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The Hymnology /
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SELECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR THE

Use of the Churches

OF

Egloskerry and Tremaine.

53294
1900

“Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and
Spiritual Songs; singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.”
—Colossians iii. 16.

Corntwall:

REV. H. A. SIMCOE, PENHEALE-PRESS.

1831.

THE HISTORY

The history of the world is a vast and complex subject, encompassing the lives and actions of countless individuals and the evolution of societies and civilizations over time. It is a story of human progress, struggle, and achievement, shaped by the forces of nature and the choices of men.

In the beginning, the world was a chaotic and unorganized mass of matter. Through the process of evolution, life emerged on Earth, and eventually, the first humans appeared. These early humans lived in small, nomadic groups, surviving through their ability to adapt to their environment and their capacity for cooperation and social organization.

As time passed, humans began to settle in permanent communities, leading to the development of agriculture, domestication of animals, and the invention of writing. These milestones marked the beginning of civilization and the start of a new era in human history. The rise of ancient empires, such as the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, laid the foundation for the modern world, as they established the principles of governance, law, and culture that still influence us today.

The Middle Ages were a period of great religious and cultural significance, characterized by the dominance of the Catholic Church and the Crusades. This era saw the rise of powerful monarchies and the development of the university system. The Renaissance brought a renewed interest in classical learning and the arts, leading to a period of great intellectual and artistic achievement.

The modern era began with the Age of Discovery, as European explorers opened up new worlds and established global trade routes. This period was marked by the rise of powerful nation-states and the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, which transformed the world through the invention of the steam engine and the mass production of goods.

The 19th and 20th centuries were characterized by rapid technological advancement and the rise of global powers. The Industrial Revolution gave way to the Information Age, with the invention of the computer and the internet revolutionizing the way we live and work. The 20th century also saw the rise of totalitarian regimes and the outbreak of two world wars, which reshaped the global landscape and led to the formation of the United Nations and the Cold War.

Today, we live in a world of unprecedented complexity and interconnectedness. The challenges we face, such as climate change, global inequality, and the threat of nuclear war, require a new approach to governance and international cooperation. The history of the world is a testament to the resilience and ingenuity of the human spirit, and it offers us a wealth of lessons and inspiration for the future.

PREFACE.

WHEN the heart, as well as the voice, is tuned to the glory of God, singing becomes the noblest part of his worship, and comes nearest to the glorious employment of Heaven itself; but it must be recorded with pain, that it is a part of our service which has fallen into woful decay. One reason of this is, that the *end* of singing has been forgotten. The true end is the glorifying of God, and the refreshment and rejoicing the heart of those engaged in it. But who are to glorify God? Who are to be refreshed and enlivened by this blessed part of God's service? Go into nine churches out of ten, and we should be forced so say, 'the choir in the singing-gallery.' But, surely, the real end of singing is that *all* should unite, as far as possible, in this work—that God may be glorified by all his people, and the hearts of *all* his worshippers cheered and refreshed. In presenting you with this

PREFACE.

Hymn-book, I would say, with all affection—to the Leaders of our singing, Remember, that if *clearness of voice* be important, *cleanness of heart* is infinitely more so—if discord *in tune* is jarring to man, discord *in spirit* is far more so in the ear of God—sing with the spirit as well as the understanding.

To the Congregation, I would say, “Stand up and bless the Lord.” Throw not a slight upon this part of God’s service, by taking no part in it. Say not you cannot join, perhaps you have never tried. Let *all* remember, that the sweetest harmony in the ear of God, his Angels, and his Saints, is the united song of a Congregation, in which lesser discords are lost amid that general sound, which, as the “noise of many waters,” makes a joyful noise to the God of their Salvation.

That God Himself may tune your hearts and mine to sing His praise, in the use of this book, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate,
And willing Servant in Christ,

H. A. SIMCOE.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.



The Humbled penitent restored. (Psalm li.) L. M.

A **BROKEN** heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace,
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song!
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord—my strength and righteousness.

“This do in remembrance of me.” (Luke xxii. 19.) C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I *will* remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice?
 I must remember thee;—

Remember Thee and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

The Christian Traveller. L. M.

As when the weary trav'ler gains,
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
 He spies his home though distant still.
 Thus when the christian pilgrim views,
 By faith his mansion in the skies,

The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

'Tis there (he says) I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.

Jesus, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode,
Assur'd that home will far repay
The hardest labours of the road.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ. C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

,Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,

When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
 For man, the creature's, sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

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.

Watchfulness and prayer. (Matth. xxvi. 41.) C. M.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset our way!
 To heaven O let us lift our eyes,
 And hourly watch, and pray;
 O gracious God! in whom we live,
 Our feeble efforts aid;
 Help us to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Tho' trembling and afraid.

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

O keep us in Thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let us never, never stray
 From happiness and THEE.

Nativity of Christ. P. M.

ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth,
 Be published abroad at Jesus's birth:
 The forfeited favour of heaven we find
 Restor'd in the Saviour & friend of mankind.

Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
 By Prophets foretold, by Angels ador'd:
 Our God's incarnation with angels proclaim,
 And publish salvation in Jesus's name.

IMMANUEL's love let sinners confess,
 Who comes from above to bring us his peace;
 Let ev'ry believer his mercy adore,
 & praise him for ever, when time is no more.

Ascension of Christ. P. M.

ALL hail the glorious morn,
 That saw the Lord arise,
 Whom vict'ries bright adorn,
 And lead him to the skies.

Saints join to praise
 Your risen Lord,
 And sing his grace,
 With sweet accord.

Behold! the Lamb of God,
 —Th' atoning sacrifice,—
 Sustains the dreadful load
 Of our iniquities:

Sin, death, and hell,
 Our cruel foes,
 All vanquish'd fell,
 When Jesus rose.

No more death's prison doors
 His conq'ring powers withstand;
 The captive he restores,
 At God's supreme command;
 —How bless'd the hour—
 (Awake our joys:)
 Hell's fatal pow'r,
 Lo, HE destroys!

The conq'ror reascends,
 In triumph, to the skies;
 Each heavenly pow'r attends,
 To crown his victories:
 Loud bursts of praise
 Their notes employ;
 While Heaven displays
 His glories high.

Now to the throne above
 Let ev'ry saint draw near;
 There dwells incarnate love,
 Grace sits triumphant there.
 In notes sublime,
 We join to sing
 The love divine
 Of CHRIST our KING.

Christ crowned as Lord of All. C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name!

Let angels prostrate fall:

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him LORD OF ALL.

Crown him ye Martyrs of our God,

Who from his altar call:

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,

And crown him LORD OF ALL.

Ye chosen seed of Jacob's race,

A remnant weak and small;

Hail him who saves you by his grace,

And crown him LORD OF ALL.

Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet.

And crown him—LORD OF ALL.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe

Around this earthly ball,

To him all majesty ascribe,

And crown him—LORD OF ALL.

Oh yes! with yonder sacred throng,

We at his feet will fall;

We'll join the everlasting song,

And crown him LORD OF ALL.

Christ exalted to be a Priest and King. (Psalm cx.) P. M.

ALL hail! victorious Lord!

At GOD's right hand above,

Triumphant o'er thy foes!
 Triumphant in thy love!
 To thee our joyful songs we bring,
 To thee we bow, all-conq'ring King!

O haste, victorious PRINCE,
 That happy, glorious day,
 When souls, like drops of dew,
 Shall own thy gentle sway;
 O may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

All hail, exalted PRIEST!
 To thee our all we give,
 Enthron'd above the skies
 All homage to receive!
 There deign in our behalf to plead,
 Yea there for ever interceds.

Invitation to the Heavy-laden. C. M.

All ye who feel distress'd for sin,
 And fear eternal woe,
 You Christ invites to enter in,
 This hour to Jesus go!
 He, by his own almighty word,
 Will all your fears remove;
 For ev'ry wound His precious blood
 A sov'reign balm shall prove.
 His conqu'ring grace shall set you free
 From sin's oppressive chains,

From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

Come then ye Heavy-laden, Come!
His instant help implore:
Millions have found a peaceful home,
—There's room for millions more.

The Believer's confession. C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
Have turned in folly from thy face,
Each to his sinful way.

Neglected duties, evils done
Through all our lives abound,
Our hearts in their own course have run,
No health in us is found.

But thou, O Lord, in mercy spare;
Our guilty souls forgive,
Through Him who our transgressions bare,
And died that we might live.

And, for his sake, O grant us power,
From Satan's bondage free,
So to improve each future hour,
That all may lead to THEE.

Before Sermon. C. M.

ALMIGHTY GOD! Eternal Lord!
Thy gracious pow'r make known:

Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

Speak! with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

After Sermon. C. M.

ALMIGHTY GOD! thy Word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of Heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
 That all, whose souls the truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

Faith's Review & Expectation. 1 Chron. xvii. 16. 17. C. M.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)

That sav'd a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears reliev'd;
 (How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believ'd!)

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease;
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;

But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

Fortitude and Self-Denial. C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his Name?
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?

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

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

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

The Lord's Supper. C. M.

AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?

And, to effect this blessed change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

Oh for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!

What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

Then let us join the heav'nly choirs,
To praise our Glorious King!

Oh may that love which spread this feast
Inspire us while we sing!

Boldness at the throne of Grace. (Heb. iv. 14. 17.) L. M.

AND is the throne of heav'nly grace,
Still open at the sinner's call,
And may we boldly seek our peace,
And not in vain for mercy call.

Yes, (praised be the God of grace)
Jesus our great High Priest has died,
By Him we now have free access,
By Him—for us—the crucified.

Thro' Him, the sinner pardon finds,
Thro' Him, almighty grace is giv'n;
Thro' Him, the sinner 'scapes from hell,
Thro' Him, the saint arrives in heaven.

Holy Spirit! teach us to pray,
And so the throne of grace address,
That we may find in this our day,
Thy pard'ning love, Thy heav'nly grace.

Thus gracious Lord in ev'ry need,
 On us thy welcome blessings pour;
 Thy love to cheer, thy grace to speed,
 And help us in the trying hour.

The New Year. C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year,
 Of thy short life is past;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And *this* may be the *last*.

Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
 Thy true condition learn;
 What are thy hopes, how *sure*, how fair,
 And what thy great concern?

Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set out afresh for heav'n;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

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

Watchfulness and prayer. (Matth xxvi. 41.) C. M.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset our way!
 To heaven O let us lift our eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray

O gracious God! in whom we live,
 Our feeble efforts aid;
 Help us to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Tho' trembling and afraid.

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

O keep us in Thy Heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let us never, never stray
 From happiness and THEE.

Jesus risen. (P. M.)

ANGELS! angels! can ye tell
 Who hath borne him hence away?
 He hath burst the bands of hell;
 Here the Lord of Glory lay;
 He is risen,
 Now to bear eternal sway.

His right hand and holy arm
 Hath—all conq'ring—set him free;
 Satan's power's, in wild alarm,
 Through the realms of darkness flee;
 He hath gotten
 To Himself the victory!

Sons of men! He is not here,
 Grave! thou might'st not Jesus stay!

Death, the terror, and the fear,
 From his face hath fled away;
 Once he died,
 Now he lives through endless day.

Hallelujah let us sing!
 Sweetly lift our hopes on high,
 Unto us our glorious King
 Op'neth immortality;
 Through our Jesus,
 We shall live triumphantly.

Yea, amen, Lord! Thou art worthy!
 Thou hast bought us with thy blood!
 Let the host of saints adore Thee,
 Rais'd to Heav'n's high abode:
 First in glory,
 With thy Father and thy God!

Good tidings of great joy to all people. 8s. & 7s.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
 Ye who sang *creation's story*,
 Now proclaim *Messiah's birth*;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.
 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night;
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant light;

Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:

Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;

Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Triumph of the Risen Saviour. SEVENS.

ANGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!—
See! He rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom!
'Tis the Saviour! Seraphs, raise
Your eternal trumps of praise;

Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Lift, ye Saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise:
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' Incarnate God.

Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Gracious Conq'ror, through them ride!
King of Glory! mount Thy throne,
Boundless empire is Thine own!

Praise Him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

The Sabbath. L. M.

ANOTHER six days work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides a foretaste sweet of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

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!

The Rising of the Sun of Righteousness. L. M.

ARISE, arise, with joy survey
 The glory of the Latter-day:
 Already is the dawn begun
 Which marks at hand a rising sun.

“Behold the way,” ye heralds cry:
 Spare not, but lift your voices high:
 Convey the sound from pole to pole,
 “Glad tidings,” to the captive soul.

“Behold the way to Zion’s hill,
 Where Israel’s God delights to dwell,
 He fixes there his lofty throne,
 And calls the sacred place his own.”

The North gives up: the South no more
 Keeps back her consecrated store:
 From East to West the message runs,
 And either India yields her sons.

Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
 With joy we view, and hail the day:

Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

Pressing towards the mark for the prize of our high
calling. C. M.

ARISE, my soul, behold the prize
Thy Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.

The wicked cease from troubling *there*,
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow and sin, and pain and care,
No more approach the bless'd.

A wicked world and wicked heart
With Satan now are join'd;
Each acts a too successful part
In harassing the mind.

But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
I shall a conq'rer be at length
O'er all that can oppose.

Then why my soul complain or fear?
The crown of glory see;
The more I toil or suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies. C. M.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in thy God,

Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

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.

The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace,
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

Arise my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

Prayer for Gentiles and Jews. L. M.

ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake:
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Say to the Heathen, from thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah, God alone!"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.
 No more let human blood be spilt,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flow'd from Jesu's side.
 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend;
 Let Mahomet's imposture end:
 Break Superstition's Papal chain,
 And the proud Scoffer's rage restrain.
 Let Zion's time of favour come!
 Oh bring the tribes of Israel home;
 And let our wond'ring eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold.
 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
 In every clime, of every name;
 Let adverse Powers before Thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour LORD OF ALL.

"Thy kingdom come," (Matth. vi. 19.) L. M.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King!
 And spread thy glories all abroad,
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious GOD.
 Let millions bow before thy seat.
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,

Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou thro' heav'n and earth ador'd.

The Incarnation, (John i. 11.) C. M. —

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our Incarnate LORD;
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Adore th'eternal WORD.

—That awful Word, that Sov'reign Pow'r—
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn, most glorious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd!

Then shone Almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms,
When JESUS left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then let mortal tongues
Their grateful homage pay.

What glory, **LORD**, to Thee is due!
 With wonder we adore;
 But could we sing as angels do
 Our highest praise were poor.

The Christian race, (Isaiah. lx. 28-31.)

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
 Awake and run the heav'nly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
 Thee, mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop and die.
 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

Happiness approaching, (Rom. xiii. 11.) C. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—
 And raise your voices high;

Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shews salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!

Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death
Ye bring eternal day.

The song of the Redeemed. C. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power:
Sing how He intercedes above,
For us whose sins He bore.

Sing, till ye feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires your songs.

Ye pilgrims on the road
 To Zion's city, sing!
 Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
 In Christ th' eternal King!

Soon shall we hear Him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will He call us hence away,
 To our eternal home.

There shall our raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb!

The Believer's Resolution. L. M.

AH, wretched souls who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world and slaves to sin,
 A nobler toil may we sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.

May we resolve with all our heart,
 With all our pow'rs, to serve the Lord,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whoso service is a rich reward.

O be his service all our joy,
 Around let our example shine,
 Till others love the bless'd employ
 And join in labours so divine.

O may we never faint or tire,
 Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways!

Great God! accept our soul's desire,
And give us strength to live thy praise.

Running the Christian Race (Phil. iii. 12.—14.) C. M.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

'Tis GOD's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

A cloud of witnesses aaround
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

All nations exhorted to praise God. (Psalm c.) L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;

And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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.

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

David's blessed Man. C. M.

BLEST 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:

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.

Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

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

“ Behold the Lamb of God.” L. M.

BEHOLD the sin-atonig Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love:
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

Pardon and peace, through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give,
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

JESUS, our Lord, we look to thee—
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From all our wretchedness and woe.

Safety in the midst of dangers. L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path We stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light;
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

Engage each roving, treach'rous heart,
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,

Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck need we fear,
 But all our treasures with us bear.

