 Till Christ the jub'lee trumpet sound.  
 4 Then he that did our ransom pay,  
 Will clothe the saints in bright array ;  
 As from the beds of dust they rise,  
 More splendid than the sparkling skies.

- 5 Wrapt in immortal beauties bright,  
 Transcendant pleasures and delight;  
 And while each saint his friend embrace,  
 The growing raptures will increase.

235. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Evening.*

- 1 **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening  
 Like holy incense rise; (song  
 Assist the off'ring of my tongue  
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,  
 Thy hand was still my guard,  
 And still to drive my wants away  
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
 Encompass me around;  
 But O how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found?
- 4 What have I done for him that died  
 To save my wretched soul?  
 How are my follies multiplied,  
 Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
 To thy dear cross I flee,

And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.

- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in the embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

236. Common Metre. The Coll. J.

*Lord's day Morning.*

- 1 **T**O day God bids the faithful rest,  
To day he show'rs his grace ;  
" Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said ;  
Lord, we will seek thy face.
- 2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,  
With God's assembly join ;  
Lo! Heaven descends, to welcome man  
To taste the things divine !
- 3 We come, dear Saviour, lo! we come,  
Lord of our life and soul ;  
We come diseas'd and faint, and sick ;  
Be pleas'd to make us whole.
- 4 We thirst, and fly to thee, O LORD,  
Thou fountain-head of good ;  
Filthy we come, and all unclean ;  
O cleanse us in thy blood.

- 5 O may we please our God to day,  
 May that be all our care !  
 Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts  
 Should mingle in our pray'r.
- 6 Amidst th' assembly of thy saints  
 Let us be faithful found ;  
 And let us join in humble prayer,  
 And in thy praise abound.
- 7 Let thy good Spirit help our souls  
 With faith thy word to hear ;  
 Be with us in thy temple, Lord,  
 And let us find thee near.

237. Short Metre. (Ps. 19.) J.

*Lord's day Morning.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way ;  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes  
 It spreads diviner light ;  
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !  
 And all thy judgments just ;



For ever sure thy promise, LORD,  
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions giv'n!

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

238. Common Metre. (Ps. 4. Dr. Watts.) J.

*Evening.*

1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,  
I am for ever thine;  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and bus'ness free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope relies  
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to  
peace,  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

239. Common Metre. Newport Col. J.

*Lord's day Morning.*

- 1 **L**ORD hast thou suffered me to see  
Another of thy days!  
O fill my heart with love to thee,  
And tune my lips to praise!
- 2 Within thy lower courts of grace  
Let me with pleasure stay;  
And let a smile from Jesu's face  
Chase all my doubts away.
- 3 Display the riches of thy grace,  
My broken heart to cheer:  
And shew thy reconciled face  
To all thy people here.
- 4 As in the ancient days, O Lord,  
Thy glorious trophies spread;  
Gird on thy all victorious sword,  
And fill thy foes with dread.
- 5 Let ev'ry harden'd sinner here,  
Feel that thy power abounds:  
Each broken heart with comforts cheer,  
And heal their bleeding wounds.
- 6 Descend, O sweet celestial dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers!

Cause now a dear Redeemer's love  
T' inflame and quicken ours.

240. Common Metre. Newport Coll. J.

*Lord's day Evening.*

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, another of thy days  
I have on earth enjoy'd;  
But ah, how little to thy praise  
My heart has been employ'd!
- 2 Tho' I have heard thy holy word,  
And in thy worship join'd,  
Alas, how little of it, Lord,  
Remains upon my mind!
- 3 Wast thou to call me to account,  
What I have gain'd this day;  
How low the product would amount,  
I tremble, Lord, to say!
- 4 Much like the barren heath am I;  
'Tho' oft refresh'd with rain,  
Still it continues hard and dry,  
And fruitless doth remain.
- 5 For Jesu's sake my fruitlessness  
Remember, Lord, no more;  
And, whilst my guilt I here confess,  
Purge out my heinous score.

- 6 And, e'er my soul shall be undrest,  
 To take its last remove ;  
 O fit me for that glorious rest  
 Thou hast prepar'd above.

241. Short Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.

*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 heavenly 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.

242. Common Metre. Rippon's Coll. J.

*An Evening Hymn.*

4 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, LORD, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
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 our score ;  
 Thee may we praise for all our time,  
 When time shall be no more.

243. Long Metre. Bp. Ken. J.

*Evening.*

- 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 thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 Whatever ill this day I've 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 my eye-lids close ;  
 Sleep that may me more vig'rous make  
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,  
 Close to my bed his vigils keep ;

Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

244. Long Metre. The Coll. J.

*Morning.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage 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 noon day clear ;  
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,  
And hath refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant Lord when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

- 5 Direct, controul, suggest this day  
 All I design, or do, or say ;  
 That all my powers, with all their might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 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.

245. Common Metre. Cennick. J.

*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, O 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 way to ceaseless joys !  
 Where sabbaths never end.

246. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. J.

*Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !  
 Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,  
 And morning mercies from above  
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;  
 To thee I consecrate my days ;  
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand,  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

247. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. A.

*For the Morning.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
 To him that rules the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
 The day renews the sound ;  
 Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,  
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;  
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled,  
 Since the last setting sun ;  
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
 And yet my moments run.
- 5 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;  
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasant night.

248. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA with a cheerful sound,  
 To God's upholding hand ;  
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
 And yet secure we stand.

- 2 That was a most amazing power,  
That rais'd us with a word ;  
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our weary head,  
And angels guard the room ;  
We wake, and we admire the bed  
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure  
That we shall end the day ;  
For death stands ready at the door  
To take our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,  
To an avenging law ;  
We own thy grace, immortal King,  
In every gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings ;  
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,  
Beneath his shady wings.

249. Common Metre. The Coll. *A.*

*Faith the Gift of God.*

- 1 **H**AIL, Alpha and Omega, hail !  
Author of all our faith,  
The finisher of all our hopes,  
The truth, the life, the path.

- 2 Hail ! First and Last, the Morning Star,  
 In whom we live and move ;  
 Increase our little spark of faith,  
 And purify our love.
- 3 Let that belief which Jesus taught  
 Be treasur'd in our breast ;  
 The evidence of unseen joys,  
 The substance of our rest.
- 4 O let us go from strength to strength,  
 From grace to greater grace,  
 From one degree of faith to more,  
 Till we behold thy face.

250. Common Metre. Lyric Poems.

*Omnipotent God!*

- 1 **T**HE Lord ! how fearful is his name !  
 How wide is his command !  
 Nature, with all her moving frame,  
 Rest on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,  
 And light his awful robe ;  
 Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,  
 He manages the globe.

- 3 A word of his Almighty breath,  
Can swell or sink the seas ;  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall,  
In all their shining forms ;  
His sovereign eye looks thro' them all,  
And pities mortal worms.
- 5 Now let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as he will ;  
Sick, or in health, in ease or pain,  
We are his fav'rites still.

251. Common Metre. Dr. Watts. A.

*Tribulation below.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a wretched land is this  
That yields us no supply,  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
No streams of living joy ?
- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow ;  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dang'rous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,  
Lies thro' this horrid land :

- Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,  
 And run at thy command.
- 4 Our souls shall tread the desert thro'  
 With undiverted feet;  
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue  
 The terrors that we meet.
- 5 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
 But we march upward still;  
 Forget these troubles of the ways,  
 And reach at Zion's Hill.

252. Long Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Seeking the Lord.*

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night;  
 JESUS, my love, my soul's delight;  
 With warm desire and restless thought,  
 I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise and search the street,  
 Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;  
 I ask the watchman of the night,  
 "Where did you see my soul's delight?"
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,  
 Directed by a heavenly ray;  
 I leap for joy to see his face,  
 And hold him fast in my embrace.

- 4 He gives me there his bleeding heart,  
Pierc'd for my sins with deadly smart;  
I give my soul to him, and there  
Our loves their mutual tokens share.
- 5 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,  
Approach not to disturb my joys;  
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,  
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

253. Long Metre. Newport Coll. A.

*Divine use of Music.*

- 1 **W**E sing to thee, whose wisdom form'd  
The curious organ of the ear;  
And thou who gav'st us voices, Lord,  
Our grateful songs in kindness hear.
- 2 We'll joy in God, who is the spring  
Of lawful joy and harmless mirth;  
Whose boundless love is fitly call'd  
The harmony of heaven and earth.
- 3 Those praises, dearest Lord, aloud  
Our humble sonnets shall rehearse:  
Which rightly tun'd, are rightly stiled  
The music of the universe.
- 4 And while we sing, we'll consecrate  
That too too much profaned art,

By off'ring up with ev'ry tongue,  
In ev'ry song a flaming heart.

- 5 We'll hallow pleasure, and redeem  
From vulgar use our precious voice ;  
Those lips which wantonly have sung,  
Shall serve our turn for nobler joys.

254. Long Metre. Newport Coll. *A.*

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, awake mine eyes,  
Awake, my drowsy faculties :  
Awake and see the new born light,  
Spring from the darksome womb of night.
- 2 Look up and see, th' unwearied sun,  
Already has his race begun ;  
The pretty lark is mounted high,  
And sings his matins in the sky.
- 3 Arise my soul, and thou my voice,  
In early songs of praise rejoice ;  
O great Creator, heav'nly King,  
Thy praises ever let me sing.
- 4 Thy power has made, thy goodness kept  
This fenceless body while I slept :  
Yet one night more hast thou kept me  
From all the powers of darkness free.



- 5 O keep my heart from sin secure,  
 My life unblameable and pure ;  
 That when the last of days shall come,  
 I cheerfully may meet my doom.

255. Long Metre. Newport Coll. A.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **S**leep, downy sleep, come close mine  
 Tir'd with beholding vanities : (eyes,  
 Welcome, sweet sleep, and chase away  
 'The toils and follies of the day.
- 2 On thy soft bosom will I lie,  
 Forget the world, and learn to die ;  
 O Israel's watchful shepherd, spread  
 Thy guardian angels round my bed.
- 3 Let not the spirits of the air,  
 While I lie slumb'ring, me ensnare ;  
 But guard thy suppliant free from harm,  
 Clasp'd in thine everlasting arm.
- 4 Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,  
 Thy wonderful pavilion ;  
 O dart from thence one heavenly ray,  
 And then my midnight shall be day.
- 5 Thus when the morn, in crimson drest,  
 Breaks through the windows of the east,

My thankful hymns of praise shall rise,  
Like incense of the sacrifice.

256. Long Metre. Stennett. *A.*

*The Christian Honourable.*

- 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 joy 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.

257. Long Metre. (Ps. 51.) *A.*

*Depravity of Nature.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death :  
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;  
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true :  
O make me wise, betimes to spy  
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face,  
My only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.

258. Short Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Christ's Presence Desirable.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live, if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 (Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis paradise when thou art here;  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.)
- 3 (The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.)
- 4 (To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.)
- 5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford;  
No, not a drop of real joy  
Without thy presence, Lord.

259. Long Metre. The Coll. A.

*The Believer Christ's Property.*

- 1 **A**ND is it yet, dear Lord, a doubt,  
If in my breast thou reign'st alone ;  
O find the lurking rival out,  
And drag the traitor from the throne.
- 2 Would earth's delusive, trifling charms  
Assume a power above thy name ?  
Stab each usurper in my arms,  
And vindicate thy rightful claim.
- 3 By purchase, duty, ev'ry tie,  
Yea choice itself, Lord, I am thine ;  
Maintain thy right, or let me die,  
Ere from thy love my soul decline.
- 4 If my unsteady heart would rove,  
(And well thou know'st its treach'rous  
frame,)  
If ought below or ought above,  
Would share or quench the sacred flame ;
- 5 Chase the curs'd object from my soul,  
Thence, thence the twining mischief  
tear ;

Reign thou the sovereign of the whole,  
Be Lord of ev'ry motion there.

260 Twice 5 and 11. The Coll. J.

*Adoring Jesus.*

- 1 **O** Come let us join,  
Together combine,  
To praise our dear Saviour, our Master  
divine.
- 2 He worthy is blest  
By spirits at rest,  
Who once in this desert his Godhead con-  
fess'd.
- 3 The prophets who told  
His suff'ring of old,  
Sing now sweet thanksgivings on psalt'ries  
of gold.
- 4 The fathers to whom  
He shew'd he would come,  
Now in his pavilion take up their long  
home.
- 5 The spirits of men  
Who for him were slain,  
From Abel the righteous, share now in his  
reign.

