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TEMPLE MELODIES:

A COLLECTION OF

ABOUT TWO HUNDRED POPULAR TUNES, ADAPTED TO NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED FAVORITE HYMNS, SELECTED WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

BY DARIUS E. JONES.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY MASON & LAW.
BOSTON: JOHN P. JEWETT & CO. CINCINNATI: COLBURN & FIELD.
1852.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE publishers of TEMPLE MELODIES take pleasure in announcing that, encouraged by the sale of the work and the high encomiums it has received, as well as in order to meet the wishes of several Congregations who have resolved to introduce it, they will hereafter publish an edition of the work in a *larger and very clear* type, thus entirely obviating the only objection which has heretofore existed to the work; viz.: that the print was so small as to be trying to some eyes.

The work is therefore now presented in two editions; viz.:

A DUODECIMO Edition; retail price seventy-five cents.

An OCTAVO Edition; retail price one dollar.

The two Editions correspond exactly in all their contents, being *page for page the same*, and varying only in size of type. From the prices named, a very liberal discount is made to congregations and others who purchase in quantities.

Pulpit copies, elegantly bound in Morocco, can be obtained of the publishers.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851,

By DARIUS E. JONES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Southern District of New York.

S. W. BENEDICT,
Music Stereotyper

PREFACE.

This volume had its origin in a desire to promote a more general and devout observance of the duty of sacred praise. Our all-wise and beneficent Creator has invested a power in sacred song for the promotion of happiness and holiness, which, as yet, has been but partially realized in this world. Nor will the good to be achieved by this divine art be secured to any considerable extent, till those who compose the visible church can be induced to swell the general song of praise by the hearty and joyful consecration of their vocal powers to this delightful and heaven-appointed work.

There are three places where the influence of sacred music should be greatly augmented: in the sanctuary, or where the people assemble for public worship; in the conference and lecture-room, or the place where Christians meet for social worship; and in the family. But its effect in these places will not be what it should be, till good people cease to treat the service of song as a mere pastime; and perform it as devoutly and sacredly as they do prayer.

What would be thought of a proposition to turn the pulpits of our land into places for the mere display of rhetoric; what if love and zeal for the truth should be entirely a secondary consideration, and the principal and all-engrossing question should be, in every case where a candidate for the ministry is under examination, "Is he a finished rhetorician?" What mind, at all sensitive to the excellence of the Gospel, would not be shocked at such a perversion? And yet, good people, and even many of those who minister at the altar, have gradually fallen into a habit in regard to church music, which is even worse than this. That very part of our religious service which is the "nearest akin to heaven," and which is capable of elevating us to the most delightful and divine emotions, is too often made to minister, even in the house of God, to a low and groveling desire for mere personal gratification. In many places, the music of the sanctuary has come to be the common theme at the breaking up of the congregation on the Sabbath, either for vain admiration or for cold and heartless criticism. With just as much propriety might the same liberty be taken with the prayers of the minister.

If we seek for the cause of these abuses, we shall find it, in no small measure, in the habitual silence of those who compose our congregations during the exercise of singing. This places those who should be worshipers, in the attitude of mere listeners. If the music happen to strike their fancy, they express admiration; if it displease them, they find fault. The praise of God is thus placed on a level, and is constantly compared with the exhibitions of the concert-room. If the choir sing exquisitely, they are praised; if only tolerably, they are blamed. Whichever way it may be, the influence exerted is bad.

This proclivity in our churches to hypercritical remarks on the singing arises, in large measure, from the lack of personal engagedness in the service. Not only is the mind of the mere auditor at leisure to note defects in the execution, but, what is of still greater consequence, it is devoid of that *sympathy* in the theme and execution which is felt by the performer. It is in accordance with the structure of the human mind that this should be so. Illustrations might be drawn from the sports of the village-green, from the

intense excitement of the gamester, or the maddening strife of the battle-field, to show how vastly superior is the interest of the participator to that of the mere spectator. On this principle it is, that we may account for the fact that sacred music is so little profitable in our congregations. *The mass are not partakers, but mere auditors.* They lose all the effect of the vibration of their own vocal organs—the thrill of nerve that trembles through those mysterious chambers where sense and spirit meet, and which the Author of our frame made to be the media of transmitting emotion in the soul. Hence it is easy to see how the music may be appropriate in kind, and faultless in execution, and yet the majority of those worshipers who do not sing may be unmoved and unedified. They may even go through life without personal benefit from this portion of our religious solemnities—tolerating them for the sake of others, but not enjoying them for themselves; and wondering, and perhaps doubting whether there be any such thing as emotional music in the world.

This sad evil—this bane of Christian worship, has been mainly induced by a habit which has been gradually growing upon our churches for many years, of throwing the responsibility of sustaining the singing wholly upon the choir. Hence a class of tunes has been introduced suitable only for choir performance.

The only sure remedy for these abuses is to enlist *the people*—the people generally—in the performance of this part of worship. We do not recommend the discontinuance of choirs or organs. These instrumentalities, under judicious management, are not only essential to the best results in congregational singing, but they may often be employed to good advantage alone. Nor do we deem it essential to a reform in the conduct of Psalmody that the singing should be *confined* to the people. That they should bear a large part in this branch of Christian worship, there can be no doubt. But there are undoubtedly instances in which even the devotional effect would be much enhanced by entrusting the hymn wholly to the choir.

But in order that the *people* may engage readily in this service, the tunes employed must be suited to the purpose. On this point there is great need of discrimination. If the attempt be made to keep up *congregational* singing by the use of *choir* tunes, it will surely fail. As well might one attempt to keep up the habit of general reading throughout a whole community by means of a circulating library composed of such works as Cousin's Psychology, Bacon's Philosophy, and Edwards on the Will, as to maintain general singing in a congregation where none but classic choir tunes are employed.

What is, or is not suited to the capacity of a whole congregation, must be determined by circumstances. The style and structure of a tune best adapted to large assemblies, may be seen in such tunes as Bava, (p. 8), Iosco, (p. 9), Tallis, (p. 45), Phuvah, (p. 46), and the Old Hundreth. And some of the best effects are realized when the whole congregation sing the melody in unison, and the harmony is left to the choir and organ. Sung in this way, these melodies are surpassingly grand and effective. When first heard, the effect may not, in all cases, be pleasing; but the more they are familiarized, the more will the true beauty and grandeur of Psalmody be made to appear, till, finally, such tunes as are commonly employed in public worship will seem light and frivolous.—Few persons, especially in this country, are aware of the impressive effects produced by *masses* of

sound, as distinguished from harmony. It is on this principle that the music of the Old Testament Church seems to have been regulated; and the same is seen, or rather felt, in the camp-meetings and other large assemblies in our own country. These rude and unscientific melodies not unfrequently produce effects which the expert musician is puzzled to explain, except he take into account the peculiar result of a multitude of blending voices—a vast organ, of a hundred or a thousand stops of every variety of quality, swelling forth in unison. We recommend that congregations give this mode of executing the solid and sublime old chorals a fair trial. Let them be sung over till they become familiar, and we venture to say that ere long, their true devotional effect will begin to be manifest.

A brief statement of the plan on which this work has been compiled may here be in place.

The design has been to furnish a work which should present *in permanent connection*, those standard hymns and tunes which are universally known and loved. If we have succeeded in our attempt, we are able to offer to those churches who wish to introduce congregational singing, a Complete Manual of Standard Psalmody.

We would invite particular attention to the

Arrangement of the Work.—It will be perceived that the hymns are, for the most part, presented on the same pages with those tunes which are adapted to them. This is regarded as a great desideratum. Works designed to promote congregational singing have been prepared, but the objection has been made to them that they do not present the tunes and hymns in convenient connection. The tunes are in one part of the book and the hymns in another, which subjects not only the minister but the people to no little inconvenience. In "Temple Melodies" this difficulty has been almost wholly obviated. A very few hymns only appear at the close of the book under the head of "Occasional Hymns," where references are made to suitable tunes in the body of the work.

The Tunes.—These will be found to embrace every variety of metre in use, and they may be divided into three classes.

1st. Those which are regarded as most suitable for congregational singing; such as Bava, Iosco, Saxony, Zeba, York, Tallis, Windsor, Phuvah, St. Michael, Southwell, and Nuremburg. Quite a number of these are arranged with the melody at the top, and are marked "To be sung in Unison;" while the harmony is embraced on two separate staves for the convenience of the organist. These tunes we design for unisonous singing; and we trust, as above urged, that the experiment may be fairly tried. Those congregations which have no organs need not therefore be discouraged from the attempt: for while this instrument is unquestionably a great assistance in this kind of singing, it is by no means absolutely indispensable.—Those who prefer the full vocal harmony in those chorals, can sing it from the organist's score.

2d. The second, and by far the most numerous class of tunes in the book, may be denominated *Lecture-room Tunes*. This class embraces the most popular melodies known in our American churches. By a special arrangement with Mr. Lowell Mason, the editor has been permitted to make copious selections from all the published works of

this gentleman, whereby those excellent and useful tunes of world-wide popularity, of which he is the author, have been brought together into one volume. In addition to these, the work will be found to contain quite a number of highly popular and useful tunes that owe their popularity and usefulness chiefly to the arrangement which Mr. Mason has given to them. Among the former we may mention Uxbridge, Hebron, Rockingham, Downs, Cowper, Boylston, Haverhill, Laban, Missionary Hymn, Ariel, Stowe. Among the latter, Hamburg, Ward, Marlow, Balerma, Denfield, Olmutz, Golden Hill, Meribah, and many others.

Though we have denominated this class of tunes Lecture-room Tunes, on account of their peculiar adaptedness to the purposes of social worship; yet we do by no means regard them as unsuitable to the wants of the sanctuary. Indeed, as these are the tunes almost universally known, it seems quite indispensable that they should be very generally adopted.

3d. *Tunes for Various Occasions.*—We include under this head quite a number of pieces that are designed for the social and family circle, and those that are more especially adapted to seasons of revival.

In short, special pains have been taken in "Temple Melodies," to provide a copious selection of the very best tunes for the sanctuary, the conference-room and the family. How well we have done our work we must leave the Christian public to decide.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, the editor desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Thomas Hastings, Esq., for permission to use quite a number of his exquisite melodies and hymns, some of which have been taken from the Spiritual Songs, and others from the Manhattan Collection and Sacred Lyre.

The Hymns.*—For the rich selection of hymns contained in this work, the editor is indebted to several pastors of high standing, in New York and Brooklyn, and in other parts of the country, who very kindly went through an examination of the various hymn books now in use, and selected from them those hymns which they regarded as pre-eminently desirable and useful. Hymns may be found here for all occasions on which psalmody may be wanted. We must not forget to acknowledge our obligations to Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D., and to Rev. George Duffield, Jr., and Rev. F. C. Woodworth, for several excellent *original* hymns which appear in this work.

A few of the best Chants have been added, together with several selections from the Psalms for Chanting.

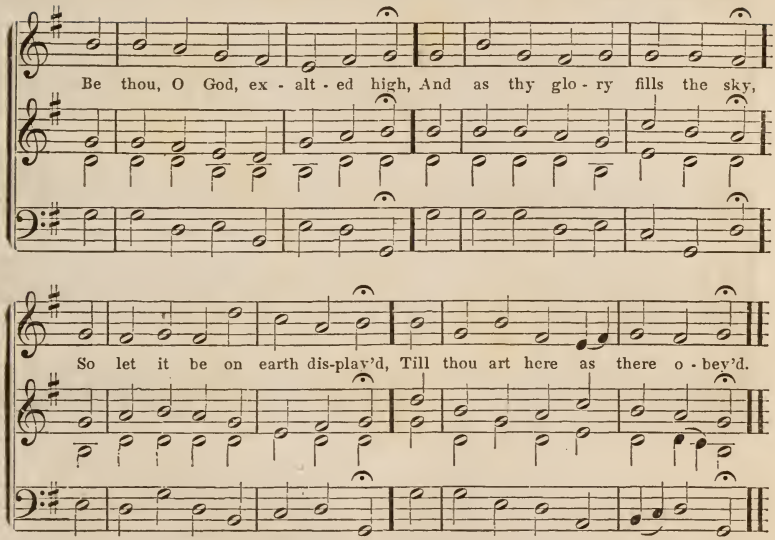
In the hope that this humble volume may be the means of awakening the voice and spirit of sacred praise more generally throughout our beloved Zion, it is now sent forth. If its influence in the pew, in the conference-room and at the family and private altar, be such as we devoutly desire for it, we shall not have labored in vain. Editor.

* In two or three instances the same hymn has been inserted twice, in order that there may be a choice of versions and of tunes.

TEMPLE MELODIES.

THE OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Author unknown.



1.

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice,
Before the Lord, your sovereign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

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

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

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

2.

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

2 His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

(*The 4th and 5th stanzas in unison. A little quicker movement.*)

4 We'll crowd 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.

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

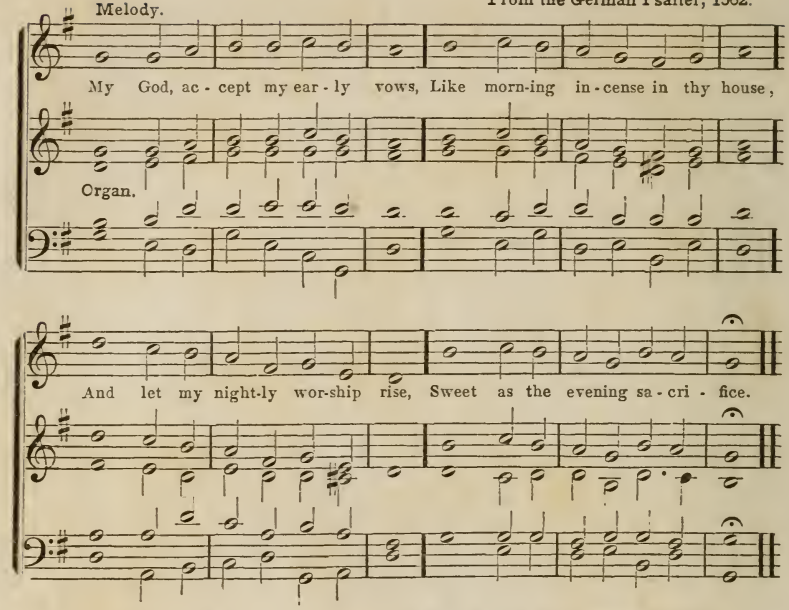
3.

Doxology. (*Sung in unison.*)

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BAVA. L. M. (To be Sung in Unison.)

From the German Psalter, 1562.



4.

Christian Watchfulness.—A Morning Psalm.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love

5.

Death not the End of our Being.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save:

2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life.
And shine in everlasting day

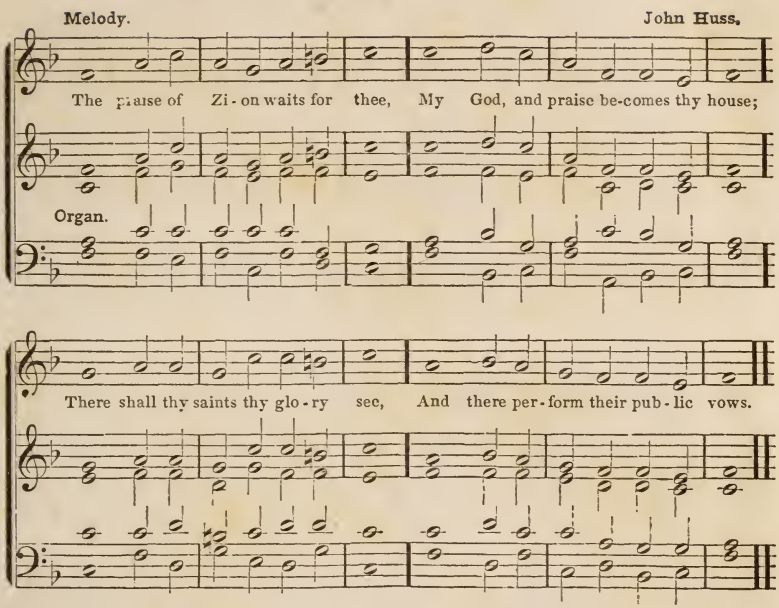
5 The trump shall sound, the dust awake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
Through heav'n with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Savior, and their King.

6.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

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



7.

Public Prayer and Praise.

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And distant islands of the sea.

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

4 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord:
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Savior's name adored.

8.

Praise to God in his House.

1 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.

2 To God I cried when troubles rose,—
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 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.

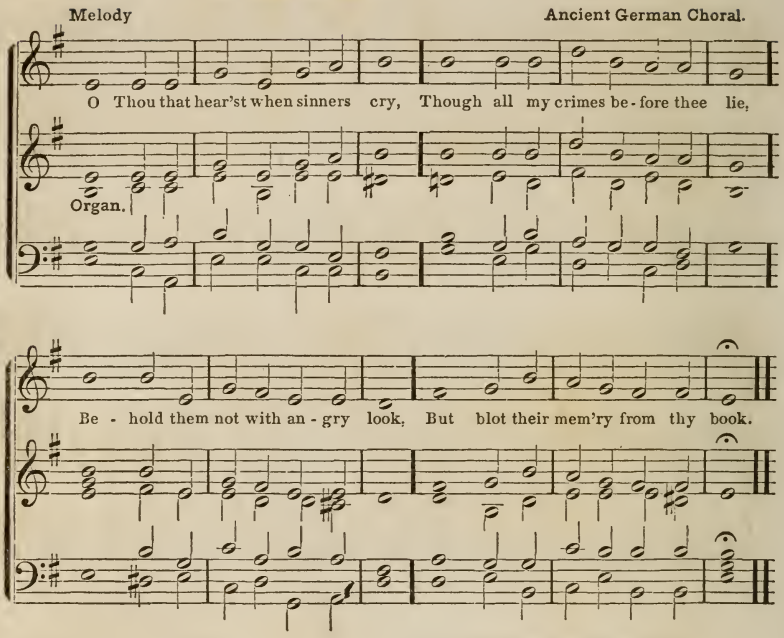
9.

The Church is the Garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand:
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above:
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his gates, shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.



10.

The Backslider's Supplication.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

11.

Returning to God.

1 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.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

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

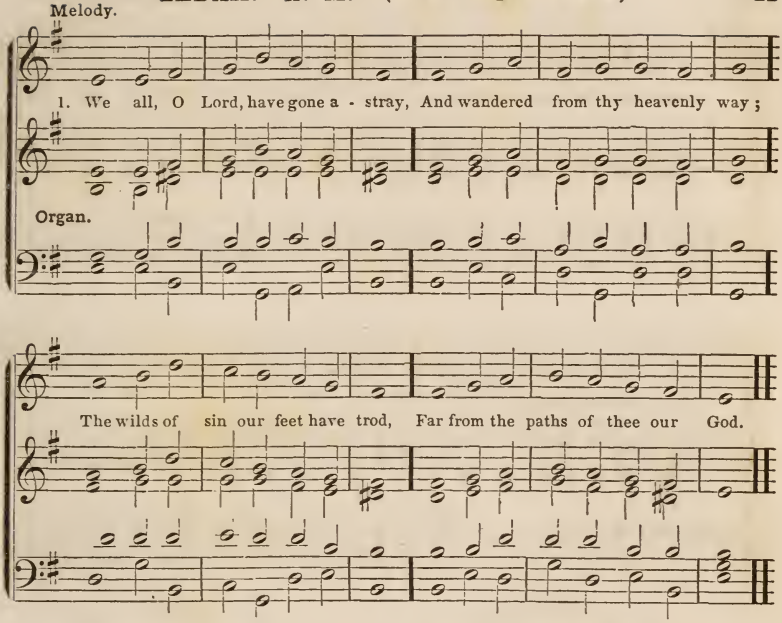
12.

Help in God alone.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
How long my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

2 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Thy mercy now shall end my grief;
For I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.



13.

Departures from God Deplored.

1 WE all, O Lord, have gone astray,
And wandered from thy heavenly way:
The wilds of sin our feet have trod,
Far from the paths of thee our God.

2 Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep!
Our wanderings heal—our footsteps keep:
We seek thy sheltering fold again;
Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

3 Teach us to know and love thy way,
And grant to life's remotest day,
By thine unerring guidance led,
Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

14.

The Omniscience of God.

1 LORD! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Oh! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

15.

Trusting in God in Times of Despondency.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord!
But I will call thy name to mind;
And times of past distress record,
When I have found that God was kind

2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;—
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

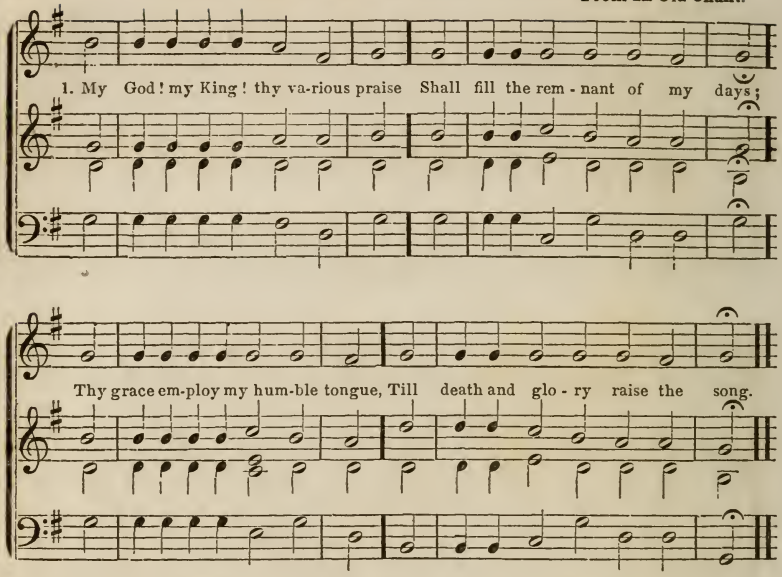
3 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say—"My God, my heavenly Rock!
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

4 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low:
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

5 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ.
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy!

STERLING. L. M.

From an Old Chant.



16.

The Greatness of God.

1 MY God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm, with joy, proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

Doxology.

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.

17.

Universal praise to God.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known:
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah—'tis a glorious word;
Oh! may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

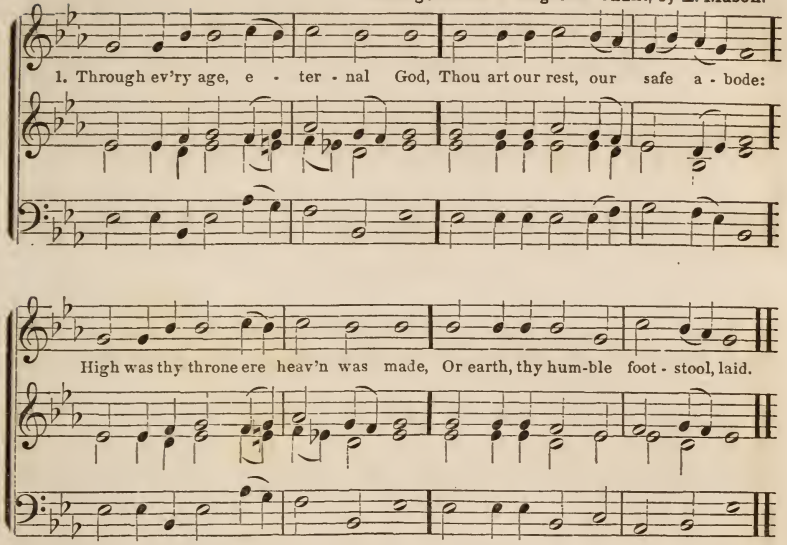
4 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

18.

1 ZION, awake!—thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are:
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.



19.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

20.

The Day of Grace.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night,
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

3 Soon, borne on Time's most rapid wing,
Shall Death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Savior call you to the skies.

21.

Secret Self-Examination.

1 RETURN, my roving heart! return,
And chase those shadowy forms no more;
Now seek in solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

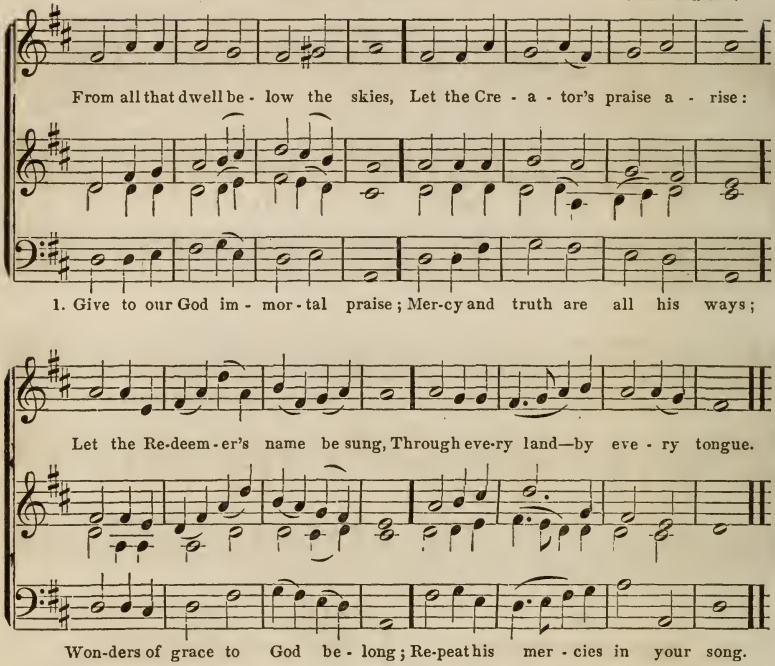
2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleansed and purified.

4 Oh! with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling here.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

John Hatton.



22.

Thanks for Creation and Redemption.

2 GIVE to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky.
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son, with power to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

23.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

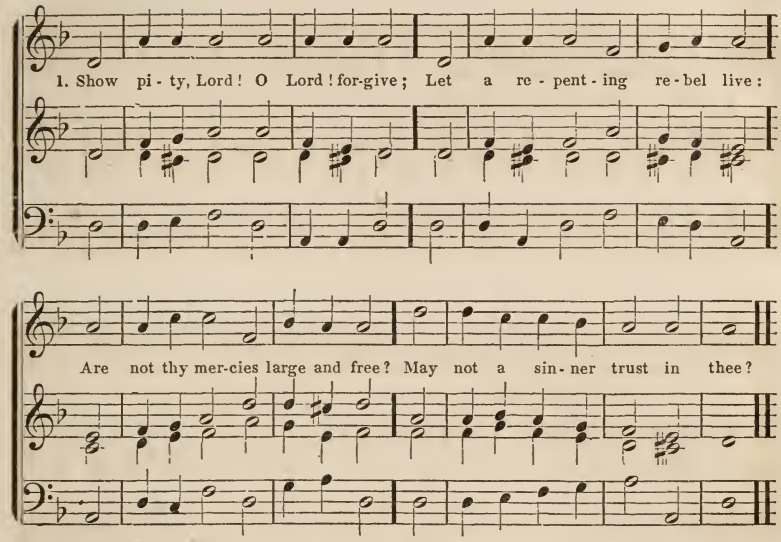
2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

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

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

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

Daniel Read,
New Haven, Conn., 1800.



24.

The Broad and Narrow Ways.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed 'almost a saint,'
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

25.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord! should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

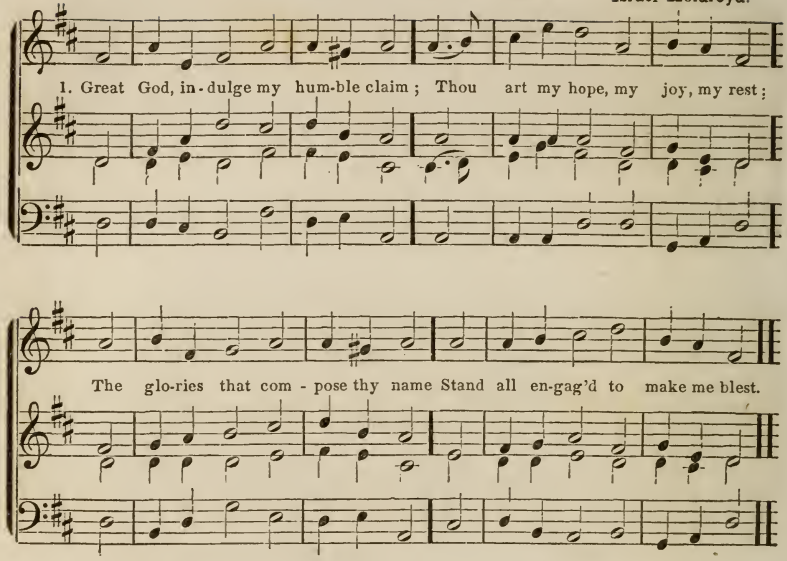
26.

1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Savior's love.

2 Dear Lord, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

3 Oh! let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

Israel Holdroyd.



27.

Delight in God and his Worship.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t'appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

28.

The Remembrance of Zion.

1 O ZION! when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see the Savior eye to eye.

3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are like myself with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 But we shall yet behold the day
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captives' portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

29.

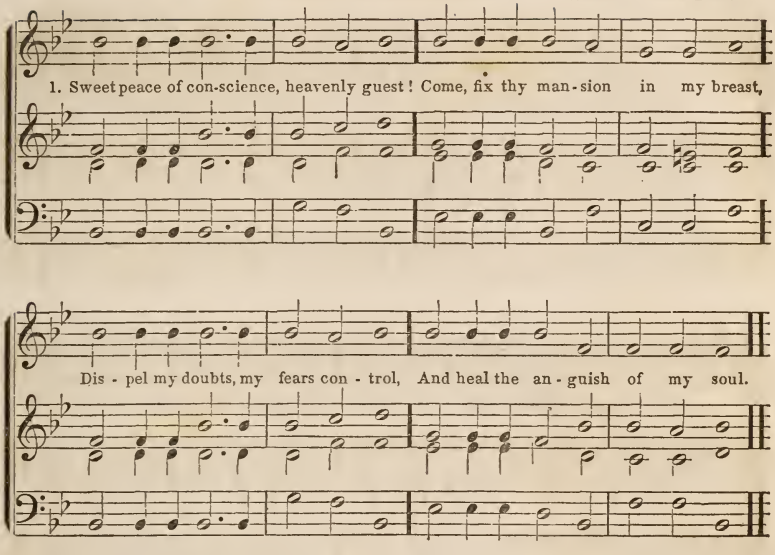
Preparation for the Duties of the Sabbath implored.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end

From a Swiss Tune.



30.

Asking Divine Consolation.

1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope! and joy sincere!
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart.
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine!
Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death with all its terrors near,
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

31.

The pleasures of Public Worship.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We feel thy presence and adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart

32.

Life in Christ.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus! to thee I lift mine eyes—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 If my immortal Savior lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and rest secure.

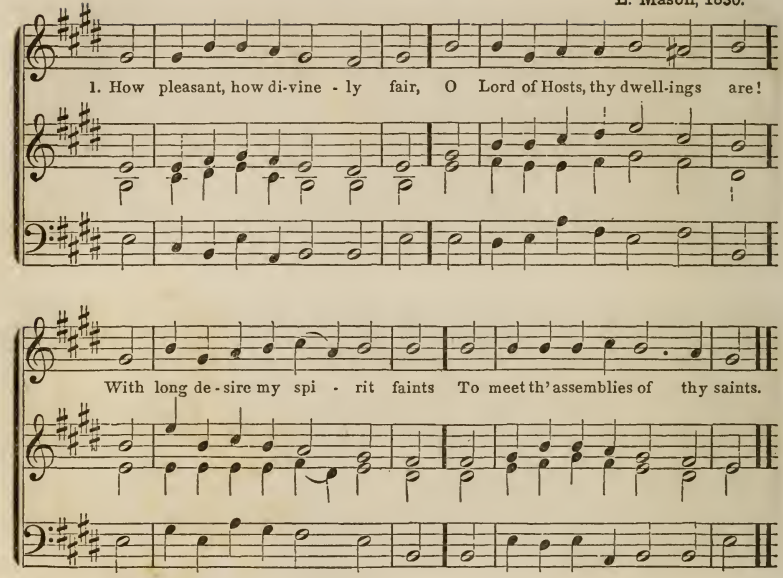
3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Forever firm the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

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

Doxology.

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.

L. Mason, 1830.



33.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

1 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.

2 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?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 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.

Doxology.

BE Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed

34.

Nature and Revelation.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!—
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

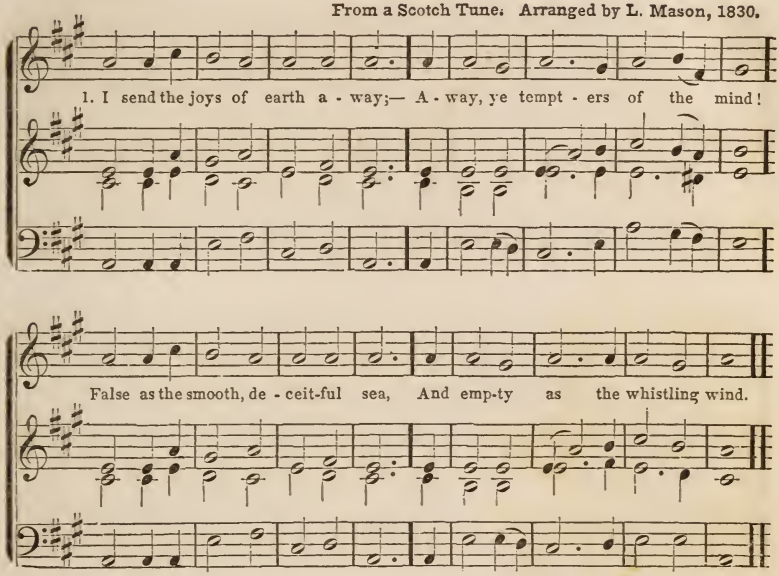
3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun,

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

From a Scotch Tune. Arranged by L. Mason, 1830.



35.

Parting with Carnal Joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;—
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

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

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

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

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

Praise for Sparing Mercy

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death:
The venomed arrows vainly fly
While God, our great deliverer's nigh.

36.

Church's Safety amid Desolations.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world:
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

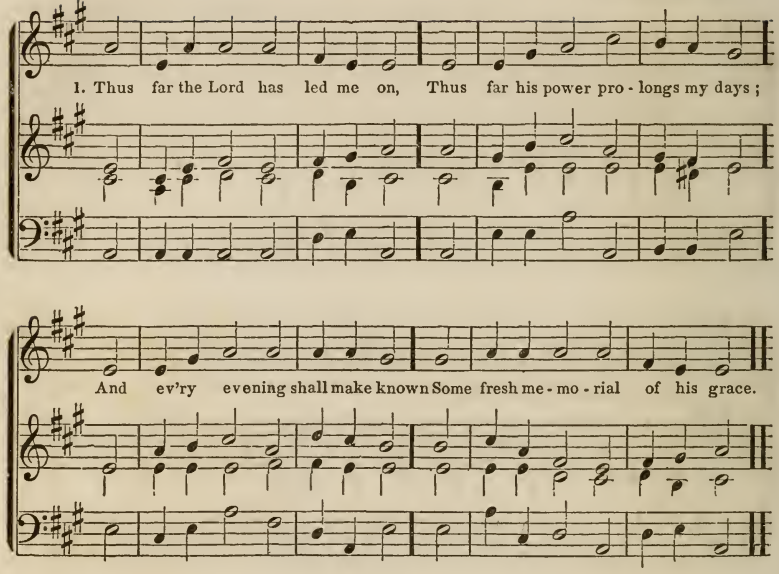
3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream—thy holy word—
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power

HEBRON. L. M.

L. Mason, 1830.



37.

An Evening Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
O Lord, forgive my follies past,
And give me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

38.

The Example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will—
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer,
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern;—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb

39.

Blessing and Honor to the Lamb

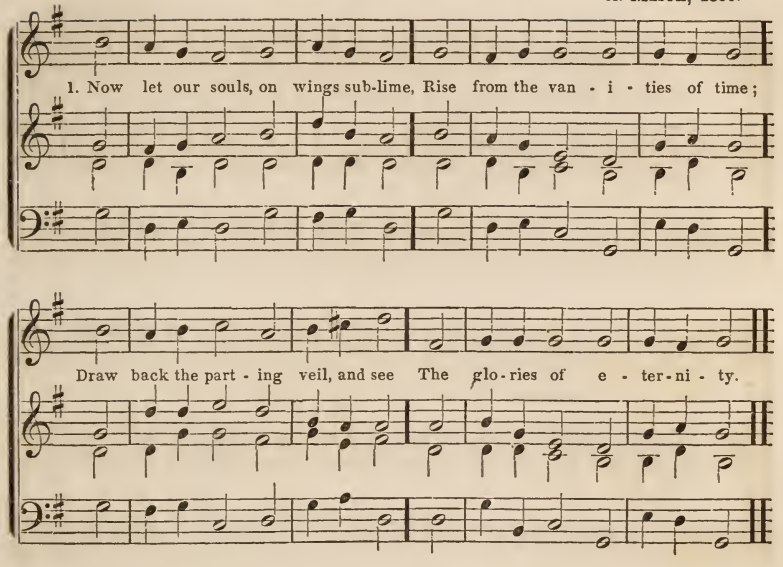
1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb!
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he who once was slain—
The Prince of peace who groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign;
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

L. Mason, 1830.



40.

Rising to God.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

[*The last two stanzas may be sung in unison.*]

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge!
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God—to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

41.

Love of Christ in the Heart.

1 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 expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the hight, and breath, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ, the Son.

42.

Loving Kindness.

1 AWAKE, my soul! in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;—
His loving kindness—Oh! how free!

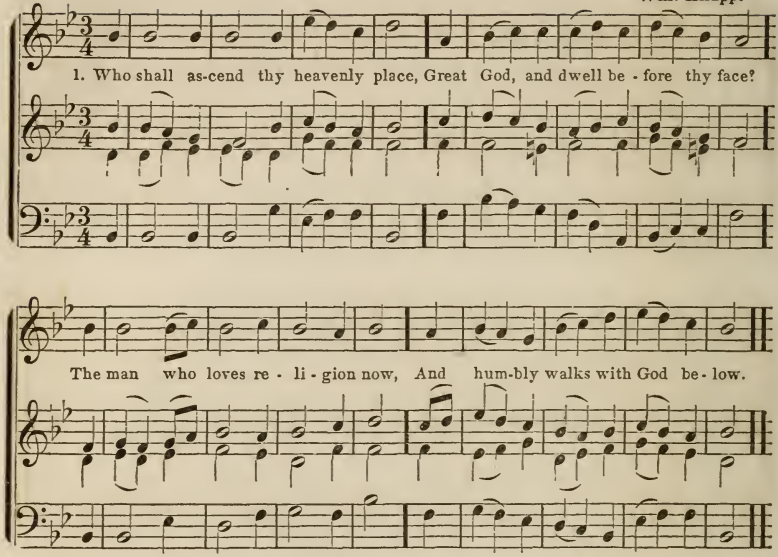
2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;—
His loving kindness—Oh! how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;—
His loving kindness—Oh! how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

5 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

Wm. Knapp.



43.

The Citizen of Zion.

2 WHOSE hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;—
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;
And does to all men still the same
That he could hope or wish from them.

4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

44.

Perfections and Providence of God.

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

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

3 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 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.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

45.

Faith our Guide.