If thou, our Saviour, still be nigh,
 Cheerful we live, and joyful die:
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Love to the Brethren. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love!
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers:
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear:
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;

While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Thro' all eternity.

The Resurrection. SEVENS.

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,	<i>Hal.</i>
Sons of men, and angels say!	<i>Hal.</i>
Raise your songs and triumphs high;	<i>Hal.</i>
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply!	<i>Hal.</i>
Love's redeeming work is done,	<i>Hal.</i>
Fought the fight, the battle won:	<i>Hal.</i>
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er!	<i>Hal.</i>
Lo! He sets in blood no more!	<i>Hal.</i>
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,	<i>Hal.</i>
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;	<i>Hal.</i>
Death in vain forbids his rise,	<i>Hal.</i>
Christ hath open'd Paradise.	<i>Hal.</i>
Lives again our Glorious King!	<i>Hal.</i>
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?	<i>Hal.</i>
Once he died, our souls to save,	<i>Hal.</i>
Where's, thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?	<i>Hal.</i>
Soar we now where Christ hath led,	<i>Hal.</i>
Foll'wing our Exalted Head:	<i>Hal.</i>
Made like Him, like Him we rise,	<i>Hal.</i>
Our's the Cross, the Grave, the Skies!	<i>Hal.</i>

Before Sermon. P. M.

COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed:
 Let each heart thy grace inherit;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
 From the Gospel—

Now supply thy people's need.
 Help us all to seek the blessing
 Which Thou waitest now to give:
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive;
 And for ever
 To thy praise and glory live.

“The Consolation of Israel.” 8s. 7s.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee!

Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Blest Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every faithful heart!

Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a Child, and yet a King:
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own Eternal Spirit,

Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne!

The Joys of Heaven. C. M.

COME, Lord! and warm each languid heart
 Inspire each lifeless tongue:
 And let the joys of heav'n impart
 Their influence to our song.
 Sorrow and pain, and every care,
 And discord there shall cease;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.

The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
 But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.

There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
 Th' exalted Saviour shines;
 And beams unspeakable delight
 On all the heav'nly minds.

There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

LORD! tune *our* hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire:
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,
 We join th' angelic choir.

Christ's Humiliation and Triumph. P. M.

COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And feel his quick'ning power,
 Unite with one accord,
 His goodness to adore:
 To heav'n and earth aloud proclaim
 Your great Redeemer's glorious Name.

He left his throne above,
 His glory laid aside,
 Came down on wings of love,
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 The pangs He bore, what tongue can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell?

He burst the grave! He rose
 Victorious from the dead;
 And thence his vanquish'd foes
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up through the heav'ns the Conqueror rode
 Triumphant, to the throne of God.

Soon He again will come,
 (His chariot will not stay)
 To take his children home,
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see Him face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace.

God's Love. C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And raise your thoughts above:

Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "GOD IS LOVE."

This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;

Jesus, the Gift of gifts appears,
To show that "GOD IS LOVE."

Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
To teach them—"GOD IS LOVE."

The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above,
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that "GOD IS LOVE."

O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "GOD IS LOVE."

Grateful recollection. Ebenezer. (1 Sam. vii. 12.) 8s. 7s.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,—
Mount of GOD'S unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let thy 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.

For the Blessing of FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT. L. M.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
 O God, on all assembled here;
 Behold us with a FATHER'S love,
 While we look up with child-like fear.

Command thy blessing, JESUS, Lord;
 May we thy true disciples be;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word,
 Say to the weakest—"Follow me."

Command thy blessing in this hour,
 SPIRIT of truth, and fill the place

With humbling and with healing power,
 With quick'ning and preserving grace.

O Thou, our MAKER, SAVIOUR, GUIDE,
 —One true eternal God confess'd!—
 Whom Thou hast join'd may none divide,
 None dare to curse whom Thou hast bless'd.

With Thee and these for ever found,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs thy throne surround,
 Rest in thy love and reign in light.

The sealing of the SPIRIT. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, on us breathe,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Kindle our love, confirm our faith,
 Warm these cold hearts of our's.

Assure each conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood;
 And bear thy witness in our hearts
 That we are born of God.

Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come:
 O lead us, that we may above
 Obtain our lasting home.

Invitation to the Heavy-laden. L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
 Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,

And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt—a painful load—
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

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!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Blest Saviour! let thy pow'ful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

To the Holy Spirit. S. M.

COME, holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrows from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life on ev'ry part
 And new create the whole.

Dwell thou within our hearts,
 Our minds from darkness free:
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The FATHER, SON, and THEE.

To GOD THE HOLY GHOST. C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
 Proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son,
 The God of peace and love;—

Visit our minds, and unto us
 Thy heavenly grace inspire,
 That for all truth and godliness,
 We may have true desire.

O Holy Ghost, unto our souls
 Send down thy heavenly light;
 Inflame our hearts with fervent love,
 To serve God day and night.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
 Which feeble is and frail;
 That neither Devil, world, nor flesh,
 Against us may prevail.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. (Isai. lv. 1.) 8s. 7s.

COME, ye sinners poor and wretched,

Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
 Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity join'd with pow'r:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.

Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;

God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger;

Nor of fitness fondly dream:
 All the *fitness* he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,

Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

View him prostrate in the garden;

On the ground your Maker lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies,

It is finished!

Sinner, will not this suffice?

Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners *here* may sing the same.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph. iii. 16.

COME dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
 By faith and love in every breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be exprest.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, & breadth, & length
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done
 By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

TO GOD THE HOLY GHOST. C. M.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel hear below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 How backward are our souls and slow,
 In search of *heav'nly* joys!

Dear LORD! and shall we ever live
 In this imperfect state?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee?
 And thine to us so great?

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And *that* shall kindle our's.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT. L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be Thou our guardian, thou our guide;
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

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.

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;—
 Lead us to God—our final rest,
 In his enjoyment to be blest—
 Lead us to heaven—the seat of bliss
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

The universal Song. (Rev. v. 2—13.) C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are *one*.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry.

“To be exalted thus:”

“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,

“For he was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 Through air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name,

Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

The Lord's Supper. L. M.

COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood
In Him to have my lot and part,
To prove the virtue of that flood,
That burst in Calv'ry from his heart.
To feed by faith on Christ my bread,
—His body broken on the tree;
To live in Him my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me.
Be this my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine,
JESUS, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.
From thy dear hand may I receive,
The tokens of thy dying love;
And while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.

Heavenly joy on Earth. S. M.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from thê place!

His service never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

Soon we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,

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

Christ—the only Physician. L. M.

Deep are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?

In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

There is a great Physician near;
 Look up, O fainting soul and live;
 See, in his promises appear
 Such help as nature cannot give;
 See in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
 'Tis only this all-cleansing flood
 Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart;
 For *here* a sov'reign cure is found,
 A cordial for the fainting heart,
 A balm for ev'ry painful wound.

Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration, (1 Cor. v. i 17.)

DEAR Saviour, we are thine

By everlasting bands:

Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
 Our souls are in thy hands.

To Thee we still would cleave
 With ever-growing zeal;

If millions tempt us Christ to leave
 O let them ne'er prevail.

Thy Spirit shall unite

Our souls to Thee, our Head;
 Shall form us to thy image bright,
 That we thy paths may tread.

Death may our souls divide
 From these abodes of clay;

But love shall keep us near thy side
Thro' all the gloomy way.

Since Christ and we are *one*,
Why should we doubt or fear?

If He in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there,

Prayer for Ministers and people. P. M.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy won'drous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the Gospel-feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
Ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT. C. M.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of Truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heav'nly love,
And feed the pure desire.

Tis Thine to sooth the sorr'wing mind
With guilt and fear opprest:
Tis Thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

Subdue the power of every sin,
 Whate'er that sin may be;
 That we, in singleness of heart,
 May worship *only* Thee.

Then with our spirits witness bear,
 That we are sons of God;
 Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell
 Thro' Christ's atoning blood.

Redemption by Christ alone, (1 Pet. i. 18, 19.) L. M.

ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,
 We wretched guilty captives lay.
 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
 Nor the whole world's collected store
 Suffice to purchase our release;
 A thousand world's were all too poor.
 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid:
 O wond'rous price! His precious blood,
 For vile, rebellious traitors shed.
 Jesus the sacrifice became
 To rescue guilty souls from hell:
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
 Beneath avenging justice fell.
 Amazing goodness! love divine!
 O may our grateful hearts adore

The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun:
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

The promised presence. (Matt. xviii. 20.) C. M.

FULFIL thy promise, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here,
Pour forth thy Spirit with thy word,
And cause the deaf to hear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life though dead before:
And he that in thy name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

Preserve the pow'r of faith alive
In those that love thy name:
For Sin, and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

To THEE we look, to THEE we bow;
To THEE for help we call;
Our life and resurrection, THOU:
Our hope, our joy, our all.

The Light of the Gospel. C. M.

FORTH from the east the morning sun,
Begins his glorious way,
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

But from the Gospel's sacred light
 We nobler gifts derive,
 The blinded soul receives its sight
 The dead in sin revive.

May we that gospel hear with love,
 And with delight obey!
 Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
 And lead us in thy way.

And whilst thy wondrous works we sing
 Thy glory to proclaim;
 Accept the praise, our God and King,
 In our Redeemer's name.

TO THE HOLY TRINITY. L. M.

FATHER of heav'n, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty SON! Incarnate WORD,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal SPIRIT, by whose breath
 The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy quick'ning power extend.

JEHOVAH! FATHER! SPIRIT! SON!
 Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!

Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Universal Praise. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore;
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

The Believer's journey. (Hebr. xi. 4.) P. M.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And ev'ry conflict o'er,—
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strains
Enraptur'd myriads sing,

And love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,
And all their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransom'd there.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

Praise to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. C. M.

FATHER of glory! to thy name

Immortal praise we give,
Who dost thy gracious will proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

Immortal honour to the SON

Who makes thine anger cease,
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

To the ALMIGHTY SPIRIT be

Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to Thee
And trains us up for Heaven.

Let faith, and love, and duty join,

One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

The excellency of the Holy Scriptures. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name ador'd,
 For these most gracious lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
 Spreads heav'nly peace around;
 And life and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blisful sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!

Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near!
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

Rejoice *in the Lord* always. 8s. & 7s.

FAR from us be grief and sadness,
 Further still unhallow'd mirth;
 Zion's sons may sing with gladness
 Their's are joys of heav'nly birth.
 Jesus owns them,—
 He is Lord of heav'n and earth.

All the *worldling's* mirth is madness,
 All his labour fruitless toil;
 'Tis the *saints* that taste of gladness,
 Tho' the world their choice revile:
 Sweet their portion,—
 Life is in the Saviour's smile.

World's would seem as nothing to us,
 Balanc'd with a Saviour's love;
 Since the Lord in mercy drew us,
 Drew our souls to things above;
 Earthly objects,—
 Can no longer greatly move.

Once the world was all our treasure,
 Then the world our hearts possess'd;
 Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
 Since the Lord has made us blest;
 We can witness,—
 Jesus gives his people rest.

Praise to the TRINITY. 8 s. 7s.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 Thou the GOD whom we adore;
 May we all thy love inherit;
 To thine image us restore;
 Vast Eternal!—
 Praises to Thee evermore.

Christian's Parting. 7s.

FOR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend

To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

JESUS! hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.

Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the LORD
Who our poor petitions heard.

Divine Forgiveness. (Luke vii. 47.) L. M.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die:
Publish the bliss the world around?
Ye Seraphs, shout it from the sky!
'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-meas'ring ev'ry crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
—The seas of sov'reign grace expand,—
—The seas of sov'reign grace arise.

For this stupendous love of Heav'n
 What grateful honour shall we show?
 Where much transgression is forgiv'n
 Let love in equal ardours glow:
 By this inspir'd, let all our days
 With fruits of holiness be crown'd;
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

The Lord's day. C. M.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quick'ning beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns;
 How languid are its flames!

Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive:
 We would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while we live.

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.—

Where we shall breath in heav'nly air,
 With heav'nly lustre shine;
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

The Gospel of Christ. L. M.

God, in the Gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known:

Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

The pris'ner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

O! grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive
And by its holy precepts live.

Prayer for Ministers. L. M.

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

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.

Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

Let thronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy new-creating power.

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

'The Pilgrims' Prayer. P. M.

GUIDE us, O Thou Great Jehovah!

Pilgrims through this barren land:

We are weak, but Thou art mighty,

Hold us with thy powerful hand:

Bread of heaven——

Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living Fountain,

Whence the healing waters flow:

Let the fiery cloudy pillar

Lead us all our journey through:

Strong Deliv'rer——

Be Thou still our Strength and Shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,

Bid our anxious fears subside:

Bear us thro' th' o'erwhelming torrent,

Land us safe on Canaan's side:

Songs of praises——

We will ever give to Thee.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgement. L.M.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround;
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth, & cleaves the tombs:
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing—for your redemption's nigh.

The perfections of God. L. M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!

The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
 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.
 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of the Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promis'd in thy word.

Love to God. C. M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain
 And all in vain our fear,
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
 If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move,
 The devils know and tremble too,
 But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings
 When faith and hope shall cease,
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c. S. M.

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n,
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls' in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

God's promise and truth unchangeable, L. M.

How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;

Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

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.

The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb, (Rev. xv. 3.) C.M.

How strong thine arm is, mighty God,

Who would not fear thy Name!

Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!

Who would not love the Lamb?

He has done more than Moses did,

—Our Prophet and our King;

From bonds of hell he freed our souls,

And taught our lips to sing.

In the Red-sea by Moses' hand

Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;

But His own blood hides all our sins,

And guilt no more is found.

When thro' the desert Israel went,

With manna they were fed;

Our Lord invites us to his flesh,

And calls it living bread.

Moses beheld the promis'd land,
 Yet never reach'd the place;
 But Christ shall bring his followers home
 To see his Father's face.

Then shall our love and joy be full,
 And feel a warmer flame;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

Seeking to God for the communication of his Spirit. L. M.

HEAR, Gracious Sov'reign, from thy throne,
 And send thy various blessings down:
 While by thine Israel thou art sought,
 Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
 Come, Sacred Spirit! from above,
 And fill the coldest hearts with love:
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
 And let thy Godlike power be known.
 Speak Thou; and from the haughtiest eyes
 Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
 While all their glowing souls are borne
 To seek the grace which now they scorn.
 Oh, let a holy flock await,
 Num'rous around the temple-gate!
 Each pressing on with zeal to be
 A living sacrifice to Thee.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning. L. M.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:

A solemn darkness veils the skies,
And sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Draw near, and trace in sad review
His grief, who groan'd beneath your load:
He gave his precious life for you,
—The ransom of your soul—to God.

But, lo! the Lord forsakes the tomb!
In vain his foes forbid him rise:
Angelic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Cease, cease your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns:
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of Hell,
And led his captive, Death, in chains.
Sing, 'Live for ever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save:
Thine arm hath torn from Death its sting,
And snatch'd the vict'ry from the Grave!'

Nativity of Christ. C. M.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' Angelic throng;
The Angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

Good-will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n:
For, lo! th' Incarnate Saviour comes
With truth and love from heav'n.

Justice and Grace, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn:
 Let heaven and earth in concert join—
 The promis'd child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid;
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd—

Till we shall reach those blissful realms
 Were Christ exalted reigns,
 And learn of the celestial Choir
 Their own exalted strains.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT. 8s. 7s.

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night:
 Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light:

Hear, oh! hear our supplication,
 Blessed Spirit! God of Peace!
 Rest upon this congregation,
 With th' abundance of thy grace.

Author of our new creation!
 Bid us all thine influence prove:
 Make our souls thy habitation;
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

Christ's Commission. C. M.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye long clos'd in night
 To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And, with the riches of his grace,
 To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved Name.

Angels Song. SEVENS.

HARK, the herald Angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

(Mild HE lays his glory by;
Born that man no more might die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.)

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

“It is finished.” 8s & 7s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
It is finish'd!—

Hear the dying Saviour cry!

It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these cheering words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finish'd!—

Saints, the dying words record.

Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!

Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe;

It is finish'd!—

Saints, from hence your comfort draw
 Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All in earth, and all in heav'n,
 Join to praise Inmanuel's name!
 Hallelujah!—
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

The preciousness of the Word of God. C. M.

How precious is the Book divine,
 By inspiration given;
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
 To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

The Death of the Righteous. L. M.

How bless'd the righteous when he dies,
 When sinks his weary soul to rest;
 How mildly beam his closing eyes,
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs the peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, delusive world, farewell.

(Life's duty done) as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies ;
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies.

The LORD'S DAY. L. M.

How welcome to the Saints, when press'd
With six day's noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile.

How happy they whose lot is cast
Where stately the gospel sounds ;
The word is honey to their taste,
Renews their strength & heals their wounds.

With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met ;
And while they feast upon his grace
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

This favour'd lot, ye Saints, is our's;
 May *we* the privilege improve,
 And find these consecrated hours
 Sweet earnest of the joys above!

We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
 Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
 Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
 And give us manna for the week.

Effectual Grace, (Psalm, xlv. 3, 5.) C. M.

HAIL! mighty Jesus! how divine
 Is thy victorious sword;
 The stoutest rebel must resign
 At thy commanding word.

Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,
 They pierce the hardest heart;
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
 And joy succeeds to smart.

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
 Ride with majestic sway:
 Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
 And make thy foes obey.

And when thy vict'ries are complete,
 When all the chosen race
 Shall, round the throne of glory, meet
 To sing thy conquering grace;

O may my humble soul be found
 Among that favour'd band;
 And I, with them, thy praise will sound
 Throughout Immanuel's land.

Gratitude for the Atonement. 8s. & 7s.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring:
 Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame;
 By thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given thro' thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiv'n
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heav'n;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading
 There Thou dost our place prepare;

Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright Angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

The Intercession of Christ, (Heb. vii. 25.) L. M
HE lives, the great REDEEMER lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives,)
AND now, before his FATHER GOD,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice, arm'd with frowns, appears:
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

Great ADVOCATE, Almighty Friend—
 On him our humble hopes depend:
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For JESUS pleads, and must prevail.

The Benefit of Sanctified Affliction. (Ezek. xx. 37.) S. M

How gracious, and how wise
 Is our chastising God;
 And Oh! how rich the blessings are
 Which blossom from his rod!

He lifts it up on high
 With pity in his heart,
 That every stroke his children feel
 May grace and peace impart.

Instructed thus, they bow,
 And own His sov'reign sway;
 They turn their erring footsteps back
 To his forsaken way.

His cov'nant love they seek,
 And seek the happy bands,
 That closer still engage their hearts,
 To honor his commands.

Dear Father! we consent
 To discipline divine;
 And bless the pain that makes our souls
 Still more completely thine.

Supported by thy love,
 We haste to realms of peace;
 Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
 And ev'ry frailty cease.

Time and Eternity. (2 Cor. iv. 18.) C. M.

How long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies?

These transient scenes will soon decay;
 They fade upon the sight;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.

Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.

Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!

LORD! send a beam of light divine
 To guide our upward aim;
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.

Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those brightscenes where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

The Happiness of Humble Worship. (Psalm lxxxiv.) L.M.

How lovely, how divinely sweet,
 O Lord, thy sacred courts appear;
 Fain would my longing passions meet
 The glories of thy presence there.

O, blest the men, blest their employ,
 Whom thy indulgent favors raise;
 To dwell in those abodes of joy,
 And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

Happy the men, whom strength divine,
 With ardent love and zeal inspires;
 Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
 With willing hearts and warm desires.

God is a sun: our brightest day,
 From his reviving presence flows;
 God is a shield, thro' all the way,
 To guard us from surrounding foes.

He pours his kindest blessings down,
 Profusely down on souls sincere;
 And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
 The happy fav'rites of his care.

O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
 How blest, divinely blest, is he

Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

God, an All-sufficient Portion. C. M.

How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known;
Whom he from all the world besides
Has chosen for his own.

'Tis God, who those that trust in him,
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want
In time of dearth supplies.

Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice
Because we trust in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wish
On the alone depend.

Forgiveness emplaced. S. M.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wanted mercy find.
Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

Make me to hear with joy
 Thy kind forgiving voice;
 That so the bones which thou hast broke
 May with fresh strength rejoice.
 Blot out my crying sins;
 Nor me in anger view;
 Create in me a heart that's clean,
 An upright mind renew.

The Pleasure of Public Worship. L. M.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
 My panting heart cries out for God:
 My God! my King! why should I be
 So far from all my joys, and Thee?
 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace!
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

Praise for Eternal Mercies. P. M.

How wondrous and how great
 Is God's eternal love!

He view'd our low estate ;
 What kind compassions move :
 His Mercy rose Ere time was known,
 And from his throne Eternal flows.

He saw our ruin'd race
 In guilt and bondage lie,
 And sent, in sov'reign grace,
 Redemption from on high :
 His mercy rose Ere time was known,
 And from His throne Eternal flows.

Redeeming love display'd,
 He heals our mortal woes ;
 Since Christ the ransom paid,
 And triumph'd o'er our foes :
 His Mercy rose Ere time was known,
 And from his throne Eternal flows.

To God in heaven above,
 Your thankful tribute raise,
 His goodness and his love
 Surmount your highest praise :
 His Mercy rose Ere time was known,
 And from his throne Eternal flows.

True Liberty given by Christ. C. M.

HARK! for 'tis God's own Son who calls
 To life and liberty ;
 Transported, fall before His feet,
 Who makes the pris'ners free.

The cruel bonds of sin He breaks,
 And breaks the Tempter's chain:
 Gracious, he deals those pardons round,
 Which free from endless pain.

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

Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace:
 The sinner's friend proclaim;
 And call on all around to seek
 True freedom by his name.

Walk on, at large, till you attain
 Your Father's house above:
 There shall you wear immortal crowns,
 And sing immortal love.

The Passing Bell. C. M.

HARK! 'tis the bell with solemn toll,
 That speaks the spirit's flight
 From earth, to realms of endless day,
 Or everlasting night.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
 Sin's awful curse demands:
 Oh well! if pure before the throne
 The soul accepted stands.

Oh well! for if uncleans'd from guilt,
 Through Christ's atoning blood,

With what dismay she now beholds
The presence of her God.

To live through an eternal death,
Eternal woe to bear;—

Father of Mercy! God of Grace!

Inspire and hear our prayer.

From sin, the sting of death and hell,

From enmity to Thee,

Extend thine own Almighty arm,

To set the bond-slaves free.

So when the bell, with solemn toll,

Shall speak our spirits' flight,

Angels their glad approach shall hail

To realms of bliss and light.

Blessedness of the Times of the Gospel. S. M.

How beauteous are their feet,

Who stand on Zion's hill;

Who bring salvation on their tongues,

And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice!

How sweet the tidings are!

“Zion, behold thy Saviour King!

He reigns and triumphs here.”

How happy are our ears,

That hear the joyful sound;

Which kings and prophets waited for,

And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light ;
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ :
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm,
 Through all the earth abroad :
 Let every nation now behold
 Its Saviour and its God.

Looking unto Jesus. P. M.

How glorious the Lamb is seen on the throne,
 His labours are o'er, his conquests are won :
 A kingdom is given into the Lamb's hand,
 In earth and in heaven for ever to stand.

Ye sinners below! then trust in the Lord :
 Look up to his arm, his honour, his word :
 Athirst for his favour, his Godhead adore,
 Look up to your Saviour, rejoice evermore.

The Song of the Angels at Bethlehem. 8s. 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo, th' angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wond'rous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy:
 "Glory in the highest, glory,
 Glory be to God most high;

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven;—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;
 O receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

"Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy,
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high!"

Let us learn the wond'rous story,
 Of our Great Redeemer's birth;
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

Brotherly Love.—Psalm cxxxiii. C. M.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word!

O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;

May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart!

Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes fix above;

May each his brother's failing hide,
 And show a brother's love.

Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow;
 And union sweet, and fond esteem,
 In every action glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.

State of Security. P. M.

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus;
 Sweet their portion is, and sure,
 When the foe on others seizes,
 He will keep his own secure.

Happy people;

Happy, though despis'd and poor.

Ye whom God has sav'd from error,
 Ye "who know the joyful sound,"

Fear ye not the nightly terror;
 Arms of mercy close you round:

Dread no evil;

God will all your foes confound.

Since his love and mercy found you,
 Ye are precious in his sight;
 Thousands now may fall around you,
 Thousands more be put to flight;
 But his presence
 Keeps you safe by day and night.

Lo, your Saviour never slumbers,
 Ever watchful is his care;
 Though ye cannot boast of numbers,
 In his strength secure ye are:
 Sweet their portion,
 Who our Saviour's kindness share.

As the bird beneath her feathers
 Guards the object of her care,
 So the Lord his children gathers,
 Spreads his wings, and hides them there;
 Thus protected,
 All their foes they boldly dare.

Death of Believers. C. M.

HARK! a voice, it cries from heaven,
 "Happy in the Lord who die!"
 Happy they to whom 'tis given
 From a world of grief to fly!
 They indeed are truly blest,
 From their labour then they rest.
 All their toils and conflicts over,
 Lo! they dwell with Christ above:

O what glories they discover
 In the Saviour whom they love!
 Now they see him face to face,
 Him who sav'd them by his grace.
 'Tis enough, enough for ever,
 'Tis his people's bright reward;
 They are blest indeed who never
 Shall be absent from the Lord:
 O that we may die like those
 Who in Jesus then repose!

Exaltation of Christ. P. M.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,
 Sound the note of praise above!
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices:
 Jesus reigns the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Well may angels bright and glorious,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While on earth, he proved victorious;
 Now, he bears a matchless name:
 Well may angels sing of him,
 Heav'n supplies no richer theme.
 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
 With the angels round his throne;
 Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
 To the place where he is gone:

Meet it is that we should sing,
 Glory, Glory to our king.

Sing how Jesus came from heaven,

How he bore the cross below;

How all pow'r to him is given:

How he reigns in glory now:

'Tis a great and endless theme:

O 'tis sweet to sing of him!

King of glory, reign for ever,

Thine an everlasting crown:

Nothing from thy love shall sever

Those whom thou hast made thine own;

Happy objects of thy grace,

Destin'd to behold thy face.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing;

Bring, O bring the glorious day,

When, the awful summons hearing,

Heav'n and earth shall pass away

Then, with golden harps, we'll sing—

“Glory, glory to our king.”

The day of Christ. 7s.

HARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,

Bursting forth from yonder cloud;

Jesus comes, and through the sky,

Angels tell their joy aloud.

Now the world's duration ends;

Now the Lord will meet his foes;

These shall perish, but his friends
 Shall in heav'n obtain repose.

Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
 Sounds abroad through sea and land;
 Let his people now rejoice,
 Their redemption is at hand.

See! the Lord appears in view,
 Heav'n and earth before him fly;
 Rise, ye saints, he comes for you;
 Rise to meet him in the sky.

Go, and dwell with him above,
 Where no foe can e'er molest;
 Happy in the Saviour's love,
 Blessing and for ever blest.

Great is the Lord. C. M.

How glorious is the King to-day,
 How glorious Israel's King!
 With truth his people thus may say,
 And well his praise may sing.

He makes his goodness pass before
 His wond'ring people's eyes;
 And feeds them with a boundless store
 Of satisfying joys.

He meets them with a smiling face,
 And with a father's voice;
 He bids them triumph in his grace,
 And in his name rejoice.

Their praise with favour he receives,
 And hearkens when they pray;
 Forgives their sins, their wants relieves,
 And leads them in the way.

To Israel's God be glory giv'n,
 The God whom saints adore
 On earth, and in the highest heav'n,
 Both now and evermore.

Commencing and concluding Worship. L. M.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord!
 Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
 And come according to thy word.

From busy scenes we now retreat,
 That we may here converse with thee;
 Ah Lord, behold us at thy feet:
 Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

"Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face!
 Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place!

Lord, thou hast cast a pleasant lot
 For those whom thou hast call'd thine own;
 'Tis true the world esteems them not,
 But thou wilt place them on thy throne
 Then let the worldling boast his joys!
 We've meat to eat he knows not of;

We count his treasures worthless toys,
While we possess a Saviour's love.

Lord, let thy people's views be clear,
And let their hearts be fill'd with love ;
O may their light to all appear,
And prove their doctrine from above.

Ruin and Redemption. C. M.

How sad our state by nature is!

Our sin how deep it stains!

How Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:

Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
Believe in Christ the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call
And run and gain relief!

We would believe thy promise, Lord ;
O help our unbelief.

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;

There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thine hands we fall ;

O Lord our strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour and our all.

The name of Jesus. C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear,
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
 It makes the broken spirit whole;
 It calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which we build,
 Our shield and hiding place;
 Our never failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
 Jesus! our Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King:
 Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
 Accept the praise we bring,
 Though dull at present be our heart,
 And cold our warmest thought:
 We soon shall see thee as thou art
 And praise thee as we ought.
 Till then we would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh our souls in death.

Praise for Deliverance from Trouble. C. M.

I LOVE the Lord—he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan:

Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

I love the Lord—he bow'd his ear,
And chased my fears away:

Oh let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

“My God,” I cried, “thy servant save,
Thou ever Good and Just!

Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust.”

The Lord beheld my sore distress,
He bade my pains remove;

Return, my soul, to God, thy Rest,
For thou hast known his love.

My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;

Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

Nativity of Christ. C. M.

IN heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire

Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept each sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue:

Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky,
 The pealing anthem ran;
 And angels flew, with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And Glory leads the song:
 Peace and Salvation swell the note
 Of all the heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we repeat—
 “Glory to God on high!
 Good-will and peace are now complete;
 Jesus is born to die!”

Hail! Prince of Life! for ever hail!
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
 Though life, and earth, and time must fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

Desire of all nations. C. M.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
 Thou lovely Prince of grace!
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never-fading rays.

Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
 Come bending at thy feet;
 To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
 In thee their wishes meet.

Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
 Delights the church around;

Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Thro' all Immanuel's ground.

Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

The Sacrament. L. M.

In sacred fellowship we meet,
To celebrate our Saviour's death ;
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat,
His people feed on Him by faith.

How blest the people who are his !
To them the bread of life is giv'n ;
How fair, how rich their portion is !
'They hope to see their Lord in heav'n.

Till he appears, his death shall be
'Their spring of hope, their theme of joy ;
And when in heav'n their Lord they see,
His praise shall all their powr's employ.

Redemption by Christ. P. M.

In our Lord we have redemption,
Full remission in his blood ;

From the curse entire exemption,
 From the curse pronounc'd by God :
 What a Saviour Jesus is !
 O what love what love is His !

See the Lord, our nature wearing,
 This is wondrous in our eyes ;
 See him all our sorrows bearing,
 Hark! 'tis He, 'tis He who cries,
 While He bears the curse for us,
 "Why am I forsaken thus?"

Awful cry ! it shows his suff'ring,
 Far above the reach of thought ;
 When he gave himself an off'ring,
 And with blood his people bought :
 When their sins on Him were laid,
 And their ransom fully paid.

Praise be His, all praise transcending,
 Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n :
 Praise through ages never-ending,
 To the Lamb of God be giv'n :
 He alone the Saviour is,
 Everlasting praise be His.

Commencing and Concluding Worship. P. M.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near ;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
 Speak, and let thy servant hear,

Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee!
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heav'n we see.

There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far, than thought conceiv'd before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

Longing for Heaven. L. M.

IF I had wings, then would I go
With speed to yonder realms of light;
I'd bid farewell to all below,
And take my everlasting flight.

I'd ask admittance there, as one
Without pretension aught but this—
A sinner sav'd by grace alone,
That grace that for the vilest is.

I'd join in praise with those above,
Who owe, like me, that place in heav'n
To royal mercy; much they love,
Because that much has been forgiv'n.

Of grace abounding, here I'll sing,
 'Tis meet I should, as one forgiv'n;
 Of grace abounding, grace the spring
 Of hope on earth, and joy in heav'n.

And when I reach yon glorious place,
 Where sinners sav'd shall sin no more;
 I hope to sing triumphant grace,
 And taste of joys unknown before.

The Lord our Helper. L. M.