6 The apostles who stood,  
Resisting to blood  
For JESUS's gospel, rejoice in their God.

7 O church of the Lamb  
Here met, do the same,  
With saints and with angels bless JESUS's  
name.

8 My soul bear a part,  
For ransom'd thou art  
By JESU's blood-shedding, his burial and  
smart.

9 To him that was slain,  
The scorn'd Nazarene,  
Be glory and honour; let all say, Amen.

261. Twice 5 and 11. The Coll. J.

*Faith's Claim.*

1 **A**LL ye that pass by,  
To JESUS draw nigh;  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety he is;  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 For what you have done  
His blood must atone;

The Father has punish'd for you his dear  
Son ;

He answer'd for all ;

O come at his call,

And low at his cross with astonishment fall.

3 For you and for me

He pray'd on the tree ;

The prayer is accepted, the sinner set free ;

That sinner am I,

Who on Jesus rely,

And come for the pardon God will not deny.

4 My pardon I claim,

For a sinner I am,

A sinner believing in Jesus's name :

He purchas'd the grace,

Which now I embrace,

O Father, thou know'st he has died in my  
place.

5 His death is my plea ;

My Advocate see,

And hear the blood speak that has answer'd  
for me ;

Acquitted I was,



When he bled on the cross;  
 And by losing his life he carried my  
 cause.

262. A.

*Blessings of the Gospel.*

- 1 **O** JESUS, our LORD,  
 Thy name be ador'd,  
 For all the rich blessings convey'd by thy  
 word.
- 2 In spirit we trace  
 Thy wonders of grace,  
 And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
- 3 The Ancient of Days  
 His glory displays;  
 And shines on his chosen with quickening  
 rays.
- 4 The trumpet of God  
 Is sounding aloud  
 The language of mercy—salvation through  
 blood.
- 5 Thrice happy are they  
 That hear and obey,  
 And share in the blessings of this gospel-  
 day.

- 6 The people who know  
 The Saviour below,  
 With burning affection to worship him  
 glow.
- 7 This blessing be mine,  
 Through favour divine ;  
 But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

263. Twice 6 and 4, thrice 6 and 4.  
 The Coll. J.

*At Opening Worship.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou Almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise !  
 Father all glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come, and reign over us,  
 ANCIENT OF DAYS.
- 2 **J**ESUS, our LORD, arise,  
 Scatter our enemies,  
 And make them fall !  
 Let thine Almighty aid  
 Our sure defence be made,  
 Our souls on thee be stay'd :  
 LORD, hear our call !

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on thy mighty sword,  
 Our prayer attend!  
 Come! and thy people bless,  
 And give thy word success;  
 Spirit of holiness  
 On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear  
 In this glad hour!  
 Thou who Almighty art,  
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power!

5 To the great One in Three,  
 Eternal praises be,  
 Hence—evermore!  
 His sov'reign Majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity,  
 Love and adore.

264. Twice 6, 8 and 4. D. Oliver. J.

*The Covenant God.*

1 **T**HE GOD of Abr'am praise,  
 Who reigns enthron'd above;

Ancient of everlasting days,  
And GOD of love !

Jehovah great I AM !

By earth and Heaven confess'd ;  
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 power ;  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

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 JESU'S blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend,

I shall, on eagles wings up-borne,  
 To heaven ascend :  
 I shall behold his face,  
 I shall his power adore ;  
 And sing the wonders of his grace,  
 For evermore !

## PART THE SECOND.

- 5 Tho' nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand ;  
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way  
 At God's command :  
 The watery deep I pass,  
 With JESUS in my view,  
 And thro' 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 Zion'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,  
 And at his feet their crowns they throw,  
 O'erwhelm'd with grace :  
 He shews his prints of love ;  
 They kindle to a flame,  
 And sound thro' all the worlds above,  
 "The slaughter'd Lamb."

9 The whole triumphant host  
 Gives 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.

265. Four 6 and twice 8. The Coll. J.

*For New-Year's Day.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD of earth and sky,  
The GOD of ages praise!  
Who reigns enthron'd on high  
Ancient of endless days;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground;  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found;  
Yet did he us in mercy spare  
Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice bar'd the sword,  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of our LORD  
Cried, "Let it still alone:"  
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,  
And spar'd us yet another year.
- 4 **J**ESUS, thy speaking blood  
From GOD obtain'd the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space:

Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo! we see another year.

- 5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up our fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound,  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

266. Four 6, and twice 8. The Coll. J.

*The Barren Fig-Tree.*

- 1 **T**HE Church a garden is,  
In which believer's stand  
Like ornamental trees,  
Planted by God's own hand;  
His Spirit waters all their roots,  
And every branch abounds with fruit.
- 2 But other trees there are  
In this enclosure grow,  
Which though they promise fair,  
Have only leaves to shew;  
No fruits of grace are on them found,  
They are but cumb'ers of the ground.
- 3 The under-gard'ner grieves,  
In vain his strength he spends,



For heaps of useless leaves  
Afford him small amends :

He hears the Lord his will make known,  
To cut the barren fig-tree down.

4 How difficult his post !  
What pangs his bowels move !  
To find his wishes crost,  
His efforts useless prove :

His last relief is earnest prayer,  
Lord, spare them yet another year.

5 Spare them and let me try  
What further means may do ;  
I'll fresh manure apply,  
My digging I'll renew :

Who knows but yet they fruit may yield ;  
If not—'tis just, they must be fell'd.

6 If under means of grace  
No fruit of grace appear,  
It is a dreadful case,  
Tho' God may long forbear ;

At length he'll strike the threaten'd blow,  
And lay the barren fig-tree low.

267. Four 6 and twice 8. The Coll. J.

*Rejoice, Phill. iv. 4.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,  
 Your God and King adore ;  
 Mortals give thanks, and sing,  
 And triumph evermore :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
 The God of truth and love ;  
 When he had purg'd our stains,  
 He took his seat above :  
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;  
 The keys of death and hell  
 Are to our Jesus given :  
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,  
 Till all his foes submit  
 And bow to his command,  
 And fall beneath his feet :  
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our sins destroy ;

And every bosom swell  
 With pure seraphic joy :  
 Lift up your hearts, &c.

- 6 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.

268. Four 6 and twice 8. Cowper. J.

*The Ceremonial Law.*

- 1 **I**SRAEL 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 applied with power,  
 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 failing 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 ;  
Described 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 every age !  
O grant that I may faithful be  
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

269. 4 of 6 and 2 of 8. (Ps. 121.) *A.*

*God our Support.*

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes;  
 From God is all my aid;  
 The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made;  
 God is the tower to which I fly:  
 His grace is nigh in ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
 Or fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide  
 Defends me from my fears,  
 Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,  
 Shall Israel keep, when dangers rise.
- 3 Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
 To save my soul from death?  
 And I can trust my Lord,  
 To keep my mortal breath;  
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,  
 Till from on high thou call me home.

270. (Ps. 136.)

*Power and Grace.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord;

The sovereign King of kings ;  
And he his grace ador'd.

His power and grace,  
Are still the same ;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand !  
What wonders hath he done !  
He form'd the earth and seas,  
And spreads the heavens alone.

Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,  
To crown the day with light ;  
The moon and twinkling stars,  
To cheer the darksome night.

His power and grace  
Are still the same ;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.

271. (Ps. 148.) *A.**Praise to God from all Creatures.*

- 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam, join  
With heav'n and earth and seas,  
And offer notes divine  
To your Creator's praise.  
Ye holy throng  
Of angels bright,  
In worlds of light  
Begin the song.
- 2 **T**hou sun, with dazzling rays,  
And moon that rules the night,  
Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of twinkling light.  
His power declare,  
Ye floods on high,  
And clouds that fly  
In empty air.
- 3 **T**he shining worlds above  
In glorious order stand,  
Or in swift courses move  
By his supreme command.  
He spake the word,  
And all their frame

From nothing came,  
To praise the Lord.

272. Proper Metre. Dr. Watts. *A.*

*Majesty of Christ.*

1 **W**ITH cheerful voice I sing  
The titles of my Lord,  
And borrow all the names  
Of honour from his word ;  
Nature, and art,  
Can ne'er supply  
Sufficient forms  
Of Majesty.

2 In JESUS we behold  
His Father's glorious face,  
Shining forever bright  
With mild and lovely rays.  
Th' eternal God's  
Eternal Son  
Inherits and  
Partakes the throne.

3 Immense compassion reigns  
In our Immanuel's heart,  
When he descends to act  
A Mediator's part.



He is a friend  
 And brother too ;  
 Divinely kind  
 Divinely true.

273. Four of 6, and two of 8. B. Francis. J.

*On opening a Place of Worship.*

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains  
 The King of glory praise ;  
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
 Through everlasting days :  
 He, with a nod, the world controuls,  
 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,  
Thro' long succeeding days ;  
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
While temples stand and men adore.

274. Four 6, and twice 8. Hart. J.

*On Baptism.*

- 1 **R**EPENT and be baptiz'd  
Saith your redeeming Lord,  
Ye all are now appriz'd  
That 'tis your Saviour's word ;

Arise, arise without delay,  
And Christ's divine commands obey.

2 Come ye believing train,  
No more this truth withstand,  
No longer think it vain  
T' obey your Lord's command  
But haste, arise, without delay,  
And be baptiz'd in Jesu's way.

3 Jesus, thou Prince of Peace,  
To thy great name we pray ;  
Make the converted race  
Thine ordinance obey :  
O may thy love their souls o'ercome,  
And draw them to thy liquid tomb.

275. Four of 6, and two of 8. The Coll. *A.*  
*Gospel Trumpet.*

1 **B**LLOW 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 Son of God,  
The all atoning Lamb ;

Redemption in his blood  
 To all the world proclaim :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought  
 Your heritage above,  
 Come, take it back unbought,  
 The gift of JESU'S love :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds ;  
 Let all the nations hear,  
 And earth's remotest bounds  
 Before the throne appear.  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

276. 4 of 6 and 2 of 8. Rippon's Coll. A.

*Christ's Resurrection.*

4 **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  
Her dark domains confin'd :  
Th' angelic host around him bends,  
And 'midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Heaven with Hosannas rings ;  
While earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
Worthy art thou, who once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 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.

277. 7 6, 7 6, 7 8, and 7 6. The Coll. J.

*The Poor Sinner.*

1 **G**OD of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe ;  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive :

Full of guilt, alas ! I am,  
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
 Nor can thy grace procure ;  
 Empty send me not away,  
 For I, thou know'st, am poor ;  
 Dust and ashes is my name,  
 My all is sin and misery :

Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Without money, without price,  
 I come thy love to buy ;  
 From myself I turn my eyes,  
 The chief of sinners, I :

Take, O take me, as I am,  
 And let me lose myself in thee ;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

278. The Coll. J.

*The Same.*

1 **J**ESU, friend of sinners, hear,  
 Yet once again I pray ;

From my debt of sin set clear,  
For I have nought to pay.  
Speak, O speak the kind release!

A poor backsliding soul restore ;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

2 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread  
An hardness o'er my heart ;  
But if thou thy Spirit shed,  
The stony shall depart :  
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,  
And let me feel thy soft'ning power,  
Love me freely, seal my peace ;  
And bid me sin no more.

3 For this only thing I pray,  
And this will I require,  
Take the love of sin away,  
Take ev'ry vain desire !  
Perfect me in holiness,  
Thine image to my soul restore ;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

279. 76, 76, 78, 76. Rippon's Coll. J.

*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 thy freeness shewn ;  
 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,  
 Drop from 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.

280. The Same. J.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O Redeemer, hear ;  
My humble suit receive ;  
While I all my wants declare,  
And how unhelp'd I grieve :  
Jesus, master, I have sinn'd,  
My soul hath greatly gone astray ;  
Dear Redeemer, be my friend,  
And bring me on my way.
- 2 I am hungry, all my cry  
Is for the living bread ;  
Neither have I ought to buy,  
Nor any thing to plead :

Helpless, begging at the door,  
 I ask the food that came from heav'n;  
 See me needy, lost and poor,  
 And let relief be giv'n.

3 Hidden manna, Lord, reveal,  
 For this behold I pant;  
 Let thine ears consider well  
 The voice of my complaint:  
 Let the tree of life relieve  
 A weary trav'ler near to die;  
 May it please thee, Lord, to give  
 To one who cannot buy.

4 Empty send me not away,  
 For I am come from far;  
 Do not, dearest Lord, delay,  
 And leave me to despair:  
 Give me of thy flesh to eat,  
 O! let me of thy nature share;  
 At thy banquet take my seat,  
 And feast forever there.

281. 7 and 6. The Coll. J.

*True Experience.*

1 **M**Y LORD, how great's the favour  
 That I a sinner poor

Can, through thy blood's sweet savour,  
Approach thy mercy's door,  
And find an open passage  
Unto the throne of grace ;  
There wait the welcome message,  
That bids me—GO IN PEACE ?