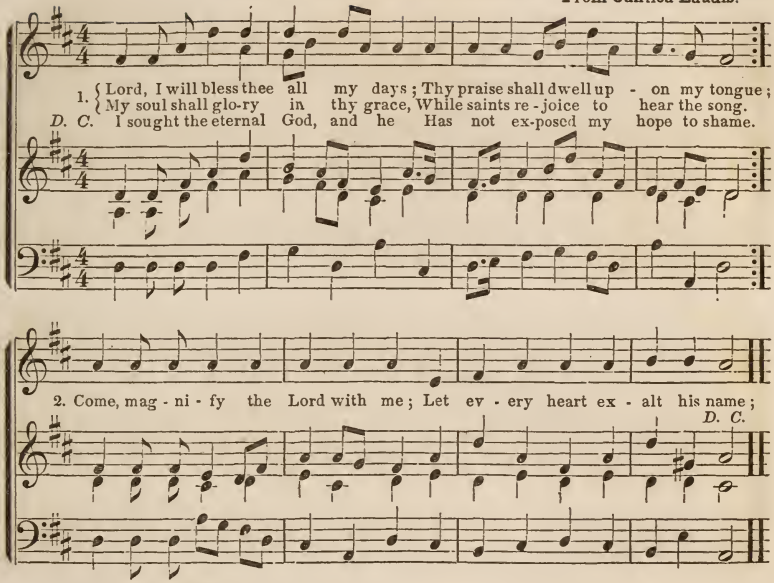
1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own home to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

From Cantica Laudis.



46.

God's Care of his Saints.

3 I told him all my silent grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
Oh, fear and love him all his saints,
Accept his grace and trust his word.

47.

The Strivings of the Spirit.

1 SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

48.

The Good Shepherd.

1 THOU! whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love—
Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know—
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep—
Among them rest, among them sleep.

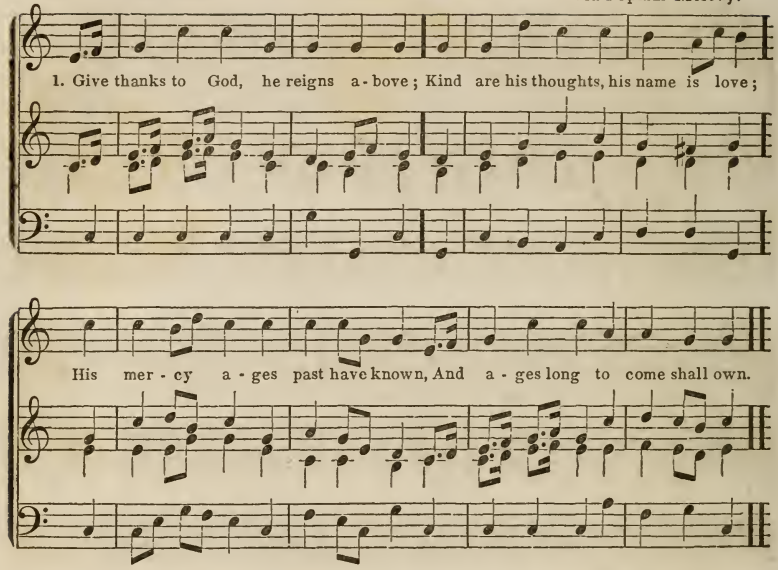
3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove—
Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home.

ST. LOUIS. L. M.

Old Popular Melody.



49.

Providential Goodness Celebrated.

1 GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 Oh! let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

50.

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

1 MY God! in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue! to sound his praise—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

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

51.

Entering into Covenant.

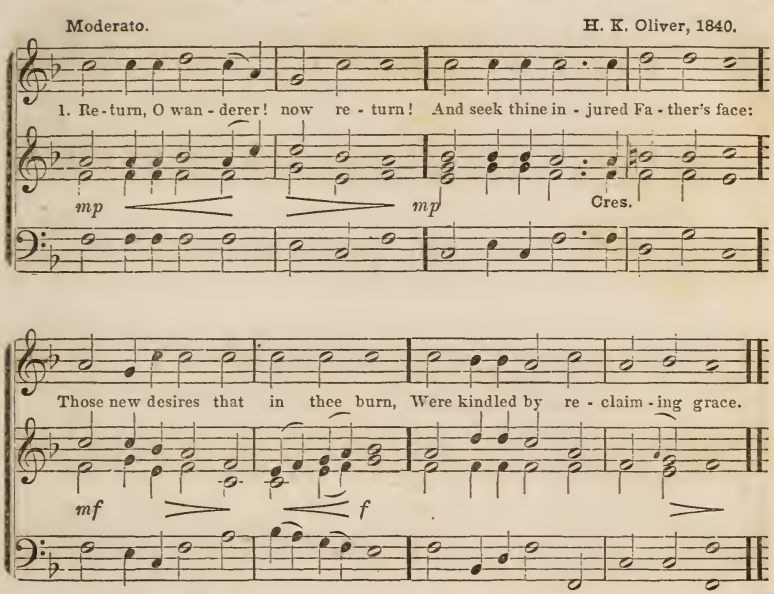
1 OH! happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh! happy bond, that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.—

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;—
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear



52.

The Sinner entreated.

2 Return, O wanderer! now return!
He hears thy deep, repentant sigh;
He hears thy softened spirit mourn
When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer! now return!
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer! now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—"No longer mourn!"
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

53.

Christ the only Refuge.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call:
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

54.

Not ashamed of Christ.

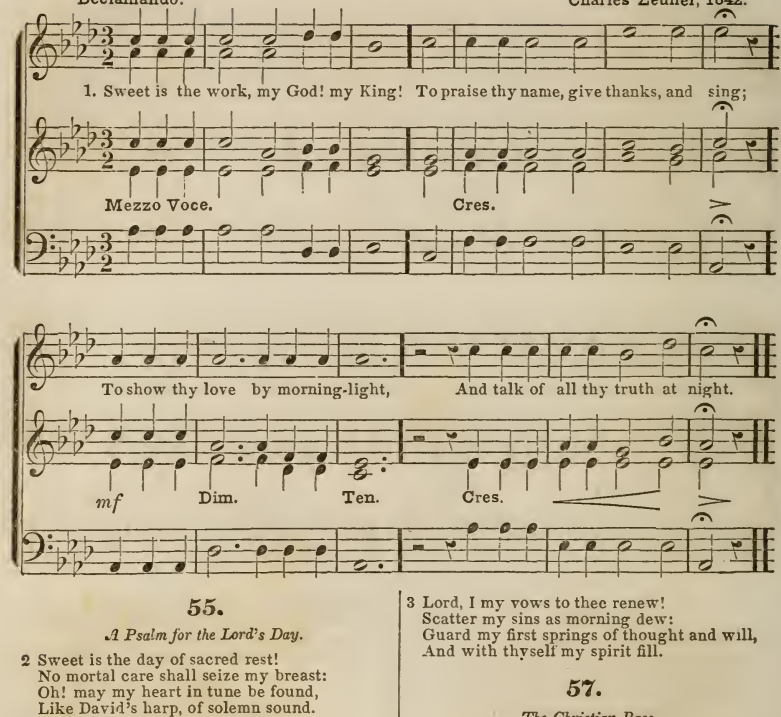
1 JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain!
And oh! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me



55.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest!
No mortal care shall seize my breast:
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

56.

A Morning Invocation.

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning-sacrifice.

2 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew!
Scatter my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

57.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True—'t is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

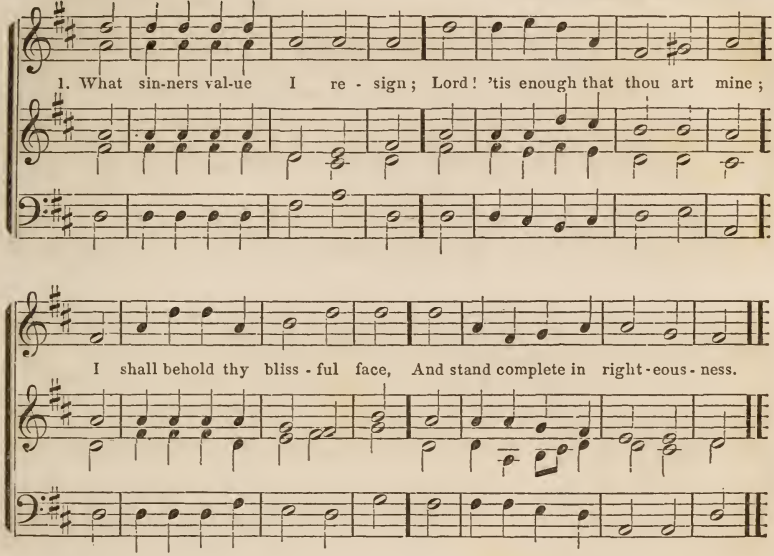
3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

*This tune is taken, by permission, from the New Carmina Sacra.

From a Chant by Dr. Randall.



58.

Prospect of the Righteous.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh! glorious hour! Oh! blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

59.

Crucifixion to the World.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

60.

The Way to Heaven.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

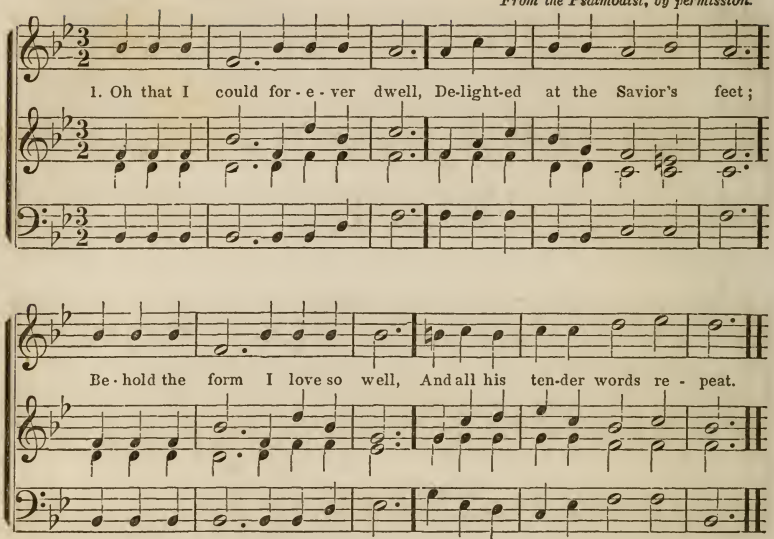
2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Savior say—
"Come hither, soul! I am the Way."

3 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God!"

BADEN. L. M.

Thomas Hastings.
From the Psalmodist, by permission.



61.

Communion with Christ.

1 OH that I could forever dwell,
Delighted at the Savior's feet;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat.

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
Oh! is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God, within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

62.

The Happy Choice.

1 TO-DAY—if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls who find no rest!
Say--will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth! for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound:
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ, or no?

63.

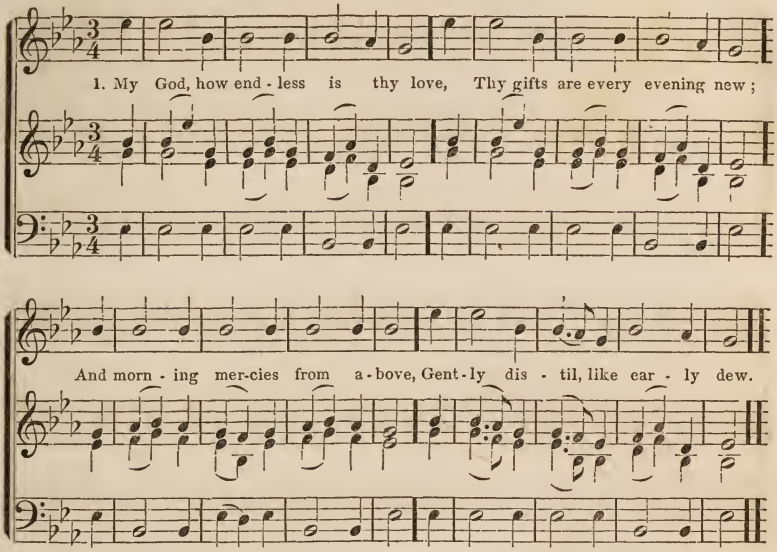
Self-Dedication to God.

1 Lord! I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place
Among the children of thy grace--
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood

3 Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord! let me live and die to thee-
Be thine through all eternity.

Moderato. Manhattan Collection.



64.

A Song for Morning and Evening.

1 MY God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

65.

The Teaching of Jesus.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace;
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers! to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones! and rest;—
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride! decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way

66.

Christ present with his People

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

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

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

67.

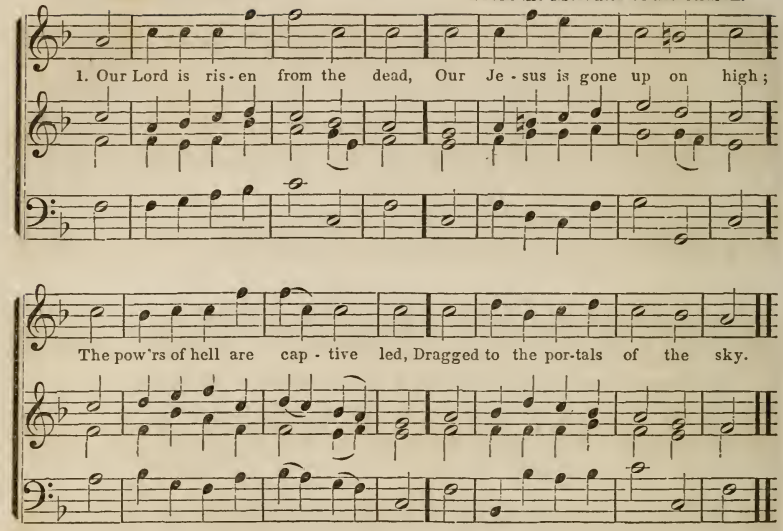
Prayer for Spiritual Enjoyment.

1 COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Savior see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

From the Melodies of the Church.



68.

Christ's Glorification.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"—
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"—
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blessed.

69.

The Christian Warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,—
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph, when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There, peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace:
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

70.

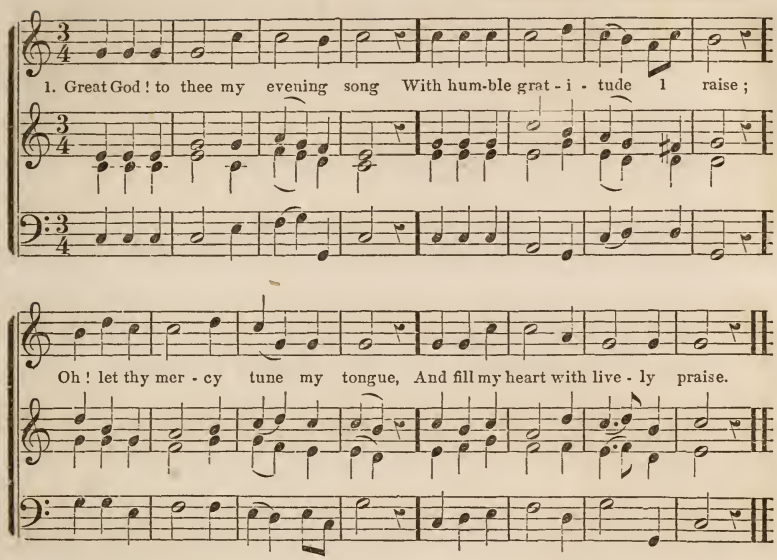
The presence of Christ desired.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world! begone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Savior see—
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Savior! what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

From the Melodies of the Church.



71.

An Evening Sacrifice.

1 GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh! let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm:
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm?

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

72.

Rest for the Weary Penitent.

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

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

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

4 Dear Savior! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

73.

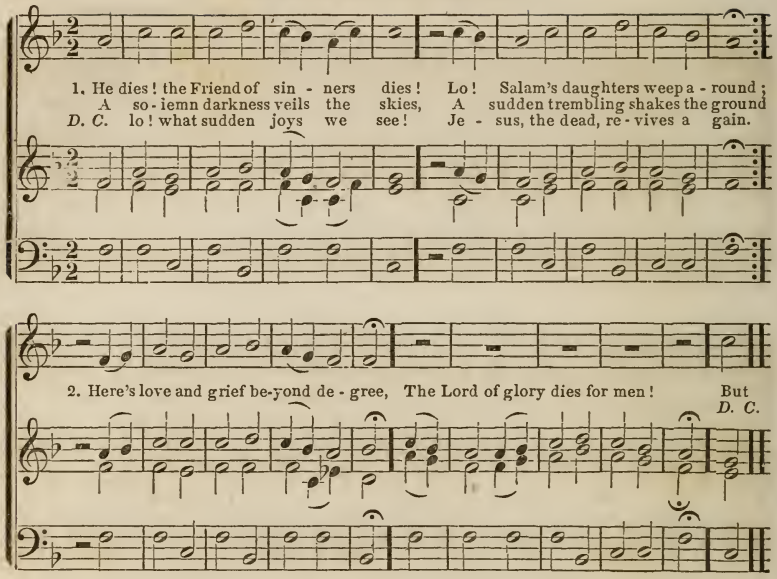
Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners! come:
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest, who learn of me,—
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus! we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.



74.

Christ's Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

[*The three following stanzas may be sung to Rothwell, on the next page.*]

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him—welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints! and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing,—how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant, death, in chains.

5 Say—"Live forever, glorious King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask—"O death! where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting grave?"

75.

Hope in Times of Darkness.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Savior say—
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer,
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord! I obey—my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints! and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

76.

Hardness of Heart Lamented.

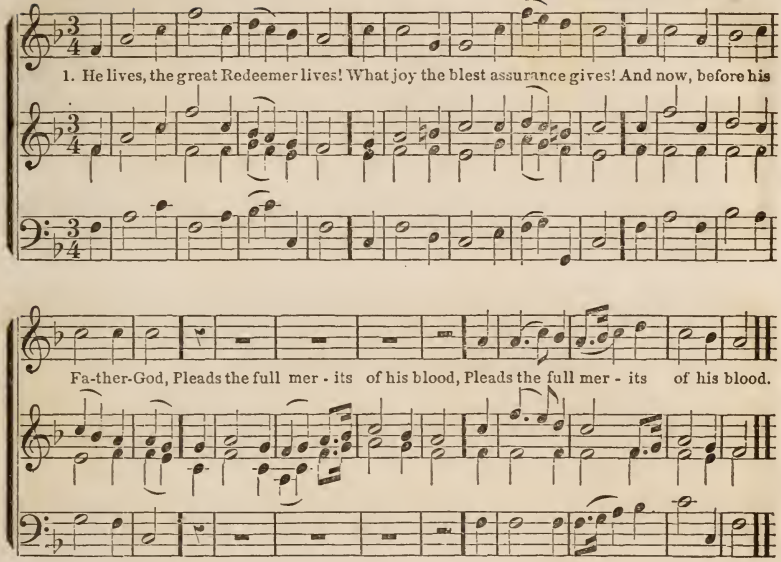
1 Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To chase the shades of night away;
To melt, with beams of love divine,
This unrelenting heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The ocean roar, the mountains shake;
All nature feels, and gives the sign,
But not this stubborn heart of mine.

3 Dear Lord! the sorrows thou hast felt,
Might cause a heart of stone to melt;
Yet I can read each sacred line,
And nothing melt this heart of mine.

4 But power supreme the soul can move,
And purify and melt to love;
Come, Holy Spirit! Power divine!
Oh! come, subdue this heart of mine

Arranged by L. Mason.



77.

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father-God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice, armed with frowns, appears,
But, in the Savior's lovely face,
Sweet Mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

78.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice! in heavenly lays—
Tell the loud wonders he hath done

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light;
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains

79.

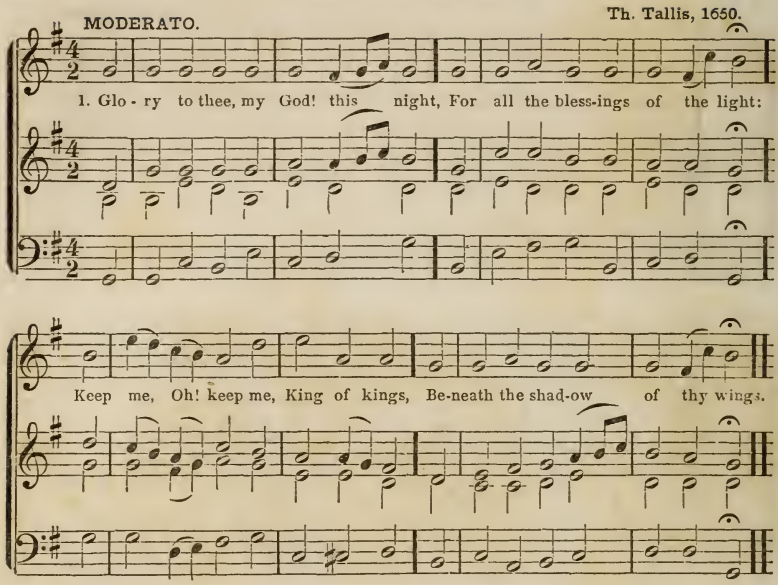
The Day of Espousals.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute that we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord! to thee;
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.



80.

Evening Song.

1 GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, Oh! keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
My soul, this night, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live! that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious, at the judgment-day.

4 Oh! may my faith on thee repose!
May gentle sleep my eyelids close!
That shall my frame more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Lord! let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy parental care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

81.

The Rest of the Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest!
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 Oh! 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.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 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!

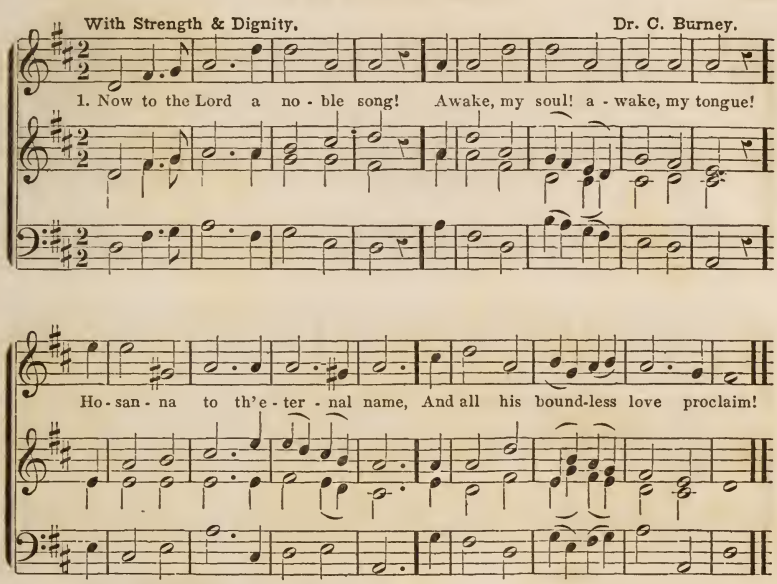
82.

The Presence of Christ implored.

1 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;—

2 There will the gracious Savior be,
To bless the little company;—
There, to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love



83.

Glory and Grace in Christ.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme!
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh! may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his praise to harps of gold.

84.

The changing Seasons.

1 GREAT GOD, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves our circling hours—
Thy hand, from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercies crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 To thee we raise the annual song,
To thee the grateful tribute give;
Our God doth still our years prolong,
And, midst unnumbered deaths, we live.

4 Our life, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love:
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

5 Thus will we sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

85.

Triumph of the Gospel.

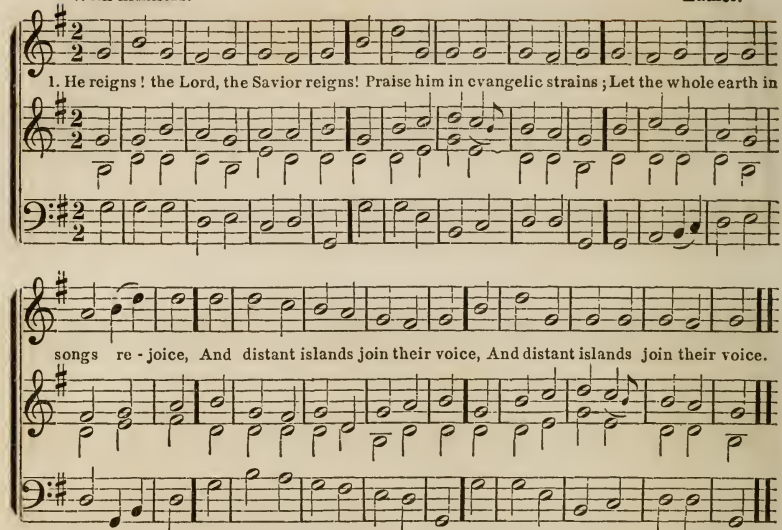
1 ARM of the Lord! awake, awake
Put on thy strength! the nations shake!
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 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.

3 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name;
Let Zion's time of favor come;
Oh! bring the tribes of Israel home.

4 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on thy strength! the nations shake!
Let hostile powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

With firmness. Luther.



86.

Christ Coming to Judgment.

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

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;—
The mountains melt, the seas retire

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints! on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

87.

The Majesty of God.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations! in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace!
Ye saints! rejoice before his face.

3 He breaks the captives' heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels, who dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

4 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defense, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

88.

The Day of Wrath.

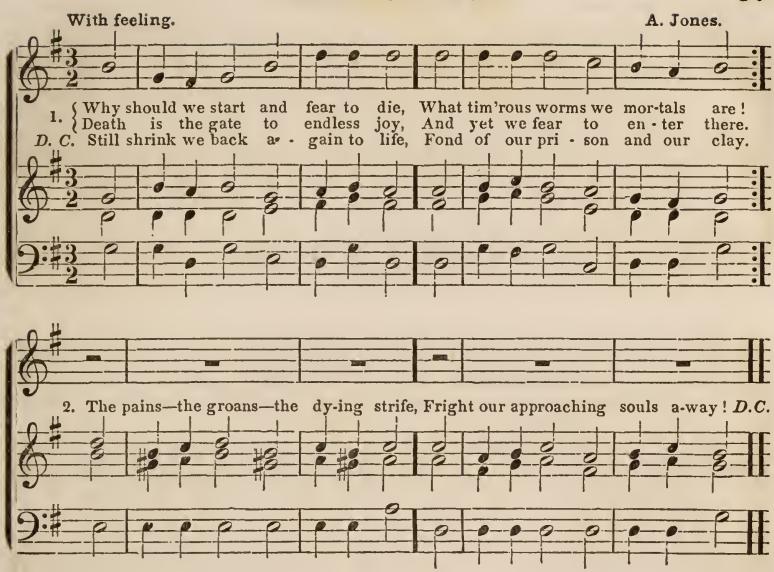
1 THAT day of wrath!—that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay—
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Exhortation to Universal Praise.

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



89.

Death Disarmed.

1 Why should we start. and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we fear to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

90.

Retirement and devotion.

1 MY God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven—and there my God, I find.

91.

A Welcome to Christian Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Oh! come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.

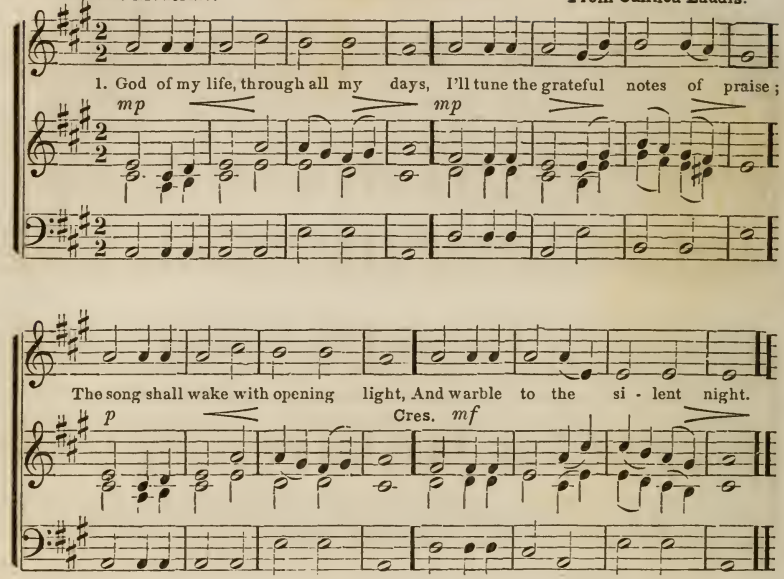
2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

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

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

ERNAN. L. M.

Andante Moderato. From Cantica Laudis.



92.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But Oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies.

5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

93.

Christ the Supreme God and King.

1 AROUND the Savior's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'T is Jesus fills the throne above:
Ye cannot want, while God endures;
Ye cannot fail, while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view;
And, when our souls in heaven appear,
We'll praise thy name as angels do.

94.

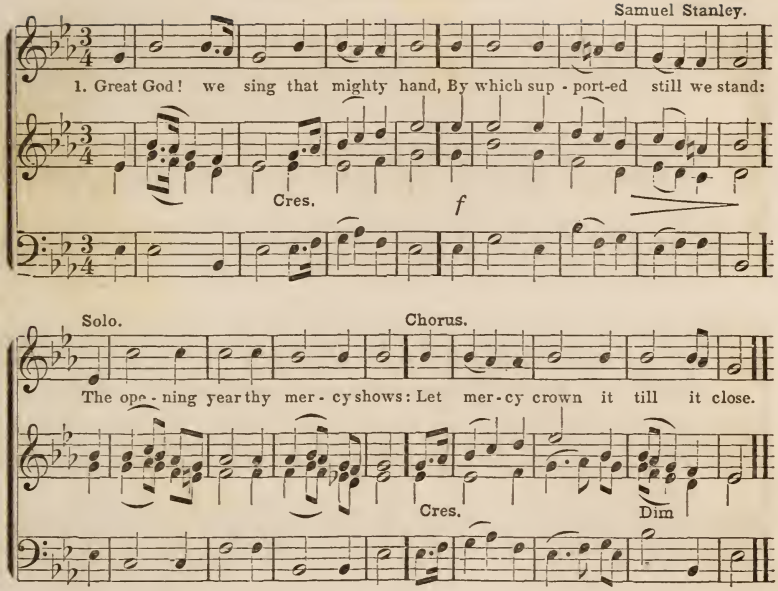
Perfections of God in his Government.

1 JEHOVAH reigns!—his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines, with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join:
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.



95.

A Song for the opening Year.

2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed;
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

96.

Prayer for the Millennium.

1 JESUS! we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face:
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears,
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears!

3 Lord! arm thy truth with power divine;
Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 O rise! ye ransomed captives, rise!
Peal the loud anthem here below!
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow

97.

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.

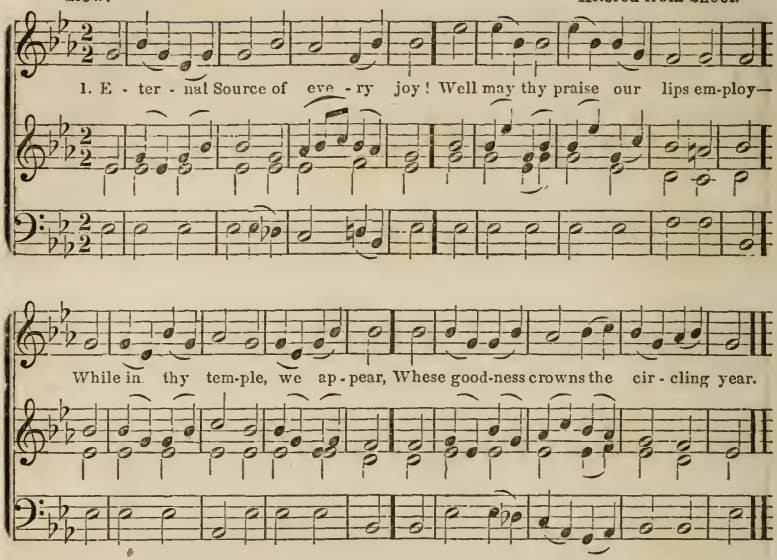
1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there's a nobler rest above!
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade; no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin;—
Soon shall our voices join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

Slow. Altered from Shoel.



98.

The Year Crowned with goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,—
While, in thy temple, we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 While,—as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer-rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

99.

Knocking at the door.

1 BBHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks.—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

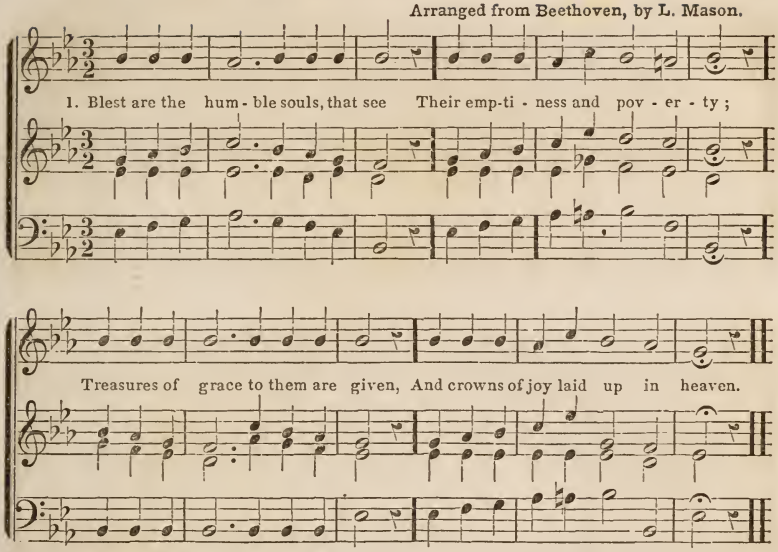
100.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway —
In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall

2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong!
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:—
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

Arranged from Beethoven, by L. Mason.



101.

Who on Earth are Blessed.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,—
The sons of God, the God of peace.

102.

On receiving new Members.

1 KINDRED in Christ ! for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care, we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us, here below ;—
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

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

103.

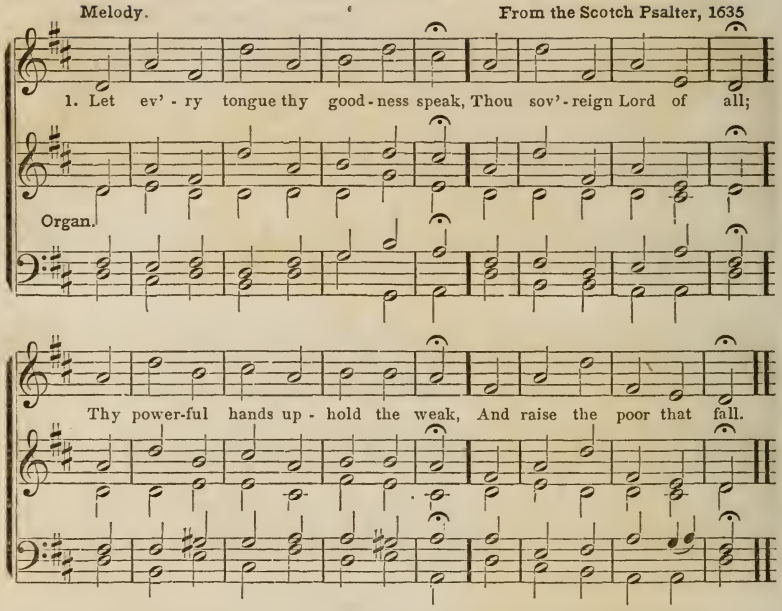
One Thing Needful.

1 WHY will ye waste, on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares ;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?

2 Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain ?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue ;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God ! thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction on each heart
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which thy compassion spares.



104.

Goodness of God.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy powerful hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

3 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

4 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God!

105.

A Morning Song.

1 LORD of my life! Oh! may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Secure and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
In undisturbed repose.

4 Oh! let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise

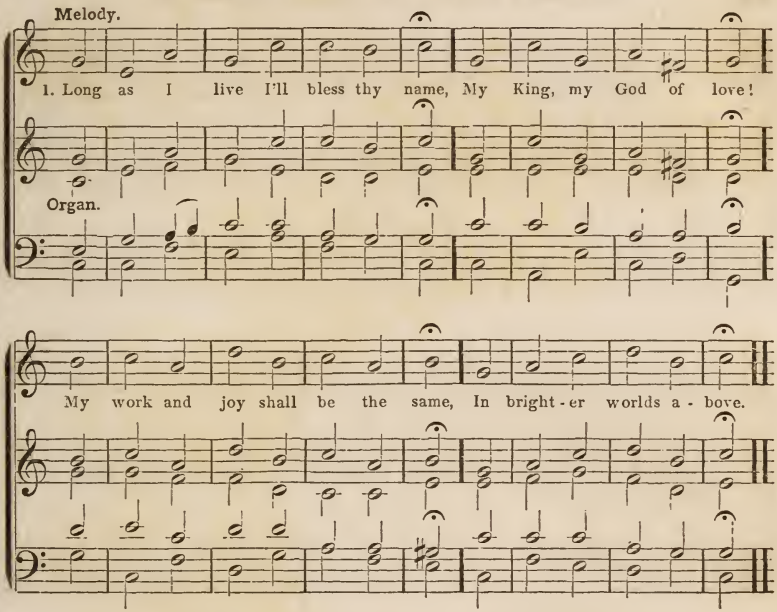
106.

The Saints' Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' almighty hand.

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

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



107.

The Greatness of God.

1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In brighter worlds above.

2 Great is the Lord—his power unknown,
Oh! let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall tell thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is governed by thy hand,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

Doxology.

LET God,—the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit,—be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

108.

Praise to the Savior.

1 MY Savior! my almighty friend!
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

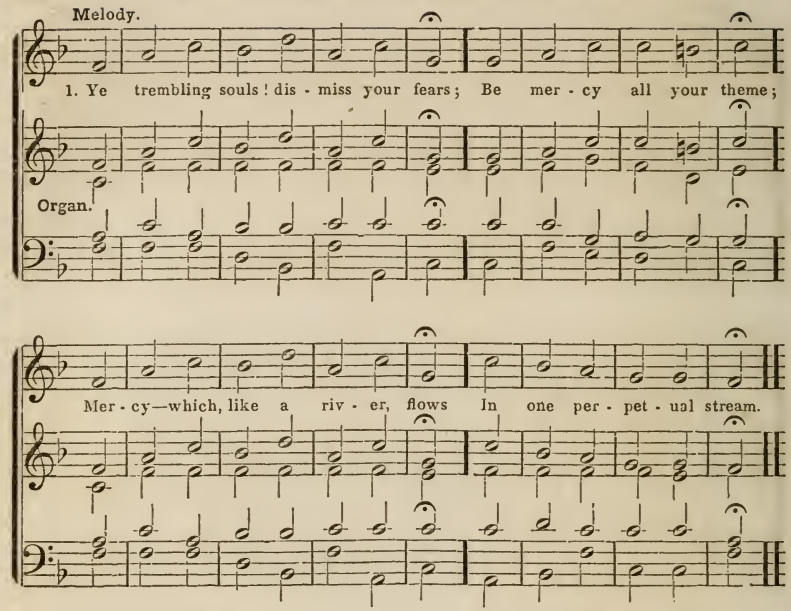
2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

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

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin;
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

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



109.

The Fearful Encouraged.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell :—
Those powers will God restrain ;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good ;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

110.

Trusting and Praising God.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm my griefs to rest.

3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 Oh! make but trial of his love ;
Experience will decide—
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints! and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make ye his service your delight,—
He'll make your wants his care.

111.