It is not we who can direct
 Our steps, where many snares abound;
 It is not we who can protect
 Ourselves, when many foes surround.

The Lord, our leader, goes before,
 Sufficient He, and none beside;
 And were the dangers many more,
 We need not fear with such a guide.

Thro' snares, thro' dangers, and thro' foes,
 He leads, whose arm Almighty is;
 What then if earth and hell oppose!
 We need not fear if we are His.

All things are ours, if we are His,
 All things on earth, and all in heaven;
 And high the destination is
 Of those to whom this grace is giv'n.

Tho' many are their foes, and strong,
 Tho' fears are great, and strength is small,

Tho' sharp their warfare is, and long,
Yet heav'n will make amends for all.

Their conflicts there for ever cease;
No warfare is where all are friends;
There all is love, and all is peace,
And joy is there that never ends.

State of Blessedness. L. M.

It has not fully yet appear'd
What blessedness to saints is giv'n:
No eye has seen, no ear has heard,
Nor heart conceiv'd the joys of heav'n.

In heav'n itself, and there alone,
The joys of heav'n are understood:
Where saints shall know, as they are known,
And shall behold the face of God.

The face of Him, who, here below,
Appear'd and died, to save His own:
The same who reigns in glory now,
And fills yon bright eternal throne.

A sight of Him his people fills
With transport never known before;
They feel no want, they fear no ill;
And sin and sorrow are no more.

They view the Lord, whom angels view,
(He there without a cloud appears;)
And praise the Lord, as angels do,
With joy, perhaps, exceeding theirs.

How blest our lot, if we are His!
 We too shall dwell with Him above;
 Yea, we shall see Him as He is,
 In yonder world of light and love.

A song of praise to the blessed Trinity. P. M.

I Give immortal praise
 To GOD the FATHER'S love
 For all my comforts here.
 And better hopes above;
 He sent his own To die for sins
 Eternal Son That man had done

To GOD the SON belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe;
 And now he lives, And sees the fruit
 And now he reigns, Of all his pains.

To GOD the SPIRIT'S Name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live;
 His work completes And fills the soul
 The great design, With joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided THREE,
 And the mysterious ONE:
 Where reason fails There faith prevails,
 With all her powers, And love adores.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion. C. M.

I Sing my Saviour's wondrous death;
 He conquer'd when he fell:
 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.
 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done;
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.
 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When thro' the regions of the dead
 He pass'd to reach the crown.
 Exalted at his Father's side
 Sits our victorious Lord;
 To heaven and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.
 The Saints from his propitious eye
 Await their several crowns,
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns.

Gratitude. L. M.

I LOVE the Lord; his gracious ear
 Inclined to my distressful pray'r,
 He heard my supplicating voice,
 And bade my fainting heart rejoice.
 For this, when future sorrows rise,
 To him I'll breathe my humble cries;

For this thro' all my future days,
Adore his name, and sing his praise.

For ever gracious is the Lord,
For ever faithful to his word ;
By blest experience now I prove
His mercy, his unchanging love.

Return, my soul, and sweetly rest
On thy Almighty Father's breast ;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.

On the death of a Believer. C. M.

In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say, "They're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold they praise His name,
 His face they always view.
 Then let us foll'wers be of them,
 That we may praise Him too.

Unchangeable Love. P. M.

If Jesus is our's,
 We have a true friend,
 Whose goodness endures
 The same to the end :
 Our comforts may vary,
 Our frames may decline,
 We cannot miscarry,
 Our aid is divine.

Tho' God may delay,
 To shew us His light,
 And heaviness may
 Endure for a night,
 Yet joy in the morning
 Shall surely abound,
 No shadow of turning
 In Jesus is found.

The hills may depart,
 And mountains remove,
 But faithful Thou art
 O fountain of love !
 The Father hath graven
 Our names on thy hands ;
 Our building in heaven
 Eternally stands.

A moment he hid
 The light of his face ;
 Yet firmly decreed
 To save us by grace :
 And though he reprov'd us,
 And still may reprove,
 For ever He lov'd us,
 And ever will love.

Then tune ev'ry string
 To Jesus's name!
 With angel's we'll sing
 The song of the Lamb :
 Thee ev'ry believer
 Shall joyfully praise,
 Thou bountiful giver
 Of glory and grace.

Trust in God. C. M.

IN Thee I put my steadfast trust,
 Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
 For righteous is Thy name.
 Be thou my strong abiding place,
 To which I may resort ;
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
 Thou art my rock and fort.
 Thy righteous acts and saving health
 My mouth shall still declare ;
 Unable yet to count them all,
 Though summ'd with utmost care.

While God vouchsafes me His support,
 I'll in His strength go on;
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 And mention His alone.

Fellowship. C. M.

JESUS, knit all our hearts to Thee,
 And join us all in one;
 And in our meetings every where
 Be thou our aim alone.

Reign Thou sole monarch of our hearts
 Without a rival reign:
 Till we with angels join above,
 To praise the Lamb once slain.

Sacrament. 7. 6.

JESUS, the master of the feast,
 —The feast itself Thou art;
 Now receive the meanest guest,
 And comfort ev'ry heart.

Give us living bread to eat,
 Manna from heaven comes down,
 Fill us with immortal meat,
 And make thy nature known!

In this barren wilderness
 Thou hast a table spread,
 Furnish'd with the richest grace,
 Whate'er our souls can need;
 Still sustain us by thy love,
 Still thy servant's strength repair,

Till we reach the courts above,
And feast for ever there.

Desiring Divine Communion. C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring word,
Our fallen spirits' hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall we wake up?

Thou, O our God, Thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken our souls, instruct our hearts,
Our sinking footsteps stay.

All that Thou dost on earth bestow,
Of heav'n vouchsafe to give;
Give us, O Lord, Thyself to know,
In thee to walk and live.

Fill us with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Us to thyself, and let us prove
The fellowship divine.

Open the intercourse between
Our longing souls and Thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Thro' all eternity.

Public Worship. L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring Thee, where they come,
 And going, take Thee to their home.
 Dear Saviour of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
 Oh! let thine all-commanding word
 Bid Zion stretch her cords abroad;
 Come then, and fill that wider space,
 And bless her with a large increase.
 Lord, manifest that Thou art near;
 Nor short thy arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down
 And let thy saving pow'r be known.

Holy Admiration and Joy. L. M.

JESUS! when faith with fixed eyes
 Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
 Love rises to an ardent flame,
 And we all other hope disclaim.
 With cold affections who can see
 The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
 Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
 Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

Look saints, into his opening side,
 The breach how large, how deep, how wide!
 Thence issues forth a double flood
 Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.
 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
 To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
 Immortal joys come streaming down,
 Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
 Thus I could ever, ever sing
 The suff'rings of my heavenly King;
 With growing pleasures spread abroad
 The mysteries of a dying God.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief. L. M.

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

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
'The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rejoicing in God ; or, Salvation and Triumph. L. M.

JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode ;
Who is a God beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?

'Tis He that girds me with his might,
Gives me His holy sword to wield ;

And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

He lives (and blessed be my rock!)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in Christ their head
Knows not a limit nor an end.

The memorial of our absent Lord. L M.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds he gave
Those kind memorials of his grace.

The LORD of LIFE this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood:
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem;
 Christ and His love fill every thought,
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While He is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may dwell in heavenly light,
 And live for ever near his face.

[Our eyes look upwards to the hills
 Whence our returning Lord shall come;
 We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
 To fetch our longing spirits home.]

Spread of the Gospel. L. M.

JESUS, immortal King go on,
 The glorious day will soon be won;
 Thine enemies prepare to flee,
 And leave a conquer'd world to thee.

Gird on thy sword victorious Chief!
 The captive sinner's sole relief;
 Cast the usurper from his throne,
 And make the universe thine own.

Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
 And mark the conquest of thy grace:
 Finish the work thou hast begun,
 And let thy will on earth be done.

Then shall contending nations rest,
 For love shall reign in every breast;

Weapons for war design'd shall cease,
Or then be implements of peace.

Hark! how the hosts triumphant sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King;"

Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his.
Hallelujah! Amen!

Commencing and concluding Divine Worship. C. M.

JESUS is gone up on high,
But his promise still is here,
"I will all your wants supply;
"I will send the Comforter."

Let us now his promise plead,
Let us to his throne draw nigh,
Jesus knows his people's need,
Jesus hears his people's cry.

Who can boast a lot like theirs
Whom the Lord vouchsafes to own?
Jesus listens to their prayers,
What they ask in faith is done.

Saviour, this is our request,
"On us make thy face to shine;"
Grant us this, and for the rest,
All is our's when we are thine.

Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of thy love,
Dwelling with thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.

Till we reach the promis'd rest,
 Till thy face unveil'd we see,
 Of this blessed hope possest,
 Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

Christ a Shepherd. L. M.

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Thy "little flock" in safety keep
 The flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n,
 The flock for which thy life was giv'n.

Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee,
 Secure, as if from danger free;
 Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
 And bring them to "a wealthy place."

O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey!
 And keep them that they never stray;
 Cherish the young, sustain the old,
 Let none be feeble in thy fold.

Secure them from the scorching beam,
 And lead them to the living stream;
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

O may thy sheep discern thy voice!
 And in its sacred sound rejoice;
 From strangers may they ever flee,
 And know no other guide but thee.

Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet
 And let the number be complete;

Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

SAVIOUR—the only One. L. M.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,—
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

No other name will heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

The Lord's Supper. C. M.

LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis He our souls hath fed:
Thou art our Living Stream, O Lord!
And Thou th' Immortal Bread.

Bless'd be the Lord, who gives his flesh
To nourish dying man!
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
 While Jesus finds supplies;
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,
 For Jesus never dies.

The Presence of God in His House. P. M.

Lo! God is here! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face.
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with rev'rence & love.
 Lo! God is here! Him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing;
 To Him, enthron'd above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord! our meaner song,
 Who praise Thee with a stamm'ring tongue.
 Being of Beings! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign will!
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Second Advent of Christ. P. M.

Lo! He comes! with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:

Hallelujah!—

Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him:

Rob'd in dreadful majesty;

Those who set at nought and sold him,

Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,

Deeply wailing—

Shall the true Messiah see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,

Heaven and earth shall flee away;

All who hate him must, confounded,

Hear the trump proclaim the day;

Come to judgment!

Come to judgment! come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,

See, in solemn pomp appear!

All his saints, by men rejected,

Now shall meet him in the air!

Hallelujah!

See the day of God appear!

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,

Hasten, Lord, the general doom:

The new heaven and earth t' inherit,

Take thy pining exiles home:

All creation—

Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,

High on thine eternal throne!

Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 Oh come quickly—
 Hallelujah, Come, Lord, come!

Prayer against Coldness and Inconstancy. C. M.

LONG have we heard the joyful sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord!

Yet still how weak our faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy Word!

How cold and feeble is our love,
 How negligent our fear,
 How low our hopes of joys above,
 How few affections there!

Great God, thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
 To give thy Word success;
 Write thy salvation on each heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.

Shew our forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 Where knowledge grows without decay
 And love shall never die.

"God be merciful to me a Sinner!" C. M.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
 And knock at Mercy's door;
 With heavy heart and downcast eye,
 Thy favour we implore.

On us the vast extent display
 Of thy forgiving love;

Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.

'Tis mercy—mercy we implore;
We would thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou thyself art Love.

Oh, for thine own, for Jesu's sake,
Our num'rous sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, quick relieve.

Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To re-possess thy throne.

Prayer for the Church. D, L. M.

LORD, cause thy face on us to shine;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine:
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thine earthly dwelling-place.
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness;
And all thy power and glory see,
Within thy hallow'd sanctu'ry.

O King of Salem, Prince of Peace!
Bid strife among thy subjects cease:
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, spirit, hope; reward;

One God and Father of us all,
 On whom thy Church and People call:
 Oh! may we one communion be
 One with each other and with Thee!

Bless all, whose voice salvation brings,
 Who minister in holy things:
 Our Bishops, Priests, and Deacons bless:
 Clothe them with zeal and righteousness:
 Let many in the Judgment Day,
 Turn'd from the error of their way,
 Their hope, their joy, their crown appear:
 Save those who preach, and those who hear!

After Sermon. L. M.

LORD! now we part in thy blest Name,
 In which we here together came;
 Grant us our few remaining days
 To work thy will and spend thy praise.
 Teach us in life and death to bless
 Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness:
 And grant us all to meet above,
 Where we shall better sing thy love.

At Dismissal. P. M.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us!—
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence—
 Evermore with us be found!

So whene'er the signal's giv'n
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
 May we ever—
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

“The Multitude whom no man could number.” L. M.

Lo round the throne, at God's right hand,
 The saints in countless myriads stand,
 Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
 Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

Through tribulation great they came,
 And bore the Cross, and scorn'd the shame;
 From all their labours now they rest,
 In God's eternal glory bless'd.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
 The tear is wip'd from every eye,
 And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace;

Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
And thus the loud hosanna raise :

“Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeem’d us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.”

A Morning Song. PSALM V. C. M.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer ;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
And with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I’ll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

Conduct me by thy righteous laws ;
For watchful is my foe :
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way,
Wherein I ought to go.

To righteous men the righteous Lord,
His blessing will extend ;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

Christian Love. S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o’erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found :
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy, child of hell,
 Be banish'd far away;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell
 Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

Before Sermon. P. M.

THY presence, gracious Lord, afford,
 Prepare us to receive thy word:
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear;

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy Gospel with success.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfy'd with living bread.

Thus, Lord, &c.

To us the sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign power and energy!

And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

Thus, Lord, &c.

Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

Thus, Lord, &c.

A Prayer for Humility. 7's.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my master, be
Rooted in humility:—
Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord providés;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.

Oh, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

The Christian's hidden life. C. M.

LET sinners boast of kindred joys,
The poor delights of sense,

'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs,
We draw our comforts thence.

With sweet contentment now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here,
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.

'Tis now conceal'd and lodg'd secure
In God's eternal Son;
From age to age shall it endure,
Though to the world unknown.

Jesus, remove whate'er divides
Our ling'ring souls from Thee;
'Tis fit that where the Head resides
The members too should be.

The day of Pentecost. P. M.

LET songs of praises fill the sky,
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word:

All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin:

All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;

The fallen soul his temple makes,
 God's image stamps again:
 All hail the day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the holy Ghost.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thy celestial fire;
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire
 Be this our day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost.

Christ exalted to his glory. P. M.

Lo, the Lord, the mighty Saviour,
 Quits the grave, the throne to claim;
 Object of his endless favour,
 God o'er all exalts his Name;
 Those who hate him--
 Cloth'd with everlasting shame.

Shout for joy with songs of praises,
 Ye who in his name delight;
 Shout—for God our Saviour raises
 To his throne, in endless might!
 'Tis Jehovah—

Crowns our Lord in realms of light!
 God his Servant lifts to glory,
 Bids him all His honours share:
 Now Jehovah we adore Thee,
 And thy righteousness declare:
 Endless praises—
 Shall thy ransom'd Church prepare.

The Sower. C. M.

LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring;
Which scorch'd with heat becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world by smiles and frowns
Our faith and hope remove.

But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripen'd fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

Praise to God for creation and redemption. C. M.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,

But our loud songs shall still record,
The wonders of thy praise.

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

'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.

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

The darkness of Providence. L. M.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Now thou array'st thine awful face,
In angry frowns, without a smile :
We thro' the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

Thro' seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars, and the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

Salvation by grace. C. M.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been ;
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.

But O, my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his Name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame.

'Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done ;
 But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
 Abounding thro' his Son.

'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin ;

'Tis by the water and the blood
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.

'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.

Rais'd from the dead we live anew ;
 And justify'd by grace

We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

Delight in Public Worship. L. M.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming Name.

When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear objects of our love.

[There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;
Yet, now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms on below.

Send comforts down from thy right-hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.]

Death of a Believer.

LET reason vainly boast her pow'r
 To teach her children how to die,
 The sinner, in a dying hour,
 Needs more than reason can supply;
 A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,
 Alone can cheer him in his end.