2 LORD, I'm an helpless creature,  
Full of the deepest need,  
Throughout defil'd by nature,  
Stupid, and inly dead :  
My strength is perfect weakness,  
And all I have is sin ;  
My heart is all uncleanness,  
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,  
Who shall afford me aid ?  
Where shall I find compassion,  
But in the church's Head ?  
JESUS, thou art all pity,  
O take me to thine arms,  
And exercise thy mercy,  
To save me from all harms.

4 I'll never cease repeating  
My numberless complaints ;

But ever be entreating  
 The glorious King of saints,  
 Till I attain the image  
 Of him I inly love;  
 And pay my grateful homage  
 With all the saints above.

5 Then I, with all in glory,  
 Will thankfully relate  
 Th' amazing, pleasing story  
 Of JESU'S love so great;  
 In this blest contemplation  
 I ever shall be well;  
 And prove such consolation,  
 As none below can tell.

282. 7 6 7 6, three 7 and 6. The Coll.

*The Pilgrim's Song.*

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy  
 wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory things  
 Tow'rd's heaven, 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:  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be giv'n,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

283. Sevens. The Coll. J.

*A Prayer.*

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 LORD, on thee our souls depend ;  
 In compassion now descend :  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
 Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
 LORD, we know not how to go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford ;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
 Let the time of joy return ;  
 Those that are cast down, lift up ;  
 Make them strong in faith and hope ;
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find  
 Thee a gracious God and kind ;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free :  
 Let us all rejoice in thee !

284. Sevens. The Coll. J.

*The voice of Christ.*

- 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 towards 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 shalt 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,  
O for grace to love thee more!

285. Sevens. Newton. A.

*Doubting.*

- 1 **T**HIS 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,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every 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 the 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.

286. Sevens. The Coll. A.

*Birth of Christ.*

1. **W**HAT good news the angels bring,  
What glad tidings of our King !  
CHRIST our LORD is born to-day,  
CHRIST, who takes our sins away.  
He, who rules in heav'n and earth,  
Hath in Bethlehem his birth :  
Him shall all the people see,  
And rejoice eternally.

- 2 Lift your hearts and voices high,  
With Hosannas fill the sky;  
“Glory be to GOD above,”  
GOD is infinite in love :  
“Peace on earth, good will to men !”  
Now with us our GOD is seen :  
Angels join with us in praise !  
Help to sing redeeming grace.
- 3 Now the wall is broken down,  
Now the gospel is made known ;  
Now the door is open wide,  
CHRIST for Jew and Gentile died,  
All who feel the weight of sin,  
All who languish to be clean ;  
All who for redemption groan,  
May be sav'd by faith alone.
- 4 JESUS is the lovely name ;  
This the angel doth proclaim ;  
He shall all his people save,  
They in him remission have :  
When they see themselves undone,  
They take refuge in the Son ;  
They shall all be born again,  
And with him in glory reign.

5 Shout ye nations of the earth,  
 Sing the triumphs of his birth;  
 All the world by him is blest,  
 Sound his praise from East to West:  
 Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,  
 CHRIST, our common LORD and King,  
 CHRIST, our life, our joy, our song  
 To eternity prolong!

287. Sevens. Cennick. *A.*

*Heavenly Journey.*

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 travelling home to God,  
 In the way the Fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and ye  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished 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 JESU'S 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;  
 JESUS CHRIST, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

288. Sevens. Rippon's Coll. A.

*Christ our Life.*

- 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 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.
- 3 All unholy and unclean,  
 I am nothing else but sin;  
 On thy mercy I rely,  
 Give me *Christ*, or else I die.
- 4 Thou dost freely save the lost,  
 In thy grace alone I trust:  
 With my earnest suit comply,  
 Give me *Christ*, or else I die.

- 5 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.

289. Sevens. The Coll. J.

*Redeeming Love.*

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
 Sing aloud in JESU'S name :  
 Ye, who JESU'S kindness 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 oppress'd,  
 Welcome all to JESUS CHRIST ;

Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdued th' infernal powers,  
His tremendous foes and ours  
From their cursed empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string,  
Mortals join the hosts above  
Join to praise redeeming love.

290. Sevens. The Coll. J.

*Adoring Christ.*

1 **B**RETHREN, let us join to bless  
JESUS CHRIST our joy and peace;  
Let our praise to him be giv'n,  
High at God's right hand in Heav'n.

2 Master, see! to thee we bow,  
Thou art LORD, and only thou;  
Thou the blessed virgin's seed,  
Glory of thy Church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;  
Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.

- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation by thee wrought ;  
Wrought for all thy church ! and we  
Worship in their company.
- 5 We, thy little flock, adore  
Thee, Lord, for ever more !  
Ever with us shew thy love,  
'Till we join with those above.

291. Sevens. The Coll. J.

*For New-Year's Day.*

- 1 **W**hile, with ceaseless course, the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here ;  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find,  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;

Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view.  
Bless the word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

292. Sevens, with Hall. The Coll. J.

*Praising God.*

- 1 **G**lory be to God on high, Hallelujah,  
God, whose glory fills the sky ;  
Peace on earth to man, forgiv'n,  
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heavenly king, Hal,  
Thee we now presume to sing ;  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd ;  
Hail, the everlasting Lord ;  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,  
Lord of pow'r, and G of love !



293. Long Metre. The Coll. H.

*Panting after God.*

- 1 **T**hou hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth, unfathom'd, no man  
 knows;  
 I see from far thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
 That strives with thee my heart to share?  
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me, may live!  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Let not one darling lust survive.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call;  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 "I am thy love, thy God, thy all."

294. Sevens. H.

*The Penitent's Prayer.*

- 1 **S**AVE me, O thou bleeding Lamb,  
 Other saviours I disclaim,  
 All is emptiness beside  
 Jesus, and him crucified.

- 2 Fruitless is my search to find  
 True serenity of mind,  
 'Till I have with Jesus been,  
 And his smiling face have seen.
- 3 In thy presence may I dwell,  
 Subject to thy holy will ;  
 Show'r on me thy pow'r divine,  
 Mortify the man of sin.
- 4 While I travel here beneath,  
 Thy kind influence on me breathe ;  
 Reconcil'd to me appear,  
 And thy righteousness bring near.
- 5 Grant me still in grace to grow,  
 While a pilgrim here below ;  
 Let me by thy spirit move,  
 And with all my heart thee love.

295. 8, 8, 6, and do. The Coll. *A.*

*Finished Redemption.*

- 4 'TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,  
 And meekly bow'd his dying head.  
 Whilst we this sentence scan,  
 Come sinners and observe the word,  
 Behold the conquest of the Lord  
 Complete for helpless man.

- 2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,  
 Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace ;  
 Their mighty debt is paid :  
 Accursing law cancel'd by blood,  
 And wrath of an offended God,  
 In sweet oblivion laid.
- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?  
 The law no longer can condemn ;  
 Faith a release can shew ;  
 Justice itself a friend appears,  
 The prison house a whisper hears,  
 " Loose him and let him go."
- 4 O unbelief ! injurious bar !  
 Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,  
 Why dost thou yet reply ?  
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,  
 "'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,  
 And silence ev'ry cry.

298. 8, 6, 8. The Coll. J.

*Spiritual Barrenness.*

- 1 **M**OST righteous God, my doom I bear,  
 My load of guilt, my pain and care  
 Inflam'd to base desires ;  
 Hard toiling for embitter'd bread,

I mourn my barren soul o'erspread  
With cursed thorns and briars.

2 Death's sentence in myself receive,  
And dust to dust already cleave,  
Exil'd from paradise;  
Hast'ning to hellish misery,  
Jesus, if unredeemed by thee,  
My soul forever dies.

3 But Jesus hath my sentence borne,  
He did in my affliction mourn;  
A man of sorrow made  
A servant and a curse for me,  
He bore the utmost penalty,  
He suffer'd in my stead.

4 I see him sweat great drops of blood,  
I see him faint beneath my load,  
The thorns his temples tear;  
He bows his bleeding head and dies!  
He lives! he mounts above the skies!  
He claims my Eden there!

297. 8. 8. 6. The Coll. J.

*For Seriousness.*

4 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty!  
To thee, against myself, to thee

A worm of earth, 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  
 Secure, insensible !

A point of time, a moment's space  
 Removes me to the heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert !  
 And deeply on my thoughtless heart  
 Eternal things impress ;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And 'wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When thou with clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom !

5 Be this my great one business here,  
 With serious industry and fear

My future bliss t'insure ;  
 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.

297. 8. 8. 6. The Coll. J.

*The Sinner Converted.*

- 1 **W**HEN, with my mind divinely prest,  
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast  
 Would past offences trace ;  
 Trembling, I make the black review,  
 Yet pleas'd, behold admiring too  
 The power of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,  
 These feet, to erring paths beguil'd,  
 In heavenly league agree ;  
 Who could believe such lips could praise,  
 Or think my dark and winding ways  
 Should ever lead to thee ?

- 3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,  
 Now lift to thee their wat'ry light  
 And weep a silent flood ;  
 These hands ascend in ceaseless prayer ;  
 O wash away the stains they wear  
 In pure redeeming blood !
- 4 These ears, that pleas'd could entertain  
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,  
 When round the festal board ;  
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,  
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,  
 And press to hear thy word.
- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part ;  
 And now thou dost transform my heart,  
 That drossy thing refine :  
 Now grace doth nature's strength controul,  
 And a new creature—body—soul,  
 Are, LORD, for ever thine !

298. P. M. Twice 8 and 6, and three 8 and 6.

Lyric Poems. *A.*

*Converse with Christ.*

- 4 **I**'M tir'd with visits, modes and forms,  
 And flatt'ries paid to fellow worms,  
 Their conversation cloy :

- Their vain amours and empty stuff :  
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough  
 Of thy blest company, my LORD,  
 Thou life of all my joys.
- 2 When he begins to tell his love,  
 Through every vein my passions move,  
 The captives of his tongue ;  
 In midnight shades, on frosty ground,  
 I could attend the pleasing sound ;  
 Nor should I feel *December* cold,  
 Nor think the darkness long.
- 3 There, while I hear my Saviour GOD  
 Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)  
 He bore upon the tree,  
 Inward I blush with secret shame,  
 And weep, and love, and bless the name  
 That knew not guilt or grief his own,  
 But bare it all for me.
- 4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,  
 And talks his bloody passion o'er,  
 Till I am drown'd in tears ;  
 Yet, with the sympathetic smart,  
 There's a strange joy beats round my  
 The cursed tree has blessings in't, (heart ;  
 My sweetest balm it bears.



- 5 I hear the glorious sufferer tell,  
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell  
And all the powers beneath :  
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue  
Attempts his triumphs in a song :  
How has the serpent lost his sting,  
And where's thy victory, death ?
- 6 But when he shews his hands and heart,  
With those dear prints of dying smart,  
He sets my soul on fire :  
Not the beloved John could rest  
With more delight upon that breast,  
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds  
With more intense desire.
- 7 Kindly he opens me his ear,  
And bids me pour my sorrows there,  
And tell him all my pains :  
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,  
In every woe he bears a part ;  
His arms embrace me, and his hand  
My drooping head sustains.
- 8 Fly from my thoughts, all human things,  
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,  
And tales of wanton love ;

My soul disdains that little snare  
 The tangles of Amira's hair ;  
 Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands,  
 Nor can my heart remove.

299. 8 and 7. The Coll. J.

*Isaiah ix. 2.*

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death,  
 Come, and by thy love's revealing,  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :  
 The new heav'n and earth's Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise !  
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,  
 Pouring eye-sight on 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  
 God has for our ransom'd race ;  
 Come, thou all-sufficient 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-restoring merit,  
 Ev'ry burden'd soul release ;  
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit,  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

300. 8 and 7. The Coll. J.

*To Jesus Christ.*

- 1 **H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus !  
 Hail, thou Galilean King !  
 Who didst suffer to release us,  
 Who didst free salvation bring !  
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Who hast borne our sin and shame,  
 By whose merits we find favour,  
 Life is given through thy name !
- 2 **P**aschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins were on thee laid !  
 By Almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made :  
 Ev'ry sin may be forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
 Open'd is the gate of Heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 JESUS, hail ! enthron'd in glory,  
 There for ever to abide !  
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side :  
 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
 Spare them yet another year—  
 Thou for saints art interceding,  
 Till in glory they appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power and blessing,  
 Christ is 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 chaunt IMMANUEL's praise.

301. 8. 7. The Coll. J.