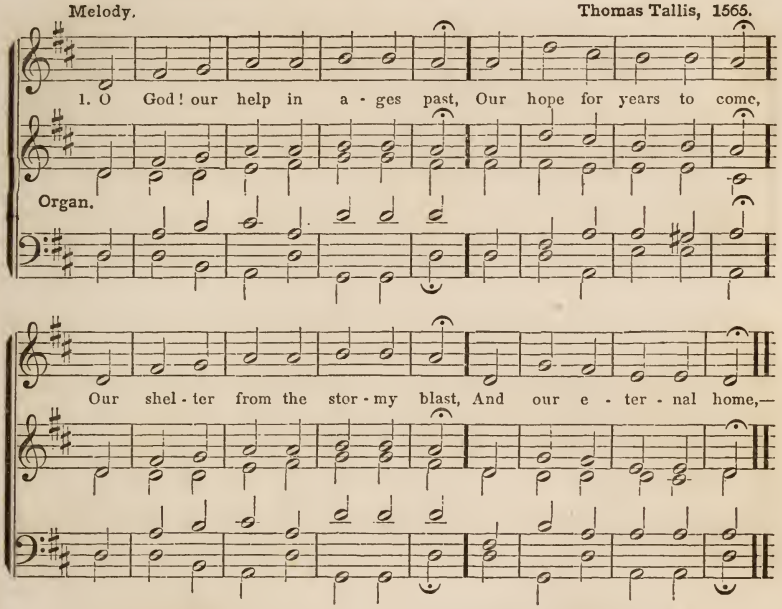
Christ Triumphant.

1 ARISE, ye people, and adore,—
Exulting strike the chord :
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
Th' ascending God proclaim ;
Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour ;
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.

4 Oh! shout, ye people! and adore,—
Exulting strike the chord :
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.



112.

God, the Help of the Saints.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting thou art God—
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
"Return, ye sons of men!"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

113.

The Lord's Day.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

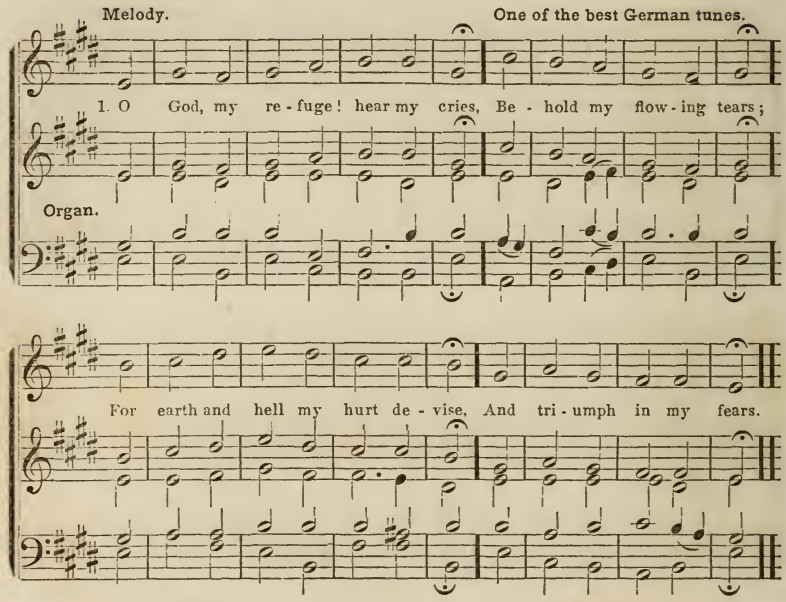
5 Hosanna, in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

114.

Communion with God.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.



115.

God, our Refuge

1 O GOD, my refuge! hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Oh! were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

3 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

4 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

5 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

6 I cast my burdens on the Lord,—
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,—
That saints shall never fall.

116.

Vows made in Trouble, paid in the Church.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

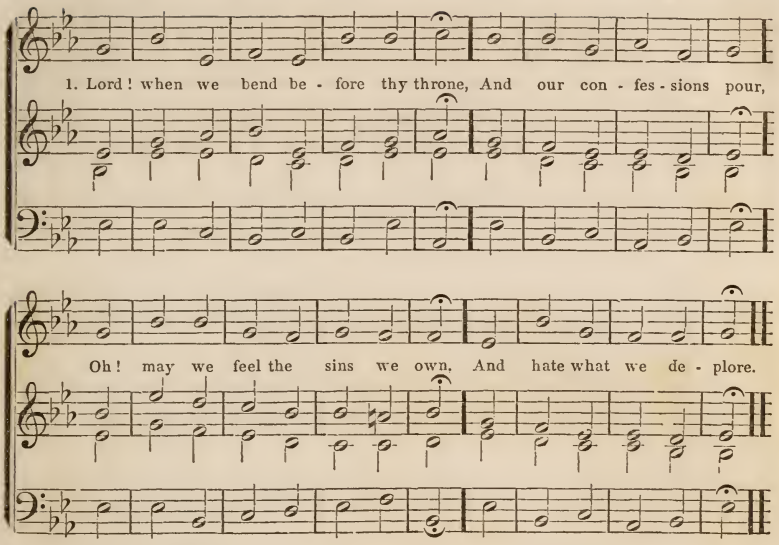
3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are—
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—forever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints! who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

Scotch Psalter.



117.

Prayer for Sincerity.

1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh! may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;—
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray, from thee,
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
Oh! let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts—'t is goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

118.

Comfort from the Bible.

1 LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight,

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies:—

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest:—
Our fairest hope, beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

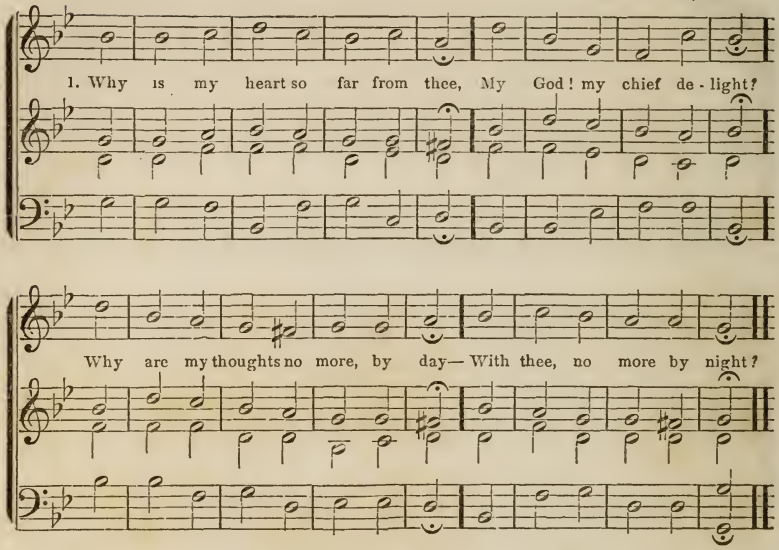
1 MY God! my everlasting hope!
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line—thy praise.

From the Scotch Psalter, 1615.



120.

Backslidings and Returns.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God! my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more, by day,—
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,—
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes, I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait, to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

6 Make haste, my days! to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,—
My God, my Savior's breast.

121.

Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,—
When I must stand before my judge,
And pass the solemn test.

Thou lovely Chief of all my joys!
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound—Depart!

3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair—
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

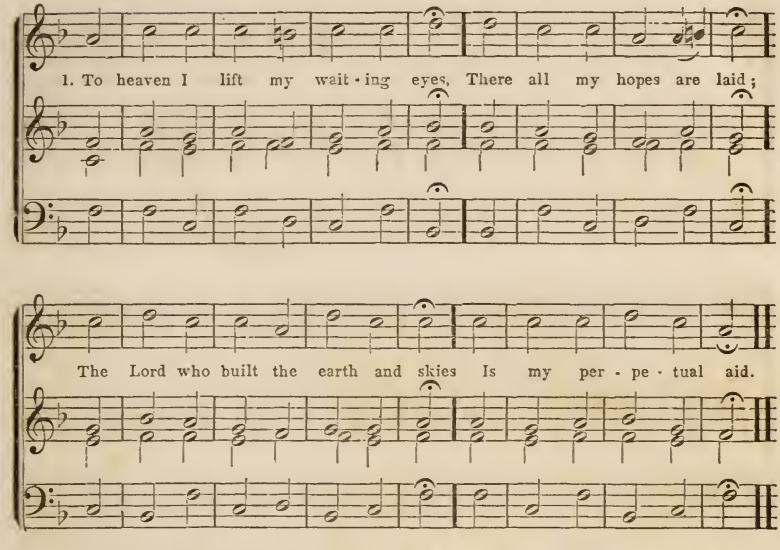
122.

Refuge in God.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

From Playford's Psalms and Hymns in Solemn Music, 1671.



123.

Confidence in God.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 Israel! rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

124.

God, our Portion, here and hereafter.

1 GOD! my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

125.

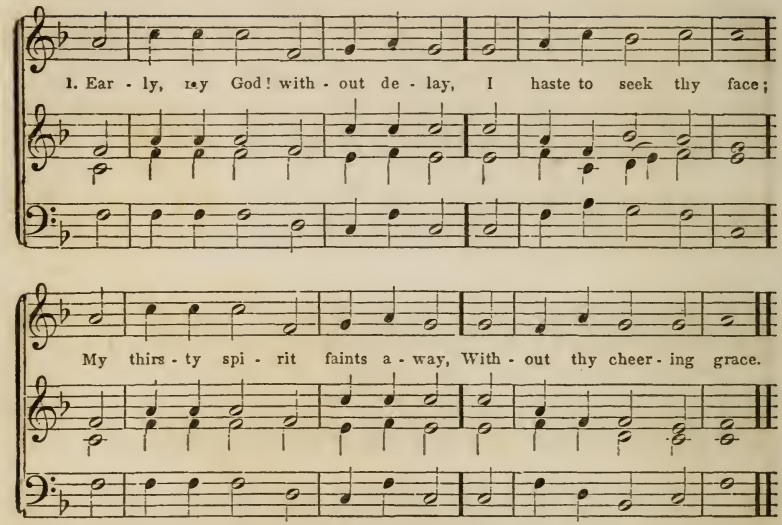
Thirsting after God.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, Oh God! for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God!
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine.

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! was nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blessed than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring



126.

The Morning of the Lord's Day.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God! repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

127.

Meditations by Night.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high:
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labors up thy hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

128.

God's Love in Christ.

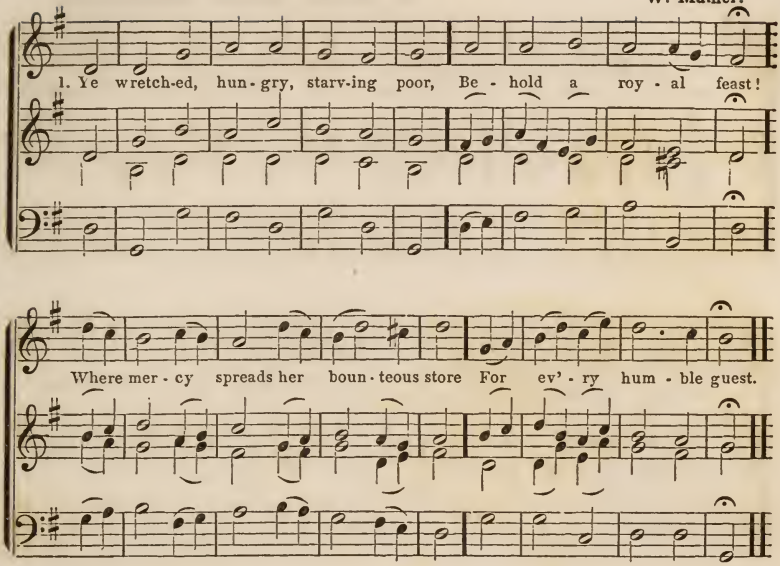
1 THE Savior!—Oh! what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Savior! let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all!

W. Mather.



129.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold there yet is room.

3 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

130.

The joyful Reign of Christ.

1 JOY to the world,—the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth,—the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

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

131.

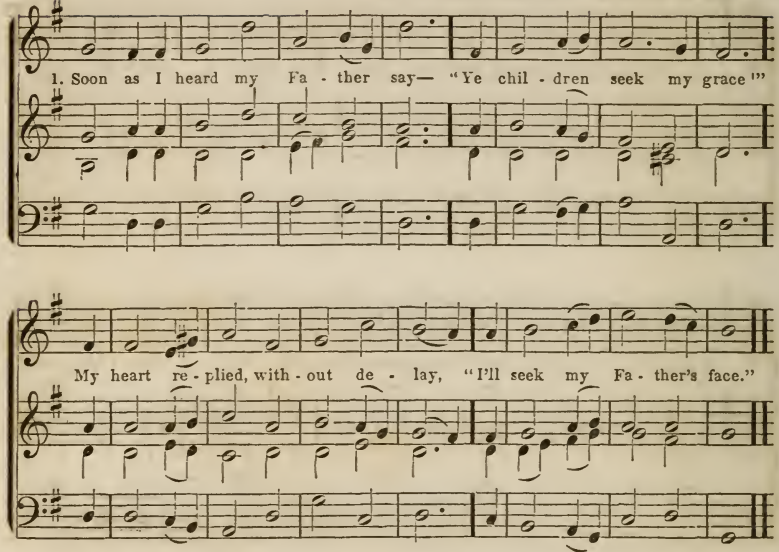
Self-Dedication.

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

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

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide,—
I give it all to thee

Wm. Gardiner, Author of "Music of Nature."



132.

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say—
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up:
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

133.

Jesus, my Trust.

1 JESUS! I love thy charming name:
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes: thou art precious to my soul;
My joy, my hope, my trust:
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The healing balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms—
The antidote of death.

134.

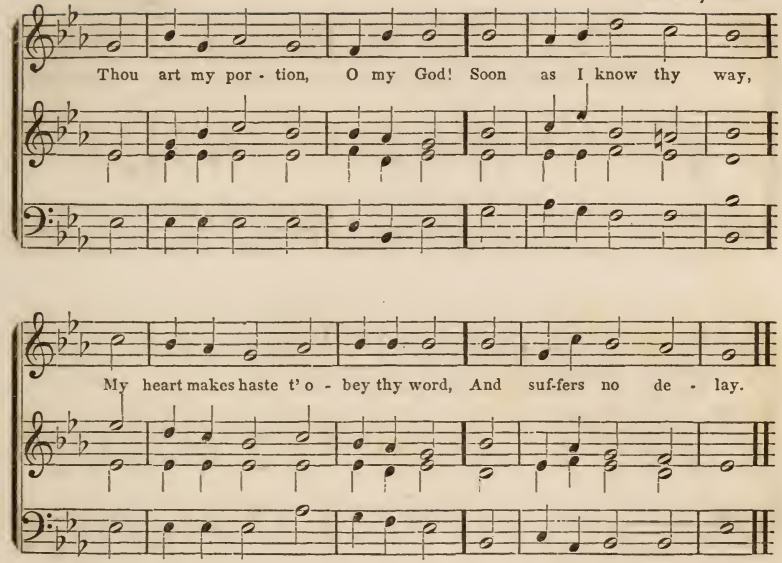
Penitence and Hope.

1 DEAR Savior! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

3 When shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face,
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

L. Mason, 1832.



135.

Sincerity and Obedience.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine,—forever thine;—
Oh! save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

136.

Trust in God as a Father.

1 MY God! my Father! blissful name!
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
Let me but know my father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

137.

Remembering Christ.

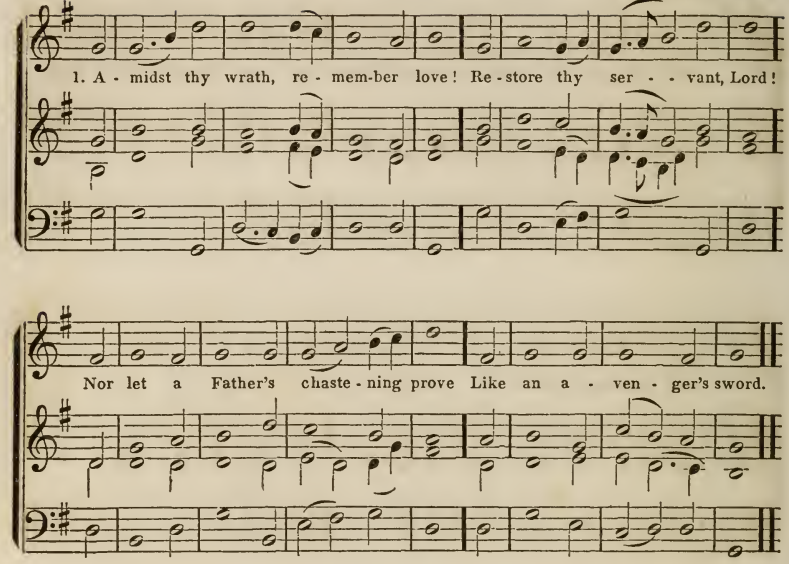
1 IF human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died, our fears to quell—
Our more than orphan's woe!

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet, and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

W. Tansur, 1760.



138.

Severe Chastisement deprecated.

2 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
The burden, Lord! I cannot bear,
Nor e'er the guilt atone.

3 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is noticed by thine ear.

4 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

5 My God! forgive my follies past,
And be forever nigh:
O Lord of my salvation! haste,
Before thy servant die!

139.

Praises to God.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

140.

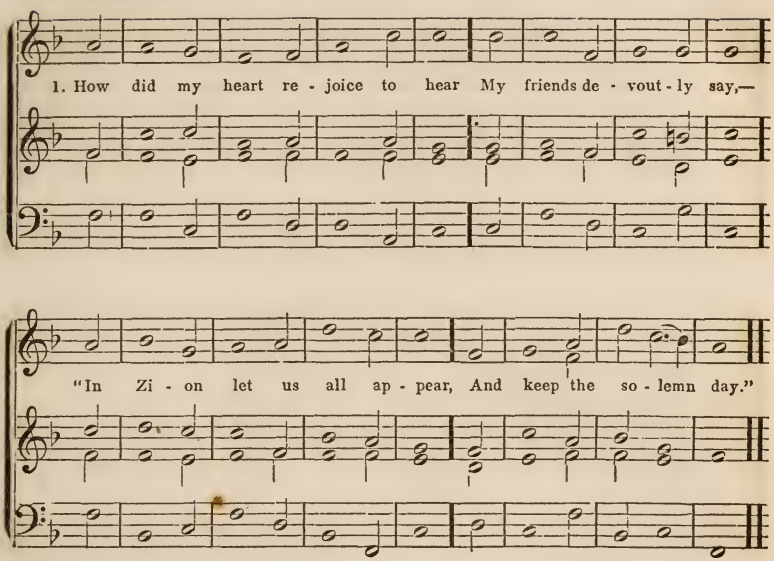
Submission.

1 O LORD! my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command?
Thy love forbids my fears;
Why tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No,—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee:
Thou never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What more I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.



141.

Going to Church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
Here God, my Savior, reigns.

142.

The Gospel Feast.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors—
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,—
"Lord! why was I a guest?

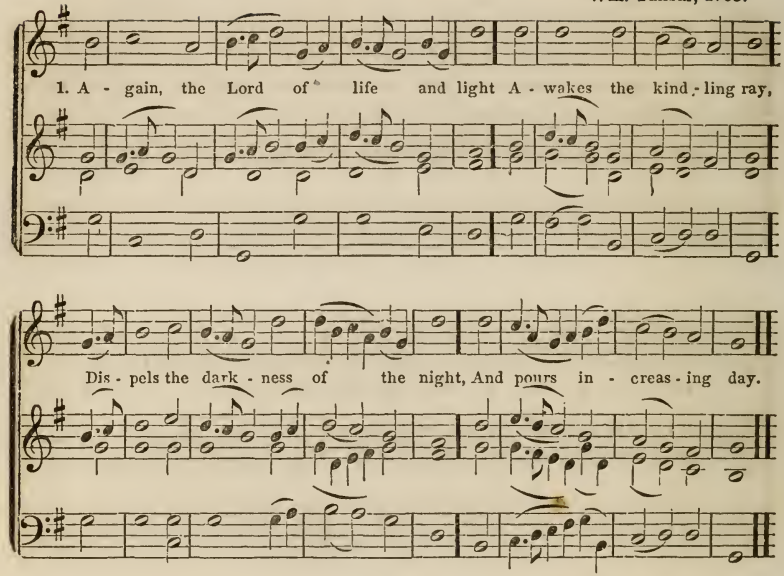
3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room—
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come!
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

Wm. Tansur, 1735.



143.

Dawn of the Sabbath.

2 Oh! what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
Oh! what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings, from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

144.

The Resurrection Morn.

1 BLEST morning! whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord!
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation, and immortal praise,
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

145.

New Year:—Prayer for a Blessing.

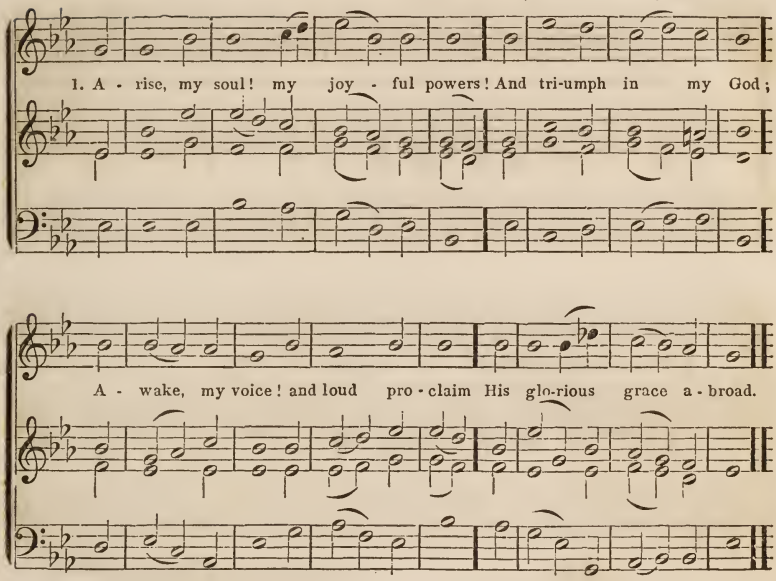
1 NOW, gracious Lord! thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let this year, we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And, when before thee, we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

Isaac Smith, died about the year 1800.



146.

Redemption and Protection.

1 ARISE, my soul! my joyful powers!
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice! and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,—
The opening gates of hell;
And fixed my standing more secure,
Than 't was before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he placed;
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Savior and my King.

Doxology.

LET God,—the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit,—be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

147.

God, all in all.

1 MY God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys:
There's nothing like my God.

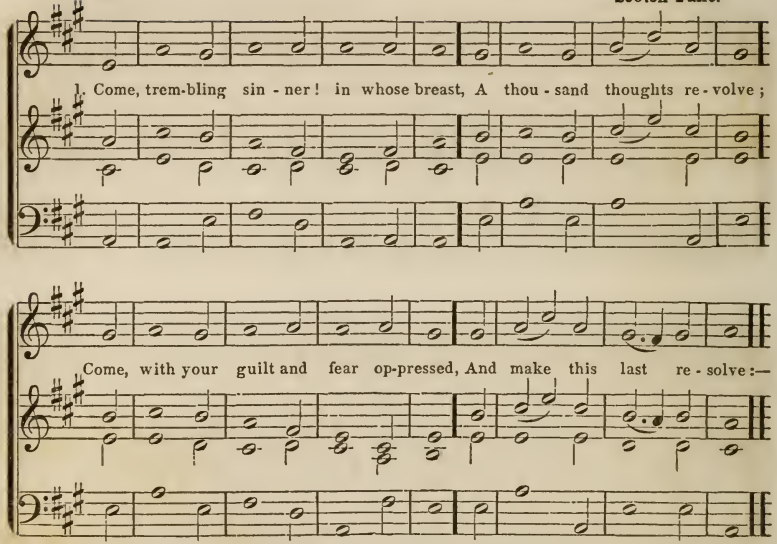
3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw,—'t is night.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared with thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,—
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

Scotch Tune.



148.

The Resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I'll seek his courts, and enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll fall before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

149.

Returning to Christ.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,—
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine!

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

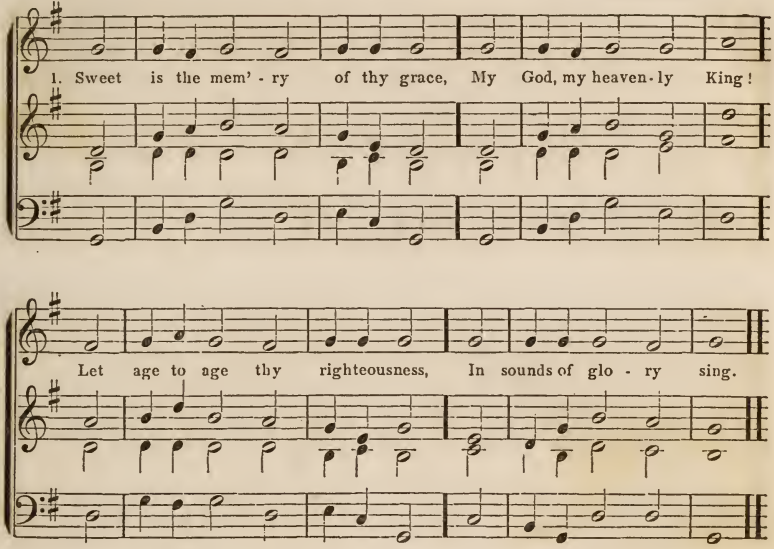
150.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
Oh! pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Savior's voice:
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.



151.

The Memory of God's Goodness sweet.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing!

152.

Praise to the Savior.

1 OH! for a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King!
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey: we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven,
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

153.

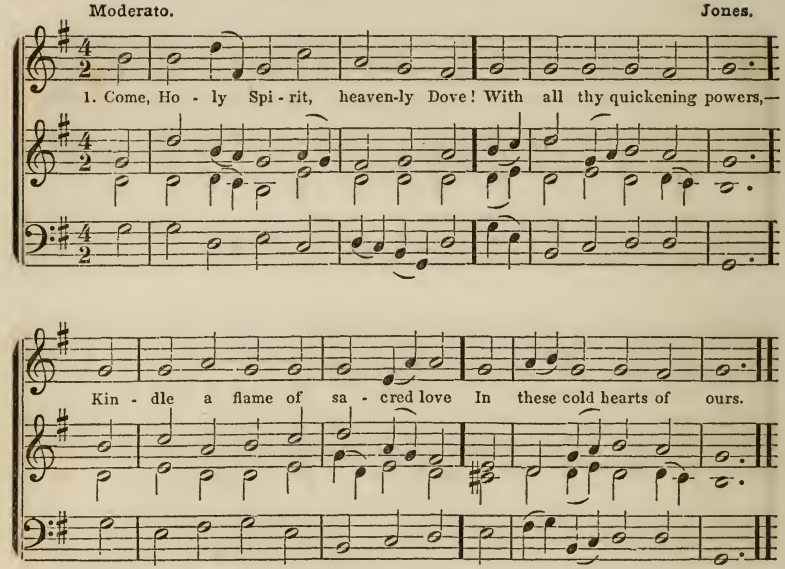
Joy over the Penitent.

1 OH! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well-pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found!" they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.



154.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

155.

Prayer for needed Grace.

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted, at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that we are thine,
Our life and death attend;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end."

156.

Compassion and Charity.

1 BLEST is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

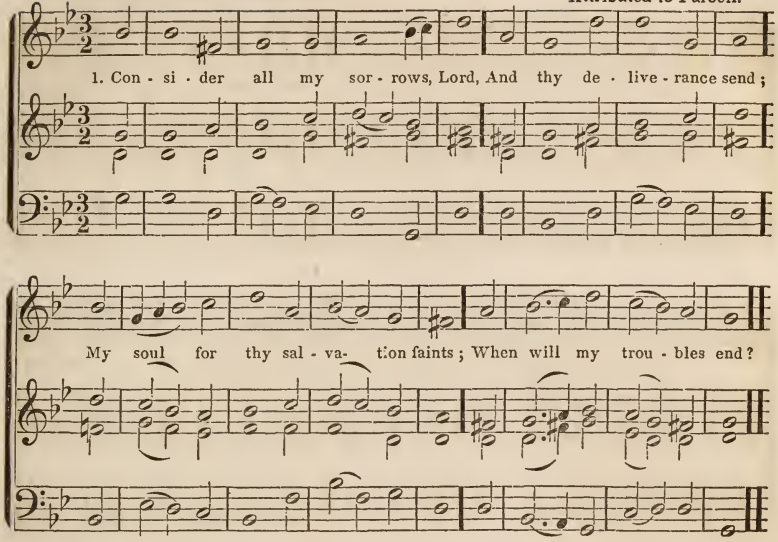
2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 He, from the bosom of his God,
Shall present peace receive;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Attributed to Purcell.



157.

Benefit of Affliction.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

158.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, Oh! let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
I strive against my foes in vain,—
I sink amid my fears.

3 O Lord! increase my faith and hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

159.

In-dwelling Sin Lamented.

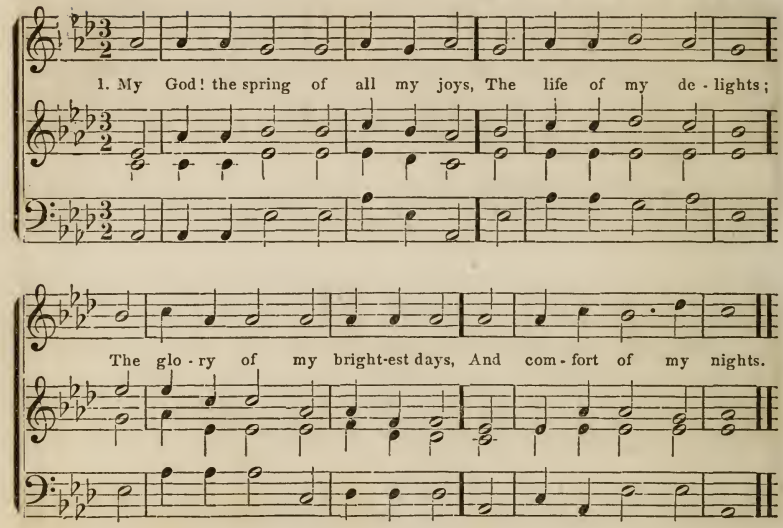
1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Before thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace—oh break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, great God, thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me

Arranged from Glaser, by L. Mason.



160.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

161.

Praise from Saints and Angels.

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

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord! forever thine.

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

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

162.

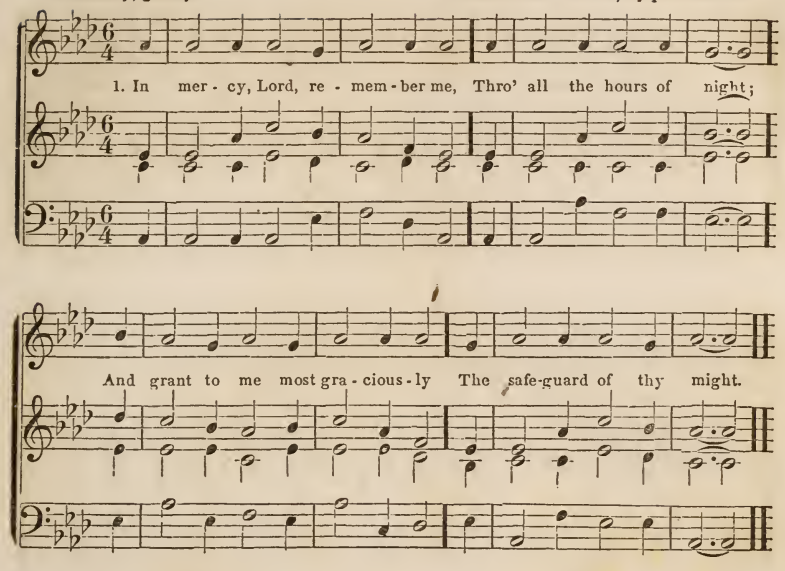
Saints in the Hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth, thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust!
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must forever rest.

Slowly, gently. From Cantica Laudis, by permission.



163.

An Evening Hymn.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
Oh! in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love!

3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days;
Oh! take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

164.

Brotherly Love.

HOW sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

Oh! 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.

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

4 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.

165.

Walking with God.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

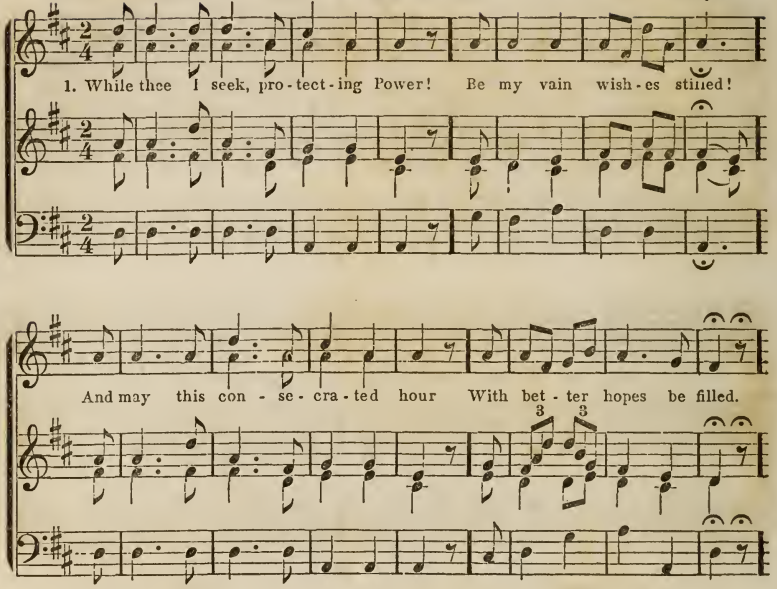
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

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

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

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

Pleyel.



166.

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my breast shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,—
That heart shall rest on thee.

167.

Love to Christ.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

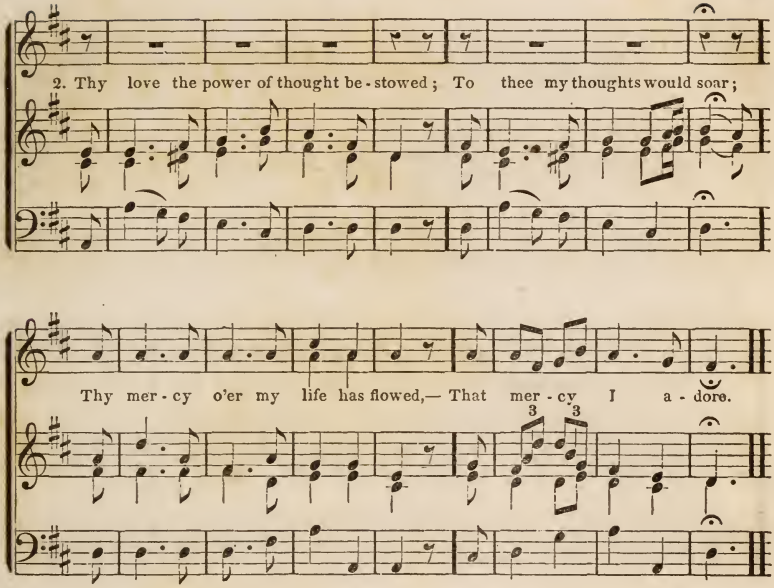
2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat,
My Savior's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.



168.

Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,—
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,—
Sweet source of light divine,—
And—all harmonious names in one—
Blest Savior! thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love
And praise, an endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

169.

For Benevolent Societies.

1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

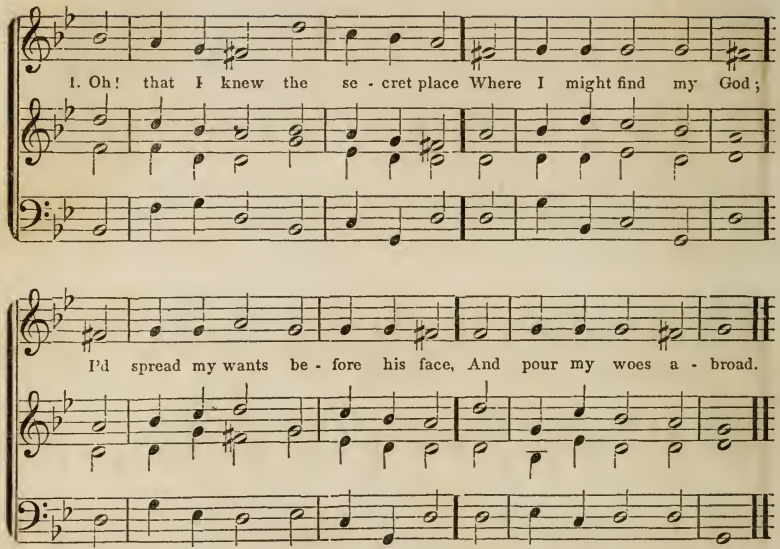
2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life,
With every cheering ray:
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 When sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield,
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be fed;
The hungering soul, we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.



170.

Seeking God.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,—
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leave my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Savior's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,—
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul! from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

171.

Sin bewailed at the Cross.

1 OH! if my soul was formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,—
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul!—for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those sins of mine
That shed the Savior's blood;
That pierced and nailed his sacred flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer! they shall die;
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Savior bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

172.

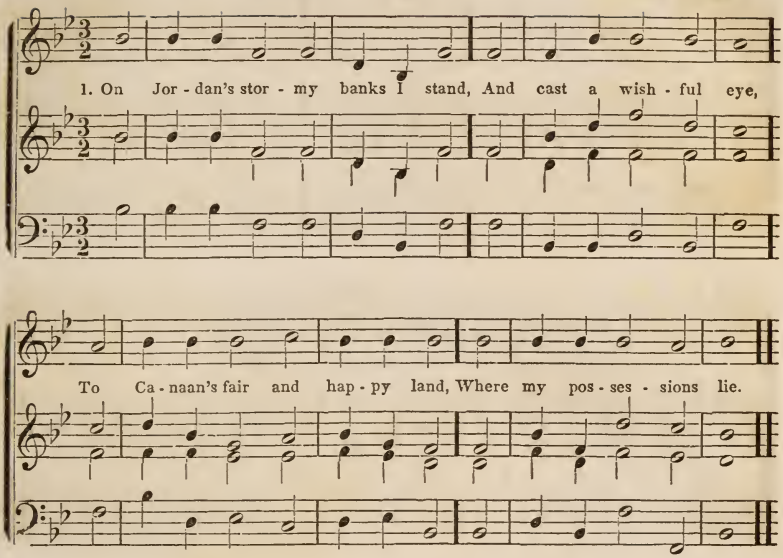
Submission in Trials.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

A. Jones.



173.

Praise to the Redeemer.

[*The first and second stanzas may be sung to Percy, page* 66.]

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—Oh! amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

[*The last three stanzas may be sung to Jordan.*]

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

174.

Heaven in Prospect.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

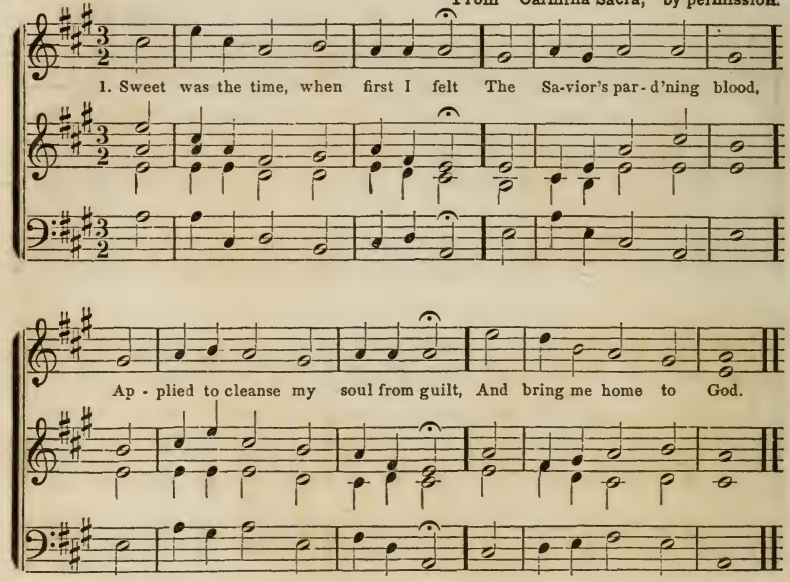
3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds—no pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay; [roll,
Though Jordan's waves should round me
Fearless I'd launch away.