When nature sinks beneath disease,
 And ev'ry earthly hope is fled,
 What then can give the sinner ease,
 And make him love a dying bed?
 Jesus, thy smile his heart can cheer,
 He's blest ev'n then if Thou art near.

The Gospel does salvation bring,
 And Jesus is the Gospel theme;
 In death *redeemed* sinners sing,
 And triumph in a Saviour's name:
 "O death, where is thy sting?" they cry,
 "O grave, where is thy victory?"

Then let me die the death of those
 Whom Jesus washes in his blood,
 Who on his faithfulness repose,
 And know that he indeed is God:
 Around his throne we all shall meet,
 And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

And he shall reign for ever and ever. P. M.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See "the man of sorrows" now;

From the fight return'd victorious,
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow :
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Crowns become the victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, Angels crown him:
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
 While the vault of heaven rings
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Crown the Saviour "King of Kings."

Sinners in derision crown'd him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name :
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Spread abroad the victor's fame.

Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station :
 O what joy the sight affords !
 Crown him, crown him ;
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

Commencing and Concluding Worship. C. M.

LORD, we esteem the favour great,
 And give the praise to thee,
 That we can thus together meet,
 And none to make us flee.

But all our meetings barren prove,
 Except Thou show thy face ;

Come then, dear Saviour, from above,
And consecrate this place.

O let the visits of thy love
The purest joys impart!
Let all our deadness now remove,
And zeal fill ev'ry heart.

Zeal to confess thy glorious name,
In spite of earth and hell,
Thy loving kindness to proclaim,
And all thy goodness tell!

Lord, let thy people's light so shine,
That all the world may see,
And own its origin divine,
And give the praise to Thee.

The pleasure of Public Worship. L. M.

LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
And we have seen thy glory shine
With pow'r and majesty divine.

Return, O Lord, our spirits cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes:

Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heav'n and earth resound thy praise.

A Hymn of Praise. C. M.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,
 My King, my God of love ;
 My work and joy shall be the same,
 In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
 And let his praise be great ;
 I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy Name,
 And children learn thy ways ;
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.

The world is manag'd by thy hands
 Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
 And thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLIII. C. M.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
 Thy wonted audience lend ;
 In thy accusom'd faith and truth
 A gracious answer send.

Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
 Thy servant to be tried ;
 For in Thy sight no living man
 Can e'er be justified.

To thee my hands in humble prayer
 I fervently stretch out ;

My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
 Like land oppress'd with drought.

Thy kindness early let me hear,
 Whose trust on Thee depends;
 Teach me the way where I should go;
 My soul to thee ascends.

To the Trinity. S. M.

LET God the Father live
 For ever on our tongues;
 Sinners from his free love derive
 The ground of all their songs.

Ye saints, employ your breath
 In honour to the Son;
 Who bought your souls from endless death,
 By off'ring up his own.

Give to the Spirit praise,
 Of an immortal strain;
 Whose light, and power, and grace, convey
 Salvation down to men.

While God the Comforter,
 Reveals our pardon'd sin;
 O may the blood and water bear,
 The same record within.

To Thee, great One in Three,
 That seal the grace in heaven,
 To Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal glory given.

Imploring divine assistance. 8. 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling.

All thy faithful mercies crown;
 Jesu, thou art all compassion;
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry longing heart;

Come, Almighty, to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never
 Never more thy temple leave;
 Thee we always would be blessing,
 Serve thee as thy host above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

Holy Strife in Praising Christ. C. M.

LET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
 Our Shepherd's mercy bless;
 Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
 Shew forth our thankfulness.

Not unto us, to thee alone,
 Bless'd Lamb, be glory given;
 Here shall thy praises be begun,
 And carry'd on in heav'n.

The hosts of spirits now with thee,
 Eternal anthems sing;

To imitate them here, lo, we
 Our hallelujahs bring.

Had we our tongues like their's inspir'd,
 Like their's our songs should rise;
 Like them we never should be tir'd,
 But love the sacrifice.

Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays;
 And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
 We'll join in nobler praise.

It is good to be here. C. M.

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
 Weep and love my life away!
 While I see him on the tree,
 Weep, and bleed, and die for me!

That dear blood for sinners spilt,
 Shows my sin in all its guilt:
 Ah! my soul, He bore thy load,
 Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

Hark! his dying word "Forgive,
 Father, let the sinner live:
 Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
 I thy ransom freely pay."

While I hear this grace reveal'd,
 And obtain a pardon seal'd,
 All my soft affections move,
 Waken'd by the force of love.

Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
 Now I see the bleeding cross;
 Jesus died to set me free
 From the law, and sin, and thee!
 He has dearly bought my soul:
 Lord, accept and claim the whole;
 To thy will I all resign,
 Now no more my own, but thine.

For Christian Missionaries. L. M.

MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
 This promise meets our anxious eyes,
 That heathen worlds the Lord shall know,
 And, warm'd with faith, each bosom glow.

E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear,
 E'en now unfolds the promis'd year:
 Lo! distant shores thy Heralds trace,
 And bear the tidings of thy grace.

'Midst burning climes, and frozen plains,
 Where heathen darkness brooding reigns,
 LORD, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
 And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

When, worne by toil, their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail;
 Bid them the crown of life survey;
 And onward urge their conquering way.

At dismissal. 7s.

MAY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour
And the FATHER'S boundless love,
With the HOLY SPIRIT'S favour,
Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and redemption.

MY God, assist me while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise:
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.

In Christ I view a store divine;
My father, all that store is thine;
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd:
Hail to the Saviour and the God.

When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
Let there be light, th' Almighty said;
And Christ, my sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.

Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my blood:
That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

My soul was all o'erspread with sin;
And lo, his grace hath made me clean;

He rescues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.

Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue ;
Ye angels, warble back my song ;
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

Divine Drawing celebrated. C. M.

My God, what silken cords are thine ;
How soft, and yet how strong ;
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin :
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away ;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

Comfort, thro' all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

Drawn by such cords, we onward move
Till round thy throne we meet ;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqu'ror's feet.

A Song for Morning and Evening. L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command;
 To thee we consecrate our days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

The faithfulness of God to His promises. C. M.

My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
 And shield, art thou, O Lord,
 I firmly anchor all my hopes,
 On thy unerring word.

Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines!
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.

The sacred word of grace is strong,
 As that which built the skies;
 The voice which rolls the stars along,
 Spake all the promises.

My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
 And shield, art thou, O Lord,

I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

At Dismissal. 7's. *In page 136.*

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Sacramental Hymn. L. M.

MY GOD! and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow;
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy goodness know.

Hail sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not the Lamb for sinners slain,
Are you deny'd the children's bread?

O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live;
 And all that energy afford,
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

Support from God. Psalm XVI. C. M.

My lot is fall'n in that blest land,
 Where God is truly known;
 He fills my cup with lib'ral hand;
 'Tis he supports my throne.

Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
 Whose precepts give me light;
 And private counsel still afford,
 In sorrow's dismal night.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice;
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his pow'ful voice.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Which to thy presence lead;
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

Doubts and fears suppress. C. M.

My God how many are my fears!
 How fast my foes increase!
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.

The lying Tempter would persuade
 There's no relief in heaven;

And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt' on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.

Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

God's presence is light in darkness. C. M.

My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his!"

My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith
 Shall bear me conqu'ror thro'.

Meditation of heaven: or, the joy of death. C. M.

My thoughts surmount these lower skies
 And look within the veil;
 There springs of endless pleasures rise
 The waters never fail.

There I behold with sweet delight
 The blessed Three in One;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands for ever firm,
 His grace shall ne'er depart;
 He binds my name upon his arm,
 And seals it on his heart.

Light are the pains that nature brings,
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things,
 The present we compare!

I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I for ever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

Worship in God's house, here and hereafter. C. M.

My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
 Shall tell its joys abroad;
 And march with holy vigour on,
 Supported by its God.

Through all the winding maze of life
 His hand hath been my guide,
 And in that long experienc'd care
 My heart shall still confide.

His grace through all the desert flows,
 An unexhausted stream;
 That grace on Zion's sacred mount
 Shall be my endless theme.

Beyond the choicest joys of earth
 These distant courts I love;
 But O! I burn with strong desire
 To view thy house above.

Mingled with all the shining band,
 My soul would there adore;
 A pillar in thy temple fix'd
 To be remov'd no more.

The Choice of Moses. C. M.

My soul, with all thy waken'd pow'rs
 Survey the heavenly prize;
 Nor let these glitt'ring toys of earth
 Allure thy wand'ring eyes.

The joys and treasures of a day
 I cheerfully resign;

Rich in that large, immortal store,
 Secur'd by grace divine.

Let fools my wiser choice deride,
 Angels and God approve:
 Nor scorn of men or rage of hell
 My stedfast soul shall move.

With ardent eye that bright reward
 I daily will survey;
 And in the blooming prospect lose
 The sorrows of the way.

The happiness and security of Christ's sheep. S. M.

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

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

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

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

"This tried almighty hand
 "Is rais'd for their defence:
 'Where is the pow'r shall reach them there
 "Or what shall force them thence?
 Enough, my gracious Lord,
 Let faith triumphant cry;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.

Circumstances attending the Day of Judgment. L. M.

My waken'd soul, extend thy wings,
 Beyond the verge of mortal things,
 See this vain world in smoke decay,
 And rocks and mountains melt away.

Behold the fiery deluge roll
 Thro' heav'n's wide arch from pole to pole:
 Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
 Tremble and fall ye starry host.

This wreck of nature all around,
 The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
 Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
 And echo his tremendous name.

Children of Adam, all appear
 With rev'rence round his awful bar,
 For as his lips pronounce, ye go
 To endless bliss, or endless woe.

Lord, to mine eyes this scene display,
 Frequent through each revolving day,
 And let thy grace my soul prepare
 To meet its full redemption there.

Psalm CIII. L. M.

My soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes thee sound;
 From danger he thy life retrieves,
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender love
 And unexampled acts of grace:
 His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
 His willing mercy flies apace.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far has he our sins remov'd,
 Who with a Father's tender breast
 Has such as fear him always lov'd.

Psalm CXVI. C. M.

My soul with grateful thoughts of love
 Entirely is possess'd,
 Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
 The voice of my request.

Since He has now his ear inclin'd,
 I never will despair;
 But still in all the straits of life
 To him address my prayer.

When death alarm'd me, then he mov'd
 My dangers and my fears;

My feet from falling he secur'd
 And dried my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
 Which God to me shall lend,
 Will I in praises to his name
 And in his service spend.

Commencing and concluding Worship. 8. 7.

NEVER leave us nor forsake us,
 Thou on whom our souls rely;
 Till thou shalt for ever take us
 To behold that glory nigh,
 Which, though distant,
 Fills thy people's hearts with joy.

They are blest, and none beside them,
 They who hope, O Lord, in thee;
 They are blest, though all deride them,
 They, whom grace and truth make free;
 Joys await them,
 Where thou art, they hope to be.

Joys await them without measure,
 Theirs, conferr'd by royal grant;
 Rivers of eternal pleasure,
 For which now thy people pant,
 Shall supply them,
 And they then shall feel no want.

'Tis the hope of this that charms them
 From the love of all below;
 Hope of this with boldness arms them
 To oppose the mighty foe;

Hope of glory
Sweetens toil and lightens woe.

Christ our High Priest and King, and Christ coming
to Judgment. L. M.

Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas He that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus our anointed Priest,
To Jesus our anointed King,
Be everlasting power confess'd;
And every tongue his glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pardoning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

Before Sermon. 7s.

Not to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

Not to hear the fiery law,
 But with humble joy to draw
 Water, by that well supply'd
 Jesus open'd when he dy'd.

Lord, there are no streams but thine
 Can assuage a thirst like mine;
 'Tis a thirst thyself didst give,
 Let me therefore drink and live.

Men honoured above Angels. L. M.

Now let us join our hearts and tongues,
 And emulate the angels songs;
 Yea, sinners may address their King
 In songs that angels cannot sing.

They praise the Lamb who once was slain;
 But we can add a higher strain;
 Not only say "he suffered thus,
 But that he suffered all for us."

Our next of kin, our Brother now,
 Is He to whom the angels bow;
 They join with us to praise his name,
 But *we* the nearest int'rest claim.

But ah! how faint our praises rise!
 Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
 That we who share his richest love
 So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

Oh, glorious hour, it comes with speed!
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,
 Shall see the God who dy'd for man,
 And praise him more than angels can.

New Year's Prayer for a Blessing. C. M.

Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone!

Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name;
 For all that we can call our own,
 In vanity and shame.

From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free;
 And let the year be now begun,
 Begun and end with thee.

Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.

And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

Reigning Grace. P. M.

Now may the Lord reveal his face,
 And teach our stamm'ring tongues
 To make his sov'reign, reigning grace,
 The subject of our songs!
 No sweeter subject can invite
 A sinner's heart to sing;

Or more display the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

Grace reigns, to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts;
And from the work it once begins
It never more more departs:
The world and Satan strive in vain
Against the chosen few;
Secur'd by grace's conqu'ring reign,
They all shall conquer too.

Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
Provides the sun and rain,
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripen'd harvest grain.

'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

Lord, when this changing life is past
If we may see thy face,
How shall we praise, and love, at last,
And sing the reign of Grace.

Yet let us aim while here below
Thy mercy to display;
And own at least the debt we owe,
Although we cannot pay.

New Year's Prayer for a Blessing. 7s.

Now may fervent pray'r arise,
Wing'd with faith and pierce the skies;

Fervent pray'r shall bring us down
 Gracious answers from thy throne.

Bless, O Lord the op'ning year,
 To each soul assembled here;
 Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
 Make us willing to be thine.

Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep!
 Teach the stony heart to weep;
 Let the blind have eyes to see
 See themselves and look to thee!

Where thou hast thy work begun,
 Give new strength the race to run;
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bless us all, both old and young;
 Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;
 Let the whole assembly prove
 All thy pow'r, and all thy love.

Unceasing praise to an Unchanging God. L. M
 No change of times shall ever shock,
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
 My trust is in thy mighty power;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tower.
 To thee I'll still address my prayer,
 To whom all praise we justly owe;

So shall I by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whose defence I rest!
O'er highest heavens his name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation bless'd.

Faith in Christ the true Sacrifice. S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
Whilst like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice,
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Praise for preserving Grace. C. M.

NOT unto us, but Thee, O Lord,
 Glory to Thee be giv'n,
 For every gracious thought and word,
 Which brings us nearer heav'n.

Thy saints are in thy faithful hand,
 Secure beneath thine eye;
 And safe at last they all shall stand,
 Before thy throne on high.

There eye to eye, and face to face,
 They shall thy glory see;
 There shall they render, sav'd by grace,
 Eternal praise to Thee.

Then hasten, Lord, the glorious day;
 Fetch all thy children home;
 Teach us with humble hope to say,
 "Lord Jesus quickly come."

Before Sermon. L. M.

Now may the Gospel's conqu'ring^s power
 Be felt by all assembled here!
 So shall this prove a joyful hour,
 And God's own arm of strength appear.

Lord! let thy mighty voice be heard:
 Speak in the Word, and speak with power;
 So shall thy glorious Name be fear'd,
 By those who never fear'd before.

Oh pity those who live in sin,
 And save them from the sinner's doom:

Open the ark, and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.

So shall thy people joyful be ;
The Angels, too, will louder sing :
And all ascribe the praise to Thee ;
To Thee, the Everlasting King.

Spiritual Mourners comforted. L. M.

No more ye humble sinners sigh ;
Let sorrow raise the downcast eye ,
See faith descends to banish fear,
And dry the penitential tear.

“ Look to the cross,” she cries, “ and view,
“ What glorious victim groan’d for you !
“ His dying pangs, his streaming blood,
“ Proclaim the kind, forgiving, God.

“ Look to the bright ethereal plains,
“ There your exalted Jesus reigns,
“ With pow’r to save, and love to bless,
“ To comfort wee, and aid distress.”

Welcome, sweet tidings that impart
New life to my desponding heart ;
Welcome, blest sound of sins forgiv’n,
Of peace restor’d, and promis’d heav’n.

My God ! the vast, amazing grace,
Claims all my wonder, all my praise ;
My pow’rs and passions I resign,
To be alone, and ever, thine.