*Christ the Believer's All.*

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,  
 Humbly trusting in thy cross ;  
 That alone be all our glory,  
 All things else are dung and dross ;  
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
 Only source of all that's good :

Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour  
Come to us through Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
By his spirit sent from heav'n ;  
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,  
" Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n ;"  
Faith he gives us to believe it,  
Grateful hearts his love to prize ;  
Want we wisdom ? he must give it ;  
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what he requires ;  
Makes us follow his directions,  
And, what he commands, inspires ;  
All our prayers, and all our praises,  
Rightly offer'd in his name ;  
He that dictates them is Jesus ;  
He that answers is the same.

4 When we live on Jesu's merit,  
Then we worship God aright :  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Then we savingly unite.  
This, the whole conclusion of it,  
Great or good, whate'er we call,

God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,  
Jesus Christ is all in all.

302. 8. 7. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom. vi. 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.

303. 8. 7. The Coll. J.

*An Happy Moment.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,  
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,  
And my weary, troubled spirit,  
Now finds rest in thee, my God :  
I am safe, and I am happy,  
While in thy dear arms I lie !

Sin and satan cannot hurt me,  
While the Saviour is so nigh.

2 Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,  
Tell the world of his dear name,  
That if any want his spirit,  
He is still the very same :  
He that asketh soon receiveth,  
He that seeks is sure to find ;  
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,  
He will never cast behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading  
With his Father and our God ;  
Now for us he's interceding,  
As the purchase of his blood :  
Now me thinks I hear him pleading,  
" Father, save them, I have died ;"  
And the Father answers, saying,  
" They are freely justified."  
Rep us

304. 8. 7. Robinson. J.

1 Samuel vii. 21.

1 COME, 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—l'm fix'd upon it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,  
 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 rescue me from danger,  
 Interpos'd with 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 !

305. 8 and 7. The Coll. J.

1 **C**OME, descend, O heavenly Spirit,  
 Fan each spark into a flame ;



Blessings let us now inherit,  
Blessings that we cannot name :  
Whilst hosannas we are singing,  
May our hearts in rapture move,  
Feel new grace in them still springing,  
Breathe the air of purest love.

2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,  
Float on that unbounded sea,  
Guided into pure devotion,  
Kept from paths of error free :  
On thy heavenly manna feeding,  
Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe ;  
Love, O love for sinners bleeding,  
All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, LORD, still in communion,  
Daily nearer draw to thee ;  
Sinking in the sweetest union  
Of that heart-felt mystery :  
Keep us safe from each delusion,  
Well protected from all harms ;  
Free from sin and all confusion,  
Circle us within thy arms.

306. 8. 7. The Coll. J.

*Death and Glory.*

- 1 **I**N a world of sin and sorrow,  
 Compass'd round with many a care,  
 From eternity we borrow  
 Hope that can exclude despair:  
 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour!  
 In the glass of faith we see;  
 O assist each faint endeavour!  
 Raise our earth-born souls to thee.
- 2 Place that awful scene before us,  
 Of the last tremendous day,  
 When to life thou shalt restore us;  
 Ling'ring ages haste away!  
 Then this vile and sinful nature  
 Incorruption shall put on;  
 Life renewing, glorious Saviour!  
 Let thy gracious will be done.

307. 8. 7. The Coll. J.

*The Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **P**LEAS'D we read in sacred story,  
 How our Lord resum'd his breath;  
 Where, O grave's thy conqu'ring glory?  
 Where's thy sting, thou phantom death?

Soon thy jaws, restrain'd from chewing,  
Must disgorge their ransom'd prey :  
Man first gave the pow'r to ruin,  
Man too takes that pow'r away.

2 I am Alpha, says the Saviour,  
I Omega likewise am ;  
I was dead and live for ever,  
God Almighty and the Lamb.  
In the Lord is our perfection,  
And in him our boast we'll make ;  
We shall share his resurrection,  
If we of his death partake.

3 Ye that die without repentance,  
Ye must rise when Christ appears ;  
Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,  
While the saints rejoice in theirs :  
You to dwell with fiends infernal,  
They with Jesus Christ to reign :  
They go into life eternal,  
You to everlasting pain.

4 Bold rebellion, base backsliding,  
Stop your course, reflect with dread ;  
In destruction there's no hiding ;  
Death and hell give up their dead,  
Ev'ry sea, and lake, and river  
Shall restore their dead to view :

Shout for gladness, O believer !  
 Christ is risen, and so shall you.

308. 8 and 7. A.

*Judgment.*

- 1 **P**RESS'D my soul with future pros-  
 Sing creation's dismal end ; (pect,  
 Long foretold by sacred Prophets,  
 Holy muse thy succours lend.  
 Say, what horror, what confusion  
 Will each sinful heart dismay ;  
 What distresses, tortures, anguish,  
 Reign in that tremendous day.
- 2 **R**umbling thunders, forked lightnings,  
 Ghastly glaring thwart the gloom ;  
 Nature shaking to her centre,  
 Groans prophetic of her doom.  
 Clifty rocks and lofty mountains  
 O'er their trembling basis rock ;  
 While Earth yawns in dreadful chasms,  
 With each strong repeated shock.
- 3 **S**eas with horrid palpitation,  
 Ravage round their frightened shores,  
 Blustering wind with frantic fury,  
 Through each ruin'd fabric roars ;

The Sun's bright orb is veil'd in sackcloth  
 Stripp'd of all his sparkling beams ;  
 The moon has dropp'd her silver radiance,  
 And dissolves in purple streams.

4 Stars of light divinely brilliant,  
 Studding night, Cimmerian robe :  
 Hurl'd in darkness from their orbits,  
 Each a darken'd ruin'd globe.  
 Hark ! the martial trumpet sounding  
 Rends in twain the crystal sky ;  
 Vengeance blazing lights the concave  
 Of profound eternity.

5 See the sov'reign Æther furling ;  
 Nobler scenes salute mine eyes !  
 Heav'n in solemn pomp descending,  
 Crimson banners dress the skies.  
 On the arched striped rainbow,  
 Sits enthron'd the eternal God,  
 Myriads of Celestial Warriors,  
 Round him wait his awful nod.

6 Go, he cries, ye winged heralds,  
 Bring my saints from ev'ry wind,  
 Those my blood from death has ransom'd,  
 'Those in life's fair volume penn'd.  
 Straight a holy troop obsequious,  
 Swift as lightning skim'd along,

And from ev'ry grave collecting  
Jesu's dear redeemed throng.

7 Death no more with livid aspect  
Spurs his sallow steed to slay ;  
Now the ravenous foe disgorges,  
All his long imprison'd prey ;  
Rous'd from Tombs each wicked rises,  
By the trumpet's thrilling sound,  
Round they stare with wild amazement,  
Wond'ring at the scene profound.

8 Fill'd with horror, dread and anguish,  
Rocks and mountains they implore  
To fall and crush them out of being ;  
Wishing now to be no more.  
Hark ! the Herald calls to judgment,  
Justice draws her glittering sword,  
Lightning glances from his aspect ;  
Thunder clothes his awful word.

9 Go, ye cursed, fill'd with vengeance,  
Nor for peace my name invoke ;  
Ye who once despis'd my mercy,  
And my fury dare provoke :  
Go to pits of burning sulphur,  
Ever banish'd from my rest ;

Where the soul's eternal larum,  
Ceaseless beats your pulsive breast.

309. 8. 7. Newport Coll. A.

*Judgment.*

- 1 **L**O, th' Almighty King of Glory,  
Sends his awful summons forth !  
Calls the nations all before him !  
From the east, south, west and north !  
His loud trumpet, his loud trumpet, his  
loud trumpet,  
Rends the tombs, the dead awake !
- 2 Now behold the dead arising ;  
Great and small before him stand ;  
Not one soul forgot, or missing,  
None his orders countermand ;  
All stand waiting, all stand waiting, all  
stand waiting,  
For their last decisive doom.
- 3 Now the Saviour, once despised,  
Comes to judge the quick and dead :  
See his foes, each one with horror,  
Lifting up his guilty head :  
How they tremble ! how they tremble !

how they tremble !

At the Lamb's tremendous bar !

- 4 Now they see him on the rainbow,  
With his countless guards around ;  
Saints and angels his retinue,  
With their harps of sweetest sound.  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Echoes sweet from all the choir.
- 5 Now his chosen gladly meet him,  
All seraphic, all divine !  
Lo ! they join the glorious army,  
Whose bright robes the sun outshine !  
All triumphant ! all triumphant ! all  
triumphant !  
See the grand redeemed throng.
- 6 Then behold the dreadful sentence  
On the foes of Christ is past :  
Down to hell without repentance,  
All the guilty crowd is cast ;  
While the ransom'd, while the ransom'd,  
while the ransom'd,  
All applaud the righteous doom.
- 7 Now attend the noble army,  
Wash'd in their Redeemer's blood ;



Swift and joyful is their journey  
 To the palace of their God!  
 All victorious! all victorious! all vic-  
 torious!  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb!

*Epiphonema.*

O ye sinners, now give glory  
 To the great eternal Three!  
 While such danger lies before you,  
 Can you unconcerned be?  
 Judgment hastens! judgment hastens!  
 judgment hastens!  
 Mercy, mercy now implore!

310. The Coll. A.

*Judgment.*

- 1 **L**O he comes in clouds descending,  
 Once for helpless sinners slain!  
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train.  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
 All the angels cry Amen.
- 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, &c.  
 Shall the true 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, &c.  
 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, &c.  
 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, &c.  
 Travails! groans! and bids thee come.
- 6 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,  
 High on thy eternal throne!

Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
 Claim the kingdom for thine own :  
 O come quickly, &c.  
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

311. The Coll. *A.*

*Judgment.*

- 1 **L**O ! he cometh ! countless trumpets  
 Blow before the bloody sign ;  
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels  
 See the crucified shine :  
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
 Welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb !
- 2 Now his merit by the harpers,  
 Through the eternal deep resounds ;  
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,  
 Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds :  
 They who pierc'd him, &c. &c.  
 Shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away,  
 All who hate him, must, ashamed,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day.  
 Come to judgment, &c. &c.  
 Stand before the Son of Man.

- 4 Saints who love him, view his glory,  
 Shining in his bruised face,  
 His dear person on the rainbow,  
 Now his people's head shall raise :  
 Happy mourners, &c. &c.  
 Lo ! in clouds, he comes, he comes !
- 5 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See ! in solemn pomp appear ;  
 All his people, once rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air :  
 Hallelujah ! &c. &c.  
 Now the promis'd kingdom's come.
- 6 View him smiling, now determin'd  
 Ev'ry evil to destroy ;  
 All the nations now shall sing him  
 Songs of everlasting joy :  
 O come quickly, &c. &c.  
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

312. 8. 7. altered by Toplady. Helmsley Tune. *J.*  
*Invitation.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor, and wretched,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love and power :  
 He is able,  
 He is willing ; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;  
 God's free bounty glorify:  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that bring's 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 the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo your Maker prostrate lies!  
 On the bloody tree behold him,  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 "It is finish'd:"  
 Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood:  
 Venture on him, venture freely,  
 Let no other trust intrude;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

9 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 do the same.

313. 8 and 7, 8 and 7, 4 and 7. Rippon's Coll. J.  
*Dismission.*

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with a 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 fruit of thy salvation,  
 In our hearts and lives abound :  
 May thy presence  
 With us ever more 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.

314. Twice 8. 7, 4 and 7. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Finished Redemption.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
**S**ounds aloud from Calvary!  
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
 "It is finished!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford!  
 Heavenly 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 hath promis'd;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe.  
 It is finish'd!  
 Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:  
 All on earth and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name!

**Hallelujah!**  
**Glory to the bleeding Lamb.**

315. The Coll. J.

*Invitation.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, come to Jesus,  
 Think upon your gracious Lord ;  
 He has pitied your condition,  
 He has sent his gospel word :  
 Mercy calls you,  
 Mercy flows on Jesu's blood.
- 2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant  
 To proclaim thy wondrous love ;  
 Pour thy grace upon this people,  
 That thy truth they may approve :  
 Bless, O bless them!  
 From thy shining courts above.
- 3 Now thy gracious word invites them  
 To partake the gospel-feast :  
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,  
 Ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest.  
 O receive us,  
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.



316. 8 & 7, 8 & 7, 4 & 8, or 12 & 7.

Altered by Ryland. J.

*Prayer for Revival.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, 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.

Some in whom we once delighted  
 We shall meet no more below,  
 Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,  
 Scarce a single leaf they shew : 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 ;  
 Oh, 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 prayers ;  
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,  
 Shun the world's bewitching snare :  
 Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
 And begin, from this good hour,  
 To revive thy works afresh :  
 Lord, revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee.

317. 8, 7. 8, 7. twice 7. The Coll. J.

*The Word of God more precious than Gold.*

1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
Does the Word of God afford!