From Carmina Sacra, by permission.



175.

Joys departed.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening-shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening-shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Savior!—help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,—
Let me that mercy share.

176.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 WHEN I can read my title, clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hells fierce darts be hurled:
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;—

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

177.

Christian Assurance.

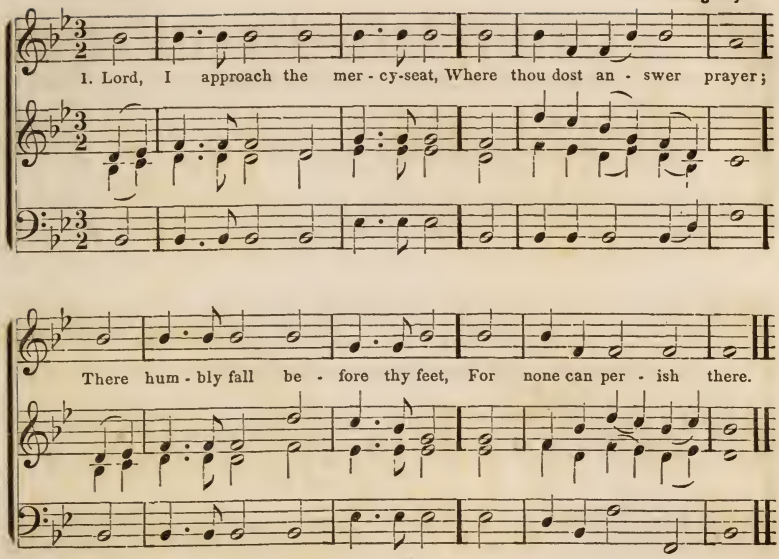
1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,—
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And, in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

Kingsley.



178.

Pardon implored.

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within;
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 Oh wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

179.

Christ precious.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus!—my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet. priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

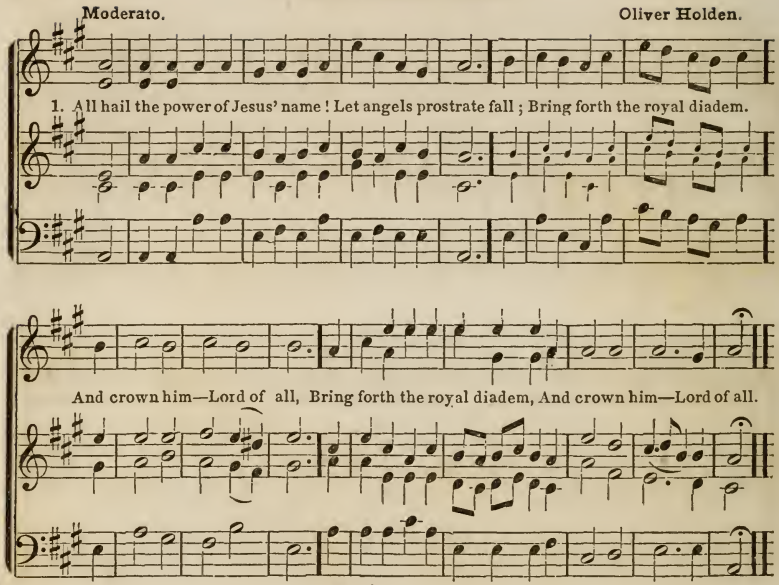
5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

180.

Casting all Care on God.

1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny,
To those who trust his love:
The men who on thy grace rely,
Nor earth nor hell shall move.



181.

Coronation of Christ.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him,—ye morning-stars of light,—
Who formed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,—
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,—
Come, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Doxology.

IN hope to join th' angelic host,
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

182.

Kingdom of Christ among Men.

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,—
That holy, happy place,—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace

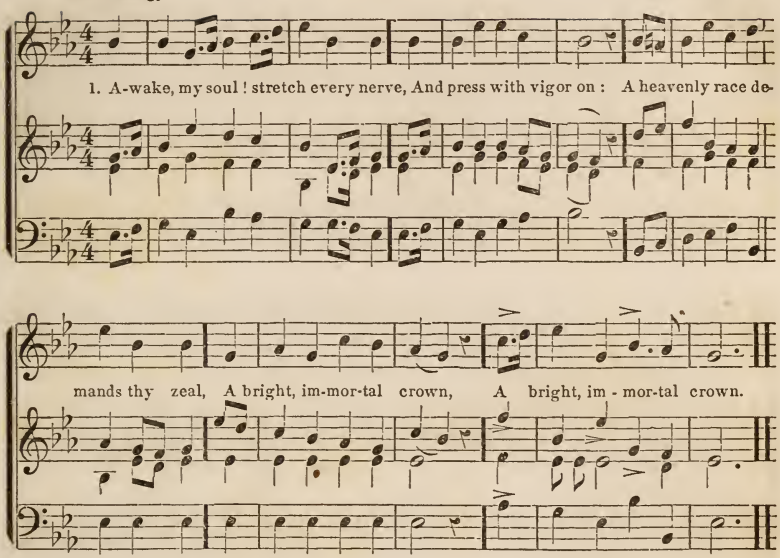
3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Savior! Oh! how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

With energy. From Handel.



183.

The Christian Race.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
Tis he, whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

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

4 Blest Savior! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun:
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet,
We'll lay our trophies down.

184.

Victory through the Lamb.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above,—how great their joys,—
How bright their glories be.

2 I ask them,—whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps he had trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,—
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

185.

Returning to Zion.

1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord!
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims! now, for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath made;—
How peaceful and how plain!
The simplest traveler need not err,
Nor seek the path in vain.

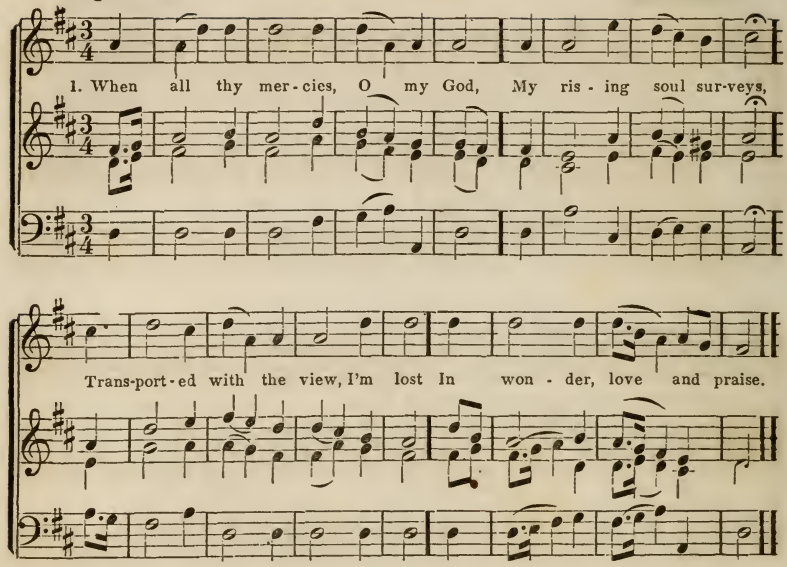
3 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

4 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

5 March on, in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hope, still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

HOWARD. C. M.

Allegretto. Mrs. Cuthbert.



186.

Thanks for Providential Favors.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts, on my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

187.

Union of Saints in Heaven and on Earth.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle-wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

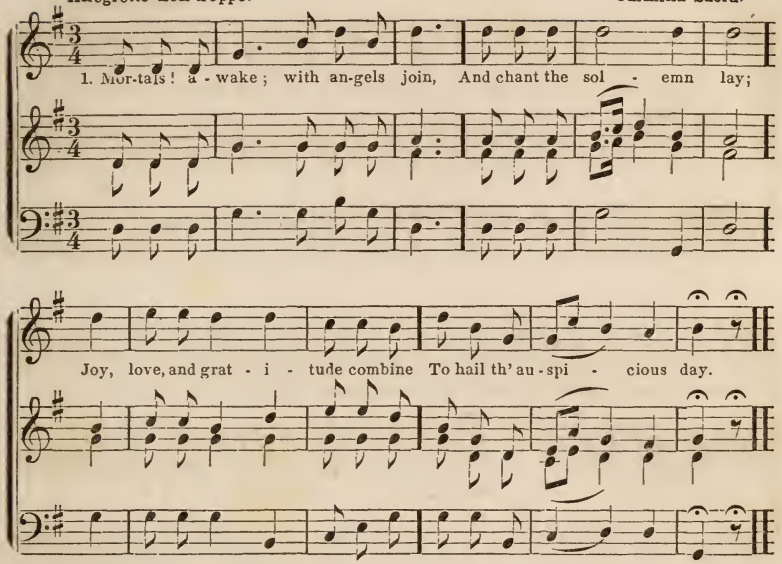
2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one:—

3 One family,—we dwell in him;
One church,—above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die!

6 Dear Savior! be our constant guide,
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.



188.

Christ's Nativity.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

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

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

189.

Pleasures Unseen.

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

2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

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

4 Oh! then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise [spring,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal, in the skies.

190.

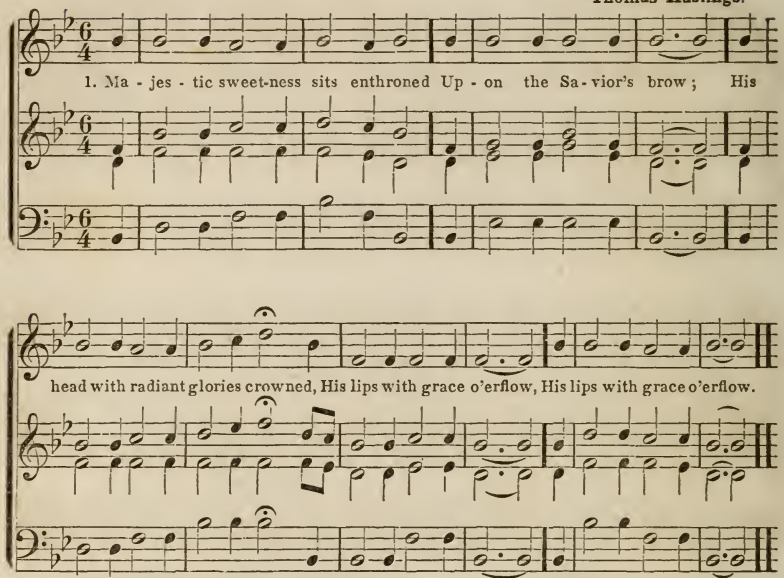
Access to God by Christ.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

3 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high!
And glory to th'eternal King
Who lays his fury by.

Thomas Hastings.



191.

Chief among ten thousand.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

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

192.

Depending on Grace.

1 AMAZING grace!—how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

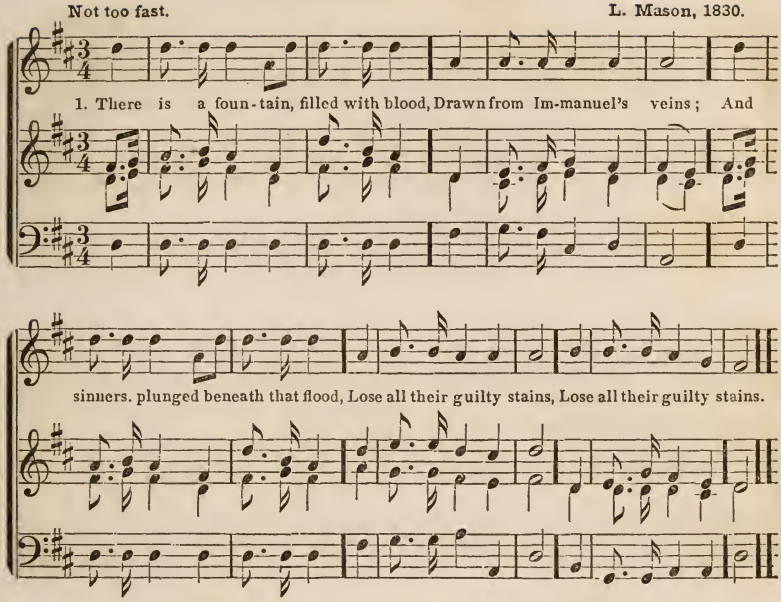
3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

Doxology.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.



193.

Christ the living Fountain.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,—
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

194.

The Christian Soldier.

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

2 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?

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

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

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

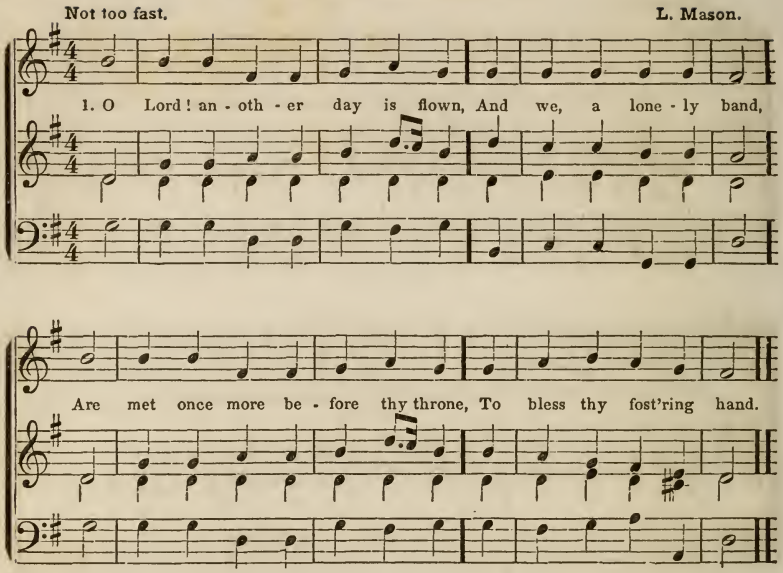
195.

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.



196.

Evening Worship in the Family.

1 O LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt!—for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus! thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evils far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

5 Thus cleansed from sin and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

6 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

197.

An Evening Song.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

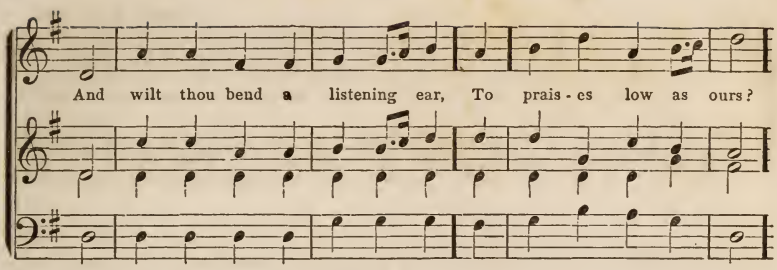
2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared

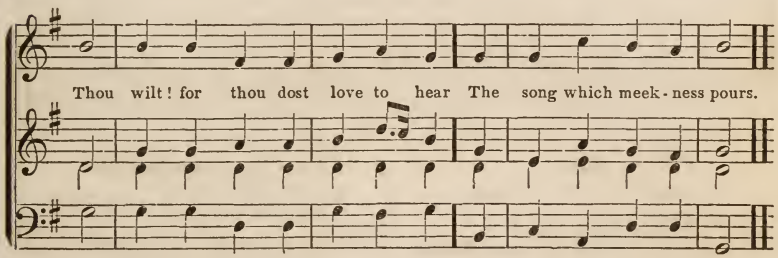
3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, Oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

5 Lord with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

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





198.

The Cheering Prospect of Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night.
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

199.

The Heavenly City.

1 JERUSALEM!—my happy home!
Name ever dear to me,—
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

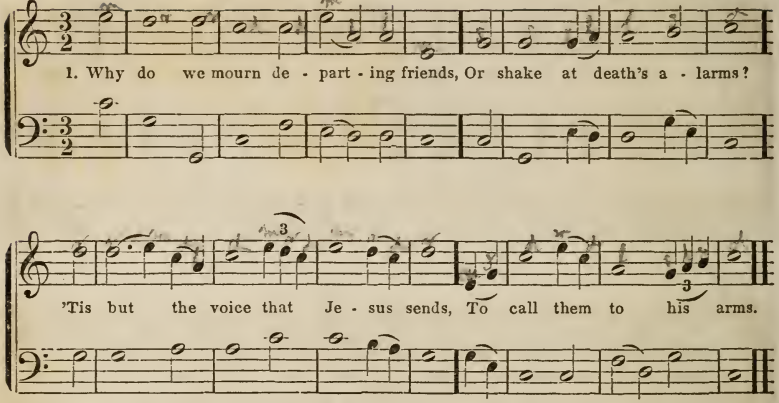
3 Oh! when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend?—
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

4 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
Jerusalem I soon shall view,
In realms of endless day.

5 Redeemed saints and angels, there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ, below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem!—my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Swan. About 1800.



200.

Comfort in the Death of Friends.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

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

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

201.

Hope in Affliction.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;—

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardor glows
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight,
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Savior's bliss to share.

202.

Old Things passed away.

1 LET earthly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

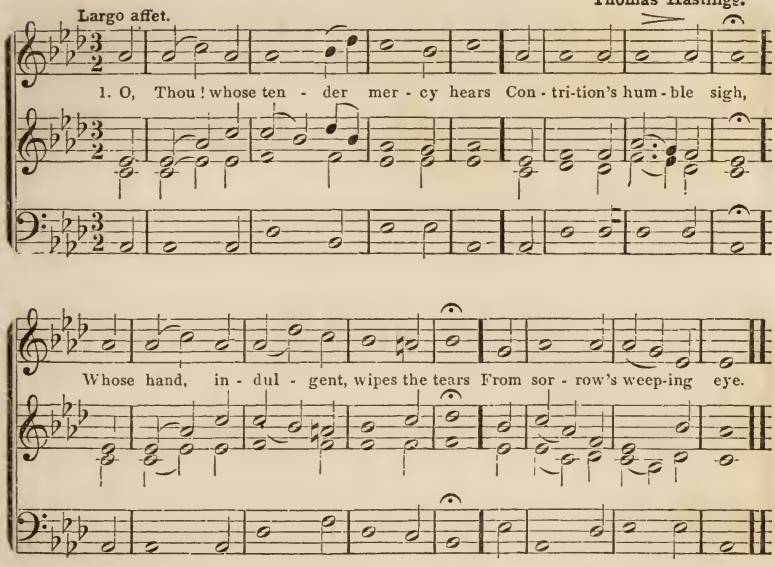
2 Its joys can now no longer please,
Nor e'en content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,—
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

Thomas Hastings.



203.

Contrition.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return"?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail—
This only safe retreat.

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

204.

God, our Refuge.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul!
On thee, when sorrows rise,—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

5 No!—still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
Oh! may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

205.

Penitence.

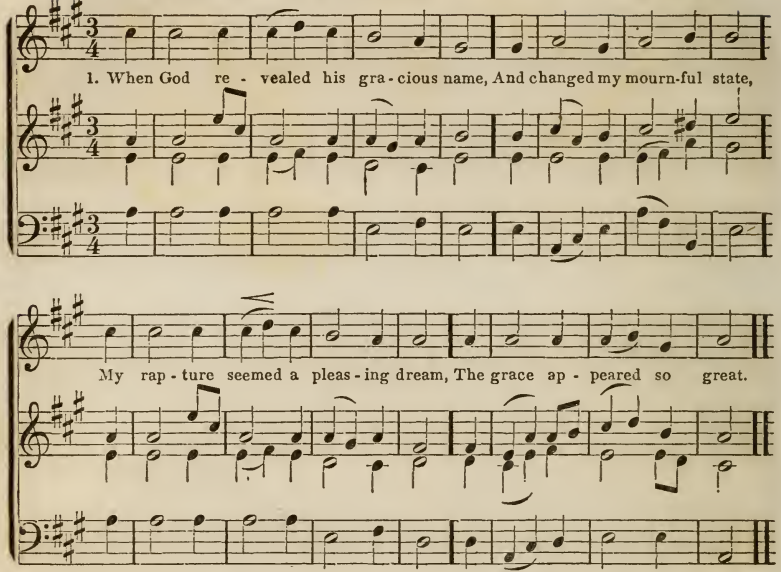
1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed.
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

From New Carmina Sacra, by permission. Ch. Zeuner.



206.

The Change effected by Grace.

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

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work!"—my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work!"—my heart replied,—
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come:
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

DOXOLOGY.

The Trinity Adored.

LET God—the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit,—be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

207.

The Robe of Righteousness.

1 AWAKE, my heart! arise, my tongue!
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Savior wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments—how bright they shine;
How white the garments are!

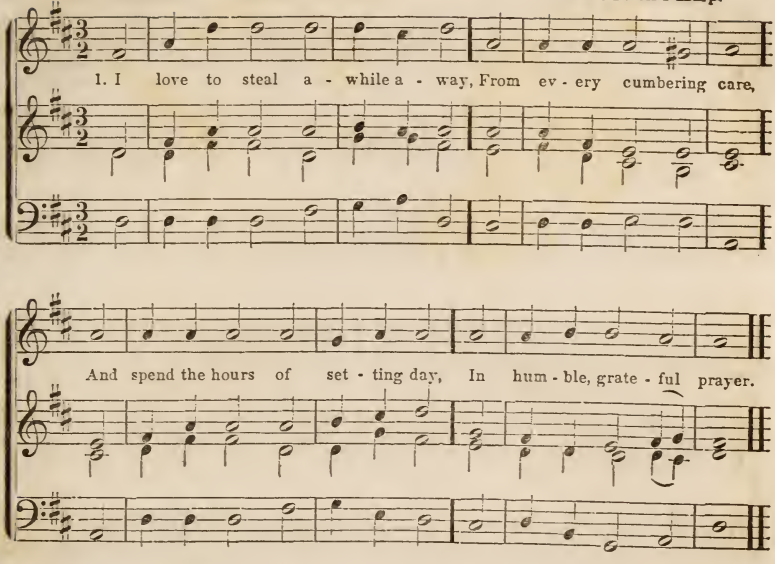
5 Strangely, my soul! art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

DOXOLOGY.

A grateful Song to the Trinity.

IN hope to join th' angelic host
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

From Mason's Harp.



208.

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
My cares and sorrows all to cast,
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 And, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm, as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

209.

Evening Prayer and Praise.

1 INDULGENT Father! by whose care,
I've passed another day,—
Let me, this night, thy mercy share;—
Oh! teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord! to Christ alone
And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And, every hour, thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when, on earth, I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me, to heaven and glory rise,
To see thy smiling face.

210.

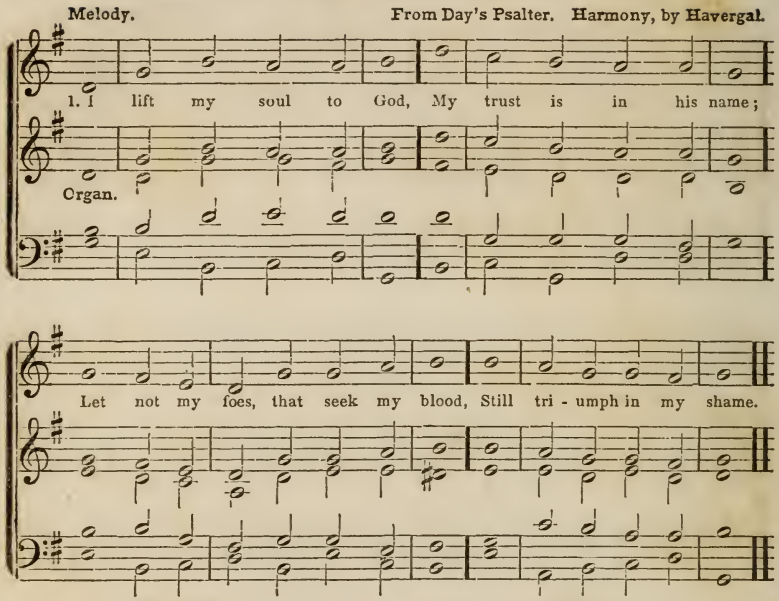
Evening Devotion.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

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

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

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



211.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord! I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

212.

The Conquest of all Nations.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord! incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Oh! let them shout and sing,
Dissolved in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praise thy glorious name.

213.

Exhortation to Praise.

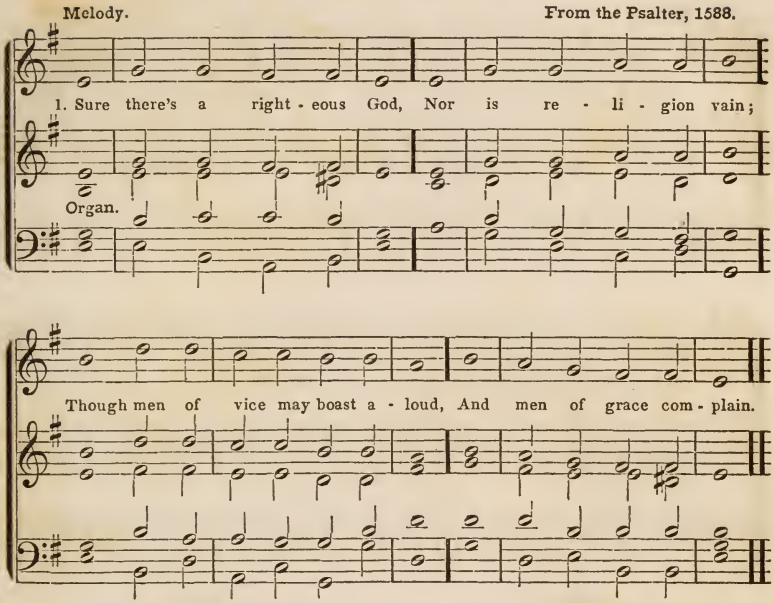
1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh! for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,—
The Lord your God, adore,
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.



214.

The Mystery of Providence.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

4 Thy word with light and power,
Did my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinners' life before,
But here I learned their end.

5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And Oh! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

6 Lord! at thy feet I bow;
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

215.

Ingratitude to Divine Goodness

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh: [stone,
Break, sovereign grace! these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh.

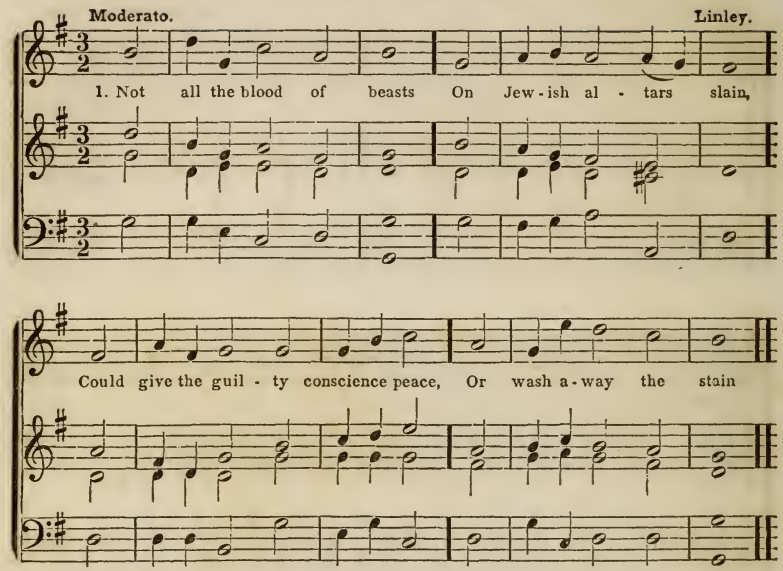
4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

216.

Prayer for the Conversion of the World.

1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise!



217.

Christ our Sacrifice.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

218.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing—how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

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

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

219.

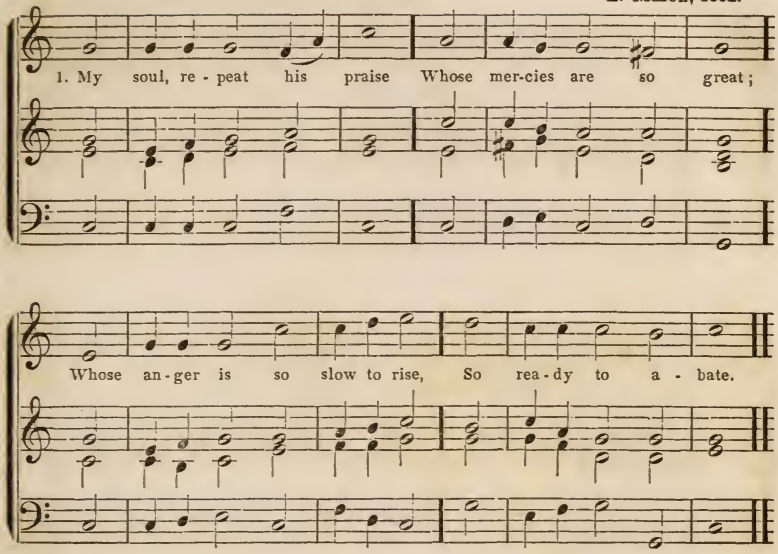
The Spirit in Baptism.

1 GREAT God! now condescend
To blesss our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend!—
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh! what a pure delight,
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

L. Mason, 1832.



220.

Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

1 MY soul! repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

221.

Public Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord!
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

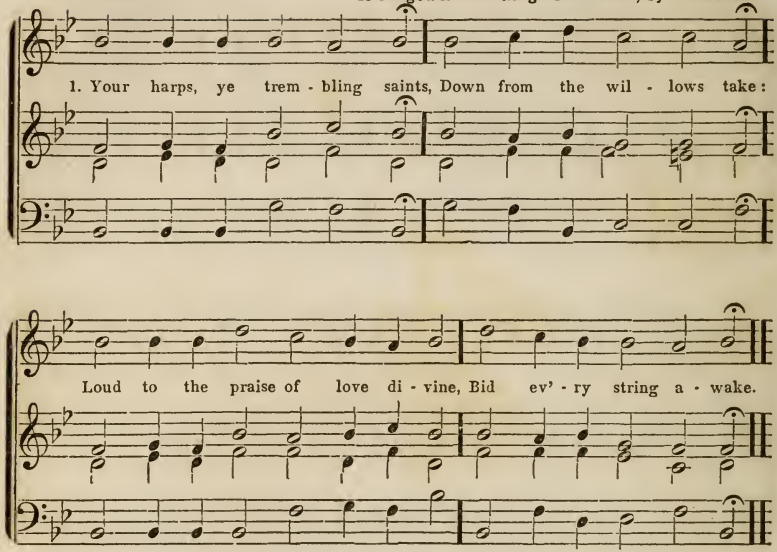
222.

Praise to God for his Truth and Grace.

1 THY name, almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning-light and evening-shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.



223.

Trust in God.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints!
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

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

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

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then will we trust our gracious God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee:—
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

224.

Christian Union.

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

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

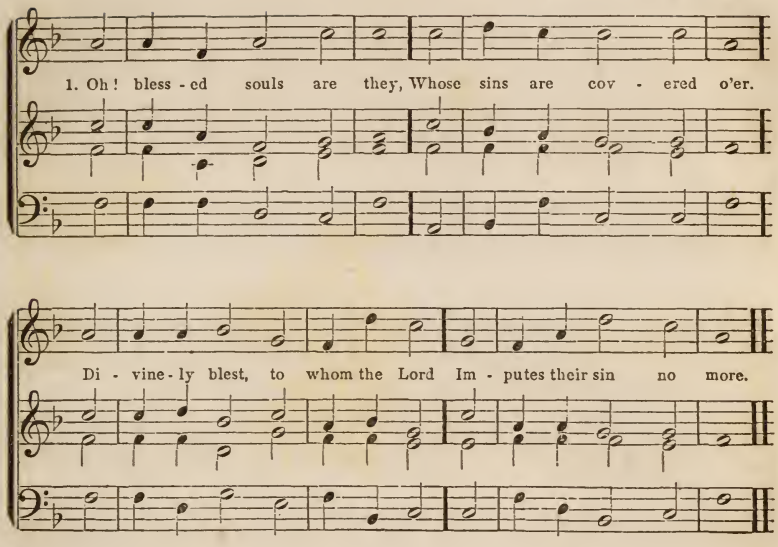
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often, for each other, flows
The sympathizing tear.

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

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage, by the way;
While each, in expectation, lives,
And long to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

Arranged by L. Mason.



225.

Forgiveness of Sins.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

226.

The Presence of Christ.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd! if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

227.

Rejoicing in God.

1 MY God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

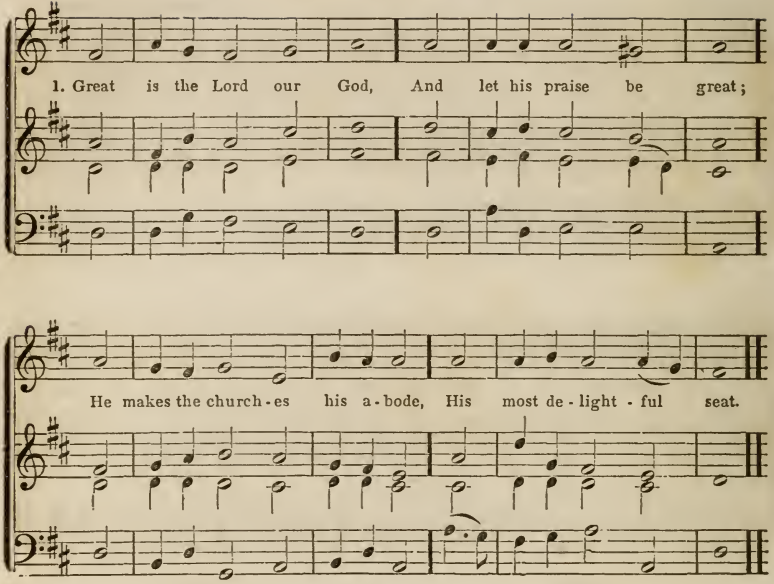
2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,—
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.



228.

Safety of the Church.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God!
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known—
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,—
Our eyes have often seen,—
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Doxology.

YE angels round the throne!
And saints that dwell below!
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

229.

Gospel Worship and Order.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

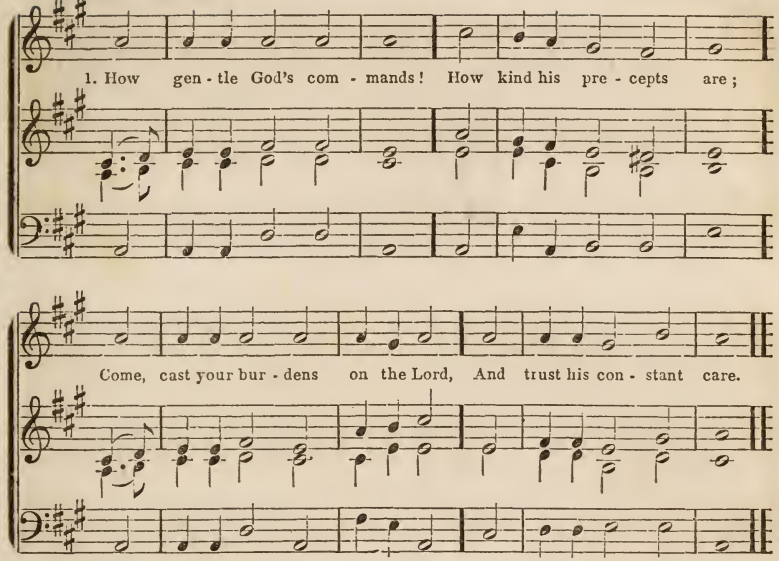
3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,—
Will be our guide while here below,
And ours above the sky.

L. Mason, 1830.



230.

Casting our Cares on God.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh! seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

231.

God, all in all.

1 MY God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord!

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

232.

Convicting and Sanctifying Influence.

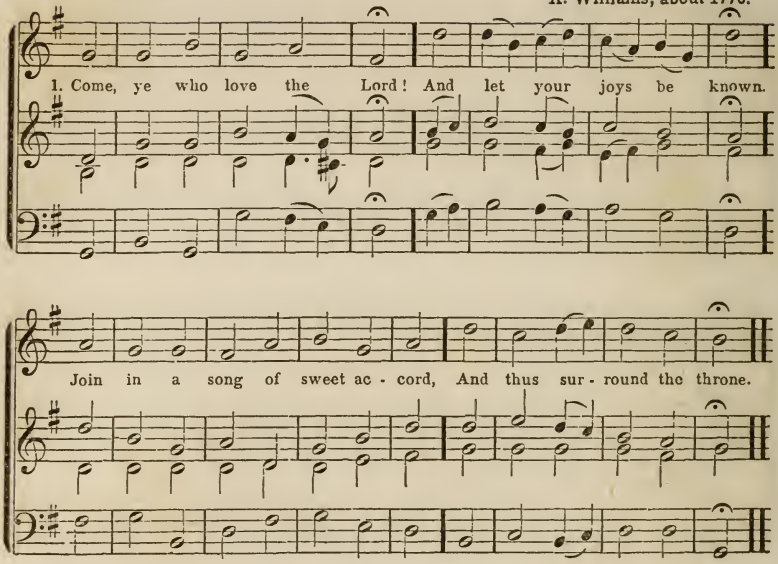
1 COME, Holy Spirit! come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

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

A. Williams, about 1770.



233.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord!
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

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

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

Doxology.

YE angels round the throne!
And saints that dwell below!
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too!

234.

Adoption.

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,—
God's everlasting Son.

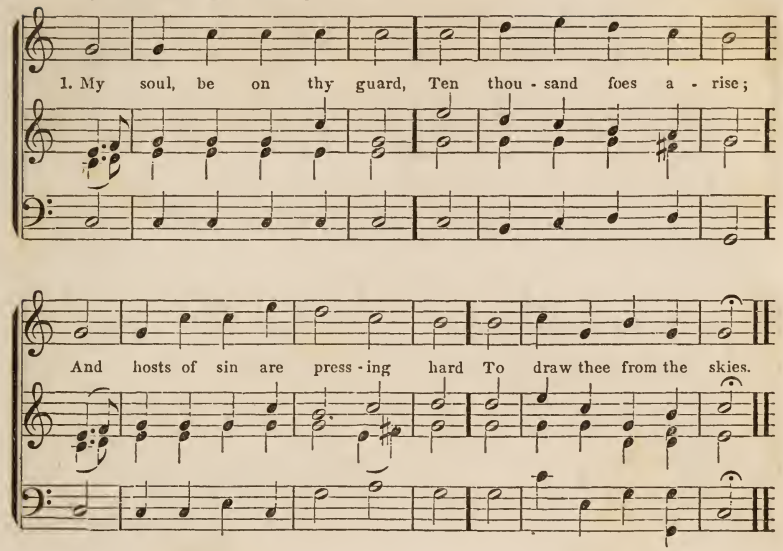
3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father!" cry,
And thou the kindred own.

[*The first and third lines may be sung in Unison.*] L. Mason, 1830.



235.

Watching and Praying.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

236.

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE!—'t is a charming sound,—
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

237.