Faith connected with Salvation. L. M.

NOT by the laws of innocence
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven ;
 New works can give us no pretence
 To have our ancient sins forgiven.

Not the best deeds that we have done
 Can make a wounded conscience whole :
 Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

Lord, I believe thy heavenly word ;
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd :
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
 To have it pardon'd and subdued.

O may thy grace its power display,—
 Let guilt and death no longer reign ;
 Save me in thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain.

Redeeming Love. 7's.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 Ye, who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls dry up your tears ;
 Banish all your guilty fears ;

See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

An Evening Hymn. C. M.

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise ;
Assist us Lord ! to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we would
Accept our heart's desire.

LORD of our days! whose hand hath set
 New time upon the score;
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God. S. M.

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

How strait the path appears,
 How open and how fair!
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
 No fierce destroyer there.

But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring;
 The sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.

See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle thro' the skies.

All honour to his name,
 Who makes the shining way!
 To him who leads the wanderers on
 To realms of endless day!

Sanctification and Growth, Heb, xiii. 20, 21. C. M.

Now may the GOD of peace and love,
 Who from th' imprisoning grave

Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save;

Thro' the rich merits of that blood,
Which He on Calvary spilt
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure
On which our hopes are built;

Perfect our souls in every grace
T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!

For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray;
With glory let his name be crown'd
Thro' heaven's eternal day!

The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 3,—23. C. M.

Now, Lord! the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servant's care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble fervent prayer.

In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest! God of grace!
Send down thy heavenly rain.

Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine;
'Thou, Lord! hast given the rich increase,
'And be the glory thine.'

At Dismissal. 7s. 6s.

NONE but Jesus will we sing,
 None else will we adore;
 He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Shall be for evermore;

None among the heavenly pow'rs,
 Nor one on earth, our praise may claim,
 None but Jesus call we our's,
 None but the bleeding Lamb.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory. L. M.

Now for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's only Son;
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful earth,
 Jesus, the Saviour, came to die;
 He came t' atone Almighty wrath,
 And bring the distant rebel nigh.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
 Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace;
 See what immortal glories sit
 Round the sweet beauties of his face.

Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;

O may his praise fill all our tongues,
And echo through the heavenly plains.

At the Opening of Worship. C. M.

Now may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.

Wake, heavenly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field :
Our spices then shall breathe perfume
And fragrant incense yield.

Touch, with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each waiting hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

Then shall we prove thy worship sweet,
And love thy sacred courts ;
Where saints in blest communion meet,
And God, our God resorts.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel. S. 7. 4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace ;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn !

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see

That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption.

Freely purchas'd with the day,
 May the glorious day approaching,
 On their grossest darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting Gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name,
 To the borders
 Of the great IMMANUEL'S land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease:
 May thy lasting wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase:
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Serious, all the world around.

The Worsing of Heaven. L. M.

O FOR a sweet inspiring ray
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!
 There, low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall;

And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

Immortal glories crown his head:
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.

He smiles, and Seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place:
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

The happiness of God's Israel L. M.

O ISRAEL, blest beyond compare
Unrivall'd all thy glories are:
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interest all his own.

He is thy Saviour; he thy Lord;
His shield is thine, and thine his sword.
Review in ecstacy of thought
The grand redemption he has wrought.

From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,
 Opens thy passage through the sea;
 He through the desert is thy guide,
 And heav'n for Canaan will provide.

Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
 Such favours to their chosen host;
 Their glories which through ages shine,
 Are but dim shades and types of thine.

Celestial Spirit! teach our tongue
 Sublimier strains than Moses sung,
 Proportion'd to the sweeter name
 Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

Communion with Christ and God. S. M.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near;
 With both our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.

God pities all my griefs;
 He pardons ev'ry day;
 Almighty to protect my soul
 And wise to guide my way.

How large his bounties are;
 What various stores of good,
 Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,
 And purchas'd with his blood.

Jesus, my living head,
 I bless thy faithful care;
 Mine advocate before the throne,
 And my forerunner there.

Here fix, my roving heart ;
 Here wait, my warmest love,
 Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

Pardoning Grace. Psalm CXXX. C. M.

Out of the depths of long distress,
 The borders of despair,
 I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
 My groans to move thine ear.

Great God, should thy severer eye,
 And thine impartial hand,
 Mark and revenge iniquity,
 No mortal flesh could stand.

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.

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.

There's full redemption at his throne
 For sinners long enslav'd ;
 The great Redeemer is his Son,
 And Israel shall be sav'd.

Christ's condescension and glorification; *or*, God made
man. Psalm. VIII. C. M.

O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!

The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

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;

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

Jesus our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!

The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Man Frail, and God Eternal. C. M.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come

Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone.
And our defence is sure.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Freedom from sin and misery in heaven, C. M.

OUR sins, alas, how strong they be !
And like a violent sea
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

The waves of trouble how they rise !
How loud the tempests roar !
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

There to fulfil his sweet commands
 Our speedy feet shall move,
 No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
 Or cool our burning love.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
 Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.

For ever his dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus and Salvation be
 The close of every song.

The glory of Christ in Heaven. C. M.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
 The glories of the place
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace.

Sweet majesty and awful love
 Sit smiling on his brow,
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.

Those soft, those blessed feet of his
 That once rude iron tore,
 High on a throne of light they stand,
 And all the saints adore.

His head, the dear majestic head
 That cruel thorns did wound,
 See what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around.

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
 Whom we (unseen) adore;
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

Brotherly Love. Psalm CXXXIII. C. M.

O what a happy thing it is
 And joyful for to see,
 Breth'ren to dwell together in
 Friendship and unity.

'Tis like the precious ointment that
 Was pour'd on Aaron's head,
 Which from his beard down to the skirts
 Of his rich garments spread.

And as the lower ground doth drink
 The dew of Hermon hill,
 And Sion with his silver drops
 The fields with fruit doth fill;

Ev'n so the Lord doth pour on them
 His blessings manifold,
 Whose hearts and minds sincerely do
 This knot fast keep the hold.

At dismissal. S. M.

ONCE more before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name.
 Record his mercies ev'ry heart;
 Sing, ev'ry tongue, the same.
 Hoard up his sacred word,
 And feed thereon and grow;

Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

Crucifixion. 8s.

O LOVE divine, what hast Thou done;
Th' immortal God hath died for me,
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come feel with me his blood applied;
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

Is crucified for me and you,
To bring his people back to God;
Believe, believe, the record true,
His Church is purchas'd with his blood:
Pardon and life flow from his side;
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but dress,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing speak or think beside;
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

Invitation. C. M.

OH what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting, souls
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your ev'ry burden bring;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds;
 A deep, celestial, spring.

“*Whoever will*” (Oh gracious word!)
 Shall of this stream partake:
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesus' sake.

To Him who gives our souls to feel
 The drawings of his love,
 Be constant praise while here we dwell,
 And nobler songs above.

Longing for Christ. L. M.

O COME, 'Thou wounded Lamb of God,
 Come wash us in thy cleansing blood;
 Give us to know thy love, then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

'Take our poor hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but 'Thee';

Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
The pledge of love for ever there.

O Lord enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought:
Unloose our stam'ring tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable!

Firstborn of many brethren Thou,
To Thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to Thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

Christ the best Friend. 8s. 7s.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us,
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abas'd,
Friend of sinners was his name:
Now above all glory rais'd,
He rejoiceth in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften?
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love,
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above;
 But when home our souls are brought
 We will praise Thee as we ought.

Redeeming love. Double 5s.

OUR Shepherd alone
 The Lord, let us bless,
 Who reigns on the throne,
 The Prince of our peace;
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his blood;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God.

We daily will sing
 Thy glory, thy praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace;
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell,
 And say our dear Saviour,
 Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
 While here we abide;
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation,
 Till joyful we see

The beautiful vision
Completed in Thee.

Easter Hymn. P. M.

Oh joyful sound! Oh glorious hour!

When Jesus, by almighty power,

Reviv'd and left the grave.

In all his works behold him great;

Before, Almighty to create—

Almighty, now, to save!

“The first-begotten from the dead”

Behold him risen, his people's Head,

To make their life secure!

They too, like Him, shall yield their breath;

Like Him, shall burst the bands of death,

—Their resurrection sure.

Why should his servants now be sad?

None have such reason to be glad

As those redeem'd to God:

Jesus, the Mighty Saviour, lives;

To them eternal life he gives,

The purchase of his blood.

Why should his servants fear the grave,

Since Jesus will their spirits save,

And wake their sleeping dust?

What though this earthly house should fail

Almighty power will yet prevail,

And tombs resign their trust.

To the Holy Trinity. S. M. Double.

OUR Father! who dost lead,
 The children of thy grace,
 A new-born and believing seed,
 Through this wide wilderness:
 Thy providential care
 In dangers past we own;
 Still let thine arm be ever near;
 Still let thy love be shewn.

O Saviour! Lamb of God!
 Our gracious dying Friend!
 Reveal the virtue of thy blood,
 On us thy mercy send:
 Thou art a Master kind,
 With voice and person sweet,
 Bestow on us a loving mind,
 And keep us at thy feet.

Thou, Holy Spirit! art
 Of Truth the promis'd Seal!
 Convincing pow'r Thou dost impart,
 And Jesu's grace reveal:
 Oh, breathe thy quick'ning breath,
 And light and life afford;
 Instruct us how to live by faith,
 And glorify the Lord.

The Lord's Prayer. S. M.

Our heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now:

Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow!

Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As Saints and Seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive:

From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

—Thus humbly taught to pray,
By thy beloved Son,
Through him, we come to Thee, and say
All for his sake be done.

A Morning Song. Psalm LXIII. 8s.

O God, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant:
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

O to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays:
 Because to me thy wondrous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
 Be glory; as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

Prayer for Revival. Psalm LXXX. L. M.

O ISRAEL'S shepherd, Joseph's guide,
 Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
 Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
 Again in solemn state appear.
 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
 The lustre of thy face display;
 And all the ills we suffer now,
 Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away,
 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
 How long thy suff'ring people pray,
 And to their prayers have no return!
 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
 The lustre of thy face display;
 And all the ills we suffer now,
 Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

A Song of Praise. Psalm CXLVI. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
 For ever bless his Name;
 His wondrous love, while life shall last,
 My constant praise shall claim.

Then happy he, who Jacob's God
 For his protector takes;
 Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
 His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his stedfast truth,
 Nor make his promise vain.

The God that does in Sion dwell
 Is our eternal King:
 From age to age his reign endures;
 Let all his praises sing.

The entrance of thy word giveth light. L. M.

O MAY the Gospel's conqu'ring force
 Be felt by all who hear its sound!
 So shall it prove its heav'nly source,
 And praise shall to our God redound.

Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard,
 Speak in the word and speak with pow'r,
 So shall thy glorious name be fear'd
 By those who never fear'd before.

O pity those who lie in sin!
 Preserve them from the sinner's doom,

Open the ark and take them in,
 And save them from the wrath to come.
 So shall thy people joyful be,
 The Angels too will louder sing,
 And both ascribe the praise to thee,
 To Thee the everlasting King.

I will be with thee in trouble. P. M.

O! OUR Saviour, be thou near us,
 While we live, and when we die;
 From thy throne of mercy hear us,
 When from day to day we cry;
 Let our conflicts
 End in everlasting joy.

Many trials here await us,
 'Tis thy people's lot we know;
 In the midst of those who hate us
 We shall be while here below;
 But thy presence
 Cheers us when oppress'd by woe.

Precious is thy word of promise,
 Precious to thy people here;
 Never take thy mercy from us,
 O! our Saviour, still be near;
 Living, dying,
 May thy name our spirits cheer!

God our Father. C. M.

OUR Father sits on yonder throne,
 Amidst the hosts above;

He reigns throughout the world, alone,
 He reigns, the God of love.

He knew us when we knew him not,
 Was with us though unseen;
 His favour came to us unsought,
 His love has wondrous been.

He keeps us now, securely keeps,
 (Whatever foe assails,)
 With vigilance that never sleeps,
 With pow'r that never fails.

He gives us hope that we shall be
 Ere long with him above;
 That we shall all his glory see,
 And celebrate his love.

Then let us, while we dwell below,
 Obey our Father's voice;
 To all his dispensations bow,
 And in his name rejoice.

A covert from the tempest. C. M.

OUR rest be here, the cross beneath,
 The fittest place for such as we,
 'Tis here the faint begin to breathe,
 Th' insolvent here alone are free.

Pursued, and without pow'r to flee,
 In debt, and having nought to pay,
 The cross our place of refuge be,
 Our safety by the cross to stay.

We owe him much, whose love provides
 A shelter from the furious blast,

The Lord, who thus his people hides,
 Until the storm is overpast.

Our refuge and our rest be here,
 The danger soon will pass away,
 A cloudless sky will then appear,
 A blessed, bright, eternal day.

To Jesus Christ. L. M.

O THOU in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 Oh tune our songs to praise thy name ;
 Jesus, unchangeably, the same !

If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Wrap up their faces in their wing,
 How shall we sinful dust draw nigh
 The great, the awful Deity !

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb !
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM !
 With all our power, thy grace we bless,
 Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

Live, ever-glorious Jesus, live !
 Worthy all blessings to receive ;
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
 With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet.

Commencing Worship. L. M.

O GOD our Saviour and our King,
 Of all we have or hope the spring,
 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 And warm our hearts with holy love.

Let love through all our actions shine,
 An image fair, though faint, of thine;
 Let us thy humble follow'rs prove,
 Father of grace and God of love.

For spiritual direction and strength. L. M.

O Thou! to whose all searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light;
 Try us, and prove our treach'rous heart
 And bid the power of sin depart.

As through this vale of tears we stray,
 Be thou our Light, be Thou our stay:
 Mark out the Pilgrim's heavenly road,
 That leads unto the mount of God.

If storms and tempests cloud our way,
 Our strength proportion to our day;
 Nor storms nor tempests need we fear,
 If God, our Sun and Shield, be near.

Guide and uphold us with thy hand,
 Till we arrive at Canaan's land;
 The land where death and sin shall cease,
 The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

An Evening Song. Psalm IV. C. M.

O LORD, that art my righteous judge,
 To my complaint give ear:
 Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
 Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

While worldly minds impatient grow,
 More prosp'rous times to see;

Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true,
Than their's, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possessed.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession. S. M.

O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er ;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

The Christian's delight in the courts of the Lord. C. M.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place;
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire,
 To view thy blest abode;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out,
 For thee the living God.

Thrice happy they whose choice has thee,
 There sure protection made;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways,
 That to thy dwelling lead.

Thus they proceed from strength to strength
 And still approach more near;
 Till all on Sion's holy mount,
 Before their God appear.

God's blessing is on his people. L. M.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise—in lofty hymns
 His wondrous works rehearse;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd,

And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength,
Devoutly still implore;
And where he's ever present seek
His face for evermore.

God's blessing is on his people. Psalm CVI. L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise.

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray:
Who know what's right—not only so,
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou returnest to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

In affliction. C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord remember me.

When on my aching, burden'd heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 My pardon speak, new peace impart ;
 In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day ;
 In love remember me.

If for thy sake, upon my name,
 Shame and reproaches be,
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame !
 If thou remember me.

The hour is near, consign'd to death
 I own the just decree ;
 Saviour! with my last parting breath,
 I'll cry remember me.

For the Sacrament. L. M.

OUR'S is a rich and royal feast,
 Provided by the King of heaven ;
 How priviledg'd are they and blest,
 To whom the bread of life is giv'n.

In sacred fellowship we meet
 To celebrate our Saviour's death,
 His blood we drink, his flesh we eat,
 His people feed on him by faith.

The blood he shed supplies a stream,
 That washes all our guilt away,
 How precious then the Lord should seem,
 Whose death we celebrate to day.

On earth his dying love shall be
 Our spring of hope, our theme of joy,
 And when in heaven our Lord we see,
 His praise shall all our powers employ.

Preparation for death. S. M.

PREPARE me, gracious GOD!
 To stand before thy face!
 Thy Spirit must the work perform,
 For it is all of grace.

In Christ's obedience clothe,
 And wash me in his blood ;
 So shall I lift my head with joy,
 Among the sons of God.