All I want for life and pleasure,  
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.  
Let the world account me poor,  
Having this, I want no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,  
Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
Of excess there is no danger,  
Though it fills, it never cloy.  
On a dying CHRIST I feed,  
Here is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
Or when satan wounds my mind,  
Cordials to revive me quickly,  
Healing med'cines here I find:  
To the promises I flee,  
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,  
Satan cannot make me yield;  
For the word of consolation  
Is to me a mighty shield.  
While the scripture truths endure,  
From his pow'r I am secure.

- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me ;  
 When I take the spirit's sword,  
 Then with ease I drive him from me,  
 Satan trembles at the Word :  
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
 Keen the edge and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,  
 Doating on his golden store ?  
 Sure I am, or should be, wiser,  
 I am rich, 'tis he is poor ;  
 Jesus gives me in his word  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

318. 8, 7 8, 7 twice 7. The Coll. A.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 4 **L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder,  
 Let us praise the Saviour's name ;  
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,  
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame ;  
 He has wash'd us with his blood,  
 He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation  
 Threaten hard to bear us down ;  
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,  
 Holds in view the conqu'rors crown :  
 He, who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Soon will bring us home to God.

- 3 Let us wonder ! grace and justice  
 Join and point to mercies store ;  
 When thro' grace in Christ our trust is  
 Justice smiles and asks no more :  
 He, who wash'd us with his blood,  
 Has secur'd our way to God.
- 4 Let us praise and join the chorus  
 Of the saints enthron'd on high !  
 Here they trusted him before us,  
 Now their praises fill the sky :  
 Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,  
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !
- 5 Yes, we praise thee, glorious Saviour ;  
 Wonder, love and bless thy name ;  
 Pardon, Lord, our poor endeavour,  
 Pity, for thou know'st our frame :  
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,  
 For by thee we come to God.

319. 4 of 6, and 2 of 8. Stennett. H.

*A Song of Praise to Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME, every pious hear t,  
 That loves the Saviour's name,  
 Your noblest powers exert,  
 To celebrate his fame ;  
 Tell all above, and all below,  
 The debt of love, to him you owe.

- 2 He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside ;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled and died ;  
What he endur'd, O who can tell ?  
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansion of the dead ;  
And thence his mighty foes,  
In glorious triumph led ;  
Up thro' the sky the Conqu'ror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 4 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.
- 5 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, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

320. Twice 8 and 7. Ditto. The Coll. J.

*Isaiah liii.*

1 **W**HO hath our report believed,  
Shiloh come, is not received,  
Not received by his own ;  
Promis'd Branch from root of Jesse,  
David's offspring sent to bless ye,  
Come too meekly to be known.

2 Like a tender plant that's growing  
Where no water's friendly flowing,  
No kind rains refresh the ground :  
Drooping, dying we shall view him,  
See no charm to draw us to him,  
There no beauty will be seen.

3 Lo! Messiah, unrespected,  
Man of grief, despis'd, rejected,  
Wounds his form disfig'ring ;  
Marr'd his visage more than any,  
For he bears the sin of many,  
All our sorrows carrying.

4 No deceit his mouth hath spoken,  
Blameless, he no law had broken ;

Yet was number'd with the worst :

For, because the Lord would grieve him,  
We, who saw it, did believe him

For his own offences curst.

5 But while him our thoughts accused,  
He for us alone was bruised,

Stricken, smitten for our guilt :

With his stripes our wounds are cured,  
By his pains our peace assured,

Purchas'd by the blood he spilt.

6 Love amazing so to mind us !

Shepherd come from heaven to find us

Silly sheep all gone astray !

Lost, undone by our transgressions ;

Worse than stript of all possessions,

Debtors without hope to pay.

7 Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,—

He redeem'd us by his merit,

To a glorious liberty :

Dearly first his goodness bought us,

Truth and love then sweetly taught us ;

Truth and love have made us free.

8 Blessed be the power who gave us,

Freely gave his Son to save us ;



Bless'd the Son, who freely came :  
 Honour, blessing, adoration,  
 Ever from the whole creation  
 Be to GOD, and to the Lamb.

321. Five 8 and 7. The Coll. J.

*Judgment.*

- 1 **H**E comes! he comes! the Judge severe  
**H**The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
 He's welcome to the faithful soul ;  
     Welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-  
     Welcome to the faithful soul. (come,
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,  
 See th' Almighty JESUS crown'd !  
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
 And glory decks the Saviour's face ;  
     Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
     Glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,  
 He claims the kingdom as his own ;  
 The kingdoms all obey his word,  
 And hail him their triumphant Lord ;  
     Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,  
     Hail him their triumphant LORD.

- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
 And all the saints of the Most High :  
 Our God, who now his right obtains,  
 For ever, and for ever reigns ;  
 Ever, ever, ever, ever,  
 Ever, and for ever reigns.
- 5 The Father praise, the Son adore,  
 The Spirit bless for evermore :  
 Salvation's glorious work is done,  
 We welcome the great Three in One ;  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
 Welcome the great Three in One.

322. Eights, of twice 3 syllables and 2. The Coll. J.

*Christ withdrawn.*

- 1 **O** WHAT shall I do to retrieve,  
 The love for a season bestow'd ;  
 'Tis better to die than to live  
 Exil'd from the presence of God :  
 With sorrow distracted and doubt,  
 With palpable horror opprest,  
 The city I wander about,  
 And seek my repose in his breast.
- 2 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare,  
 If ye my beloved have seen,

- And point to that heav'nly fair,  
 Surpassing the children of men :  
**My Lover and LORD** from above,  
 Who only can quiet my pain,  
 Whom only I languish to love,  
 O where shall I find him again?
- 3 The joy and desire of mine eyes,  
 The end of my sorrow and wo ;  
**My hope,** and my heav'nly prize,  
 My height of ambition below :  
 Once more if he shew me his face,  
 He never again shall depart,  
 Detain'd in my closest embrace,  
 Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

323. Eights. New Jerusalem. Newton. J.

*What think ye of Christ?* Matt. xxii. 42.

- 1 **WHAT** think ye of Christ? is the test  
 To try both your state and your  
 You cannot be right in the rest, (scheme,  
 Unless you think rightly of him ;  
**As JESUS** appears in your view,  
 As he is beloved or not,  
 So God is disposed to you,  
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.

- 2 Some take him a creature to be,  
 A man, or an angel at most ;  
 Sure these have not feelings like me,  
 Nor know themselves utterly lost :  
 So guilty, so helpless am I,  
 I durst not confide in his blood,  
 Nor on his protection rely,  
 Unless I were sure he's a God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,  
 But mix their own works with his plan,  
 And hope he his help will afford,  
 When they have done all that they can.  
 If doings prove rather too light,  
 (A little they own, they may fail)  
 They purpose to make up full weight,  
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some stile him the pearl of great price,  
 And say he's the fountain of joys ;  
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
 And cleave to the world and its toys :  
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,  
 And as they salute him betray ;  
 Ah ! what will profession like this,  
 Avail in his terrible day ?

5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think ?

Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,  
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,  
 My life, and my strength, and my store,  
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,  
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall,  
 My hope from beginning to end,  
 My portion, my Lord, and my All.

324. Eights. New Jerusalem. Newton. J.

*Joseph made known to his Brethren. Gen. xlv. 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 hasted 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 am 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 am 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.

325. The Coll. P. M. 8 of 8. A.

*Longing after Christ.*

1 I LONG to behold him array'd  
With glory and light from above ;  
The King in his beauty display'd,  
His beauty of holiest love :

- I languish and die to be there,  
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode,  
 O when shall we meet in the air,  
 And fly to the mountain of God.
- 2 With him I on Zion shall stand,  
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word)  
 The breadth of Immanuel's land  
 Survey by the light of my LORD:  
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd,  
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,  
 My fulness of rapture I find,  
 My Heaven of Heavens in thee!
- 3 How happy the people that dwell  
 Secure in the city above!  
 No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove:  
 Physician of souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and holiness give,  
 And then from the body set free,  
 And then to the city receive.

326. The Coll. *A.*

*A Funeral Hymn.*

- 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 has left  
The 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 This languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;

This quiet immoveable breast  
Is heav'd by affliction no more ;  
This 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.

327. Eights, of twice 3 syllables and 2. The Coll. J.

*Funeral.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to JESUS on high !  
 Another has enter'd his rest ;  
 Another has 'scap'd to the sky,  
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast :  
 The soul of our brother is gone  
 To heighten the triumph above ;  
 Exalted to JESUS's throne !  
 Exalted by JESUS's love !
- 2 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 this dungeon shall fly ?  
 Who first shall be summon'd away ?  
 My merciful God !—is it I ?
- 3 O Jesus, if this be thy will,  
 That suddenly I should depart,  
 Thy council of mercy reveal,  
 And whisper the call to my heart :  
 O give me a signal to know,  
 If soon thou would'st have me remove,

And leave the dull body below,  
And fly to the regions of love.

328. Six Eights. The Coll. J.

- 1 **F**ATHER (if thou my Father art)  
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son ;  
Breathe him into my panting heart,  
And make me know as I am known,  
Make me thy conscious child, that I  
May Father, Abba Father cry.
- 2 **O** that the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit as a transient guest ;  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast,  
And make my soul his lov'd abode,  
The temple of th' indwelling God !
- 3 **C**ome Holy Ghost my soul inspire,  
Attest that I am born again ;  
Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,  
Nor let thy former gifts be vain :  
O grant the sense of sin forgiven,  
O grant the earnest of my Heaven.
- 4 **O** give the indisputable seal,  
That ascertains the kingdom mine !

That powerful stamp I long to feel,  
 The signature of love divine ;  
 O shed it in my heart abroad,  
 Fulness of love, of Heav'n, of God !

329. Six Eights. President Davies. J.

*The Pardoning God.*

- 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 pardoning 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, &c.
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim  
 To pity, mercy, love and grace ;  
 These glories crown Jehovah's name,  
 With an incomparable blaze.  
 Who, &c.
- 4 In wonder lost with trembling joy,  
 We take the pardon of our God,

Pardon for crimes of deepest die,  
 A pardon bought with Jesus' blood.  
 Who, &c.

- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
 This God-like miracle of love,  
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
 And all th' Angelic Hosts above.  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

330. P. M. 6 of 8. The Coll. A.

*Joining the Church.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,  
 Thou heir of grace redeem'd by  
 blood;

Welcome with us thine hand to join,  
 As partner of our lot divine:  
 Abundant blessings from above,  
 Give him, we pray, thou God of love.

- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace;  
 We're trav'ling to a blissful place,  
 The new Jerusalem above,  
 The radiant throne, the seat of love.  
 The Holy Ghost that knows the way,  
 Conduct thee on from day to day!

- 3 The staff of promise now receive,  
 Thy weary footseps to relieve,  
 The chief support the trav'ler knows,  
 Leaning on which he forward goes.  
 Thus if for rest thy spirits call,  
 Leaning on which he cannot fall.
- 4 With peace, with ceaseless peace be shod,  
 The shoes of peace receive of God ;  
 These keep from pain the pilgrim's feet,  
 And make the rugged way seem sweet.  
 So Sion's paths shall ever prove  
 The paths of joy, and peace and love.
- 5 Thus onward move with upright pace ;  
 Steadfast pursue the gospel race :  
 Fill'd with the power of truth divine,  
 Prove all the strength of Jesus thine.  
 Commission'd angels soon shall come,  
 And waft thee to thy wish'd for home.

331. P. M. 6 of 8. (Ps. 146.) A.

*Trusting in God.*

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die, and turn to dust :  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood :  
Their breath departs, their pomp and  
power,  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train,  
His truth forever stands secure :  
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 He loves his saints, he knows them well ;  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy God, O Zion ever reigns ;  
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,  
In this exalted work engage ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.



332. Proper Metre. 6 of 8. (Ps. 19.) A.

*The Book of Nature.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heav'ns well order'd  
 frame,  
 Declares the glory of thy name ;  
 There thy rich works of wonder shine,  
 A thousand starry beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant marks appear  
 Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
 The dawning and the dying light  
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;  
 With silent eloquence they raise  
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run,  
 Far as the journies of the sun,  
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice ;  
 The sun, like some young bridegroom  
 drest,  
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
 Rolls round & makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
 He smiles, and speaks his Maker God :

All nature joins to shew thy praise ;  
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines ;  
 Fair as the book of Nature's lines ;  
 But fairer is the book of Grace.