The Heralds of Christ.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are! –
"Zion! behold thy Savior-King,
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found.

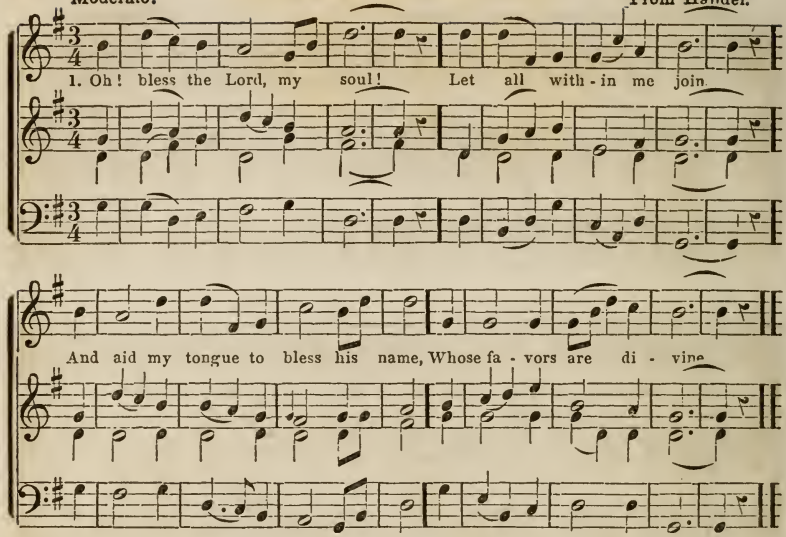
4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

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

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

THATCHER. S. M.

Moderato. From Handel.



238.

The Mercies of God.

1 OH! bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again,

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

239.

The Spring.

1 SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year;

2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

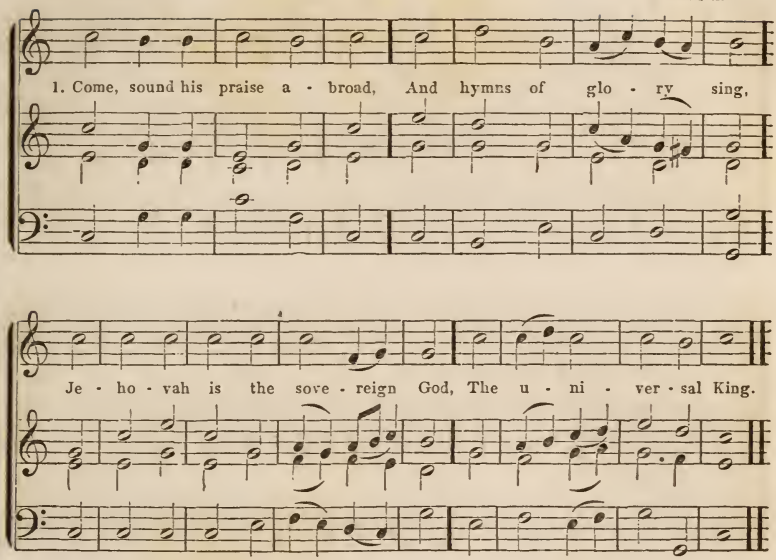
3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh:

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

5 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain's tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops:

6 But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distill.

I. Smith.



240.

Immediate Obedience.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound:
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;—

6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear,—
"You, that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

241.

Preserving Grace.

1 TO God, the only-wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints, below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

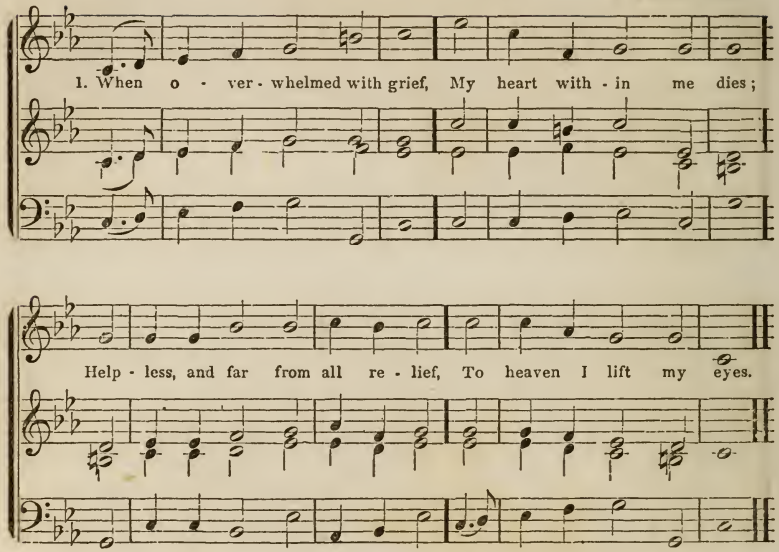
4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God,
Wisdom, with power, belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Doxology.

To the great One in Three,
That seals the grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

L. Mason, 1840.



242.

Safety in God.

2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord!
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

243.

Grieving the Spirit.

1 AND canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Savior's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But, grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

244.

Rest for the Weary Soul.

1 OH! where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

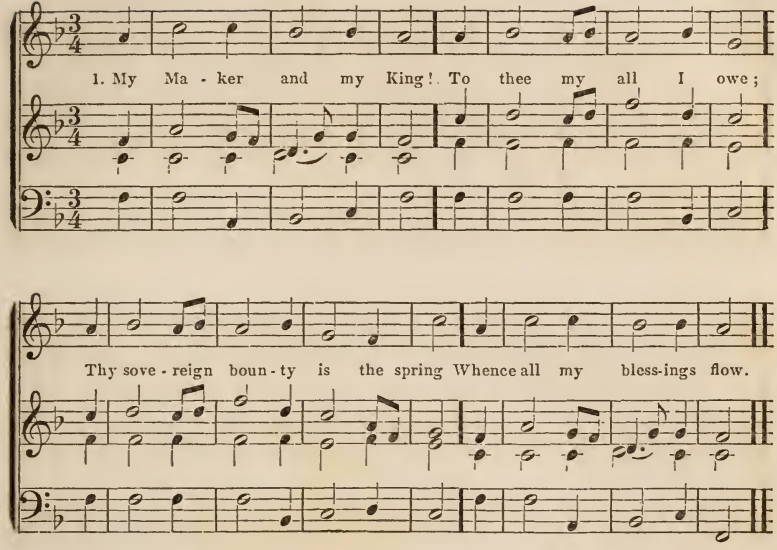
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

Western Tune, arranged by L Mason.



245.

Praise to the Creator.

1 MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4 Lord what can I impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 Oh let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

246.

All things in Christ.

1 THOU very-present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The mind, which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

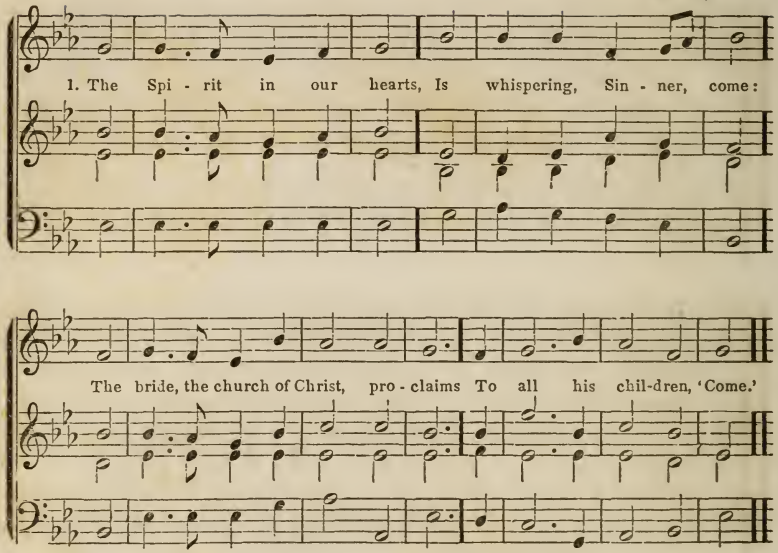
3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Will all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in one:
And peace, and joy which never ends,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

L. Mason, 1830.



247.

Free Grace.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come:'
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

248.

Submission to Christ.

1 JESUS! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,—
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone,
Far from my God, astray;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed,—
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart
Thy hand can wipe my tears;—
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down,
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

249.

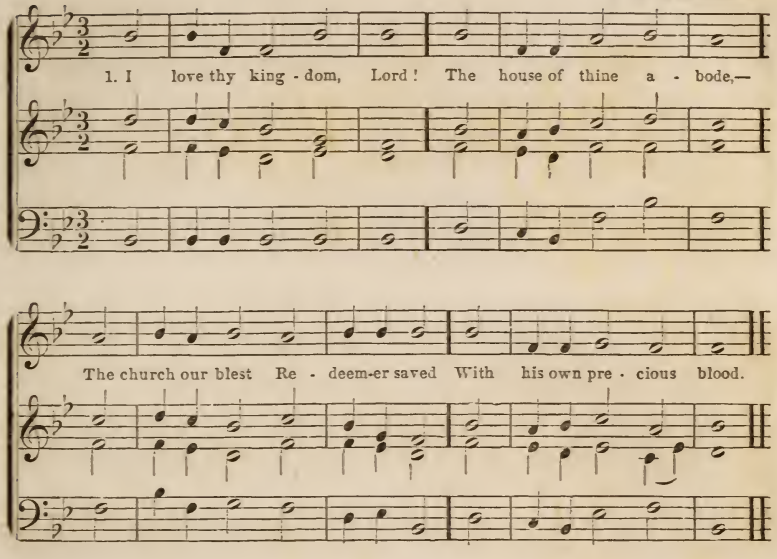
Prayer for the Spirit.

1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
To guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still, small voice,
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear.

J. C. Woodman.



250.

Love to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

251.

The Bible the Guide of the Young.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
Oh! bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

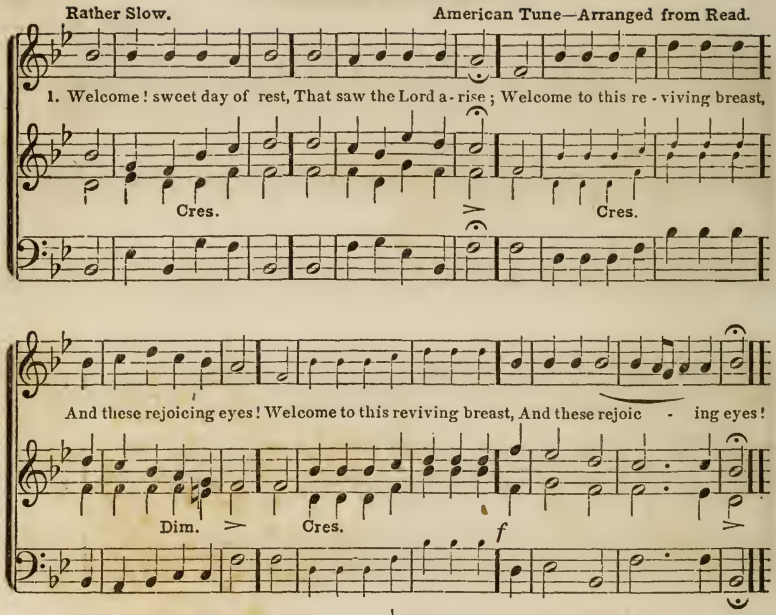
3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh! let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
Come, Savior! dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three.
Be glory! as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.



252.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 WELCOME! sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where God my Savior's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

253.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer-God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold thee sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To thee our prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
Oh! listen to our broken sighs,
And grant us all our wants.

5 Give us, O Lord! a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,—
The servants of our God.

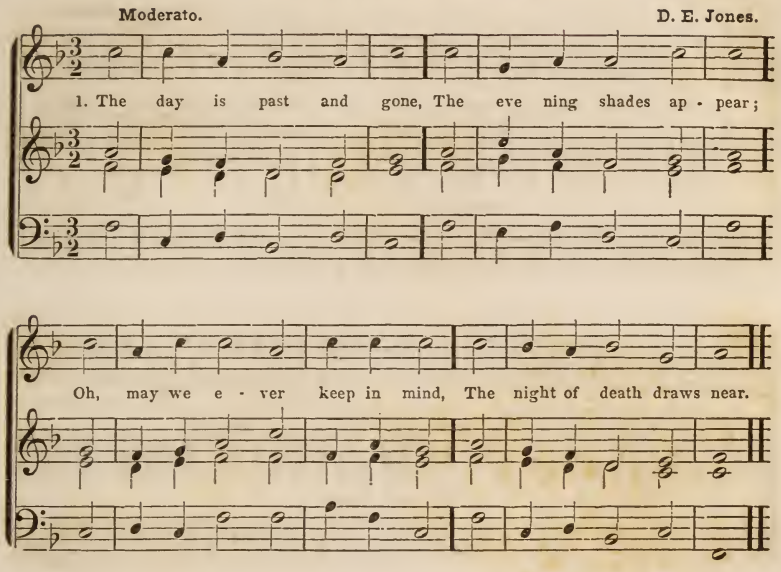
254.

All, one in Christ.

1 LET party-names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one, in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love abound;—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

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



255.

An Evening Hymn.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh! may we ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3 And when we early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

4 Lord, when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

256.

Divine Teaching.

1 WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still;
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease,
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

257.

Prayer for a Revival.

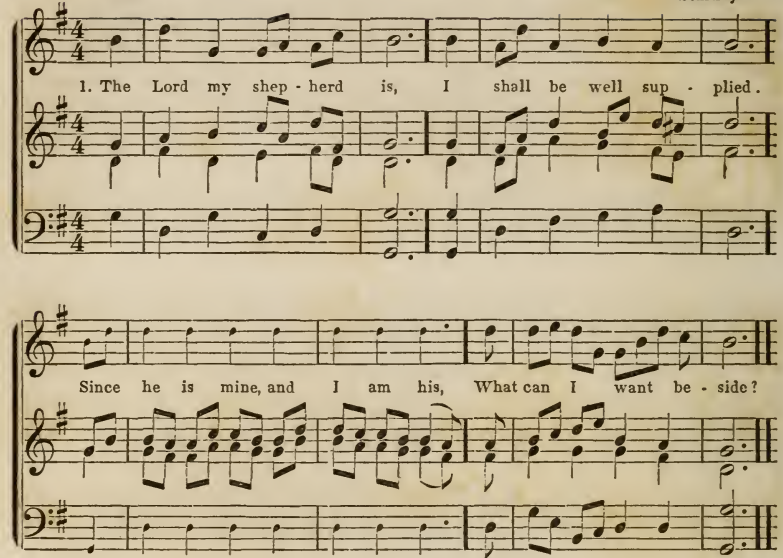
1 O LORD! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And let our dying graces live,
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh! let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their solemn vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry;
Oh! come, and bring salvation near;—
Our souls on thee rely.

Stanley.



258.

The Good Shepherd.

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

259.

Pleading for Mercy

1 TO God in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
Oh! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord! recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wast ever, kind.

3 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, Oh! for thy great goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

4 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays;
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

260.

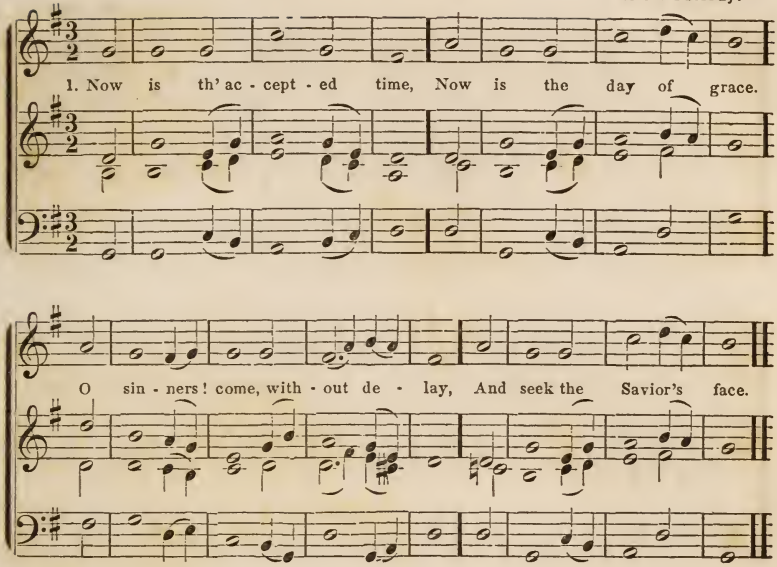
Prayer for Spiritual Light.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Oh! let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come, like the morning-light.

3 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live, this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

An Old Melody.



261.

The Accepted Time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise, in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love;
Then will the angels speed their way
To bear the news above.

262.

Christian Watchfulness.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And Oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

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

263.

Morning Prayer-Meeting.

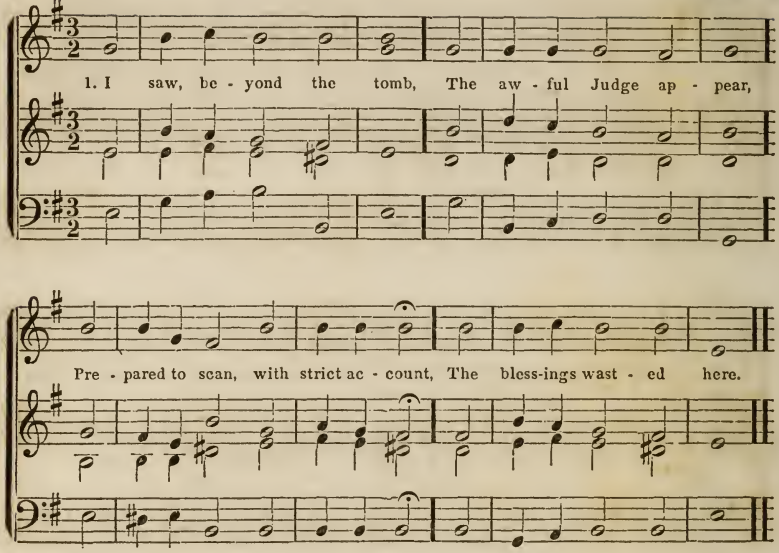
1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
That breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning-light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And makes his people one.

Dr. Green.



264.

The Last Account.

1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan, with strict account,
The blessings wasted here

2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
In hell forever burns;
And, from that hopeless world of woe,
No fugitive returns.

3 Ye sinners! fear the Lord,
While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O sinners! then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

265.

Humbly Waiting on God.

1 AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear?
To God, my Father, make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?

2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great—but not so great
As his compassions are.

266.

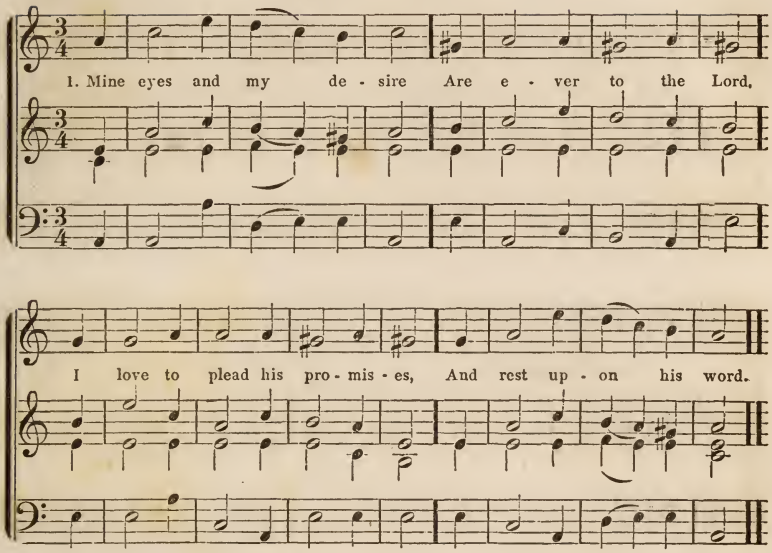
The Last Judgment.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away!

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.



267.

Backsliding and Repentance.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 With every morning's light,
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

4 Oh! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

268.

Pardon Implored.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

3 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

4 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast:
Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

269.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?—
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?

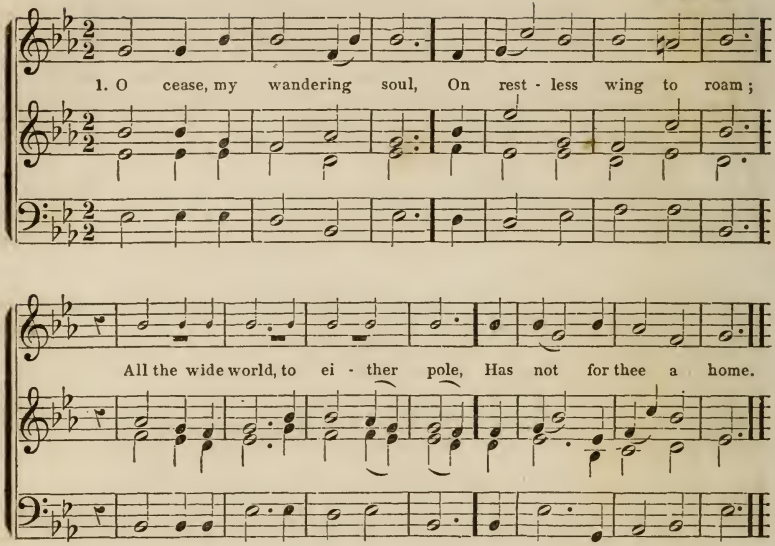
2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,—
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs;
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

L. Mason.



270.

Rest and Peace in God.

1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door:
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

4 Then cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

271.

Walking by Faith.

1 IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fostering gale

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

272.

Christ will Hear Prayer.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

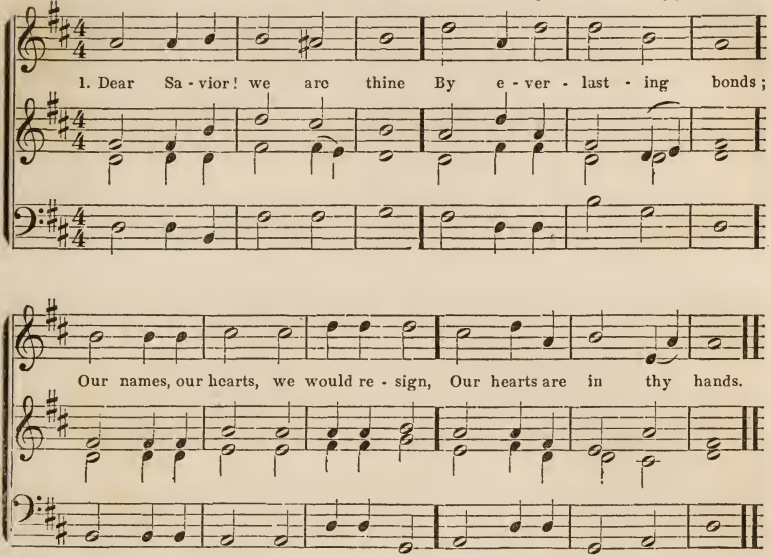
2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer,
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

J. E. Sweetser.

From Root and Sweetser's Collection of Church Music, by permission.



273.

Vital Union in Christ.

1 DEAR Savior! we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our hearts are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh! let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

Doxology.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too

274.

Reflections on Past Generations.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers!—where are they,
With all they called their own?—
Their joys and griefs—and hopes and cares
And wealth and honor—gone!

3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

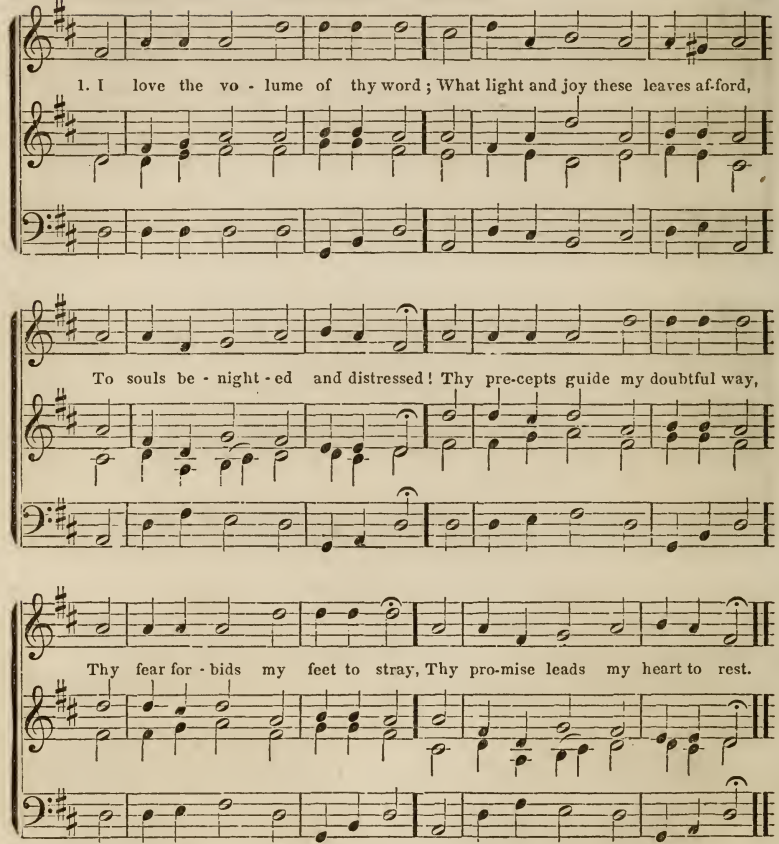
4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

5 God of our fathers! hear,—
Thou everlasting friend!—
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M

Arranged from a Gregorian Melody, by L. Mason, 1832.



275.

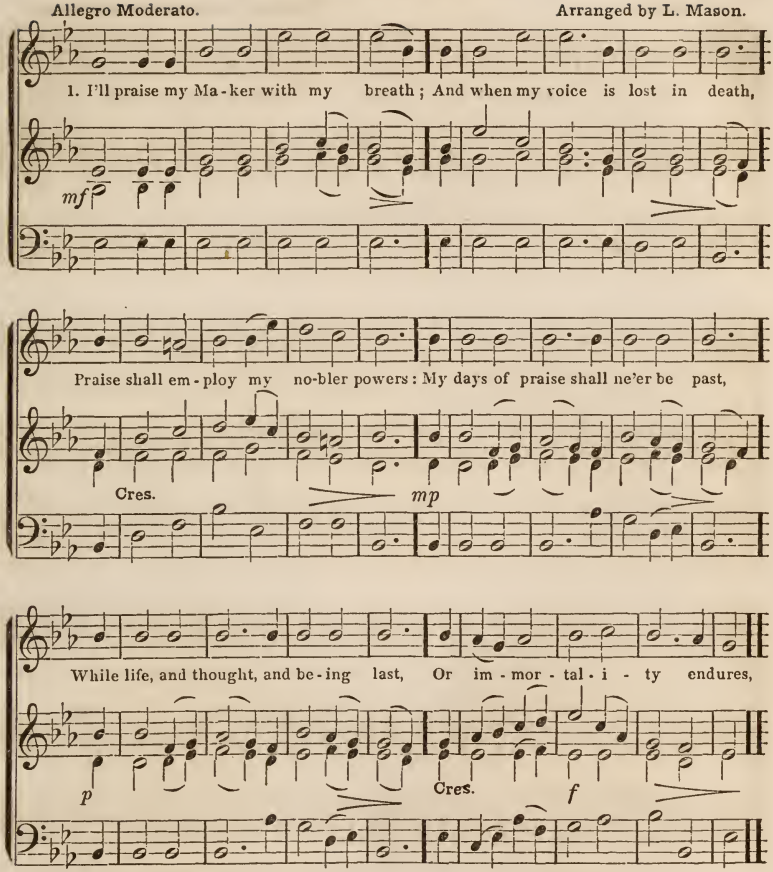
The Excellency of the Scriptures.

1 I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that has the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord!
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.



276.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

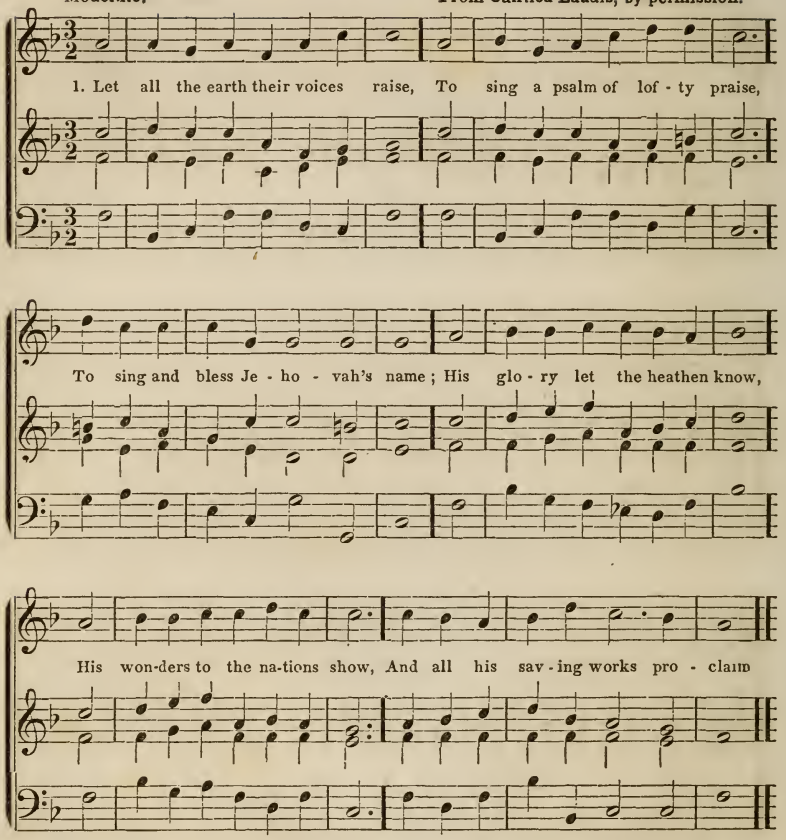
2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God!—He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

BRERA. L. P. M.

Moderato. From Cantica Laudis, by permission.



277.

Rejoicing in the Universal Reign of Christ.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a psalm of lofty praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name!
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair

3 Oh! haste the day—the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

Doxology.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven

HAMBURG MAY BE SUNG TO EITHER OF THE HYMNS ON THIS PAGE BY REPEATING THE LAST TWO LINES OF THE TUNE.

278.

Our Compassionate High-Priest.

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorr'wing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,—
My Savior sees the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Laz'rus dead.

4 And Oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away.

279.

Hope of Heaven through Christ.

1 AND art thou, gracious Master! gone
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there forever dwell with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 What transport, Lord! shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name shalt own!
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know, as I myself am known!
From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

280.

Pleading in Jesus' Name.

1 Father of mercies, God of love!
Oh! hear an humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,—
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
Oh! deign to hear my mournful voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,—
No worth to claim thy gracious smile;
No,—when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus! is my plea,—
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

3 Father of mercies, God of love!
Then hear thine humble suppliant's cry
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
One pard'ning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

281.

Backslider's Return through Christ.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow beneath the rod;
To him, with penitence, I mourn:
I have an advocate above,—
A friend before the throne of love

2 O Jesus! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,—
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in;
Oh! freely my backslidings heal,
And love the dying sinner still.

3 Ah! give me, Lord! the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin;
A godly fear of of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may feel thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend thee more.

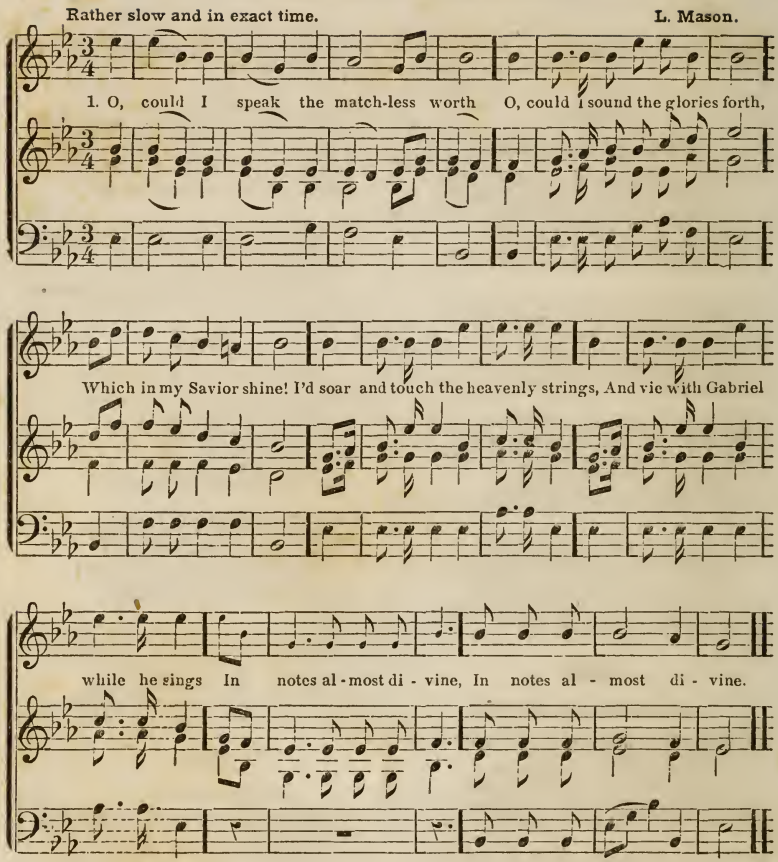
282.

Morning and Evening.

1 WHEN streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning-light salutes mine eyes,
Oh Sun of righteousness divine!
On me, with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Savior! while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh! lead me onward to the skies.

3 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus! thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.



283.

The Excellency of Christ.

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

284.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 BEGIN, my soul! th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens!—his vast abode,
Ye clouds! proclaim your Maker, God,—
Ye thunders! speak his power:
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King;—
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps! with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;—
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air!
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs! and sing;—
Ye feathered warblers of the spring!
Harmonious anthems raise
To him, who shaped your finer mold,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,—
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

285.

The Sabbath and the Sanctuary.

1 THE festal morn, my God! is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 With holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
What transports fill my breast!
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions that contain
Th' angelic forms,—an awful train,—
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

286.

Worldliness lamented.

1 THE mind was formed, to mount sublime
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

2 Bright scenes of bliss,—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—Oh! could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare,—
Heaven calls and I must go!—

3 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched lingering heart!
Come, Lord! with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

287.

Present and future Realities

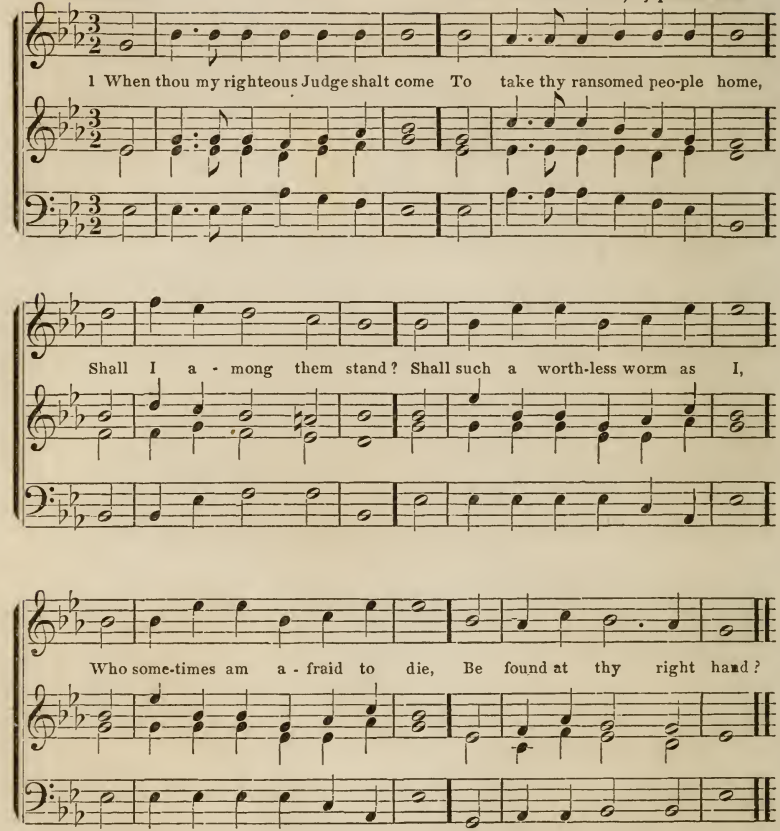
1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand,—
Yet how insensible!
A point of time—a moment's space—
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!

2 O God! my inmost soul convert
And, deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late;—
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;—
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

Moderato. From Carmina Sacra, by permission.



288.

The Saints at Christ's Right Hand.

1 WHEN thou my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice Oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.

289.

The New Birth.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increased my pain,—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,—
A vast, oppressive load:
All creature-aid I saw was vain;—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near:
Yet still I found this truth remain,—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Savior passed that way,
My bondage to remove:
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

290.

Resignation.

1 O LORD! in sorrow I resign,
And bow to that dear hand of thine,—
While yet the rod appears;
That hand can wipe these streaming eyes,
Or, into smiles of glad surprise,
Transform these falling tears.

2 My sole possession is thy love;
On earth beneath, in heaven above,
I have no other store:
And though, with fervor, now I pray
And importune thee night and day—
I cannot ask for more.

291.

Surrendering to Christ.

1 Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Savior I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

292.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

1 O THOU, that hearest the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
'Thy Maker is thy friend.'

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

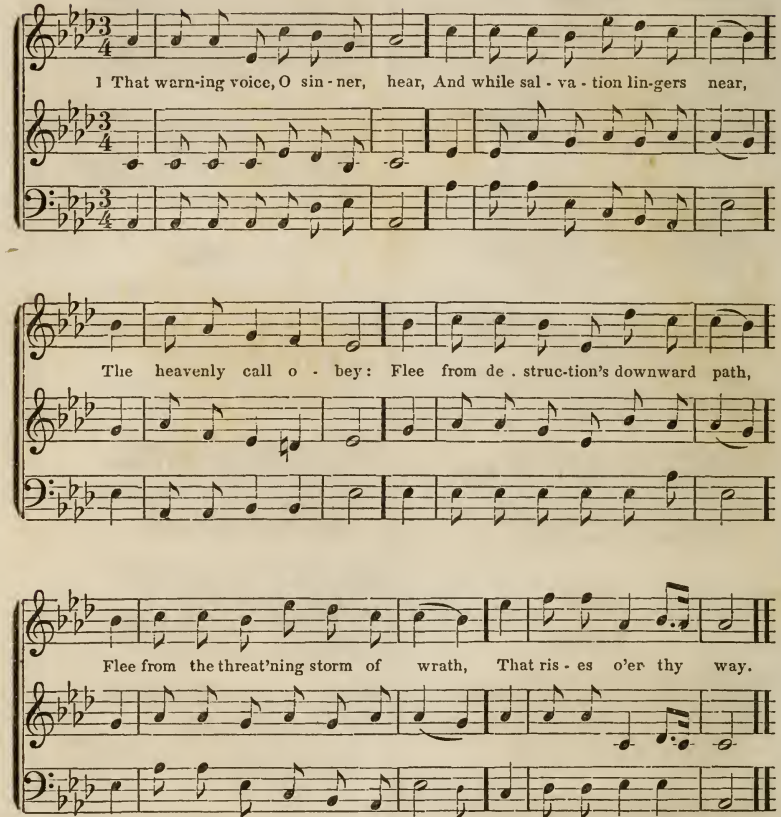
293.