Do thou my sins subdue,
 Thy sov'reign love make known,
 The spirit of my mind renew,
 And save me in thy Son.

Let me attest thy power,
 Let me thy goodness prove,
 Till my full soul can hold no more
 Of everlasting love.

For domestic Worship.

PEACE be to this habitation ;
 Peace to all that dwell therein ;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
 Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin ;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
 Peace to worldly minds unknown ;

Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace, that comes from God alone.

Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favour'd souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

Crucifixion. P. M.

PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us :

Praise his name for ever dear ;

Praise his blessed name, who gave us
 Eyes to see and ears to hear.

Praise the Saviour,
 Object of our love and fear.

Grace it was, 'twas grace abounding,
 Brought him down to save the lost :

Ye above, his throne surrounding,
 Praise him, praise him all his host.

Saints adore him,
 Ye are they who owe him most.

Ye, of all his hand created,
 Objects are of grace alone ;

Aliens once, but reinstated,
 Destin'd now to fill a throne.

Sing with wonder,
 Sing of what our Lord has done.

Praise his name who died to save us ;
 'Tis by him his people live ;
 And in him the Father gave us
 All that boundless love could give ;
 Life eternal
 In our Saviour we receive.

An Hymn of Praise. 8s. 7s.

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him,
 Jesus well deserves your praise ;
 O ye careless turn ye to him
 Turn from folly's fatal ways ;
 In the Gospel
 Jesus all his grace displays.

Saviour, full of love and pity,
 Grant repentance to thy foes ;
 Till thy saints in heav'n are with thee,
 Let them on thine arm repose,
 And grow stronger,
 Till their arduous strife shall close.

Exhortation to universal praise. P. M.

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

Praise the Lord! for he is glorious:
 Never shall his promise fail;
 God hath made his saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail;
 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high his power proclaim,
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name.

Help in God. P. M.

PRESERVE me, O Lord!
 My God, in thy Name
 I fix all my trust,
 And mercy I claim;
 Thy mercies in Jesus,
 That Name all divine;
 That Strength of Salvation,
 On whom I recline.

My prayer, O my God!
 And sorrows attend;
 Thine ear to my cries
 In faithfulness bend:
 For strangers are risen,
 Their arts they employ,
 And Satan and Hell
 Watch my soul to destroy.

Lo, God is my Help!
 Jehovah is nigh!
 He'll save, and with strength
 My helpers supply:

My God is Almighty,
 His truth is my stay;
 My foes shall all perish,
 He'll cast them away.

My God, all thy praise
 I'll freely proclaim;
 My Saviour, 'tis sweet
 T' exalt thy great Name:
 Redeem'd from all trouble,
 Thy grace I'll adore;
 Mine eyes shall behold
 Till my foes are no more.

Praise to Christ. 8s. 7s.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed!
 All our sins on Thee were laid:
 By Almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.

Jesus, hail! abash'd before Thee,
 Seraphs bright their faces hide:
 All the heavenly host 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.

Worship, honour, love increasing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for all to give.

Praise to Christ. C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief,
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)
 He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh
 And dwelt among the dead.

He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
 And brake our iron chains;
 Jesus has freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.

O for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

The promise our security. L. M.

PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
 To him that earth's foundations laid;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as he please.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord
 Who rules his people by his word,

And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

O for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

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

Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

Unchangeableness of God, a ground of praise. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth confirm'd, through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precept he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,

For ever to remain the same ;
 Holy and rev'rend is his Name.

A song of Praise. 6s. 10s.

PRAISE to the Lord from nature's utmost
 bound,

Let ev'ry tongue repeat the solemn sound,
 'Till heaven's high arch, shall echo back the
 strain,

And Seraph hymns descend to earth again :
 While ev'ry knee shall lowly bend before
 him,

And ev'ry heart with holy fear adore him.

Angels who dwell in glory's brightest beam,
 Unite to chaunt redemption's lofty theme ;
 To heav'nly lays attune each golden lyre,
 While love and holy joy our songs inspire ;
 One loud hosanna fills the vast creation,
 To celebrate the wonders of salvation.

Yet when from heav'n the last dread
 trumpet blows,

Rouzes from death, and breaks the grave's
 repose,

Then shall assembled saints and angels
 raise

In highest strains the hymn of sacred praise ;
 Loud hallelujahs to his name addressing,
 Eternal glory, never ending blessing !

Christ The King of Saints. P. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;

The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,

And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

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.

Christ the Rock of Ages. 6s. 7s.

Rock of ages cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r!

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou *alone*!

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress:
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

It is time to awake out of sleep. P. M.

RISE to arms! spake God in thunder,
 Gideon for his country rose;
 Burst her fetter'd bands asunder,
 Dash'd to earth her cup of woes.
 Thus Jehovah
 Bids *us* arm against our foes.

Rise to arms! Hell's dreadful legions,
 Throng with havoc in their train:
 Rise to arms throughout all regions!
 Break the Arch-apostate's chain!
 Shall we slumber
 While he spreads his iron reign?

Warriors wake! o'er every nation
 High the Gospel standard bear;
 Take the helmet of salvation,
 Shield of faith, and lip of prayer:
 Girt with boldness,
 Brave the Prince of earth and air!

Lord of Life! in fullest splendour
 Beam upon a darken'd world;
 Be thy people's strong defender,
 Be thy banner wide unfurl'd:
 By thy power
 Downward 'be th' accuser hurl'd.

Hail the day! earth's sons and daughters,
 Shall thy name in songs adore,

Like the sound of mighty waters,
 Or the deep toned thunder's roar :
 Alleluia,
 God is King for evermore!

Repentance. C. M.

“**REPENT,**” the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay;
 The man that scorns the mandate, dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

No more the sov'reign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are dispatch'd abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.

Together in his presence bow,
 With tears your guilt confess;
 Accept the blessed Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.

Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar;
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.

Amazing love that yet will call,
 Will yet prolong our days!
 Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

The Pilgrim's Song. 7s. 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;

Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's Heav'n thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars, decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove:
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

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.

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 ent'rance will be giv'n ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

Ascension of Christ. L. M.

REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
 Behold the King of glory nigh !
 Who can this King of glory be ?
 The mighty God, the Saviour, He.
 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
 To make the Lord the Saviour way ;

Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

Rais'd from the dead, He goes before ;
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
With their Redeemer and their God.

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.

Salvation. C. M.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!

'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

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

Chorus.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

The Christian warfare. L. M.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel-armour on,
 March to the gates of endless joy
 Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone,
 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
 Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.

What tho' thine inward lusts rebel,
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate,
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conq'rors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in Almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

The goodness of God. C. M.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King;
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In songs of glory sing.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food,

Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves!

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

Creatures with all their endless race

Thy power and praise proclaim,
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy Name.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. L. M.

SWEET 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 truth at night.

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!

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!

Complete Salvation. C. M.

SALVATION, thro' our dying God,
Shall surely be complete;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.

He sends his Spirit from above
 Our nature to renew;
 Displays his power, reveals his love,
 Gives life and comfort too.

He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
 And shews our sins forgiv'n;
 Conducts us through the wilderness,
 And brings us safe to heaven.

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

The condescending Grace of Christ. C. M.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name!
 With joy that errand we review
 On which thy mercy came.

While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charm'd with the honour to obey
 Their great eternal King;

For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laidst that glory by;—
 First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
 Then, in that flesh, to die.

Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly, Lord, are thine;
 To thee our lives we would devote,
 To thee our all resign.

The dying Love of Christ. L. M.

SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne :
Accept our humble, cheerful vow ;
Thou art our Sov'reign, thou alone.

Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescensions of his love.

He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone ;
Oh, let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run!

He died !—ye Seraphs, tune your songs !
Resound, resound, the Saviour's name,
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

The increase of the Church. L. M.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns !
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread ;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.

Gentiles and Jews his laws obeys,
Nations remote their offerings bring ;

And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay,
To their exalted God and King.

O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue ;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his Name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

Hallelujah on Earth and in Heaven. P. M.

SING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Until, in realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

There we to all eternity

Shall join the angelic lays;
And sing in perfect harmony,
To God our Saviour's praise:

“ He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God :
For us, for us the Lamb was slain,”

Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

Glory to God in the highest. 7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Exhortation to praise and thanksgiving. S. M

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,

To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

There with benign regard
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

Contemplations of the Cross. 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his Cross to lie;
While we see divine compassion
Beaming from his gracious eye.

Grant us here to find our heaven,
While upon thy Cross we gaze;
Here to see our sins forgiv'n,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

The Lord open the eyes of the blind. 7s.

SAV'D ourselves by Jesu's blood,
 Let us now draw nigh to God;
 Many round us blindly stray,
 Mov'd with pity let us pray,
 Pray that they who now are blind,
 Soon the way of truth may find.

Lord, awaken all around,
 Let them know the joyful sound;
 Slaves to Satan heretofore,
 Let them now be slaves no more;
 Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,
 Set the captive sinner free.

Glorious things of thee are told,
 What thine arm has wrought of old;
 Thousands once its pow'r confess'd,
 O for seasons like the past!
 Lord, revive the former days,
 Thine the pow'r, and thine the praise.

For a Revival. 7s.

SAVIOUR, bless the word to all,
 Quick and pow'rful let it prove;
 O let sinners hear thy call!
 And thy people grow in love.

Thine own gracious message bless,
 Follow it with pow'r divine,
 Give the Gospel great success,
 Thine the work, the glory thine.

Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
 Send, O send thy truth abroad ;
 Let the nations hear thy voice,
 Hear it, and return to God.

And he led them on safely. P. M.

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
 Without thee we cannot go ;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low :
 Let thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.

With a price thy love has bought us,
 (Saviour, what a love is thine !)
 Hitherto thy pow'r has brought us ;
 (Pow'r and love in thee combine ;)
 Lord of glory.
 Ever on thine Isra'l shine.

Through a desert waste and cheerless,
 Though our destin'd journey lie,
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy ;
 Nought shall move us,
 While we see our Saviour nigh.

When we halt, (no track discov'ring,)
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us ;
 Thus we shall not miss our way.

When we hunger thou wilt feed us,
 Manna shall our camp surround ;
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us ;
 Streams shall from the rock abound :
 Happy Isra'el !
 What a Saviour thou hast found !

When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way,
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
 Thou wilt shake them with dismay ;
 And thy people,
 Led by thee, shall win the day.

Then lead on, Almighty Victor,
 Scatter ev'ry hostile band ;
 Be our guide, and our protector,
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand :
 Shouts of vict'ry
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

The sure mercies of David. P. M.

SOUNDS of mercy, come from heaven,
 In the Gospel strike our ears ;
 Happy he to whom 'tis given
 To believe the truth he hears !
 Then the Saviour
 Precious in his sight appears.

O our God ! let thousands hearing
 Of thy love in every place,
 Though till now, as foes appearing,
 Foes to thee, the God of grace,

Turn them to thee,
And begin to seek thy face.

Lord, remove the sinner's blindness,
Give him eyes that he may see ;
And let many, won by kindness,
Leave the world to follow thee ;
Mighty Saviour,
Set the captive sinner free.

Who coverest thyself with light. L. M.

SEE where the Lord his glory spreads,
Thro' yonder mansion fill'd with light ;
His least perfection far exceeds
The reach of fancy's boldest flight,
Around his everlasting throne
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing :
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him everlasting King.
Approach, ye saints, this God is yours ;
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above :
Ye cannot fail while God endures ;
Ye cannot want while God is love.
Come then and swell the note of praise,
In Jesu's name rejoice and sing,
While angels on his glory gaze,
'The saints may cry, " Behold our King,"
Jesus, thou everlasting King,
To thee the praise of heav'n belongs ;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humbler songs.

Though sin defile our worship here,
 We hope, ere long, thy face to view:
 In heav'n with angels to appear,
 And praise thy name as angels do.

He hath triumphed gloriously. 7s.

SONS of Zion, raise your songs,
 Praise to Zion's King belongs;
 His the victor's crown and fame,
 Glory to the Saviour's name!

Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
 Precious in the victor's eyes;
 Glorious is the work achiev'd,
 Satan vanquish'd, man reliev'd.

Sing we then the victor's praise,
 Go ye forth and strew the ways;
 Bid him welcome to his throne,
 He is worthy, he alone.

Place the crown upon his brow;
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow;
 Him the brightest Seraph sings,
 Heav'n proclaims him "king of kings."

Saturday Evening. 7s.

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way,
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 On th' approaching Sabbath-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiply'd each hour
 Through the week our praise demand ;
 Guarded by Almighty pow'r,
 Fed and guided by his hand :
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.

While we pray for pard'ning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Shine away our sin and shame :
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near!
 May thy glory meet our eyes
 When we in thy house appear!
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief to all complaints:
 Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above!

Praise for the Incarnation. C. M.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.

When he came, the angels sung
 "Glory be to God on high!"
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I?

Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil,
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
 Ev'ry precious name in one,
 I will love thee without end.

For a New Year. C. M.

SERVANTS of God awake, arise,
 And lift your voices high;
 Adore and praise that sov'reign love,
 That brings salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it comes,
 Each moment brings it near;
 Then welcome each declining day,
 And each revolving year.

Not many years their rounds shall run,
 Not many mornings rise,

Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes!

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

For the Lord's Day. C. M.

SWEET is the work! my God, my King,
To laud thy glorious name:
By day thy wondrous grace to sing;
By night thy truth proclaim.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
To dwell thy courts among;
Thy presence still shall make us blest,
Thy love inspire our song.

Though sensual hearts, unchang'd by grace,
Such joys divine despise;
Teach us to love thy dwelling-place,
Thy day of rest to prize.

Till fixed thy heavenly courts within,
Far nobler sounds we raise;
And in the realms of light begin
Our endless work of praise.

Security of God's Israel. Psalm CXXV. L. M.

THOSE that do place their confidence
Upon the Lord our God only,
And flee to him for their defence,
In all their need and misery;

Their faith is sure still to endure,
 Grounded on Christ, the corner stone,
 Mov'd with no ill, but standeth still
 Steadfast, like to the Mount Sion.

And as about Jerusalem,
 The mighty hills do it compass;
 So that no foes can come to them,
 To hurt that town in any case.

So God indeed, in every need,
 His faithful people doth defend;
 Standing them by assuredly,
 From this time forth, world without end.

God our Shepherd. Psalm. XXIII. C. M.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;
 The Shepherd by whose constant care,
 My wants are all supplied.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless praise,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk,
 In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free;
 For there his aiding rod and staff,
 Defend and comfort me.

Since God doth thus his wond'rous love,
 Through all my life extend;
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his temple spend.

God's care for his Saints. Psalm. XXXIV. C. M.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life

In trouble and in joy;

The praises of my God shall still

My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,

Till all that are distress;

From my example comfort take,

And charm their griefs to rest.

O make but trial of his love!

Experience will decide;

How blest are they, and only they,

Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then

Have nothing else to fear;

Make you his service your delight,

Your wants shall be his care.

The pleasure of Public Worship. Psalm. IX. C. M.

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,

I will my heart prepare:

To all the list'ning world thy works,

Thy wondrous works, declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul,

Exalted pleasure bring;

Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,

Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,

Will in his truth confide;

Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
That on his help relied.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord
From Sion his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

Before Sermon. P. M.

THY presence, gracious Lord, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Let faith be mix'd with what we hear,
And fill our souls with holy fear.

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless
And crown thy gospel with success.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

Thus, Lord, &c.

To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear
Reduce to practice what we hear.

Thus, Lord, &c.

Father in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

Thus, Lord, &c.

Ebenezer. L. M. Double,

THE Lord our salvation and light,
The guide and the strength of our days,
Has brought us together to-night
A new Ebenezer to raise:

The year we have now pass'd through
His goodness with blessings has crown'd,
Each morning his mercies were new;
Then let our thanksgivings abound.

His gospel, throughout the long year,
From Sabbath to Sabbath he gave;
How oft has he met with us here,
And shown himself mighty to save:
His candlestick has been remov'd
From churches once priviledg'd thus;
But though we unworthy have prov'd,
It still is continu'd to us.