333. Six Eights. Greenfield Tune. (Ps. 96.) *J.*

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,  
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name ;  
 His glory let the heathen know,  
 His wonders to the nation shew,  
 And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord ;  
 The wond'ring nations read thy word ;  
 The nations have Jehovah known :  
 Our worship shall no more be paid  
 To gods which mortal hands have made,  
 Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 He fram'd the Globe, he built the sky,  
 He made the shining worlds on high,  
 And reigns complete in glory there :  
 His beams are majesty and light ;  
 His beauties how divinely bright !  
 His temple how divinely fair !

- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,  
 And barb'rous nations fear his name :  
 Then shall the race of men confess,  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

334. 10. 10. 11. 11. The Coll. J.

*The Lord reigneth.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your master pro-  
 claim,  
 And publish abroad his wonderful name;  
 The name all victorious of Jesus extol;  
 His Kingdom is glorious, and rules  
 over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
 And still he is nigh, his presence we have :  
 The great congregation his triumph  
 shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne ;  
 Let all cry aloud and honour the Son :  
 Our Jesus's praises, the agels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces, and worship  
 the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,  
 And give him his right ;  
 All glory and power,  
 And wisdom and might :  
 All honour and blessing,  
 With Angels above :  
 And thanks never-ceasing,  
 And infinite love.

335. 10. 10. 11. 11. The Coll. J.

*For thine is the Kingdom.*

1 **Y**E souls that are weak,  
 And helpless and poor,  
 Who know not to speak ;  
 Much less to do more :  
 Lo ! here's a foundation  
 For comfort and peace ;  
 In Christ is salvation ;  
 The kingdom is his.

2 Then be not afraid,  
 All power is given  
 To Jesus our head,  
 In earth and in Heav'n ;  
 Thro' him we shall conquer  
 The mightiest foes ;

Our Captain is stronger  
Than all that oppose.

3 His power from above  
He'll kindly impart;  
So free is his love,  
So tender his heart:  
Redeem'd with his merit,  
We're wash'd in his blood;  
Renew'd by his Spirit,  
We've power with God.

4 Thy grace we adore,  
Director divine;  
The kingdom and power  
And glory are thine:  
Preserve us from running  
On rocks or on shelves;  
From foes strong and cunning,  
And most from ourselves.

5 Reign o'er us as King,  
Accomplish thy will;  
And powerfully bring  
Us forth from all ill;  
'Till falling before thee  
We laud thy lov'd name,

Ascribing the glory  
To God and the Lamb.

336. 10. 10. 11. 11. The Coll. J.

*The Burdened Sinner.*

- 1 **A**H! what can I do,  
Or how be secure?  
If justice pursue,  
What heart can endure?  
When God speaks in thunder,  
And makes himself known,  
The heart breaks asunder,  
Tho' harder than stone!
- 2 With terror I read  
My sins' heavy score,  
Their number exceeds  
The sand 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 terrible cry,  
Calls loud upon God  
To strike from on high;

Nor can my repentance  
Extorted by fear,  
Reverse the just sentence ;  
'Tis just tho' 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 mis'ry and woe,  
With devils in hell !  
O where is the Saviour  
I scorn'd in time past ?  
His word in my favour  
Would save me at last.

6 Lord Jesus ! on thee  
I venture to call,  
O look upon me  
The vilest of all :  
For whom didst thou languish  
And bleed on the tree ?

O pity my anguish,  
And say, " 'Twas for thee."

7 A cause such as mine  
Will honour thy power,  
All hell will repine,  
All Heav'n will adore ;  
If in condemnation  
Strict justice takes place,  
It shines in salvation  
More glorious thro' grace.

337. Twice 10 and twice 11. Rippon's Coll. J.

*Praising Christ.*

1 **O**UR Saviour alone,  
The Lord let us bless,  
Who reigns on his Throne,  
The Prince of our peace ;  
Who ever more saves us  
By shedding his blood ;  
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 will we 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.

358. Twice 10 and twice 11. Newton. J.  
*The Lord will Provide.*

Gen. xxii. 5—14.

1 **T**HO' troubles assail and dangers  
 affright,  
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all  
 unite ;  
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
 The promise assure us, the Lord will pro-  
 vide.

2 The birds without barn and store-house  
 are fed :  
 From them let us learn to trust for our  
 bread :

His saints what is sitting shall ne'er be  
denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will  
provide."

3 We all may like ships, by tempests be tost  
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost ;  
Tho' satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
Yet scripture engages, the Lord will pro-  
vide.

4 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,  
We know not the way, but faith makes  
us bold :  
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure  
guide,  
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will  
provide.

5 When satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by  
faith : [tried  
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has  
The heart cheering promise, the Lord will  
provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,  
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall  
obtain ;

But when such suggestions our graces have  
try'd, (provide.

This answers all questions, the Lord will

7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we  
claim,

Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name ;  
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power, the Lord will pro-  
vide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in  
view, (through ;

The word of his grace shall comfort us  
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our  
side, (vide.

We hope to die shouting, the Lord will pro-

339. Twice 10 and twice 11. The Coll. J.

*Repentant Sinner.*

1 **D**EAR Jesus, here comes  
And knocks at thy door,

A beggar for crumbs,

Distressed and poor ;

Blind, lame and forsaken,

All roll'd in his blood,

At last overtaken,

When running from God.

- 2 To ask children's bread  
I dare not presume,  
But, Lord, to be fed  
With fragments I come :  
Some crumbs from thy table  
O let me obtain,  
For lo, thou art able  
My wants to sustain.
- 3 I own I deserve  
No favour to see,  
So long I did swerve  
And wander from thee ;  
'Till brought by affliction  
My follies to mourn,  
Now under conviction  
To thee I return.
- 4 Great God, my desert  
Is nothing but death,  
And hence to depart  
For ever in wrath ;  
Yet, LORD, to this city  
Of refuge I flee,  
O let thine eye pity  
A sinner like me !
- 5 For since thou hast said,  
Thou wilt cast out none,

That flee to thine aid,  
 As sinners undone :  
 Now, LORD, I am come as  
 Condemned to die,  
 And on this sweet promise  
 I humbly rely.

6 I cannot depart,  
 Dear Jesus, nor yield,  
 'Till feels my proud heart  
 This promise fulfill'd,  
 That I may for ever  
 A monument be,  
 To praise thee, free Saviour  
 Of sinners like me.

340. Four 10, and twice 11. (Ps. 50.) J.

*The last Judgment.*

1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons  
 forth,

Calls the south nations and awakes the north :  
 From east to west the sov'reign orders spread  
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.  
 The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heav'n  
 rejoices ;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful  
 voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long de-  
lay,

His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the  
day !

Behold ! the judge descends ; his guards are  
nigh ;

Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.  
When God appears, all nature shall adore  
him :

While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before  
him.

3 ' Heaven, earth and hell, draw near ; let  
all things come

' To hear my sentence and the sinner's doom :

' But gather first my saints, (the Judge  
commands)

' Bring them, ye angels, from their distant  
lands.'

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful  
passion ;

And shout, ye saints, he comes for your  
salvation.

4. ' Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,

' Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,

' And sign'd with all their names ; the  
Greek, the Jew,

‘That paid the ancient worship or the new?  
There’s no distinction here, join all your  
voices,

And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav’n  
rejoices.

5 ‘Here, saith the Lord, ye angels spread  
their thrones, (sons.

‘And near me seat my fav’rites and my

‘Come, my redeem’d, possess the joys pre-  
par’d

‘Ere time began; ’tis your divine reward.’

When Christ returns, wake ev’ry cheerful  
passion;

And shout, ye saints! he comes for your  
salvation.

341. Elevens. Rippon’s Coll. J.

*Exceeding great and precious promises.*

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 dis-  
may'd,

'For I am thy God, and will still give thee  
aid ;

'I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand,

'Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent  
hand.

4 'When through 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 through fiery trials thy path-way  
shall lie,

'My grace all-sufficient shall be thy sup-  
ply ;

'The flame shall not hurt thee, I only de-  
sign

'Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to  
refine.



6 ' Even down to old age, all my people  
' shall prove

' My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;

' And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn,

' Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
' borne.

7 ' The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for  
' repose,

' I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;

' That soul, though all hell should endeav-  
' or to shake,

' I'll never—no never—no never forsake.'

342. Lyric Poems. J.

*Judgment.*

1 **W**HEN the fierce north wind, with  
his airy forces

Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury :

And the red lightning with a storm of hail  
comes

Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and  
tremble !

While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody  
trumpet,

Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,  
Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,

(If things eternal may be like these earthly)

Such the dire terror when the great arch-angel

Shakes the creation ;

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of Heaven,

Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;

See the graves open, and the bones arising,

Flames all around them.

5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !

Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish

Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living

worm lies

Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts like old vultures, prey upon their heart strings,

And the smart twinges when the eye beholds the

Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of ven-  
geance

Rolling afore him.

7 Hopeless immortals! how they scream  
and shiver,

While devils push them to the pit wide-  
yawning,

Hideous and gloomy, to receive them head-  
long

Down to the centre!

8 Stop here my fancy, (all away ye horrid  
Doleful ideas) come arise to Jesus,

How he sits Godlike and the saints around  
him,

Thron'd yet adoring.

9 O may I sit there when he comes tri-  
umphant,

Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,  
While our Hosannas all along the passage

Shout the Redeemer.

343. P. M. Mrs. P—r. A.

*Perseverance.*

1 **N**OW Christ again to me appears,  
Banishing all my doubts and fears,

With his surprising grace ;  
He says, fear not, for you I died,  
Remove thy doubts, look in my side,  
Thy soul with joy at my right hand  
At the last day I'll place.

2 Tho' sin within thee yet remains,  
Against thy will, it's grace that reigns,  
And shall the conqu'ror prove ;  
Sin, earth and hell in vain combine,  
To pluck thee from those hands of mine :  
Thou art secured in the arms  
Of everlasting love.

3 Fear not, though all the earth engage  
Against thy soul, with hellish rage ;  
I'm earth's foundation's prop :  
The government is laid on me,  
I have all power to succour thee ;  
Then lean on my eternal arm,  
I'll not deceive thy hope.

4 They sooner may the mountains move  
Than thee destroy or change my love,  
Or alter what I swore,  
The sun and moon may cease to shine,  
The earth and all therein decline ;

But my eternal love stands firm,  
And shall for ever more.

344. P. M. Mrs. P—r. A.

*Faith looks within the Veil.*

- 1 **W**HEN I look up to Heaven,  
And there my Jesus view;  
When faith to me is given,  
Those wonders to pursue:  
I cry out, O amazing,  
Astonish'd at the sight;  
And ever would be gazing,  
In raptures of delight.
- 2 There on a throne most glorious,  
With sweet delight I see,  
Exalted and victorious,  
The Man that died for me;  
Co-equal and eternal,  
He'll with the Father reign;  
And all his foes infernal  
Against him rage in vain.
- 3 He shines through heaven's glad regions  
With such transcendent light,  
All the celestial legions  
Are dazzled at the sight;

With faces veil'd before him,  
 Bright cherubs lowly fall,  
 And joyfully adore him,  
 As sovereign Lord of all.

4 The saints with joy and gladness,  
 Unveil'd before him stand,  
 For ever freed from sadness,  
 With vict'ry in their hands ;  
 In spotless robes adorned,  
 Crowns on their heads they wear,  
 Though once by sinners scorned,  
 Now like their Lord appear.

5 They join their grateful voices,  
 To praise the sacred Three,  
 All heaven around rejoices,  
 In sweetest harmony ;  
 To God, the glorious Father,  
 The Spirit and the Son,  
 By all his works together,  
 Be equal honour done.

L. M. Doddridge. *H.*

345. *The Happiness of being 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 **W**here Jesus dwells my soul would be,  
And fains my much lov'd Lord to see,  
Earth, twine no more about my heart,  
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 **C**ome, 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 **T**hat blissful interview, how sweet !  
To fall transported at his feet !  
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,  
Thro' the full beamings of his grace !

5 **A**s with a seraph's voice to sing !  
To fly as on a cherub's wing !  
Performing with unerring hands,  
The present Saviour's high commands.

6 **Y**et with these prospects full in sight,  
We'll want thy signal for the flight ;  
For while thy service we pursue,  
We find a heaven begun below.

# APPENDIX.

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Hymn 1. P. M. Toplady's Coll. H.

*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 heaven 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 power,  
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 ev'ry boist'rous storm outride.
- 4 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.

- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow  
 A prosperous gale of grace;  
 Waft me from all below,  
 To heaven, my destin'd place!  
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

2. P. M. H.

*Christ the awakened Sinner's trust.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, remember me,  
 A sinner weak and vile,  
 Full of impiety,  
 And fraught with sin and guile;  
 I cannot hope but in thy blood:  
 Remember me, O Lord, for good.

- 2 Unable to depend  
 In nature, strength and power,  
 Jesus, my soul befriend,  
 Teach me to trust thee more;  
 Save me from sin and all its smart,  
 O save me from my treach'rous heart.