Foretaste of Heaven.

1 ON Pisgah's top I now would stand,
Once more to view the promised land,
The land of thy abode:
The land where fruits immortal grow,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Forth from the throne of God.

2 O, that my soul were filled with thee,
With visions of thy majesty
And condescending love!
Then would its gilded pinions, Lord,
Be ready at the Master's word,
To take its flight above.

Treble. From the Spiritual Songs, by permission.



294.

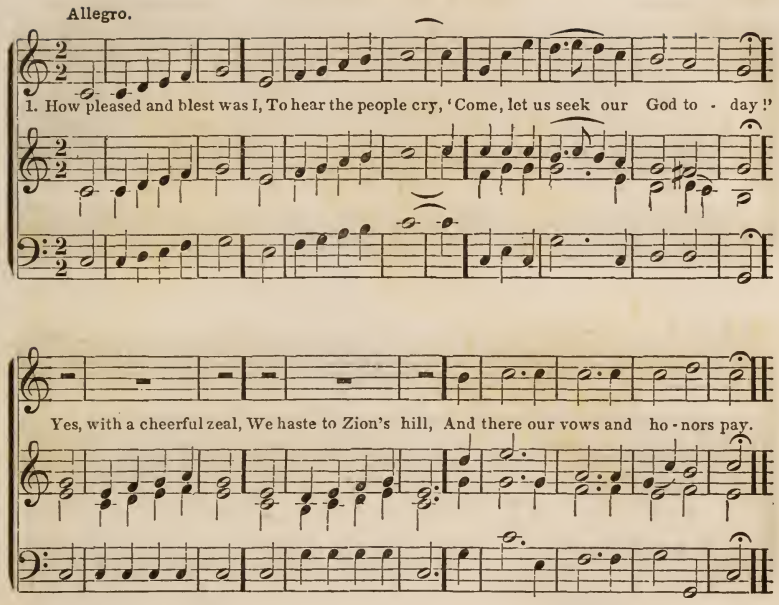
A Voice of Warning.

1 THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heavenly call obey:
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threatening storm of wrath,
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour;
The light'nings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour!

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear,
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hushed, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.



295.

Delight in the Sabbath and Temple of God.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound,

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne:
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

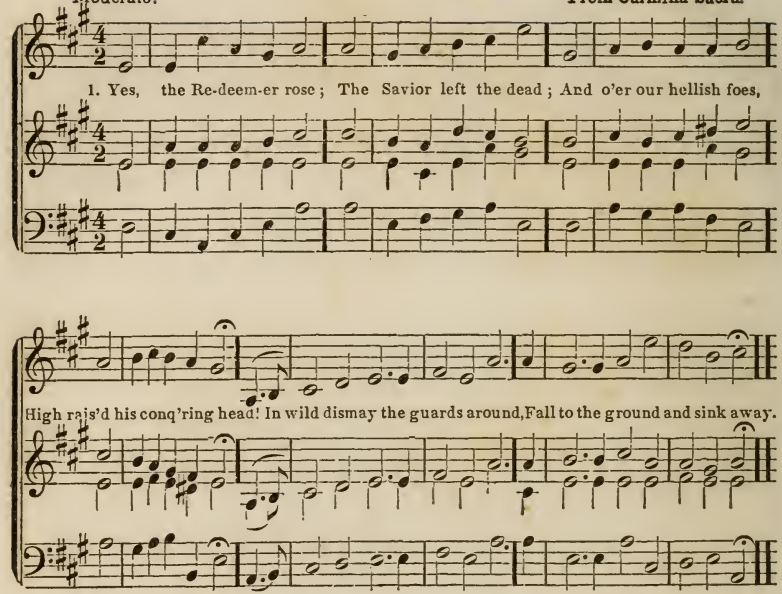
296.

Excellence of Christian Unity and Love.

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew distils

3 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!



297.

Jesus Rising and Reigning.

2 Lo! the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;—He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,—
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,—"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with thy blood:
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

298.

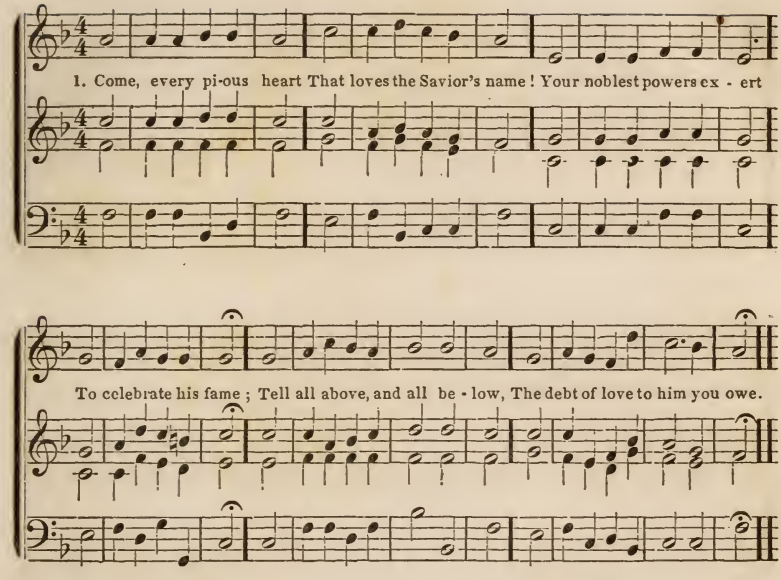
Christ, our King.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!—
Your God and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart,—lift up the voice,—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up the heart,—lift up the voice,—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart,—lift up the voice,—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

4 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.



299.

Mission of Christ.

1 COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Savior's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love, came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Savior-God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come,—
His chariot will not stay,—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

300.

Morning of the Lord's day.

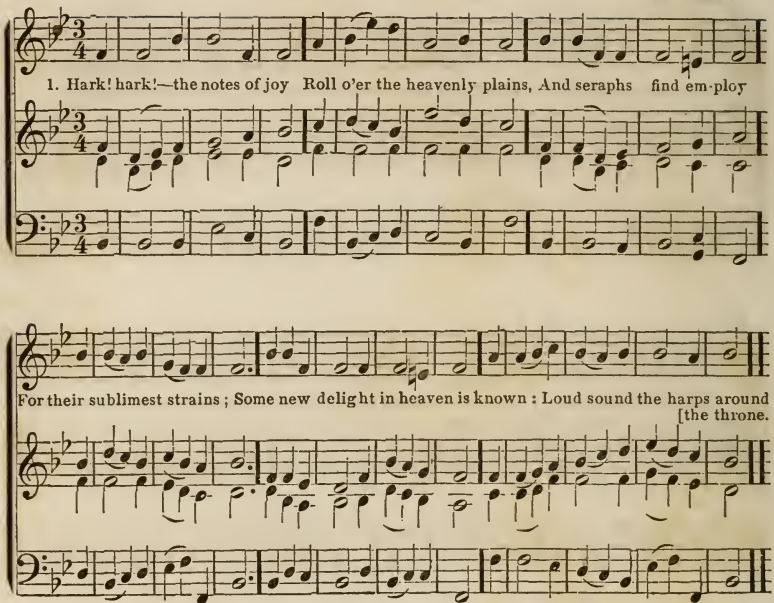
1 AWAKE, ye saints! awake
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blessed,—
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;—
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!"

4 Great King! gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, power and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

A. Jones.



301.

Joy at Immanuel's Birth.

1 HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains ;
Some new delight in heaven is known ;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend ;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend ;
He comes to bless our fallen race ;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round ;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show ;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name ;
Arise, ye sons of men!
And all his grace proclaim ;
Angels and men! wake every string,
'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing

302.

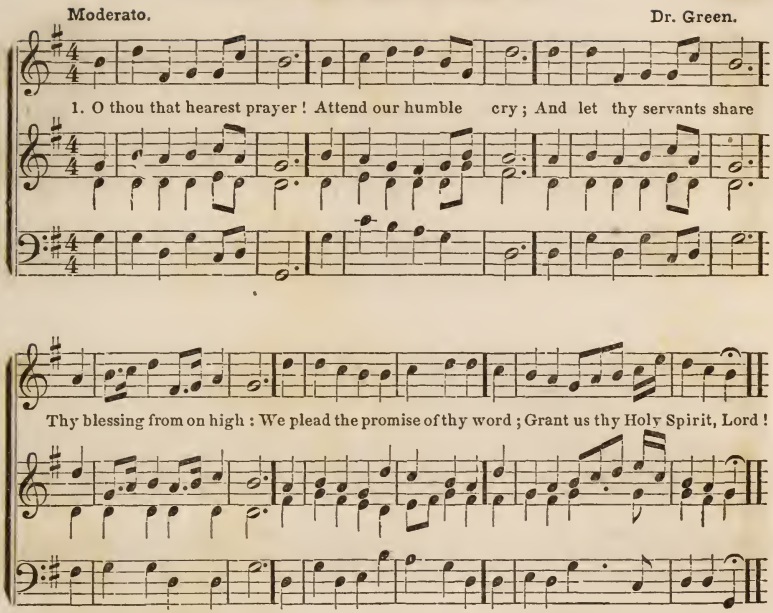
Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Savior forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God!
Our tongues would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath shed his blood and died :
My guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside :
His precious blood did once atone ;
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our conqueror and our King!
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing ;
Thine is the power ; Oh! make us sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.



303.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our Heavenly Father thou;—
We, children of thy grace:
Oh! let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh! send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

304.

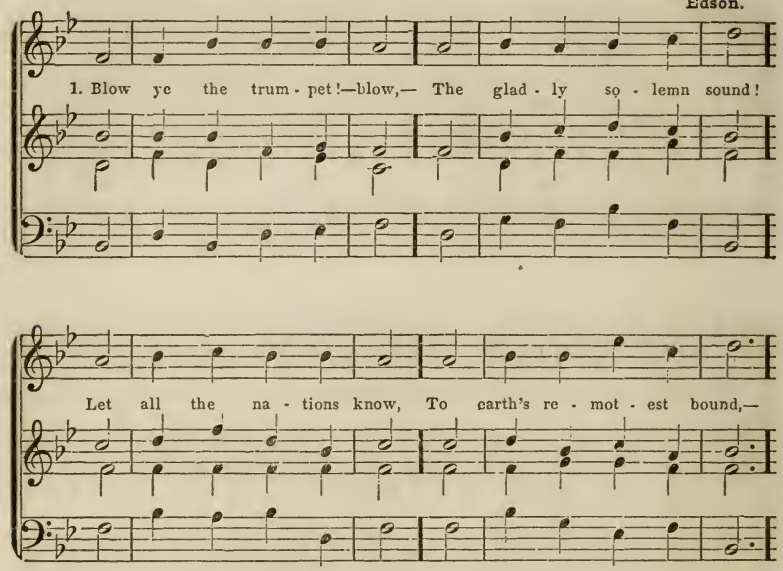
Rejoicing in God.

1 TO your Creator, God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand!
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice proclaim his power,
His name adore, and loud rejoice.

2 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise, from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.

3 But Oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow;
Your voices raise above the rest;
Ye highly blest! declare his praise.

4 Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise my heart, my tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.



305.

The Jubilee Proclaimed.

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

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,—
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell!
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home

4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls! draw near,
Behold your Savior's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits! rest,
Ye mourning souls! be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

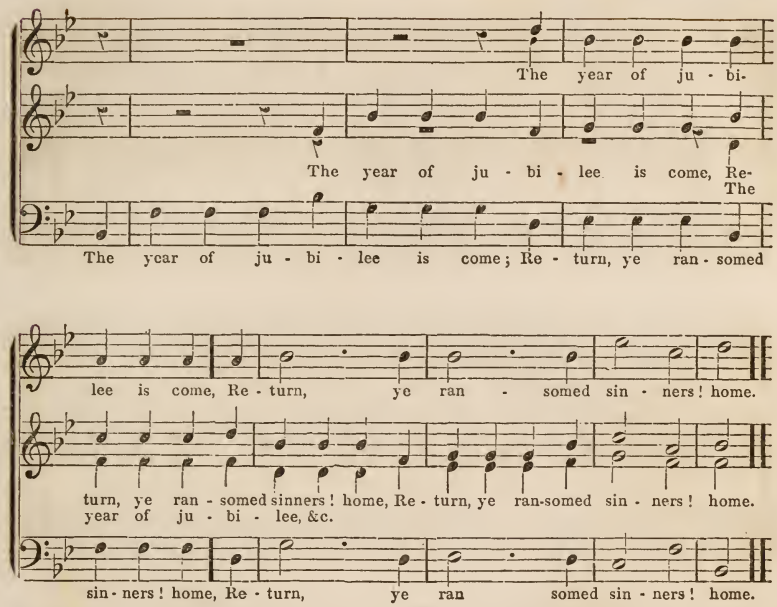
306.

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair
The dwellings of thy love.
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh! happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear;
Oh! happy men who pay
Their constant service there;
They praise thee still: and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh! glorious seat, when God, our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.



307.

The Sabbath in the house of God.

1 TO spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow on Jacob's race
Peculiar grace and glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts!
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

General Ascriptions of Praise.

LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme;
Let nature raise from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.

308.

Longing for God's House.

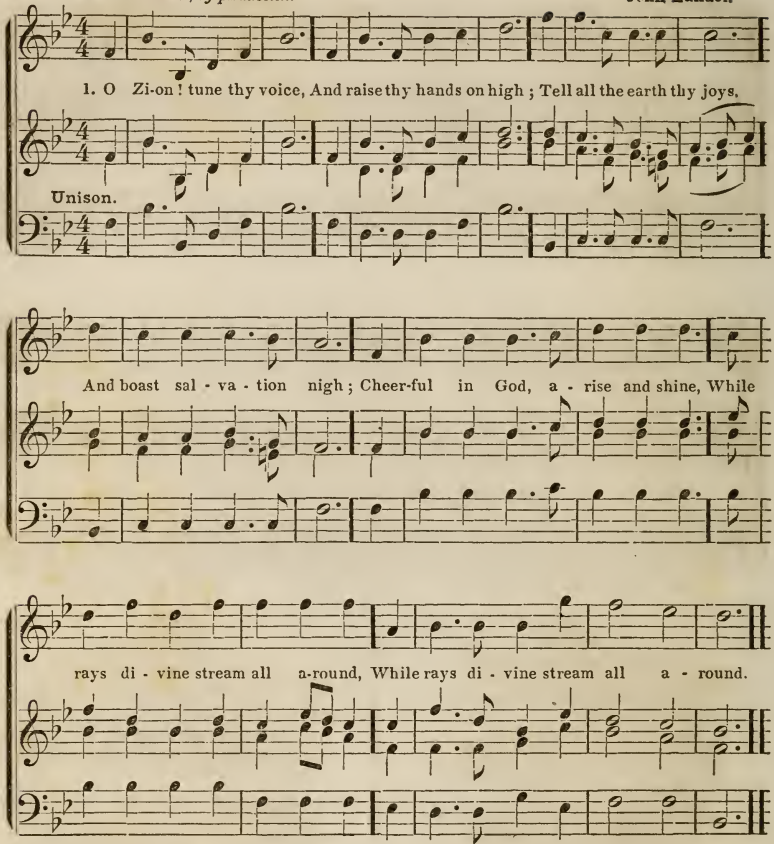
1 HOW lovely and how fair,
O Lord of hosts! to me
Thy tabernacles are!
My flesh cries out for thee;
My heart and soul, with heavenward fire,
To thee, the living God, aspire.

2 Lord God of hosts! give ear,
A gracious answer yield;
O God of Jacob! hear:
Behold! O God, our shield!
Look on thine own anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

3 Lord! I would rather stand
A keeper at thy gate,
Than at the king's right hand,
In tents of worldly state;
One day within thy courts—one day
Is worth a thousand cast away.

4 God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed;
God is a shield of might,
To guard the faithful head;
O Lord of hosts! how happy he,—
The man who puts his trust in thee

From the Metronome, by permission. John Zundel.



309.

Rejoicing in a Revival.

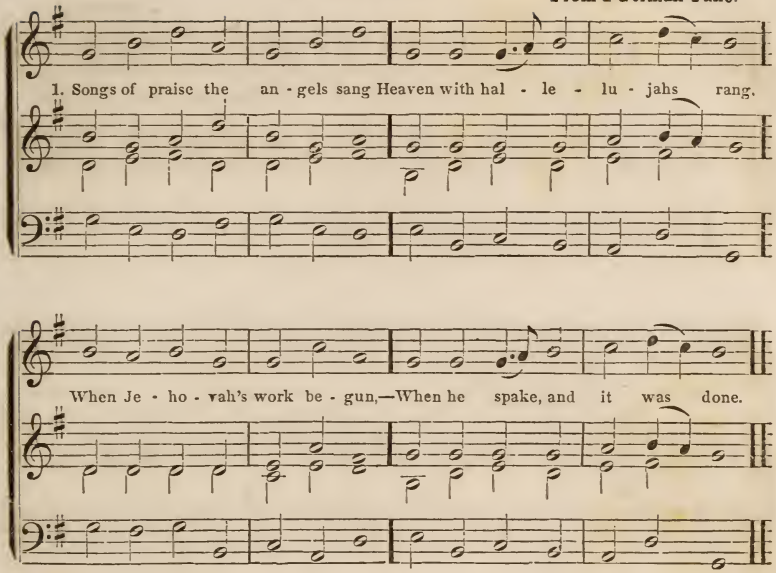
1 O ZION! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round, thy form shall view,
With lustre new divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And, with his radiance, fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While, round his throne, ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, his influence own.

From a German Tune.



310.

Universal Praise to God.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,—
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

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

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

311.

A Blessing humbly Requested.

1 LORD! we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;—
Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?

2 Lord! on thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

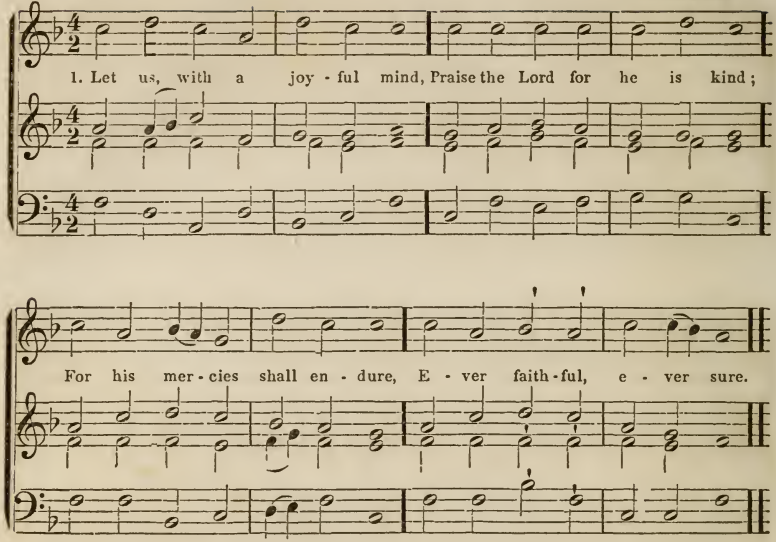
3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord! we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message, from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant, that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free—
Let us all rejoice in thee.

J. F. Rotscher.



312.

God's Mercies Sure.

1 LET us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

313.

Rejoicing in Jesus

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

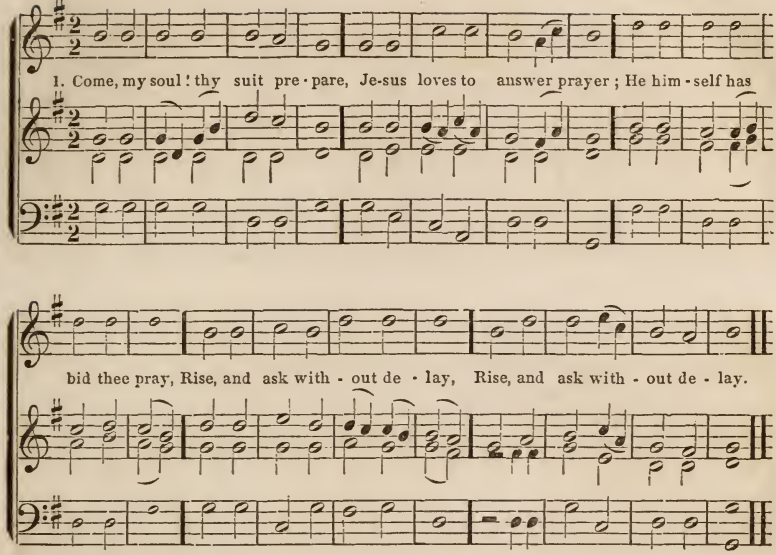
3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your sinful fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

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

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of the Lord's redeeming love.

Rev. Dr. Malan.



314.

Sin Bewailed.

2 With my burden I begin;—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend;—
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

315.

The Mind that was in Christ.

1 FATHER of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,—
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
To thy will:—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,—
Rise with him, to thee, my God!

316.

Parting of Christians.

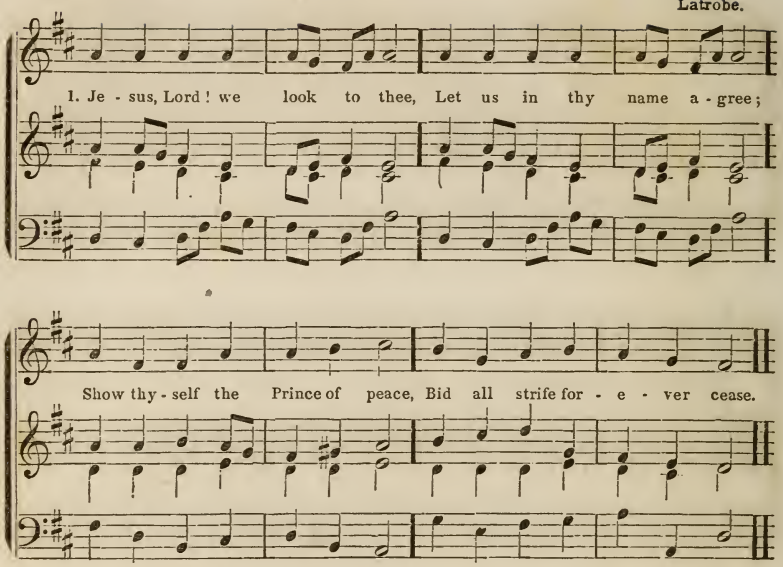
1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.

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

3 In thy strength, may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Grant, that if we live, ere long
We may meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

Latrobe.



317.

Christian Union and Love.

1 JESUS, Lord! we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.

3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

4 Let us, then, with joy remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,—
Showing how believers die.

318.

Influences of the Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! forever thine.

319.

Prayer for Light and Sanctification.

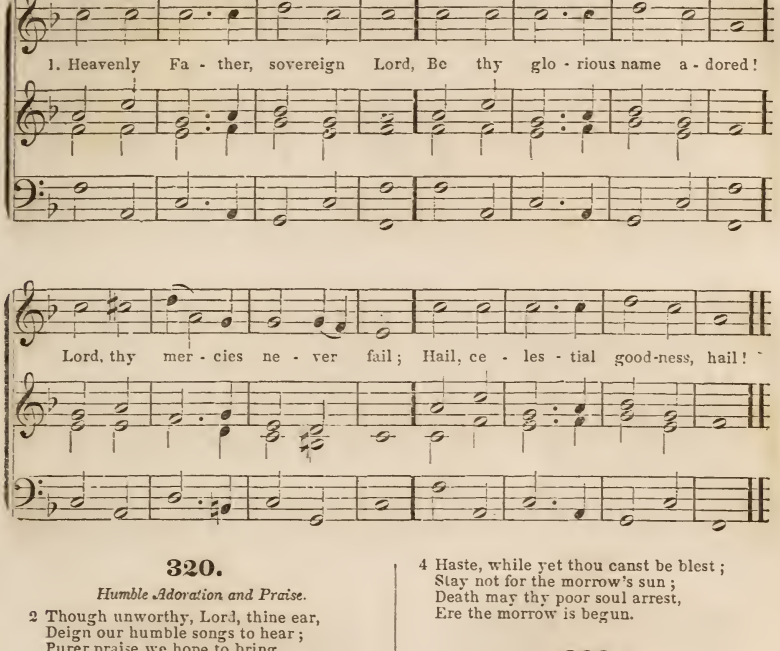
1 HOLY GHOST! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine:
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine:
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme,—and reign alone

Pleyel.



320.

Humble Adoration and Praise.

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

321.

The Sinner Warned.

1 HASTE, O sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Death may thy poor soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

322.

Pleading with God.

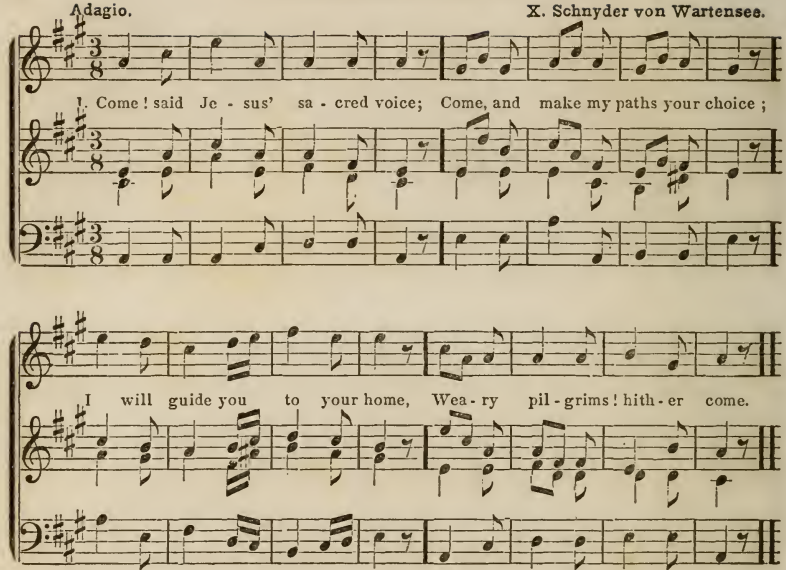
1 LORD! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once, a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free,—
Lord that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen:
Yet have been upheld till now:—
Who could hold me up but thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.



323.

The Invitations of Jesus.

1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrims! hither come.

2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure!

324.

Access to God Everywhere.

1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;—
God is present everywhere.

4 Then my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

325.

Christ, our Hope.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,—
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ,

2 Let thy love my heart inflame;
Keep thy fear before my sight;
Be thy praise my highest aim;
Be thy smile my chief delight.

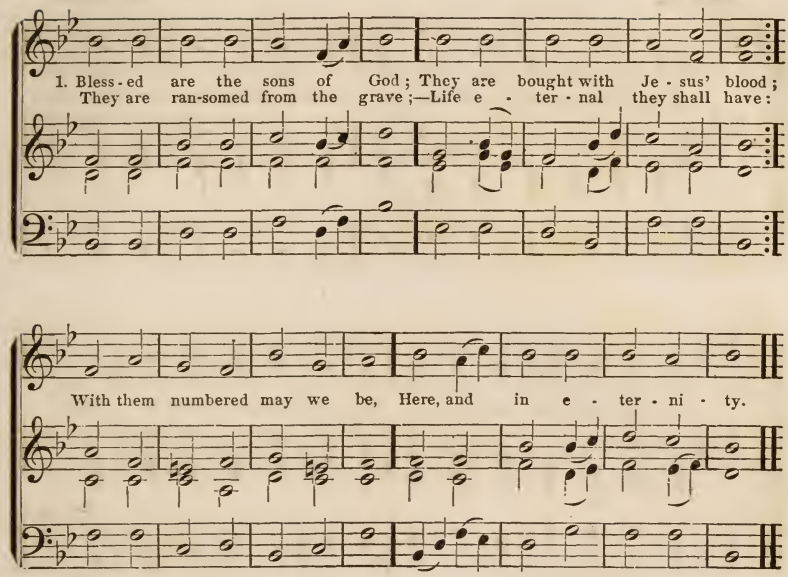
3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give:
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

4 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

5 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul

6 Thus,—Oh! thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it, "gain to die."

Dr. Malan.



326.

Privileges of Adoption.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy the Savior's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

327.

Sun of Righteousness.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,—
Sun of Righteousness! arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high! be near,
Day-star! in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,—
Peace and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief:
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

328.

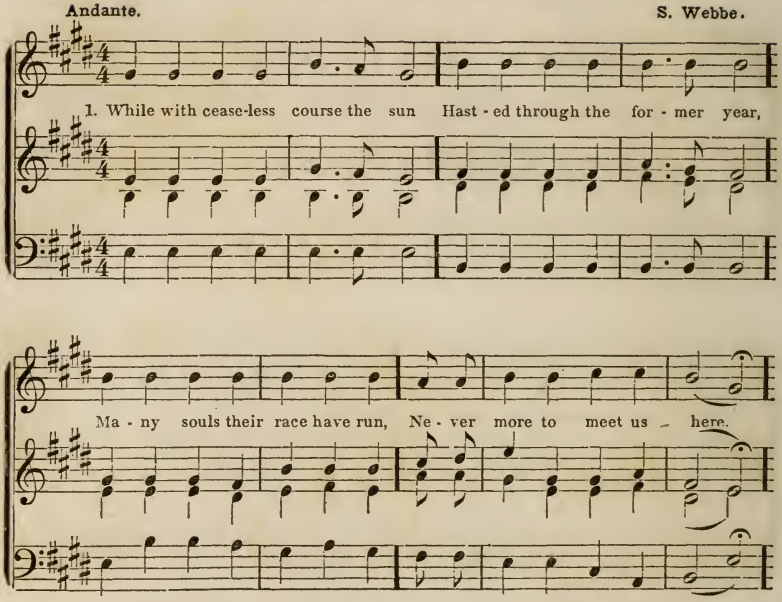
Child-like Trust in God.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive:
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that thou wilt care,—
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

BENEVENTO. 7s. (Double.)



329.

The Past Year Reviewed.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive:
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes:
Let our prayer thy pity move,
Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

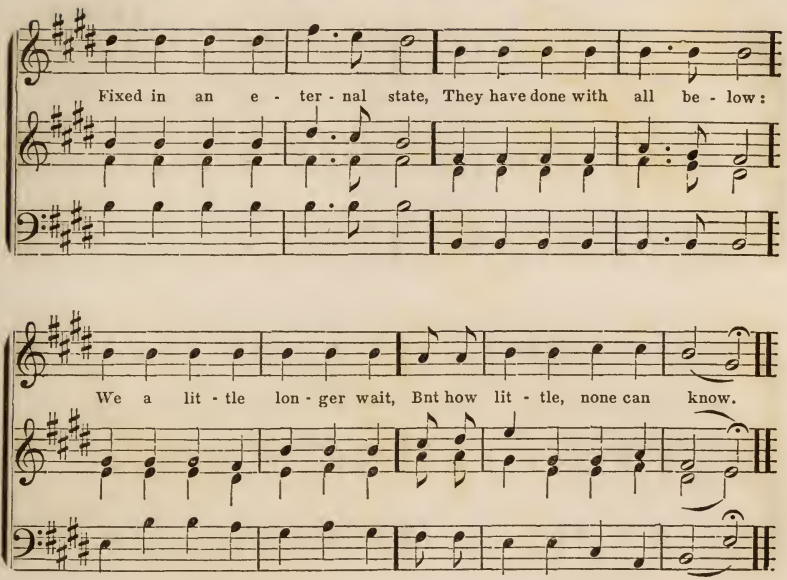
330.

Expostulation with Sinners.

1 SINNERS! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you--Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live,--
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures! why,
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you—Why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live:—
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners! why,
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
Many a time with you he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye guilty sinners! why—
Why will ye forever die?



331.

The Songs and Bliss of Heaven.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above:
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love:
Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find—
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,—
Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast:
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest

332.

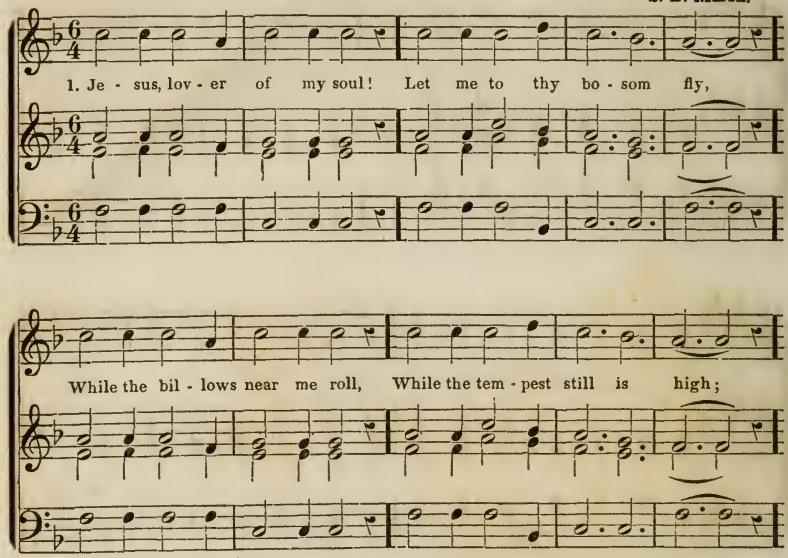
The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion, every hour!"

2 These through fiery trials trod,—
These from great affliction came:
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand.
Through their dear Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them, the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispel all fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

S. B. Marsh.



333.

Jesus, the Refuge.

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed:
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

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

334.

Love to the Saints.

1 PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
Oh! receive me into rest.

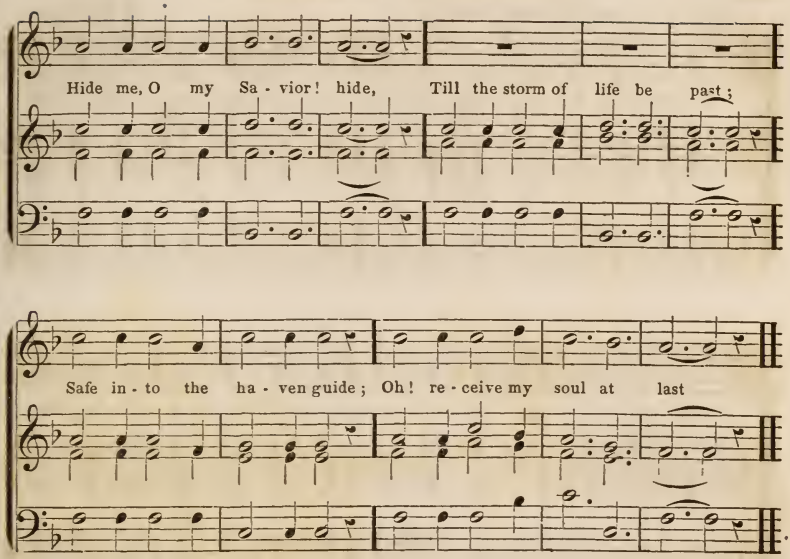
2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell, shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,—
Every idol I resign.

335.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 PRAISE to God!—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

2 These to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessings flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.



336.

Love to Christ.

1 HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
"Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee, wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the hights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,—
Oh! for grace to love thee more.

337.

The Victory of the Saints.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,—
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,—
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,—
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

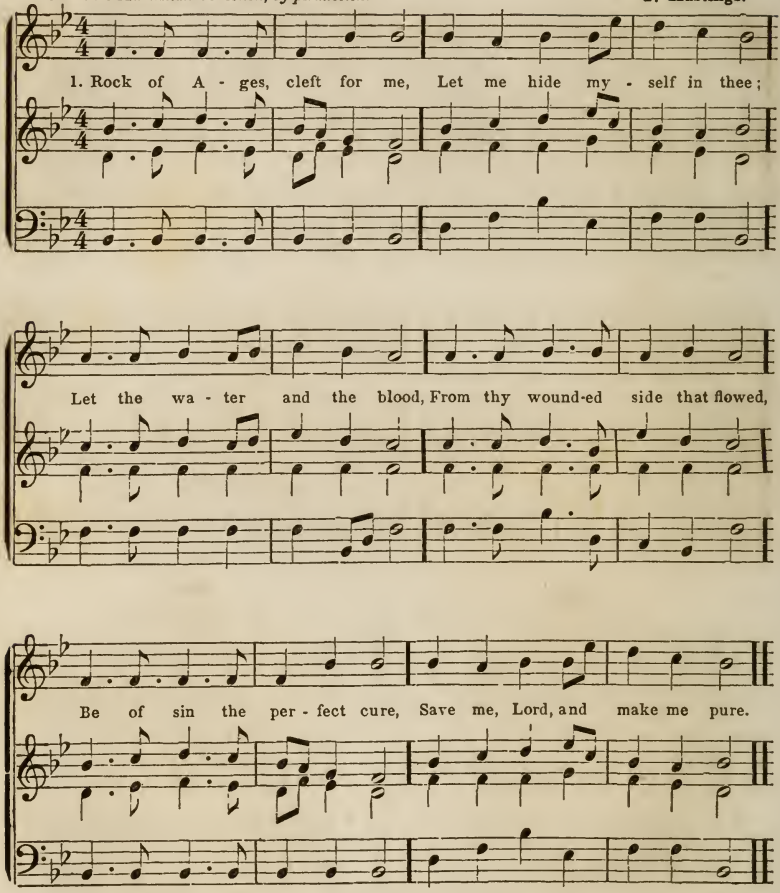
4 Round the altar, priests confess,—
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Savior's righteousness
And his blood that made them so.

5 Who were these?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,—
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

ZADOC. 7s. 6 lines.

From the Manhattan Collection, by permission. **T. Hastings.**



338.

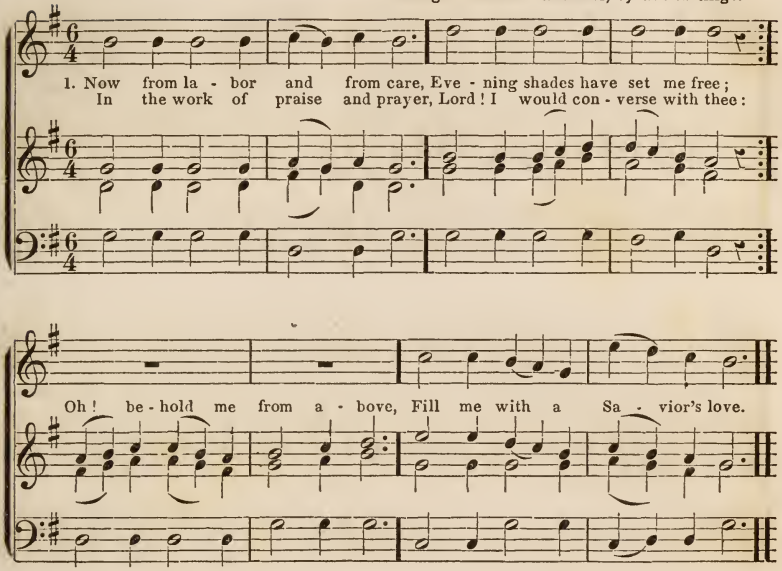
Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

2 While I draw this fleeing breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Arranged from the German, by T. Hastings.



339.

Repose and Devotion.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Savior's melting voice:
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

340.

Sinners Urged to Accept the Invitation.

1 YE! who in his courts are found,
Listening 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.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See, in him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

341.