For so many mercies receiv'd,
Alas! what returns have we made?
His Spirit we often have griev'd,
And evil for good have repaid:
How well it becomes us to cry,
"Oh! who is a God like to thee?
Who passeth iniquities by,
And plungest them deep in the sea!"

To Jesus, who sits on the throne,
Our best hallelujahs we bring;
To thee it is owing alone
That we are permitted to sing;

Assist us, we pray, to lament
 The sins of the year that is past;
 And grant that the next may be spent
 Far more to thy praise than the last.

After Sermon. P. M.

To thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our pow'rs;
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is our's:
 Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
 And to thy word a blessing give.

O, grant that each of us,
 Now met before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When Thou and thine appear!
 And follow thee to heaven our home,
 Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

Praise for the Fountain opened. C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,

Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

The Lord will provide. P. M.

THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
'The Lord will provide.'

The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written,
'The Lord will provide.'

His call we obey,
 Like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold :
 For though we are strangers,
 We have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers,
 'The Lord will provide.'

No strength of our own
 Or goodness we claim ;
 Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power,
 The Lord will provide.'

When life sinks apace,
 And death is in view,
 This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us through :
 No fearing or doubting
 With Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting,
 'The Lord will provide.'

Resurrection of Christ. P. M.

THE happy morn is come:
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save:

Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?

Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our vict'ry won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Praise from Angels and from Men. P. M.

THOU God of Power and God of Love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Thy praise archangels sing;
And veil their faces while they cry,
Thrice Holy to their God Most High,
Thrice Holy to their King!

Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless th' Almighty Saviour's Name,
Through whom this grace is given;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms these ruin'd souls anew,
And makes us heirs of heaven.

The Gathering of the Gentiles. L. M.

THE Heathen perish ;—day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away !
O Christians ! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live ;
What hath your Saviour done for *you* ?
And what for *Him* will ye not do ?

Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north ;
Of ev'ry clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

The Communion of Saints. C. M.

THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make,
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lo ! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;

And we are to the margin come,
 And soon must launch as they.

Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
 Then, when the word is giv'n,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

The Water of Life. C. M.

THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
 Attend the heavenly sound;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fears,
 Hope smiles reviving round.

For ev'ry thirsty longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.

Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay?

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

Christ the Burthen of the Song. C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.

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.

When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favor'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

Our God for ever and ever. 8s.

THIS God is the God we adore
 Our faithful unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end;

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

On the Death of a Believer.

'Tis finish'd, 'tis done!
 The spirit is fled;
 Our brother is gone,
 The christian is dead;
 The christian is living
 In Jesus's love,

And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.

All honour and praise
Are Jesus's due!
Supported by grace,
He fought his way thro':
Triumphantly glorious,
Thro' Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious,
O'er sin, death and hell.

Then let us record
The conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord
With shoutings proclaim;
Who trust in his passion,
And follow their Head,
To certain salvation
Shall surely be led.

O Jesus! lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteousness there,
Where, dazzled with glory,
The Seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee
In silence of praise.

Within us display
Thy love, when we die,

And bear us away
 To mansions on high :
 The kingdom be given
 Of glory divine,
 And crown us in heaven
 Eternally thine.

Praise to the Redeemer. C. M.

To our Redeemer's gloricus name
 Awake the sacred song !
 O may his love (immortal flame!)
 'Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach,
 What mortal tongue display
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die,
 Was ever love like this ?

Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

O may the sweet, the blissful theme
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue:
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

For Persons joined in Fellowship. C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Restore us by thy grace;
And guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel a brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little flock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive the ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctify'd.

Praise for a good hope. C. M.

THANKS to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow,
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,

Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

Transporting hope! still on my soul,
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal, and divine.

Perfect through sufferings. C. M.

THE head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
"The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all that dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is giv'n;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heav'n.

An Evening Psalm. 8s. 7s.

THRO' the day thy love has spar'd us,
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;

Jesus Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and our's preserve from dangers,

In thine arms may we repose!
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

The sinner's portion and saint's hope. L. M.

WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blisful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there.

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

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.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on
Earth. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;

I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

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.

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

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

Support under Temptation. P. M.

Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows and will provide.
Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers and cold my love,
 My stedfast hope shall not remove,
 While Jesus intercedes above.
 Against me earth and hell combine;
 But on my side is power divine;
 Jesus is all, and he is mine.

The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation. L. M.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do
 That seeks relief from all his woe?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind?
 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
 Or form our natures fit for heaven?
 Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,
 Make their own pow'rs and passions clean?
 In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
 'Tis there that power and glory dwell
 Which save rebellious souls from hell.
 This is the pillar of our hope
 That bears our fainting spirits up;
 We read the grace, we trust the word,
 And find salvation in the Lord.

Restoring and preserving grace. L. M.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song:
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

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.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace wil complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins ;
 The work that wisdom undertakes
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

For the Sacrament. S. M.

WE sing th' amazing deeds
 That grace divine performs ;
 Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
 To nourish dying worms.

The banquet that we eat
 Is made of heavenly things,
 Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
 As our Redeemer brings.

In vain had Adam sought
 And search'd his garden round,
 For there was no such blessed fruit
 In all the happy ground.

Th' angelic host above
 Can never taste this food,
 They feast upon their Maker's love,
 But not a Saviour's blood.

Come, all ye drooping saints,
 And banquet with the King,
 This wine will drown your sad complaints,
 And tune your voice to sing.

Salvation to the Name
 Of our adored Christ :
 Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
 His glory in the highest.

The Lord's Day. S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

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.

One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

Strength from Heaven. C. M.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise ?
 And where's our courage fled ?

Has restless sin and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead ?

Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the earth and sea ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?

Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwells ;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God !
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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.

Christ's presence makes death easy. L. M.

Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

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.

O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

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.

Christ's unchangeable Love. L. M.

Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,

And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or, what should tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness,
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'ers too.

Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

Christ's Resurrection a pledge of ours. L. M.

WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;
I see fulfill'd what Prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 Kow weak the bands of conquer'd death:
 Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
 Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
 And ever lives their cause to plead,
 For whom the pains of death he bore.

Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold;
 See the rich diadem he wears;
 Thou too shall bear an harp of gold,
 To crown thy joy when he appears.

Before Sermon. L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise;
 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
 Amid this little company;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place.
 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word:
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

The Security of God's People. C. M.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
 Is saving health and light?

Since strongly he my life supports,
 What can my soul affright?

Henceforth within his house to dwell
 I earnestly desire,
 His wondrous beauty there to view,
 And his blest will enquire.

For there may I with comfort rest,
 In times of deep distress;
 And safe, as on a rock, abide,
 In that secure recess.

Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes
 My lofty head shall raise,
 And I my joyful off'ring bring,
 And sing glad songs of praise.

A Song of Praise. C. M.

With my whole heart, my God and King,
 Thy praise I will proclaim;
 Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
 And bless thy holy Name.

I'll worship at thy sacred seat;
 And, with thy love inspir'd,
 The praises of thy truth repeat,
 O'er all thy works admir'd.

Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
 When I to thee did cry;
 And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
 Didst inward strength supply.

The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
 Shall fix my happy state;

And, mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

For the Sacrament. P. M.

WE magnify thy grace, O Lord;
How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
A supper for thy saints!
All things are ready, thou hast said,
A table thou hast richly spread,
To answer all our wants.

Darkness and unbelief remove,
Replenish all our souls with love,
Cast out the power of sin;
Jesus, attend our feeble pray'r,
And for thyself our hearts prepare,
Come in, our Lord, come in!

Let comfort, love, and joy, and peace,
Like rivers flow, and still increase,
Unto the ocean driv'n:
Lord, condescend to sup with me,
And grant that I may be with Thee,
And sup at last in Heav'n!

The birth of Christ. 7s.

WHAT good news the angels bring!
What glad tidings of our King!
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ, who takes our sins away:
Him shall all his people see,
And rejoice eternally.

Lift your hearts and voices high,
 With hosannas fill the sky;
 Glory be to God above,
 God is infinite in love :
 Angels join with us in praise,
 Help to sing redeeming grace.

Jesus is the lovely name!
 This the angel doth proclaim;
 He shall all his people save,
 They, in him, remission have;
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in glory reign.

Adoption. L. M.

WE boast an origin divine,
 God is our Father, heav'n our home,
 In yonder world we hope to shine,
 Where sin and sorrow never come.

As Jesus, whom we worship, was,
 'Tis thus we are, and wish to be,
 We glory only in the cross,
 And who on earth so blest as we ?

We wait the coming of our Lord,
 Nor do we wait that day in vain;
 We cannot doubt his faithful word,
 That tells us he will come again.

Come then, dear Lord, O come and take
 Thy people to their heav'nly home;
 The scorn they suffer for thy sake,
 Sweetens the hope of joys to come.

They long to see thee as thou art,
 They long to mix with those above,
 To meet where they shall never part,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

Glorying in Christ. L. M.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

The cross! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terrors from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love;
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angel's theme in heav'n above.

Commencing Worship. L. M.

WHEN two or three together meet,
 In his great name who reigns above,
 Their fellowship and work is sweet;
 They meet, and they depart in love.

The Lord is with his people there,
 Wherever they are met to pray;

He listens to their feeble pray'r
And sends them not unblest away.

O be it, Lord, to us this day,
According to thy gracious word!
And send us not unblest away,
But pardon, peace, and strength afford.

We nothing have, but all is thine;
While thou art rich we cannot want;
Thine ear, O Lord, to us incline,
And that thy people pray for, grant.

Exaltation of Christ. C, M.

WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heaven rings?
They welcome Jesus to the sky
And crown him "King of Kings."

At sight of him, yon Seraphs bright
Exulting clap their wings;
They hail their Lord with new delight,
And crown him "King of Kings."

The brightest angel glory boasts,
To him his tribute brings,
And joins high heav'n's assembled hosts,
To crown him "King of Kings."

Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things:
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown him "King of Kings."

While here, he bore our sins and shame;
 And thence our comfort springs:
 'Tis meet we should exalt his name,
 And crown him "King of Kings."

We hope ere long, beyond those clouds,
 To tune celestial strings;
 And join with heav'n's exulting crowds,
 To crown him "King of Kings."

Trust in God in every condition. S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of love divine
 Bid ev'ry string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home,
 And nearer to our house above
 We ev'ry moment come.

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

When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heav'nly flame,
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon his Name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his controul;

His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

Worthy is the Lamb. P. M.

YE saints, come and join
In the praise of the Lamb,
The theme inexhausted
Of angels above:
They dwell with delight
On the sound of his name,
And gaze on his glory
With rapture and love.

See, see, to what honors
The Saviour is rais'd ;
He sits on a throne—
'Tis the throne of the sky :
Come let us adore Him
Who ought to be prais'd,
And learn with the angels
In glory to vie.

'They sing of the Lamb
Who to save us was slain ;
We'll take up the theme
Which we cannot improve ;
And "Worthy the Lamb"
Cry again and again,

Till our hearts are inflam'd
 With the fire of his love.
 All glory to Jesus,
 Who sits on the throne ;
 Let angels and saints
 Spread the sound of his fame :
 We bow to the Lamb,
 Who is worthy alone,
 And give him the praise
 That belongs to his name.

Pearl of Great Price. C. M.

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
 A nobler choice be mine ;
 A *real* prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.
 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense ;
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The Pearl of price immense !
 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
 O name divinely sweet !
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honour, pleasure, meet.
 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,—
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be for ever bless'd.
 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine ;

Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

The Midnight cry. P. M.

YE virgin souls, arise!
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.—

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.

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.

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.

Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound:—
 To see our Lord appear
 May we be watchful found,
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine
 In which the Bride shall ever shine.

The Vigilant Servant. S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait;
 Observant of his heavenly Word,
 And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his Name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
 And, while we speak, He's near:
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.

Oh happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honour crown'd.

Invitation. P. M.

YE, who in his courts are found,
 List'ning to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of Kings,
 Take the peace the Gospel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View his bloody sacrifice ;
 See, in him, your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
 Glorify the King of Kings,
 Take the peace the Gospel brings.

Approach of the Kingdom of God. P. M.

YES, we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand ;
 God, the Mighty God, is speaking
 By his word in every land:
 Mark his progress——
 Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad :
 Every language——
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

God of Jacob, high and glorious !
 Let thy people see thine hand ;

Make the Gospel soon victorious,
Through the world, in every land :

Perish Idols——

Perish, Lord, at thy command.

Gratitude. 8s.

YE nations, who the globe divide,
Ye num'rous nations, scatter'd wide,
To God your grateful voices raise :
For all his boundless mercies shown,
His truth to endless ages known,
Require our endless love and praise.

To Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and errors to remove :
To that blest Sp'rit, who grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be ceaseless glory, praise, and love.

Security of the Church. P. M.

ZION stands by hills surrounded ;
Zion kept by pow'r divine :
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.

Happy Zion!

What a favour'd lot is thine!

Ev'ry human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heav'n and earth at last remove ;

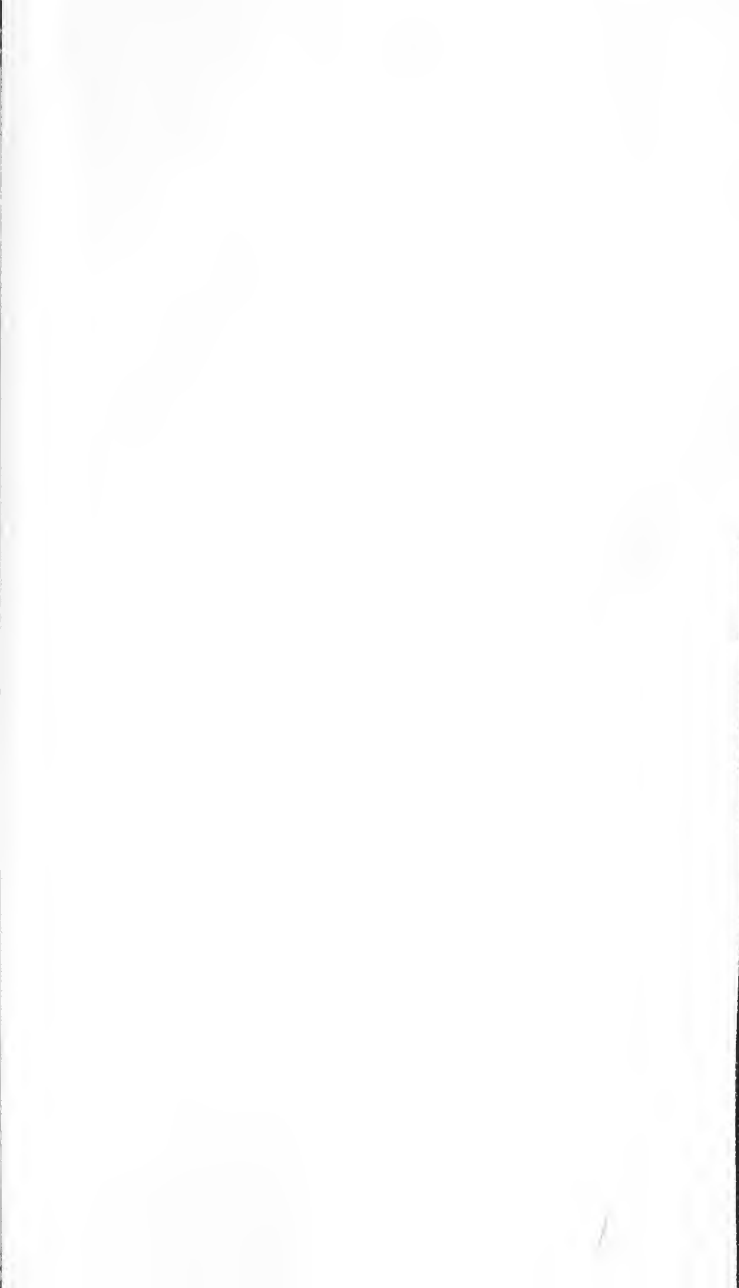
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

Zion's friend in nothing alters,
Though all others may and do:
His is love that never falters,
Always to its object true.

Happy Zion!
Crown'd with mercies ever new.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light.

PRAISE YE THE LORD, AMEN.



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