- 3 'Tis true, dear Lord, I am  
 A sinner, vile indeed,  
 Yet hoping in the Lamb,  
 Who deign'd for such to bleed;  
 And while the spirit seals my heart,  
 My soul believes we ne'er shall part.

- 4 Christ ever will defend  
 The people of his choice ;  
 He loves them without end,  
 And in them doth rejoice ;  
 For them he shed his precious blood,  
 And will present them all to God.

### 3. Eights.

#### *Christ's Presence the Saint's Joy.*

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see ;  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,  
 Have all lost their sweetness to 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 would, 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,

The palace a toy would appear ;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

- 4 Now, 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 winters and clouds are no more.

4.

*Divine Use of Music.*

- 1 **E**NLISTED in the cause of sin, why should a  
 - good be evil ?  
 Music, alas, too long has been, press'd to obey  
 the devil ;  
 Drunken, or lewd, or light they lie, met to their  
 soul's undoing,  
 Widen'd and strew'd is all the way, down to eter-  
 nal ruin.
- 2 Who on the part of God will rise, innocent sound  
 recover,  
 Fly on the prey, and take the prize, plunder the  
 carnal lover ;  
 Strip him of ev'ry moving strain, ev'ry melting  
 measure,  
 Music in virtue's cause retain, rescues the holy  
 pleasure.

3 Come, let us see if Jesu's love will not as well  
inspire us,

This is the theme of those above, this upon earth  
shall fire us:

Lo, if your hearts are tun'd to sing, is there a sub-  
ject greater?

Harmony all her strains may bring, Jesus's name  
is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of Music is, this is the noblest  
passion;

Jesus's name is life and peace, happiness and sal-  
vation;

Jesus's name can raise the dead, shew us our sins  
forgiven,

Fill us with all the life of grace, carry us up to  
heaven.

5 He that a sprinkled conscience has, let him in God  
be merry,

Let him sing psalms, the Spirit says, constant and  
never weary,

Offer his sacrifice of praise, hearty and never  
ceasing,

Spiritual songs and anthems raise, honour and  
thanks and blessing.

6 Then let us in his praises join, triumph in his  
salvation

Glory ascribe to love divine, worship and adora-  
tion:

Heaven already is begun, open to each believer,  
Only believe, and still sing on, and heaven yours  
for ever.

## 5. Particular Metre.

*A Christmas Hymn.*

- 1 **H**ITHER ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,  
 To Bethlehem go the Lord of life to meet :  
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour.  
 O! O come and let us worship,  
 O! come and let us worship,  
 O! come and let us worship, at his feet.
- 2 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,  
 Let the celestial courts his praise repeat ;  
 Unto our God be glory in the highest ;  
 O! come, &c.
- 3 O! Jesus for such wondrous condescension,  
 Our praise and reverence are an offering due ;  
 Now is the word made flesh and dwells among us ;  
 O! come, &c.

## 6. 7, 6.

*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 a blood-crimson 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,  
Tho' 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;  
Tho' his arm is lifted up,  
He will forbear the blow.  
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,  
Sinners he invites to come;

None who come, shall be denied,  
He says there still is room.

7. Long Metre.

*The Believer's hiding Place.*

- 1 **H**AIL sovereign love that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;  
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,  
I fought with hands uplifted high ;  
Despis'd the promise of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrap'd in dark Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light ;  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But lo ! the eternal council rang,  
Almighty love arrest the man :  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,  
But justice cried with frowning face,  
This mountain is no hiding place.
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,  
And mercy for my soul appear'd ;  
She led me on a pleasant pace,  
'To Jesus Christ my hiding place.

- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,  
And shake the globe from pole to pole,  
No thunder bolt shall daunt my face,  
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 On him almighty vengeance fell ;  
That might have crush'd a world to hell ;  
He bore it for his chosen race,  
And thus became a hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling years at most,  
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast ;  
When I shall sing a song of grace,  
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

## 8. Particular Metre.

*Regions of Love.*

- 1 **F**ROM the regions of love, lo! an angel de-  
scended,  
And told the strange news, how the babe was at-  
tended.  
Go shepherds and visit this wonderful stranger,  
See, yonder bright star shews your God in a  
manger.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchas'd our  
pardon,  
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,  
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation ;  
Then sudden a multitude rais'd their glad voices,  
And shout the Redeemer while heaven rejoices.  
Hallelujah, &c.



- 3 Now glory to God in the highest be given,  
 Now glory to God is echo'd from heaven,  
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,  
 And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 O Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,  
 And conquer with love, and make it victorious;  
 Thy banner unfurl, let the nations surrender,  
 And own their free Saviour, their God and de-  
 fender,  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 In raptures I burn with delight and desire,  
 Such love so divine sets my soul all on fire;  
 Around the bright throne hosannas are ringing,  
 O when shall I join them and ever be singing.  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 6 Lord hasten the day when my fight shall be over,  
 My faith turn'd to joy to behold my sweet lover;  
 O banish my fear, bring me safe over Jordan,  
 To a land without tears that I never yet trod on.  
 Hallelujah, &c.

## 9. Particular Metre.

*The Voice of Free Grace.*

- 1 **T**HE voice of free grace, cries escape to the  
 mountain,  
 For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a fountain;  
 For sin and transgression and every pollution,  
 His blood it flows freely in plenteous redemption.  
*Hallelujah, &c. as in the last hymn.*

- 2 This fountain so free is, that all may find pardon,  
From Jesus's side flows full plenteous redemption,  
Tho' sins were increased as high as a mountain,  
His blood it flows freely in streams of salvation.
- 3 O Jesus ride on then, thy kingdom is glorious,  
O'er sin, death and hell, thou'lt make us victo-  
rious ;  
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congrega-  
tion,  
And saints shall rejoice in ascribing salvation.
- 4 When we stand on Mount Zion, having gain'd  
The bless'd shore,  
With harps in our hands, we will praise him ever  
more ;  
We will range the bless'd fields on the banks of  
the river,  
And sing hallelujah's for ever and ever. Hal. &c.

## 10.

*We must be born again.*

- 1 **A** WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
And knew not where to go :  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink in endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, and 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 my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head,  
I no relief could find :  
'This fearful truth I found remain,  
'The sinner must be born again,  
Oppress'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder 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 ;  
But when I found this still remain,  
'The sinner must be born again,  
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,  
Jesus of Nazareth 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.

## 11. Sevens.

*We'll do thee Good.*

- 1 **E**VERY kindred, every name,  
That's oppress'd with guilt and shame,  
Come to Jesu's streaming blood,  
Go with us, we'll do thee good.
- 2 We are Baptists call'd by name,  
Trav'ling home to God the Lamb,  
If you're panting for his blood,  
Go with us, we'll do thee good.
- 3 Let not conscience you delay,  
But march off, while it is day,  
Fearless be of death's cold flood,  
Go with us, we'll do thee good.
- 4 We have got a captain dear,  
Who will all our sorrows bear,  
And he in our places stood,  
Go with us, we'll do thee good.
- 5 If you're frail and wretched too,  
All our travellers feel so,  
Yet our captain's precious blood,  
That alone will do us good,
- 6 And when we ascend on high,  
All our sorrows will be dry,  
Come then sinners, stem the flood,  
Go with us, we'll do you good.

## 12. Long Metre.

*The Petition answered.*

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
 In faith, and love, and every grace ;  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he that taught me thus to pray,  
 And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;  
 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 grant me my request,  
 And by his love's constraining power  
 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 powers of hell  
 Assault my soul in every 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 cried,  
 Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?  
 'Tis in this way, the Lord replied,  
 I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 These inward trials I employ  
 From self and pride to set thee free,  
 And break thy schemes of worldly joy,  
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me.

## 13. Long Metre. Madan's Coll. H.

*Imputed Righteousness.*

- 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 died 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 now hear thy voice,  
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
*Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.*

14. Common Metre. Cennick. *H.**Melchizedeck a Type of Christ.*

- 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 Melchizedeck.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay,  
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all thy favour'd throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song.

15. Common Metre. Newton. *H.**The name of Jesus.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary rest.

- 8 Dear name, the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place,  
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace.

16. Common Metre. Cowper. *H.*

*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 power,  
 '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 lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save.



17. Eights. *H.**The good Shepherd.*

- 1 **H**OW safe and how happy are they,  
 Who on the good Shepherd rely!  
 He gives them out strength for their day,  
 Their want he will surely supply.
- 2 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.

18. Common Metre. *Watts. H.**Praise to the Redeemer.*

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

- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
 Strike all your harps of gold ;  
 But when you raise your highest notes,  
 His love can ne'er be told.

19. Sevens. Is. xl. 29. *H.*

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,  
 Still supply my ev'ry want,  
 Tree of life ! thine influence shed,  
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I,  
 Wither without thee, and die ;  
 Weak as helpless infancy,  
 O confirm my soul in thee !
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall,  
 Send the strength for which I call !  
 Weaker than a bruised reed,  
 Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,  
 Love me, save me, to the end !  
 Give me the continuing grace,  
 Take the everlasting praise.

20. Short Metre. *H.*

*Absence from Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, attend my pray'r,  
 And all my wants relieve ;  
 Come to my heart, and dwell thou there,  
 That thou in me may'st live.

- 2 In weakness I draw nigh  
 Unto the throne of grace,  
 Answer the sinner's mournful cry,  
 And fill me with thy peace.
- 3 Thou read'st my naked breast,  
 For liberty I groan,  
 I sigh in thee, my Lord, to rest,  
 And worship thee alone.
- 4 Fain would I hate my sin,  
 And ponder on thy love,  
 'Till all be sanctified within,  
 And my whole heart's above.
- 5 If trials vex my soul,  
 Close to thy wounds I'll flee;  
 No refuge can I elsewhere find,  
 No refuge but in thee.
- 6 To thee I recommend  
 My poor and trembling soul,  
 On thee for future grace depend,  
 Who art my all in all.

21. 8 and 7. *H.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art,  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter ev'ry longing heart!  
 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving spirit,  
 Into ev'ry troubled breast,  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

- 2 Come, Almighty, to deliver,  
 'Let us all thy life receive ;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave.  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thine hosts above ;  
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,  
 Pure, unspotted may we be ;  
 Let us see thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restor'd by thee !  
 Chang'd from glory into glory,  
 'Till in heaven we take our place,  
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

22. P. M. H.

*God's unchangeable Love.*

- 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.

23. C. M. Doddridge. *H.*

*Lovest thou me ?* 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 every joy,  
 When Jesus cannot love.

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 mine 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 oh ! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

24. P. M. Doddridge. *H.*

*The Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose ;  
The Saviour left the dead,  
And o'er hellish foes  
High rais'd his conqu'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 Jesu's Tomb.

3 Then back to heaven 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.

25. Common Metre. Gadsby's Coll. *H.*  
*An approach to the Mercy Seat.*

1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,  
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
 There humbly fall before his feet,  
 For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
 With this I venture nigh ;  
 Thou called'st burden'd souls to thee,  
 And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
 By satan sorely press'd,

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 died."

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.

26. P. M. Toplady's Coll. H.

*The Midnight Cry.*

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 your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And take to glory all  
Who mete 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-powers  
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.

27. C. M. H.

*The Joy of Faith.* 1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil ;

- All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 3 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable! divine!
- 4 These are the joys that satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind,  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 5 No more, believers, mourn your lot,  
But since you are the Lord's,  
Resign to them that know him not,  
Such joys as earth affords.

28. P. M. Gadsby. *H.*

*Prayer for the Divine Blessing.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, dear God of grace,  
Thine earthly courts we tread;  
We come to see thy face,  
And banquet with our head.  
We long, we faint, we pant for thee,  
And hope that with us thou wilt be.
- 2 Though base and vile we are,  
Nor goodness have to bring;

We cannot well despair,  
 While Jesus is our king.  
 He welcomes all by sin oppress'd,  
 Upon his grace to come and feast.

3 With Christ we would be fed,  
 By faith upon him live,  
 We wish no other bread,  
 And thou hast this to give :  
 Lord, fill us well with this rich food,  
 And let us drink thy precious blood.

— 29. 8, 7. Gadsby. *H.*

*Desiring to honour the Lord.*

1 **J**ESUS, mighty God and Saviour,  
 Lead me forth by thy right hand,  
 And be it my fix'd endeavour,  
 To obey thy sweet command ;  
 Let me never  
 At a trifling distance stand.

2 Guide, O guide me by thy spirit,  
 Leave me not to walk alone ;  
 And by faith may I inherit  
 The eternal Three in One ;  
 And with boldness  
 Make thy matchless wonders known.