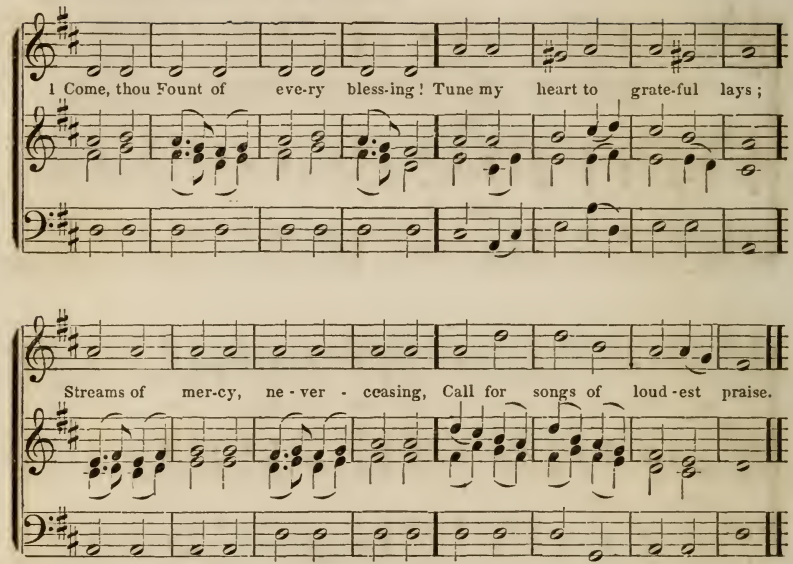
The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;—
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord! a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.



342.

Redeeming Love.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger
Interposed his precious blood.

4 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord! like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

5 Prone to wander,—Lord! I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Oh! take and seal it,—
Seal it from thy courts above.

343.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOR! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

344.

Jesus Exalted to the Throne.

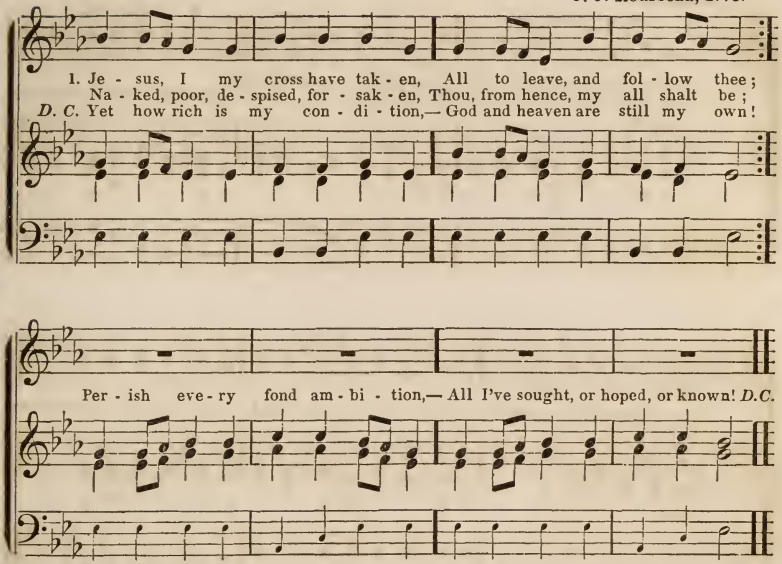
1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

J. J. Rousseau, 1775.



346.

Taking up the Cross.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Perish, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, life is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me—
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

347.

Joyful Hope.

1 KNOW, my soul! thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think, what spirit dwells within thee;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine;
Think, what Jesus did to win thee;—
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

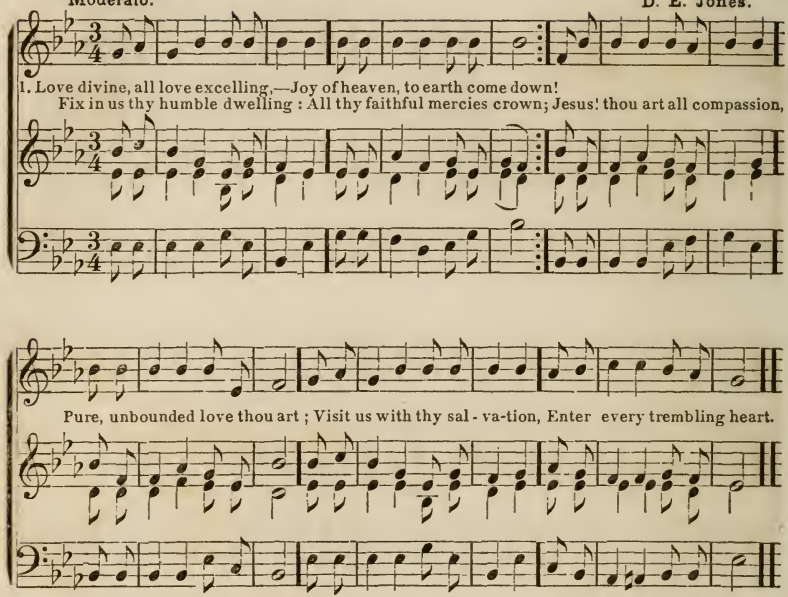
2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

348.

Pilgrim.

1 GENTLY, Lord! Oh! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended
Bid us on thy bosom rest.
Till by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.



349.

Love Divine.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe,—Oh! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,—
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

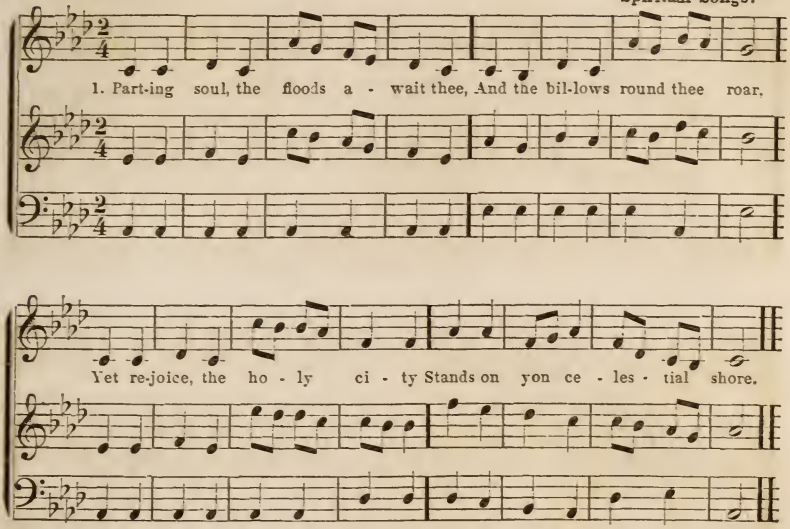
350.

The Light of the World.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and, by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Savior!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.



351.

To a Dying Saint.

1 PARTING soul, the floods await thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice; the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.

2 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.

3 Linger not, the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise;
He who passed the flood before thee
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

352.

Weep not for me.

1 WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the opening tomb.

2 What if death, with icy fingers,
All the fount of life congeals?
'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
'Tis not death his spirit feels.

3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
Though with grief thy heart is riven;
While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is filled with heaven.

4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.

5 Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear;
Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there

353.

An Evening Hymn.

1 SAVIOR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

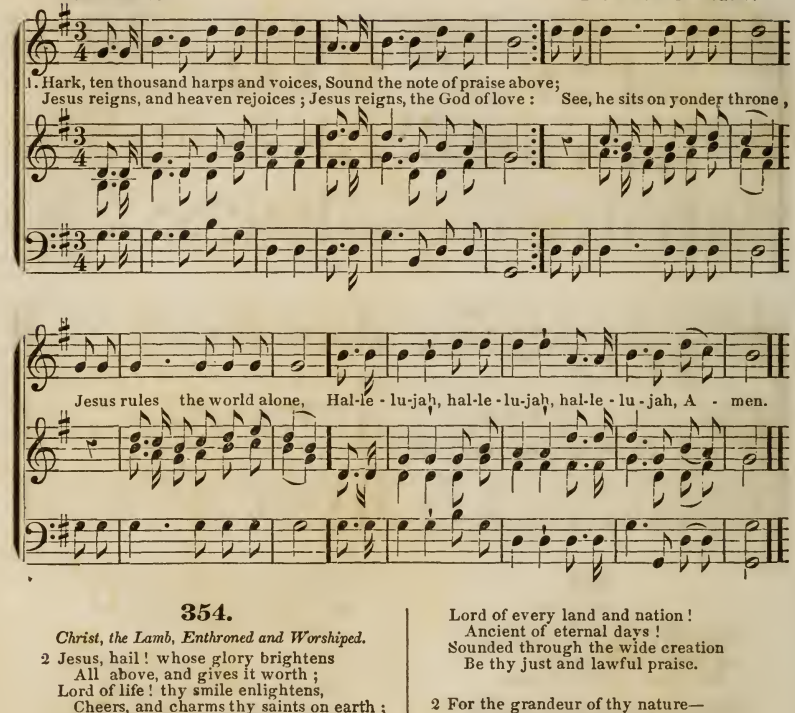
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us:
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7s. (Or 8s & 7s, Double.)

Animated. From Carmina Sacra.



354.

Christ, the Lamb, Enthroned and Worshiped.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.
Hallelujah &c.

3 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah &c.

4 Savior! hasten thine appearing,
Bring—oh bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah &c.

355.

Praise to God the Savior.

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;—
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought,—
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long;—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise! forever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Savior!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

[*Hymns in 8s, 7s and 4s may be adapted to Harwell by repeating the last two lines of poetry.*]

356.

Glory of the Church.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
To supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;—
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows his thirst t' assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

357.

Good Tidings of great Joy to all people.

1 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed 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.

358.

The Day-Spring.

1 CHRISTIAN! see—the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high:
Hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

2 Heathen at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing,—
First-fruits of more perfect praise:
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

3 Zion's Sun!—salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,—
Rise and shine, till brighter gleamings,
All the world thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

4 Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread thy truth from pole to pole,
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Til it shine on every soul:
Hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

359.

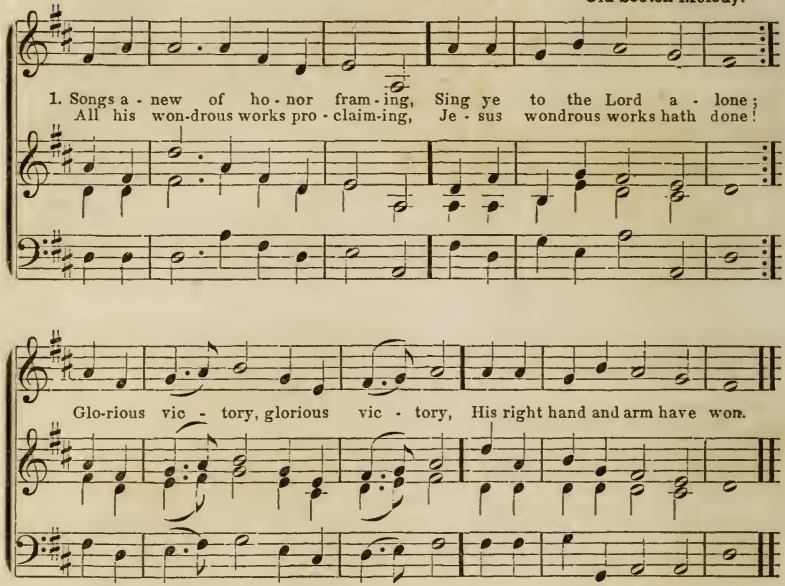
The song of the Angels at Bethlehem.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise;
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
'Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

2 'Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, 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.

3 '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!
Hasten, mortals, &c. (*repeated.*)

Old Scotch Melody.



360.

Glorious and Joyful Reign of Christ.

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told;
Tidings spread through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold;
All the heathen,
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud, and hail the Savior;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim!
As ye triumph in his favor,
All ye lands declare his fame:
Loud rejoicing,
Shout the honors of his name!

361.

The same.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear,
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

362.

Coronation of the King of kings.

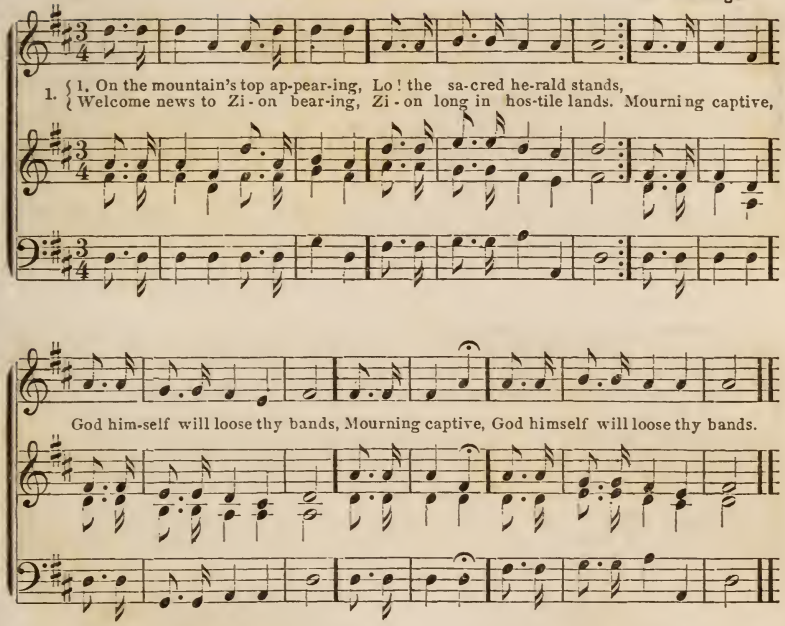
1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious
See the man of sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him—crown him!
Crowns become the victors brow.

2 Crown the Savior, angels! crown him
Rich the trophies Jesus brings.
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown him—crown him!—
Crown the Savior, King of kings

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Savior's claim:
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him—Crown him!—
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

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

Th. Hastings.



363.

The Heralds of Salvation.

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

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

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

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

364.

God's unchanging care and love.

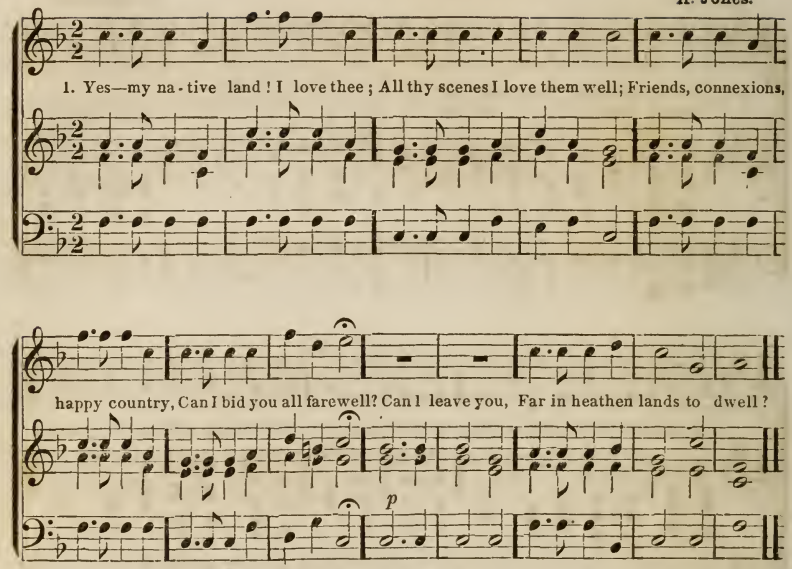
1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion!
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;—
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

4 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion!
What a favored lot is thine!

A. Jones.



365.

The Missionary's Farewell.

2 Home !—thy joys are passing lovely,—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell ;
Happy home !—'tis sure I love thee !
Can I—can I say—Farewell ?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !
Can I say a last farewell ?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

4 Yes ! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well ;
Far away, ye billows ! bear me ;
Lovely native land !—farewell !
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell !
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell :
Glad I bid thee,
Native land !—Farewell !—Farewell !

366.

The Expiring Savior.

1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See !—it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky :
"It is finished !"—
Hear the dying Savior cry.

2 "It is finished !"—Oh ! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord
"It is finished !"—
Saints ! the dying words record.

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

367.

Invitation to Sinners.

1 COME, ye sinners! heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall.—
If you wait till you are better,
You will never come at all:
Sinners only,
Christ, the Savior, came to call.

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

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Savior prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:
"It is finished"—
Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

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

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!—
Sinners here may sing the same.

368.

The Voice of Mercy.

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

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3 Haste, O sinner! to the Savior;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;—
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

369.

Children exhorted.

1 CHILDREN! hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'T is the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh! receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Savior's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting,—
Will you not his grace receive?

370.

Glad Tidings.

1 SINNERS! will you scorn the message
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy speaks in every passage;
Every line is full of love;
Oh! believe it,—
Every line is full of love.

2 Now, the heralds of salvation
Joyful news from heaven proclaim:—
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving—
Through the all-atoning Lamb.

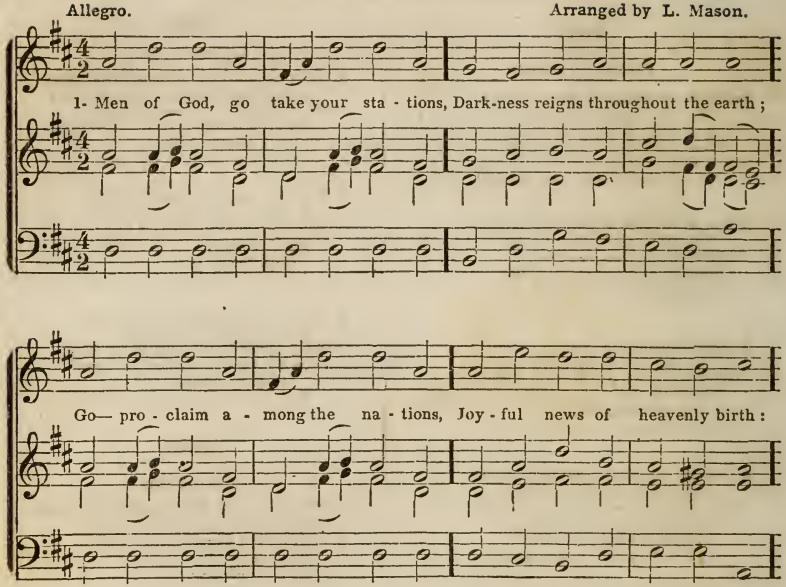
3 Who hath their report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Freely offered by the Lord?
Life immortal,—
Freely offered by the Lord.

371.

Cast down, yet hoping.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fear begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stained with sin;
Jesus lives;—he'll ne'er forget thee;
He will make thee pure within.
He is faithful
To perform his precious word.



372

Christ's Messengers.

1 Men of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
Go proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth :
Bear the tidings—
Tidings of the Savior's worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed,—
'Tis the power of God to save ;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave :
Blessed freedom !
Freedom Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend ;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend :
He is with you,—
He will guide you to the end.

373.

The Day Breaking.

1 YES ! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand :
God, the mighty God is speaking
By his word in every land :
God is speaking—
Darkness flies at his command.

2 With the voice of joy and singing
Let us hail the dawning ray ;
Lo ! the blessed day-star, bringing,
O'er the earth a glorious day :
At his rising,
Gloom and darkness flee away.

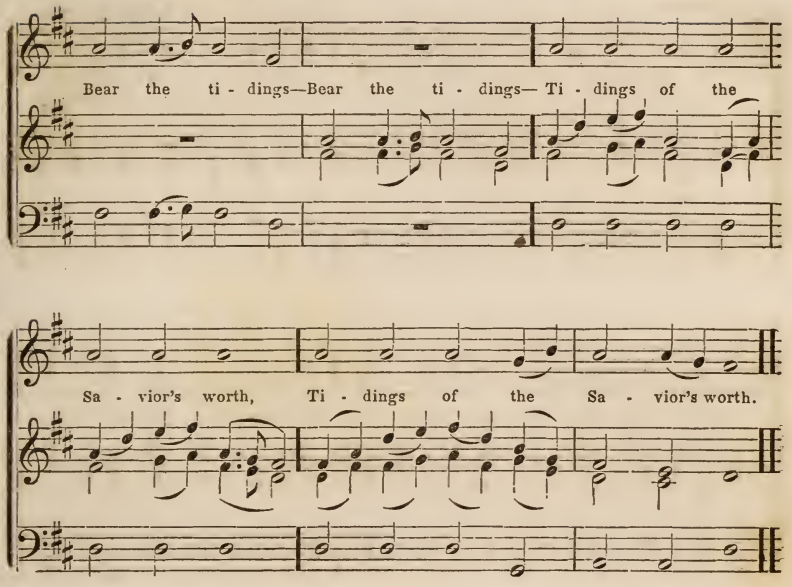
374.

The Fountain of Salvation.

1 SEE ! from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow ;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below :
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way ;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay :
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo ! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose
Lo ! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows



375.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze ;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;—
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth !

2 Light of them who sit in error !
Rise and shine—thy blessings bring ;
Light—to lighten all the Gentiles—
Rise with healing in thy wing :
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshiping before him,
Serve the living God alone :
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word ; at thy command
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land :
Lord ! be with them
Always till time's latest end.

376.

Dawning of the Latter-Day.

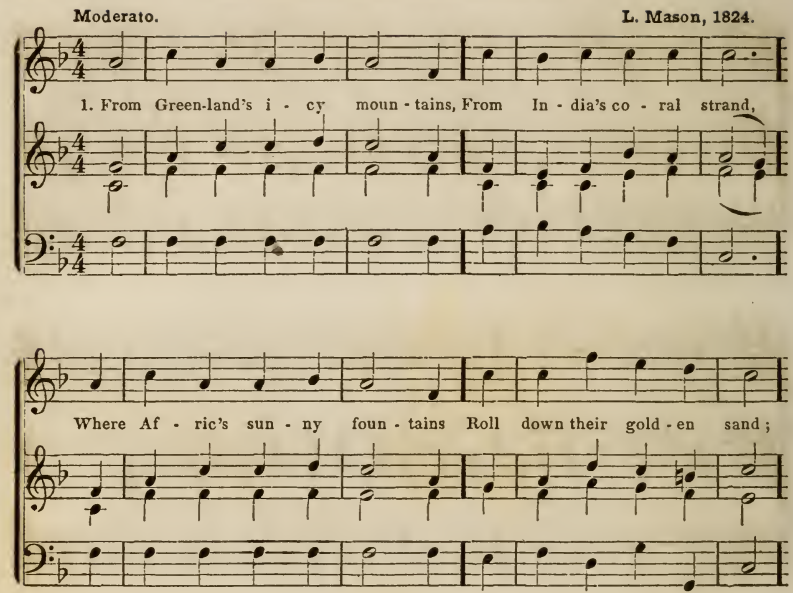
1 LOOK, ye saints ! the day is breaking ;
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God, the mighty God is speaking
By his word in every land ;
Day advances,—
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Savior is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad :
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious !
Let thy people see thy power ;
Let the Gospel be victorious,
Through the world for evermore ;
Then shall idols
Perish, while thy saints adore.

Doxology.

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit joined in glory,
On the same eternal throne :
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one



377.

The State of the Heathen.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!—
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation,
Has learned Messiah's name.

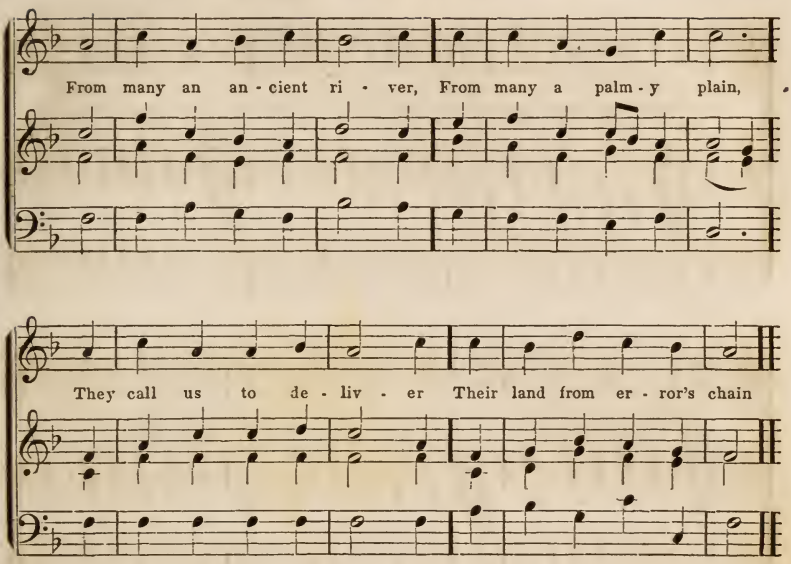
4 Waft—waft, ye winds! his story,
And you, ye waters roll,—
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

378.

The Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.



3 He shall come down, like sh owers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

Doxology.

Endless Praises.

WE'LL praise thy name forever,—
Thou wondrous King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

379.

Praise to the Savior.

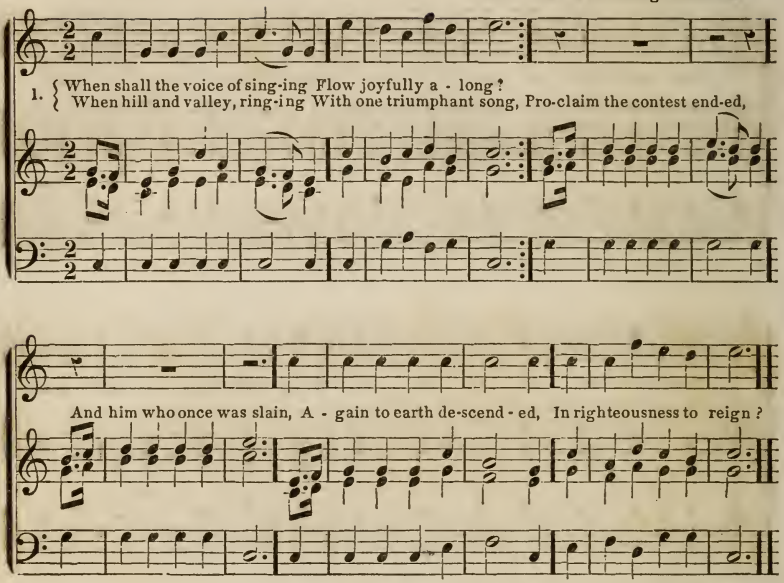
[*This Hymn may also be sung to Newton, p.* 156.]

1 TO thee, my God and Savior!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear;
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee;—
What could an angel more?

From Jones's Evening Melodies.



380.

The final Victory of Christ.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

381.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

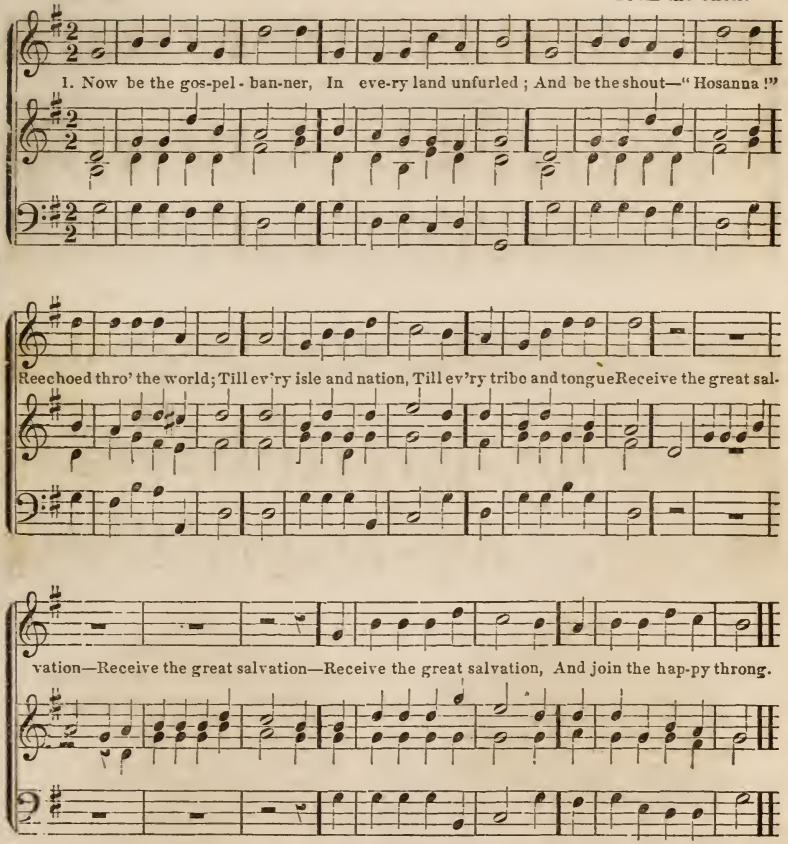
2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be.
Though far from us who love them—
Still let them be with thee.

3 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

Doxology.

Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
Oh! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

From the Choir.



381.

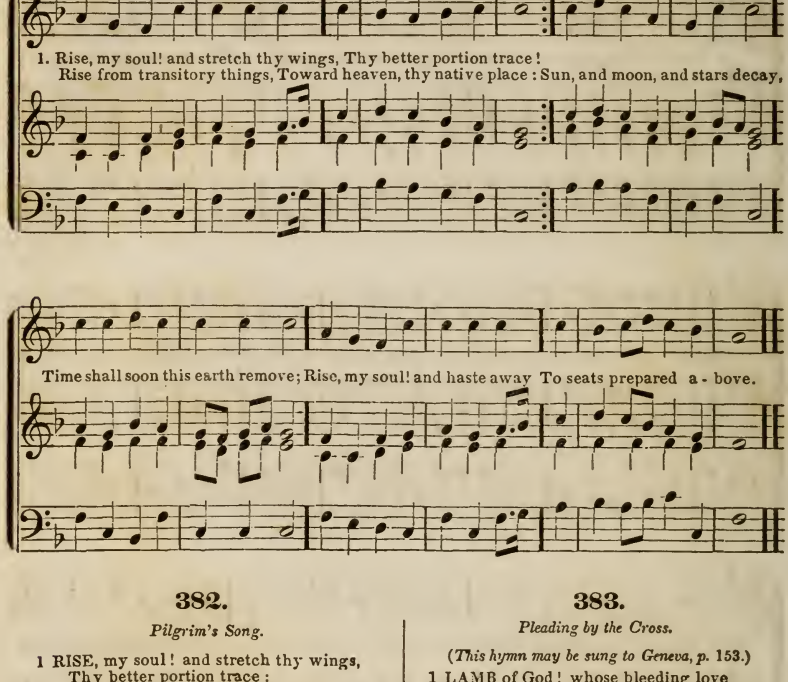
The Gospel-Banner.

1 NOW be the gospel-banner,
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout,—"Hosanna!"—
Reechoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,—
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes—thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Dr. Nares.



382.

Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul; and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

383.

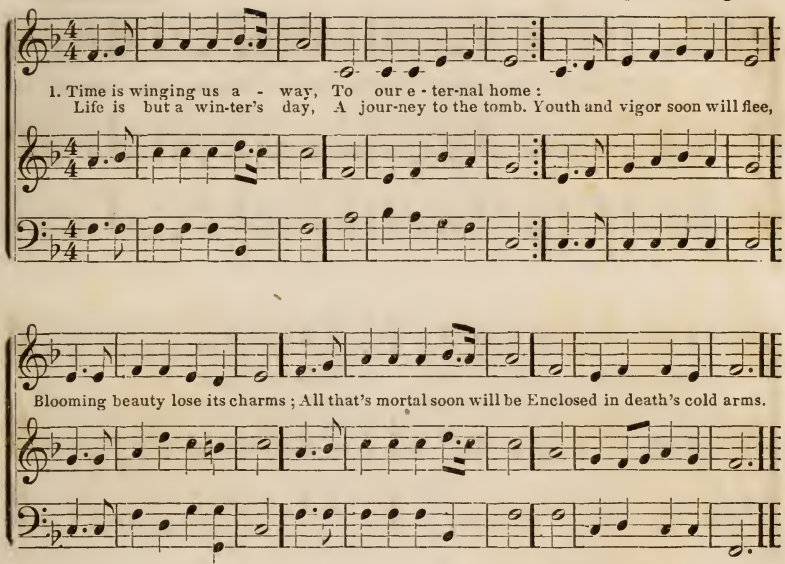
Pleading by the Cross.

(*This hymn may be sung to Geneva, p.* 153.)

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,—
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee;
Every burdened soul release;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Can we ever hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve?
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee
Till renewed by holiness,—
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.



384.

Flight of Time.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms :
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

385.

Christ and him Crucified.

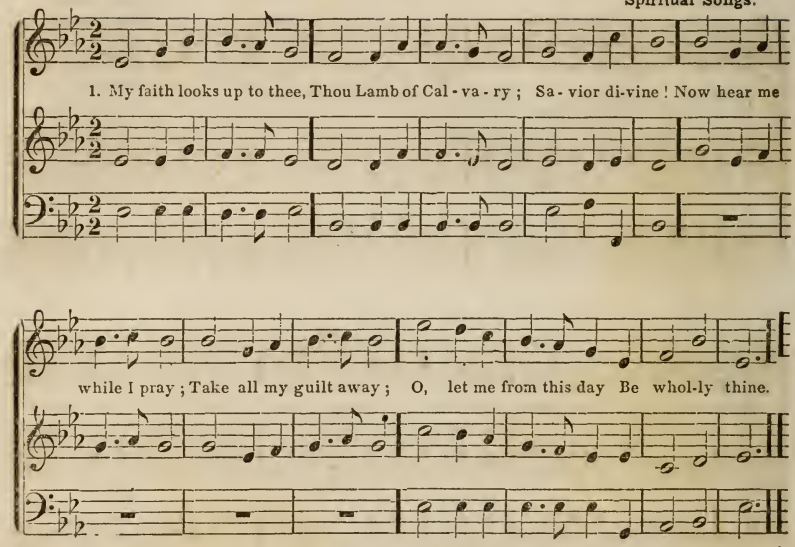
1 VAIN, delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasure I forego ;
All thy wealth and all thy pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Turning to my rest again,
The Savior I adore ;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end,
This is all my happiness
On Jesus to depend—
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favor to abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Doxology.

FATHER, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die ;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify :
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is changed to heaven.



386.

Christ, our Confidence.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary ;
Savior divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh ! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh ! may my love to thee,
Pure. warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

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

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

387.

Worthy the Lamb.

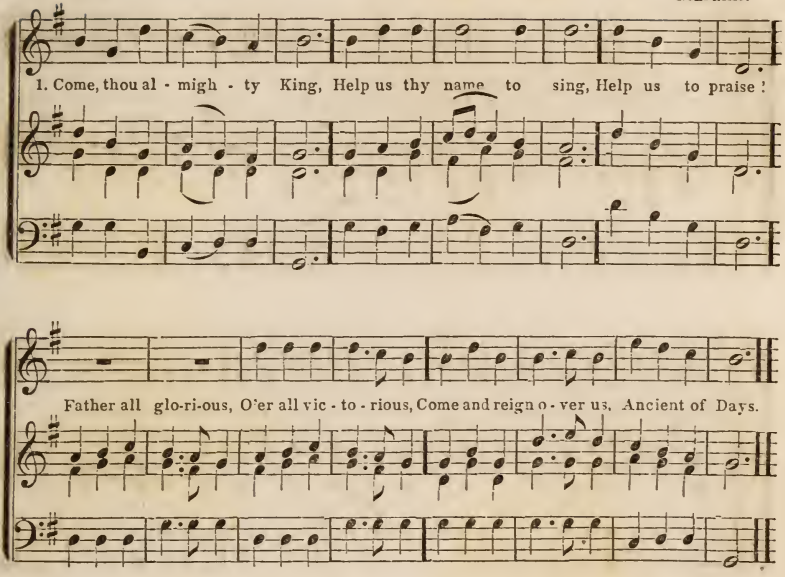
1 "GLORY to God on high !"
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name !"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join all ye ransomed race
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye his name :
On him we fix our choice,
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice—
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we close our race,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name :
But as we upward wing,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through the heavens sing—
"Worthy the Lamb."

Giardini.



388.

Invocation.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Jesus, our glorious Lord,
Our prayer attend;
Come and thy people bless,
Come give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

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

4 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see
And to eternity,
Love and adore!

389.

Let there be Light.

1 Thou whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight—
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
Oh! now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

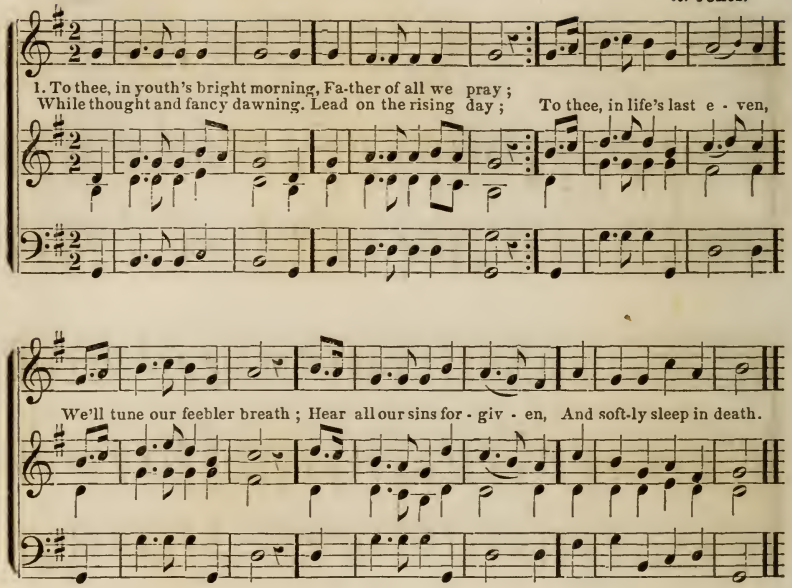
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

Doxology.

Boundless Praise.

1 TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—three in one,
All praise be given!
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong—
On earth—in heaven.

A. Jones.



390.

Prayer and Praise.

2 When from death's sleep we waken,
No fear shall us surprise ;
All earthly things forsaken,
What joys shall meet our eyes !
With raptures then increasing,
For ever we'll rejoice ;
And praises never-ceasing,
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

3 Though vine nor fig-tree either
Its fruit or leaves should bear ;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice :
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

391.

The Sun of Righteousness.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings,
The Lord of Life arises,
And his salvation brings.
While comforts are declining,
He sees us in distress ;
Then heals us by his shining,
The Sun of Righteousness,

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Then freed from care and sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring hither what it may.

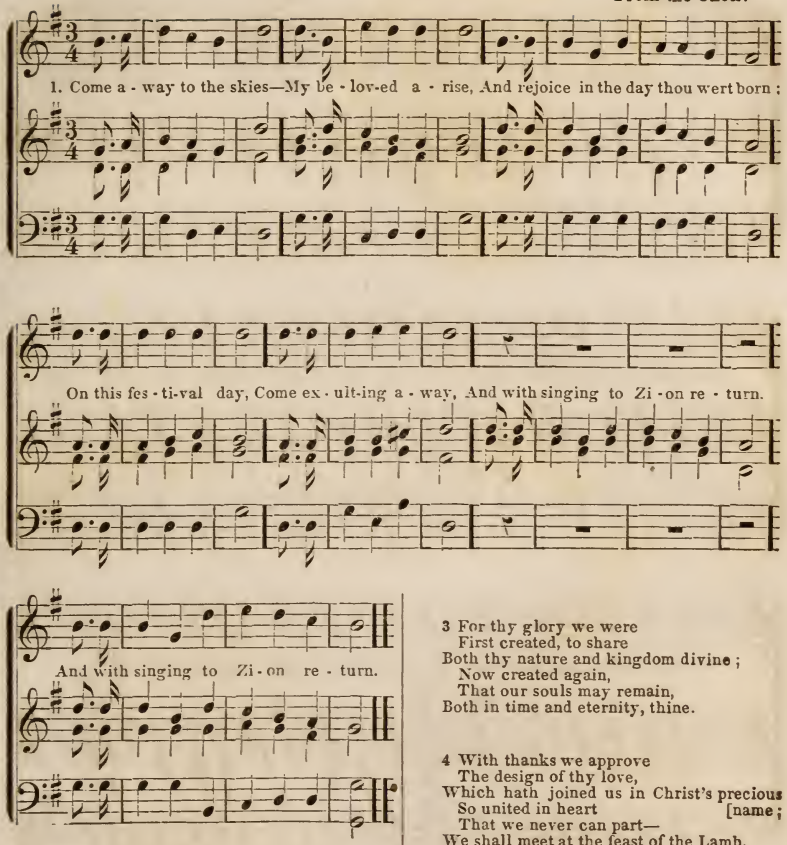
392.