3 May my soul be sweetly filled,  
 With the treasures of my God ;  
 And my tongue be rightly skilled  
 To proclaim thy truth abroad ;

And with pleasure,  
God's eternal love record.

30. S. M. Gadsby. *H.*

*Gospel Invitation.*

- 1 **C**OME, whosoever will,  
Nor vainly strive to mend ;  
Sinners are freely welcome still,  
To Christ the sinner's friend.
- 2 The guilty, vile and base,  
The wretched and forlorn,  
Are welcome to the feast of grace,  
Though goodness they have none.
- 3 No goodness he expects,  
He came to save the poor ;  
A helpless soul he ne'er neglects,  
Nor sends them from his door.
- 4 His tender, loving heart  
The vilest will embrace ;  
And freely to them will impart  
The riches of his grace.
- 5 This Saviour suits me well,  
And I'll his grace adore ;  
He sav'd my soul from death and hell,  
And fix'd my standing sure.

## 31. P. M. H.

*The Joy of Conversion.*

- 1 **O**! How happy are they,  
 Who their Saviour obey,  
 Who have laid up their treasure above;  
 Tongue can never express,  
 The sweet comfort and peace,  
 Of a soul in his earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
 When the Saviour divine  
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
 When my heart did believe,  
 What a joy I receiv'd;  
 What a heaven in Jesus' name.
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,  
 My Redeemer to know,  
 And the angels could do nothing more  
 Than to fall at his feet,  
 The glad story repeat,  
 And the Saviour of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,  
 Was my joy and my song;  
 O! that all his salvation might see;  
 "He hath lov'd me, I cried,  
 He hath suffer'd and died,  
 To redeem such a rebel as me."
- 5 On the wings of his love  
 I was carried above,

All my sin, my temptation and pain;  
 And I could not believe  
 That I ever should grieve,  
 That I ever should suffer again,

6 Then I rode on the sky,  
 Freely justified I,  
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat;  
 My glad soul mounted higher,  
 In a chariot of fire,  
 And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height  
 Of that heavenly delight,  
 Which I found in his life-giving blood;  
 Of my Saviour possess'd  
 I was perfectly bless'd,  
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

32. P. M. Gadsby. H.

*Christ's Work and Righteousness.*

1 **T**HE work of Christ I sing,  
 And glory in his name,  
 Immortal life to bring,  
 The Lord of glory came;  
 He gave himself for wretched me,  
 And sets my soul at liberty.

2 He magnified the law,  
 And made an end of sin,  
 Without a single flaw,  
 A righteousness brought in,

Come, mourning souls, in Jesus trust,  
His righteousness makes sinners just.

33. L. M. Watts. *H.*

*Christ our Strength in Weakness.*

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
Strength shall be equal to thy day;  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me  
When I am weak, then am I strong;  
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All suff'rings if my Lord be there; —  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone:  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.

34. L. M. Watts. *H.*

*Retirement and Meditation.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passion mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ;  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey thy voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone ;  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.



35. Long Metre. Watts. H.

*Sinner's portion and saint's hope.*

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

36. Common Metre. Watts. *H.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou maker of my frame ;  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
 An inch or two of time ;  
 Man is but vanity and dust  
 In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
 Like shadows o'er the plain ;  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all their noise is vain.
- 4 What should I wish or wait for then,  
 From creatures, earth and dust ?  
 They make our expectation vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.
- 5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
 My fond desires recall ;  
 I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 And make my God my all.

37. Short Metre. Watts. *H.**Beauty of the church.*

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known,  
 The world declares thy praise ;  
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
 Their songs of honour raise.

- 2 With joy let Judah stand  
On Sion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell ;  
Compass and view thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well.
- 4 The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise,  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rights adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now,  
Will guide us till we die ;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

38. Common Metre. Watts. *H.*

- 1 **O** God of mercy, hear my call,  
My loads of guilt remove,  
Break down this separating wall  
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,  
Then my rejoicing tongue

- Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain  
For sin could e'er atone ;  
The death of Christ shall still remain  
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,  
My God will ne'er despise ;  
A humble groan, a broken heart,  
Is our blest sacrifice.

39. Common Metre. Watts. *H.**Lord's Day Morning.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r  
Through all thy temple shine ;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.

- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,  
 Can my best passions move,  
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day,  
 I'll bless my God and King;  
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
 And tune my lips to sing.

40. Common Metre. Watts. *H.*

*God our Portion.*

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,  
 My help for ever near,  
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
 Through this dark wilderness;  
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
 'Twould be no joy to me;  
 And while this earth is my abode,  
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint,  
 God is my soul's eternal rock,  
 The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold the sinners that remove  
 Far from thy presence die;

Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.

- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

41. Long Metre. Watts. H.

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

42. P. M. Watts. *H.**Delight in Public Worship.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair,  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples are !  
 To thine abode my heart aspires,  
 With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray,  
 Where God appoints to hear !  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
 They praise thee still, and happy they  
 That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,  
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,  
 'Till each arrives at length,  
 'Till each in heaven appears :  
 O glorious seat, when God our King  
 Shall thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 The Lord his people loves ;  
 His hand no good withholds  
 From those his heart approves,  
 From pure and upright souls :  
 Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
 Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

43. Long Metre. Watts. *H.**Public Worship.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,

- To shew thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truths at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath  
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below,  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

44. Common Metre. Watts. *H.*

*Lord's Day.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord has made,  
He calls the hours his own;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround thy throne.



- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
 And satan's empire fell,  
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to the anointed King,  
 To David's holy Son :  
 Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring  
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
 With messages of grace ;  
 Who comes in God his Father's name  
 To save a sinful race.
- 5 Hosannah in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise ;  
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns  
 Shall give him nobler praise.

45. Common Metre. Watts. *H.*

*Going to Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,  
 In Zion let us all appear,  
 And keep the solemn day.
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road :  
 The church adorn'd with grace,  
 Stands like a palace built for God,  
 To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joy unknown,  
 The holy tribes repair,  
 The son of David holds his throne,  
 And sits in judgment there.

- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,  
 And while his awful voice  
 Divides the sinners from the saints,  
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
 And joy a constant guest !  
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace,  
 Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
 While life or breath remains ;  
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God my Saviour reigns.

46. Eights, with Chor.

*A Farewell Hymn.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my friends, I must be gone,  
 I have no home, nor stay with you ;  
 I'll take my staff and travel on,  
 Till I a better world can view.  
 Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving friends  
 farewell.
- 2 Farewell my friends, time rolls along,  
 Nor waits for mortal care or bliss ;  
 I leave you here, and travel on,  
 'Till I arrive where Jesus is. Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,  
 To you I'm bound in cords of love,  
 Yet I believe his gracious word,  
 And soon we all shall meet above.  
 Farewell, &c.

- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,  
 You've struggled hard and long for heaven ;  
 You've counted all things here but loss,  
 Fight on, the crown will soon be given.  
 Farewell, &c.
- 5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God ;  
 Sore conflicts yet remain for you :  
 But dauntless keep the heavenly road,  
 'Till Canaan's happy land you view.  
 Farewell, &c.
- 6 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,  
 It grieves my heart to leave you here ;  
 Eternal vengeance waits for you,  
 O turn, O turn, O turn, and find salvation here.  
 Farewell, &c.

47. Eights, with chor. Cheshunt Tune.

*Solomon's Song.*

- 1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds,  
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,  
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,  
 And all my soul with transport fills :  
 Gently does he chide my stay,  
 Rise my love and come away.
- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,  
 The rain is gone, the winter's past,  
 The lively vernal flowers appear,  
 The warbling choir enchants the ear.  
 Now with sweetly pensive moan,  
 Coos the turtle dove alone.

## 48. Cennick.

*The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **W**AYFARING men and sojourners  
Are we who seek the heavenly spheres,  
Nor do we here belong ;  
Our certain dwelling place is where  
The Lamb's triumphant host appear,  
The dear Redeemed throng.
- 2 Forget not this, while here you sit,  
To rest you at the Master's feet,  
Ye family of God ;  
While leaning on your staves, as do  
Poor pilgrims who their home pursue,  
When weary on the road.
- 3 Our meetings here are not our rest .  
Provided for us, but a taste ;  
Yet, friends, a little while,  
A few days journey more, and we  
Shall Jesus and his Sabbath see,  
And cease from all our toil.
- 4 Dry up your tears, ye weeping host,  
Lo ! yonder see is Salem's coast ;  
There wait the happy troop :  
The army of our brethren there,  
Join earnest in their humble pray'r,  
Lord fill thy number up.
- 5 'Tis but to stay a few more days,  
E'er we shall join their perfect praise,

And like them Christ adore ;  
Not in a tabernacle then,  
Nor in a city built by men,  
But heaven for evermore.

## Long Metre.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honour, praise and glory given  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

## Common Metre.

**L**ET God the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit be ador'd,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

## Short Metre.

**Y**E angels round the throne,  
 And saints that dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit too.

## As Greenfield.

**N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
 The Father, Son and Spirit, be  
 Eternal praise and glory given :  
 Through all the worlds where God is known,  
 By all the angels near the throne,  
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.

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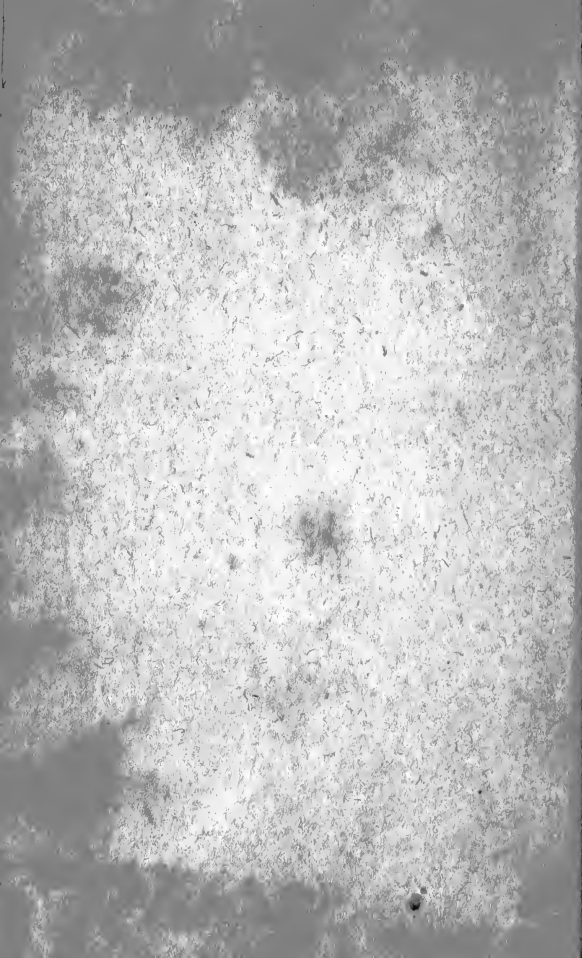
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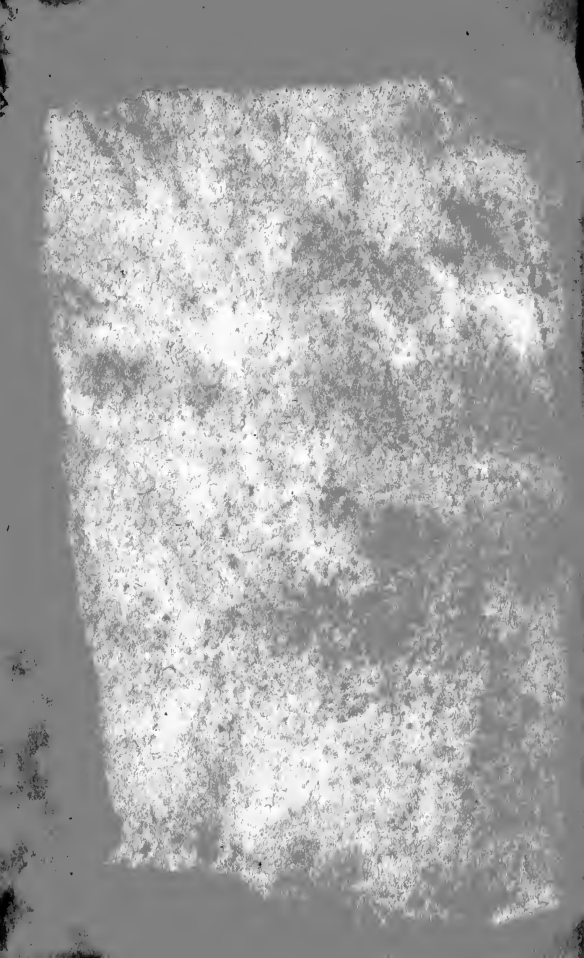












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