Christ the great Physician.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
'Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can save a ruin'd soul !
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave.
To show to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Then come to this Physician,
For life he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition :
'Tis only—*look, and live !*

From the Choir.



393.

Prospect of Heaven.

1 COME away to the skies—
My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wert born ;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

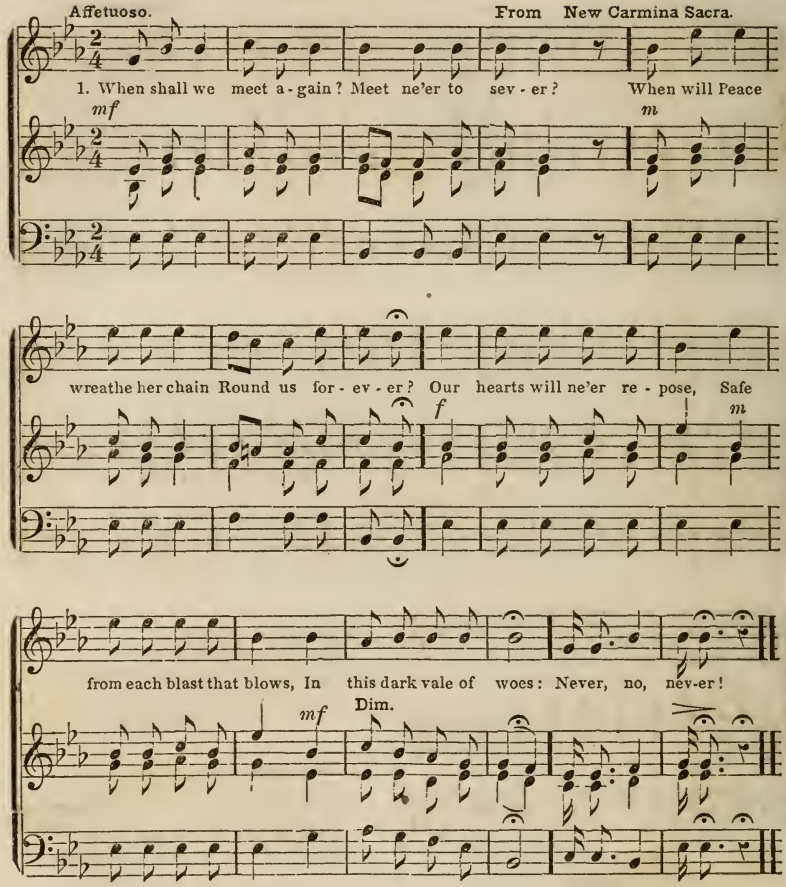
2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below ;
The redeemed of the Lord—
We remember his word,
And with singing, to paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were
First created, to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine ;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath joined us in Christ's precious [name ;
So united in heart
That we never can part—
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, Oh ! there, at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more ;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior, in glory, adore.

6 "Hallelujah !"—we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah !"—again—
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.



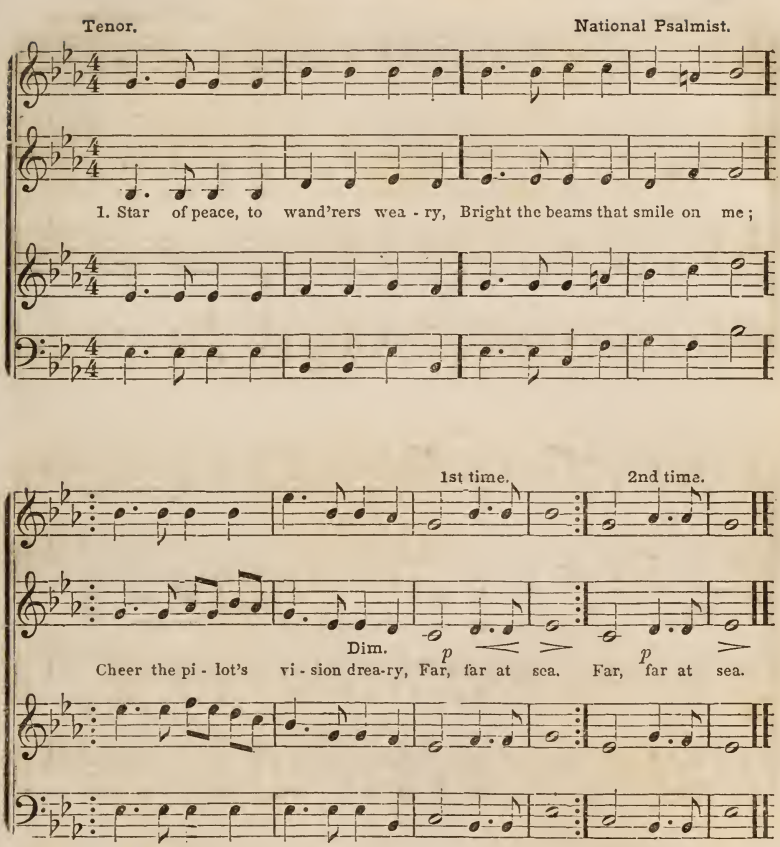
394.

The Meeting of Friends in Heaven.

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Savior!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes:
Our songs of praise shall close
Never, no, never!



395.

Star of Peace, Hope, and Faith.

THE SEAMAN'S HYMN.

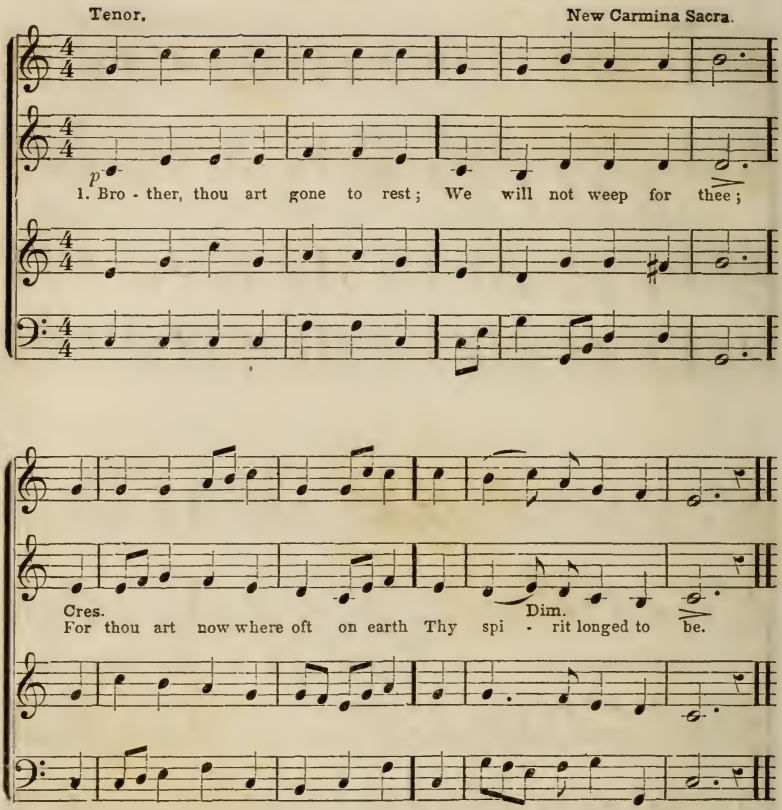
1 STAR of peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee:
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, oh! safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

5 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.



396.

The Rest of Heaven.

1 BROTHER, thou art gone to rest;
We will not weep for thee;
For thou art now where oft on earth
Thy spirit longed to be.

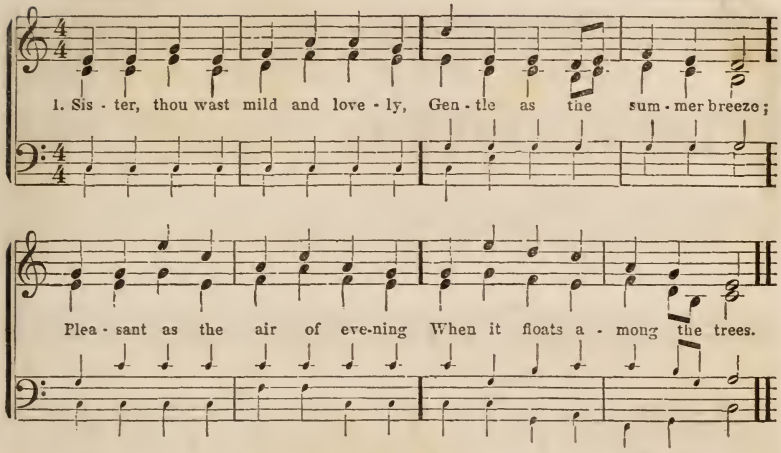
2 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an earthly tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away;
Thy Savior called thee home.

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest,—
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now,
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.

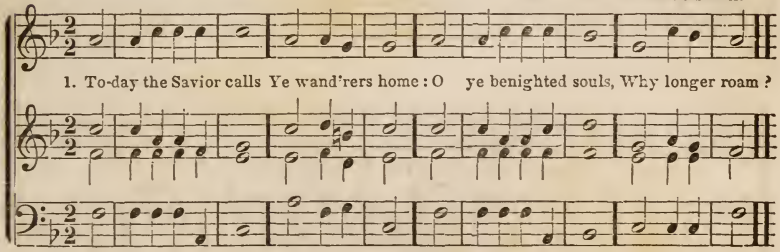
5 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer,—
That when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

Slow and soft. From Carmina Sacra.



TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS. 6s & 4s.

L. Mason.



397.

Death of a Schoolmate.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shall know.

3 Dearest Sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

398.

To-day.

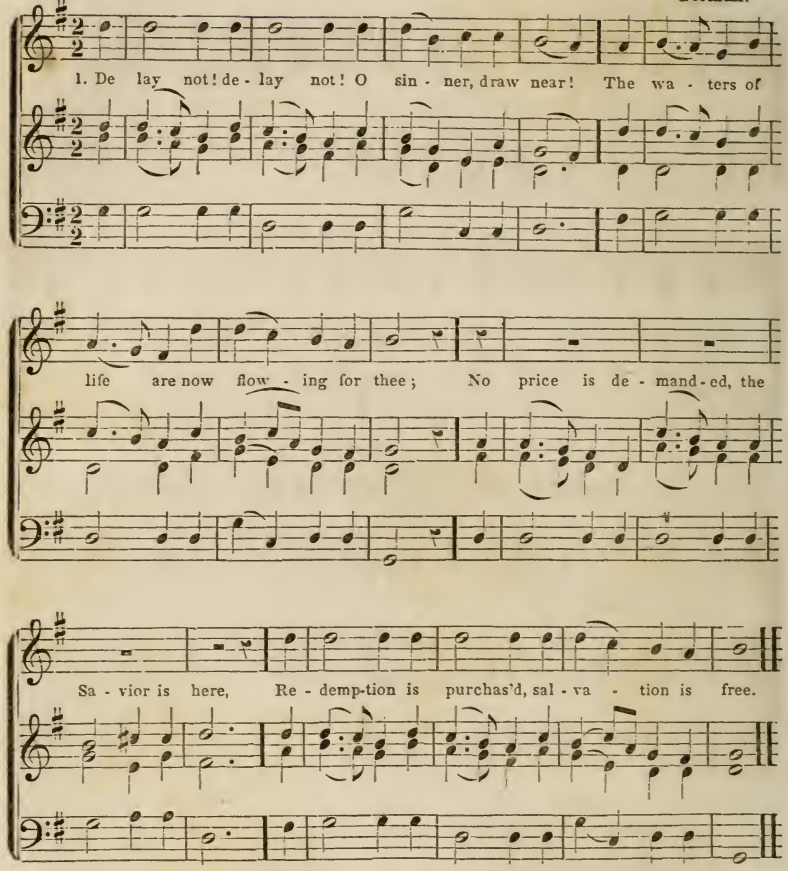
1 TO-DAY the Savior calls!
Ye wanderers come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam.

2 To-day the Savior calls!
Oh! listen now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power:
Oh! grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.

German.



399.

Delay not.

2 Delay not! delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood!

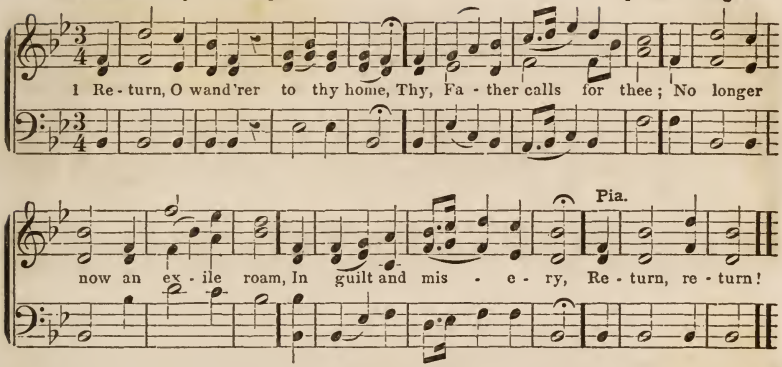
3 Delay not! delay not! O sinner. to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not! delay not! the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5 Delay not! delay not! the hour is at hand:—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the Judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

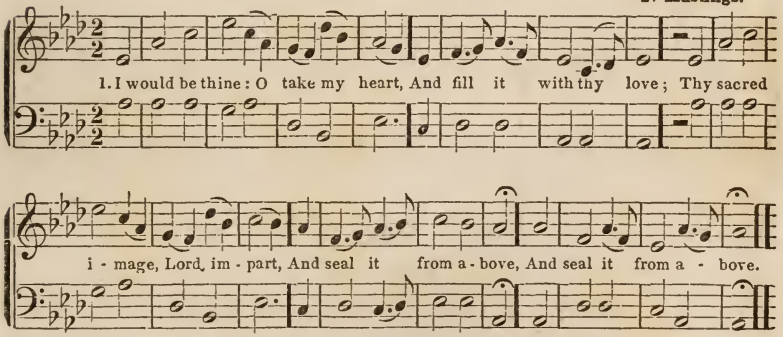
RETURN. C. M. (Peculiar.)

Words and Music by T. Hastings. Spiritual Songs.



CHESTER. C. M.

T. Hastings.



400.

The Wanderer Entreated.

1 RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery:
Return, return!

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say—come;
Oh! now for refuge flee;
Return, return!

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return!

401.

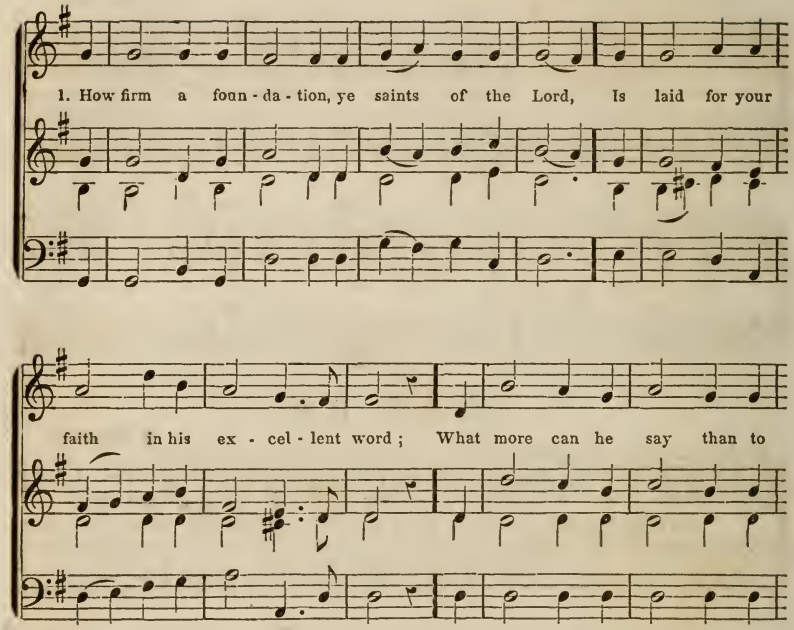
I would be Thine.

1 I WOULD be thine; O take my heart,
And fill it with thy love:
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within;—
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Savior, and adore:
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.



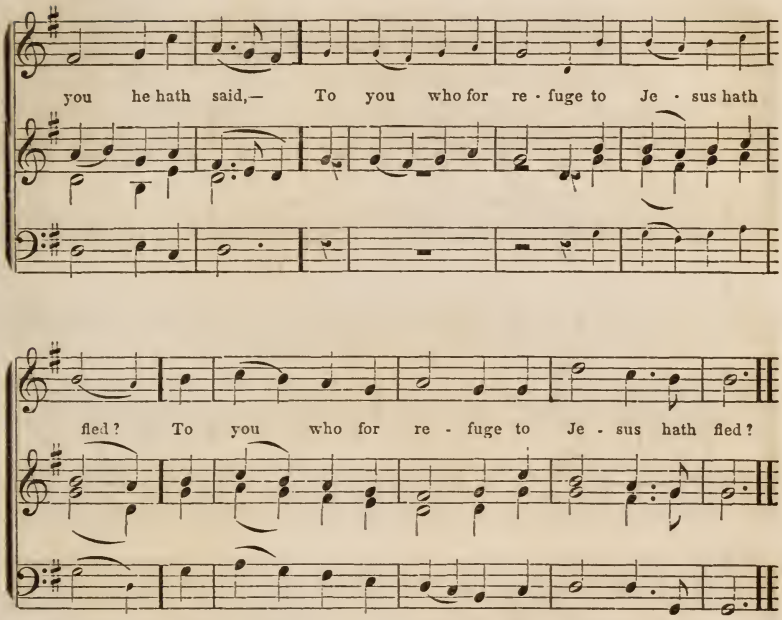
402.

The Promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 Fear not, he is with thee, Oh! be not dismayed,
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid:
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by his gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow;
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

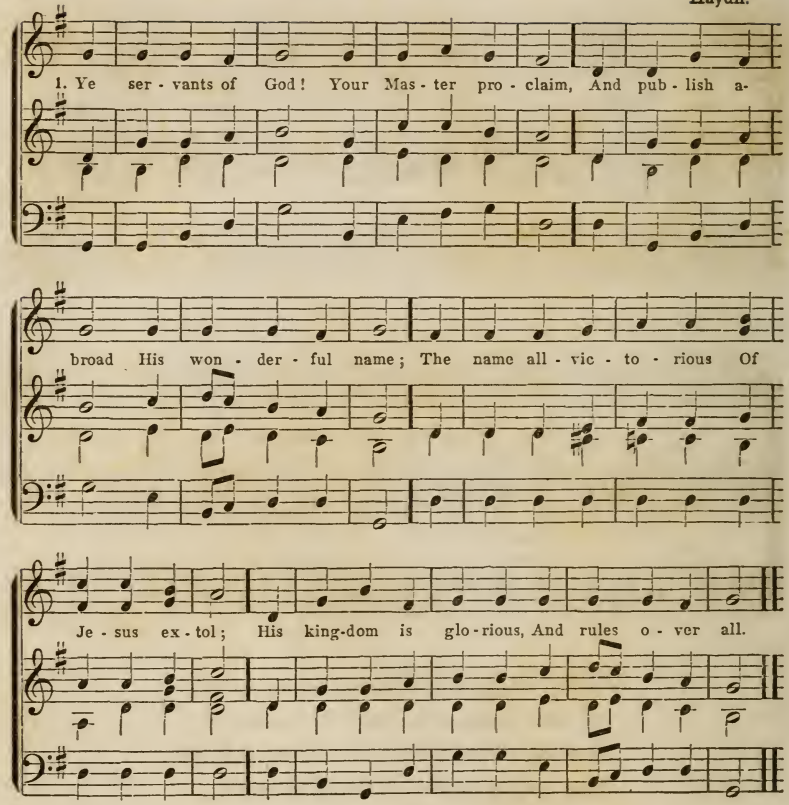


4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall lend thee its aid;
The flame shall not hurt thee; he does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
When age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not—he will not desert to its foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
He'll never—no never—no never forsake.

Haydn.



403.

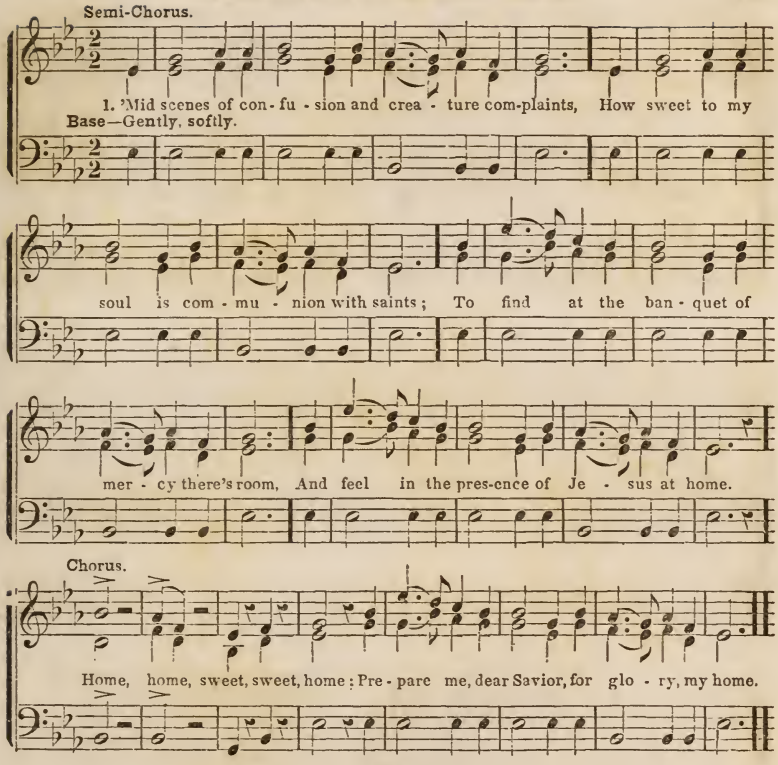
God's Servants should praise Him.

1 YE servants of God!
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious,
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne!"—
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
Immanuel's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,—
With angels above,—
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.



404.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

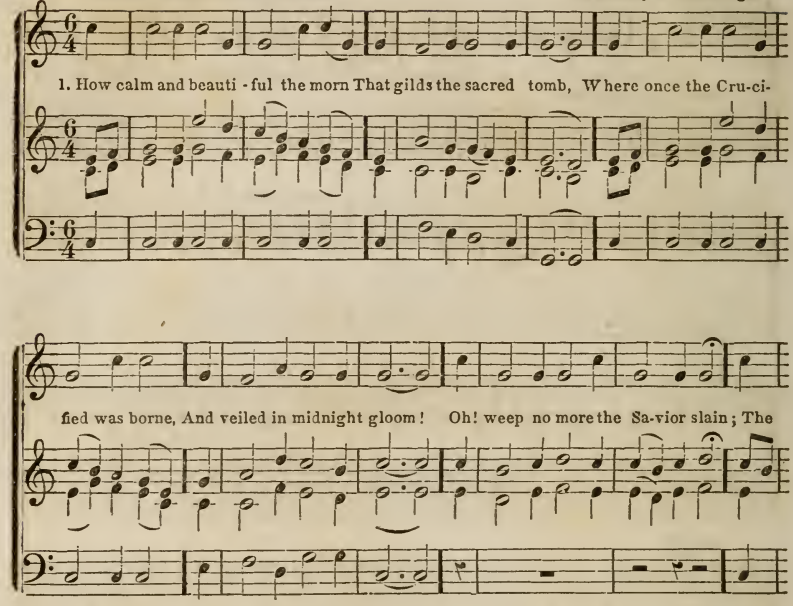
3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh! give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh! give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine:
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

From the Manhattan Collection. Music by T. Hastings.



405.

Sabbath Morning.

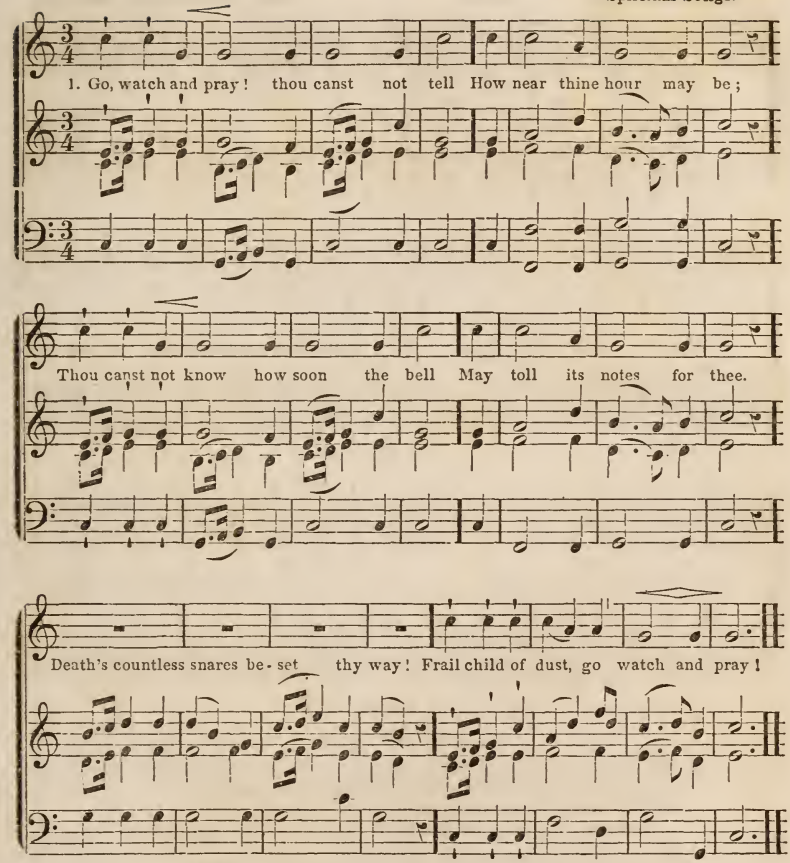
1 HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Savior slain;
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place—he is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Savior will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day,
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comfort slain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since he has risen that once was slain
Ye die in Christ to live again.



406.

Go watch and pray.

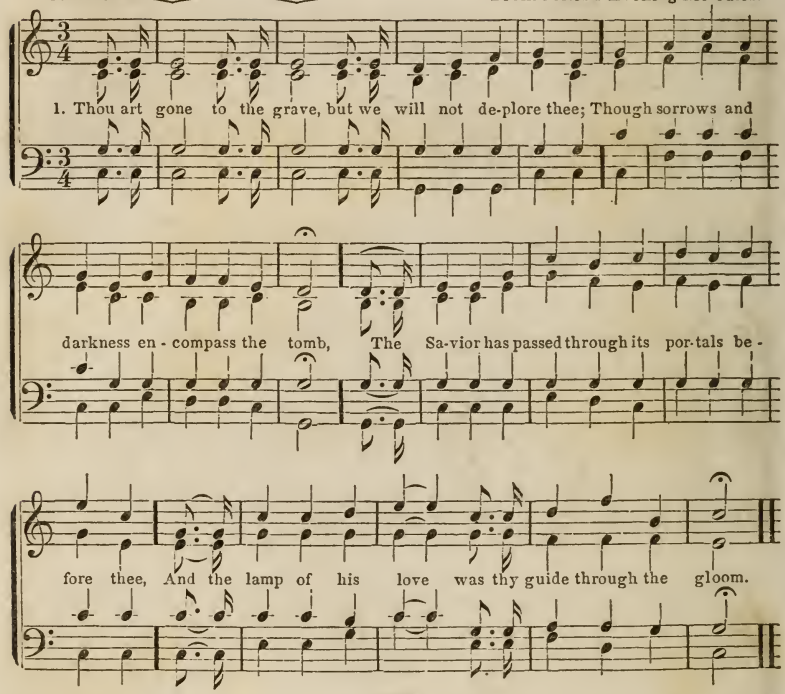
1 Go watch and pray, thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change—must pass away;
Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

Affetuoso. From Jones's Evening Melodies.



407.

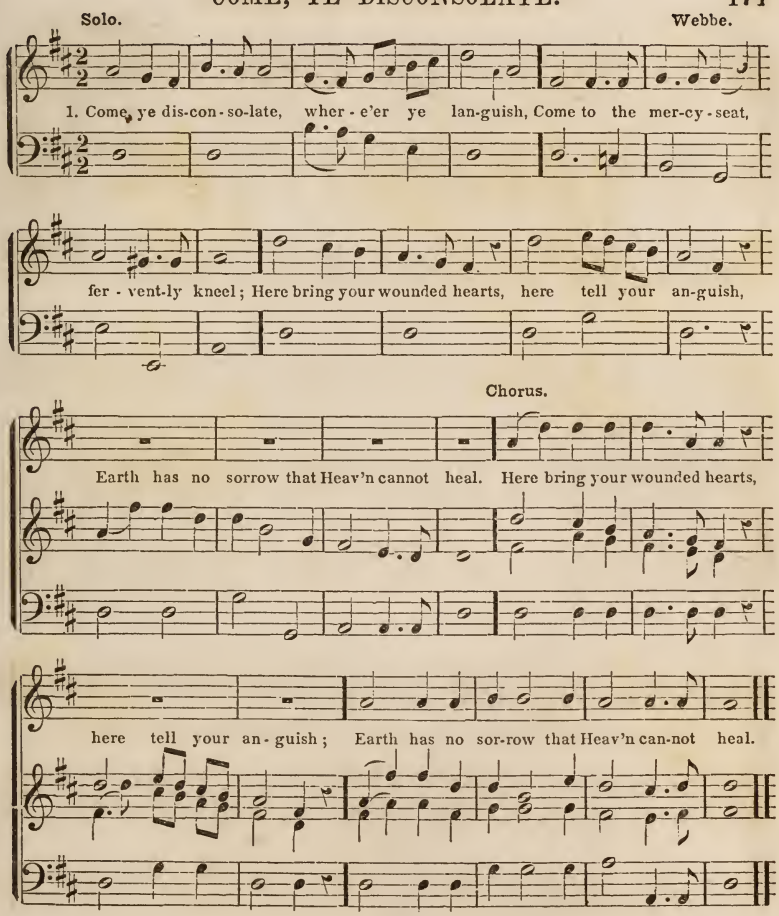
A Funeral Hymn.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom.

3 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Savior has died.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the Seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting since the Savior has died.



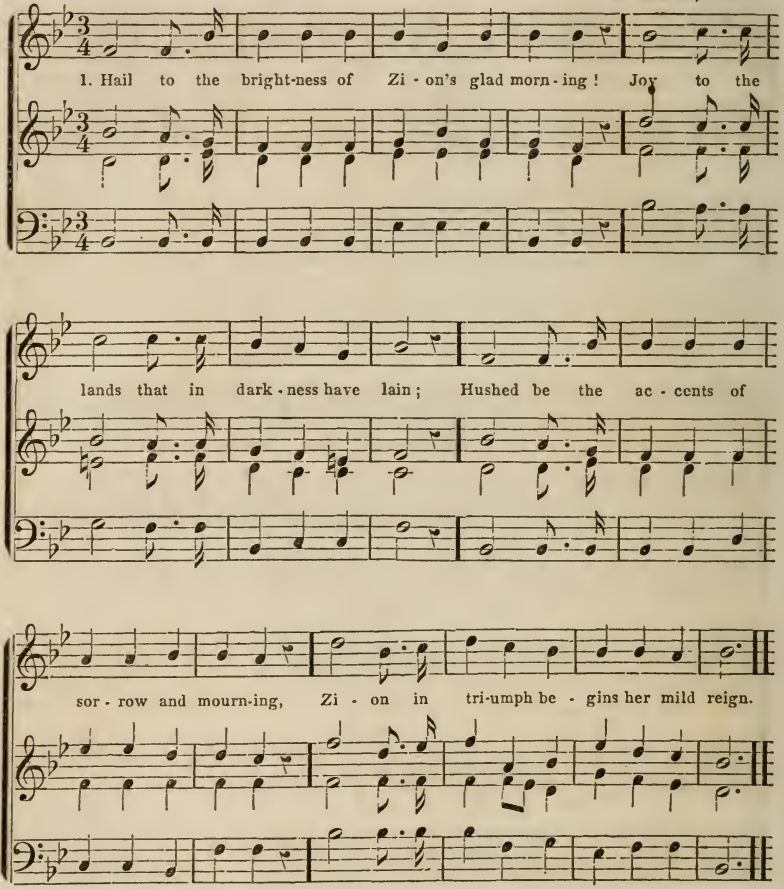
408.

To the Mercy-Seat.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever-knowing,
Earth has no sorrow, but heaven can remove.

L. Mason, 1830.



409.

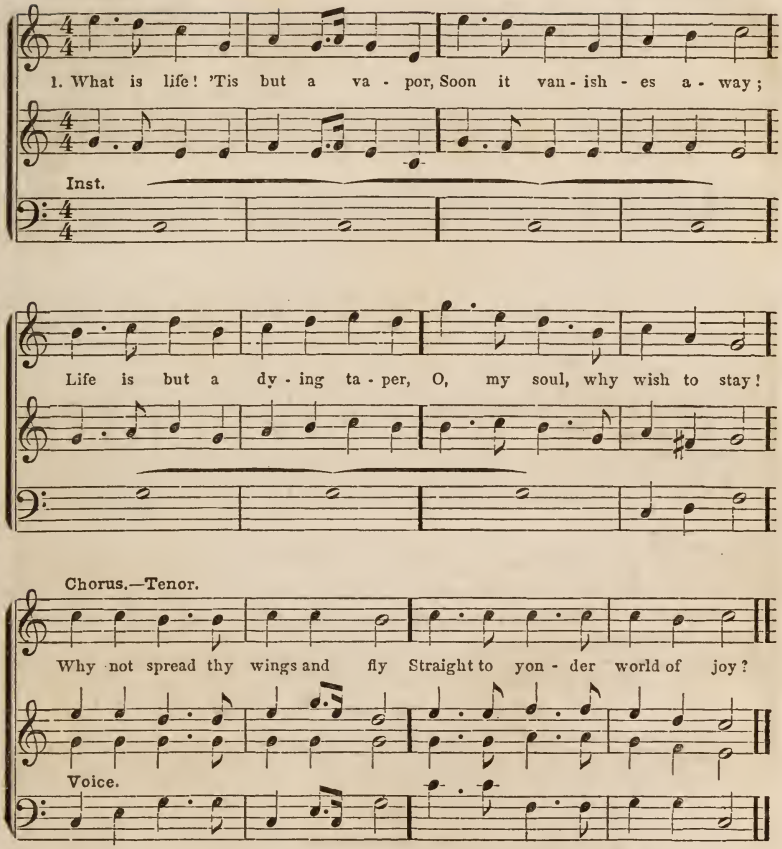
Dawn of the Millennium.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain,
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



410.

What is Life

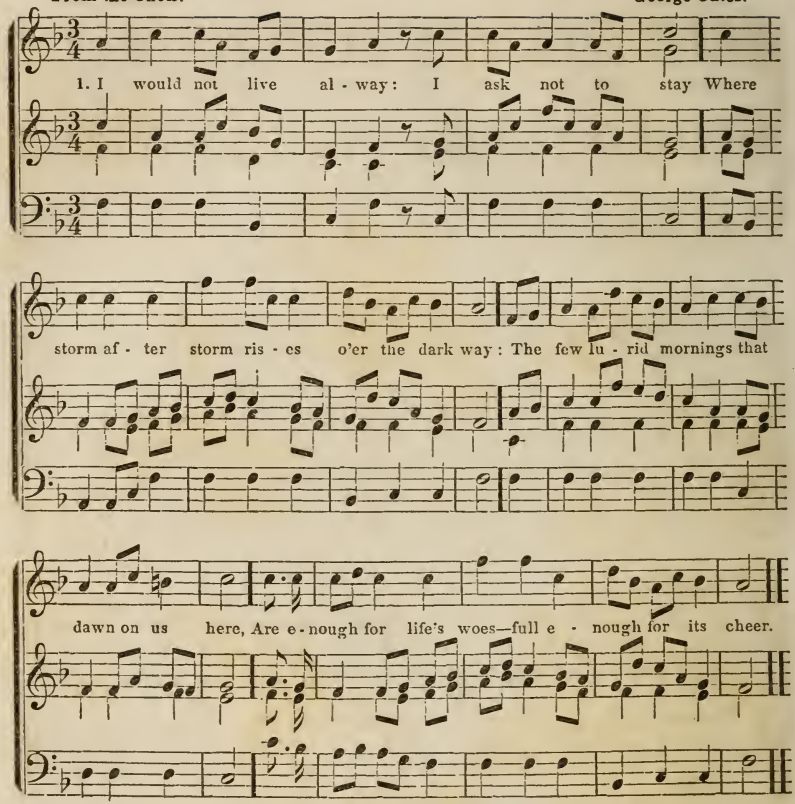
1 WHAT is life? 'T is but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper,
O, my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the king of saints.
Why not spread &c.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praise resounding,
Filling all the courts above;
Why not spread, &c.

4 Go and share his people's glory;
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wond'rous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread, &c.

From the Choir. George Oates.



411.

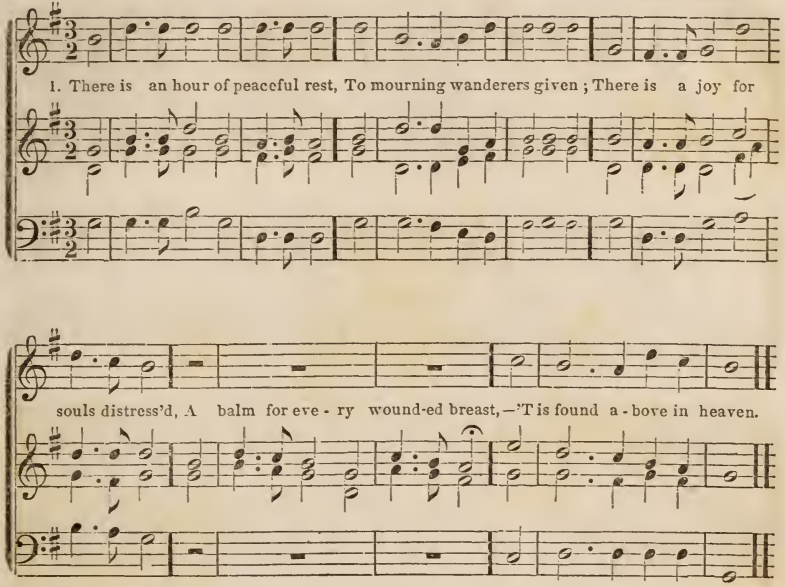
I would not live Alway.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise.
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies.

3 I would not live alway, away from my God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

N. D. Gould.



412.

Heaven Anticipated.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given :
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening-shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom ;—
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

413.

Nothing like Heaven.

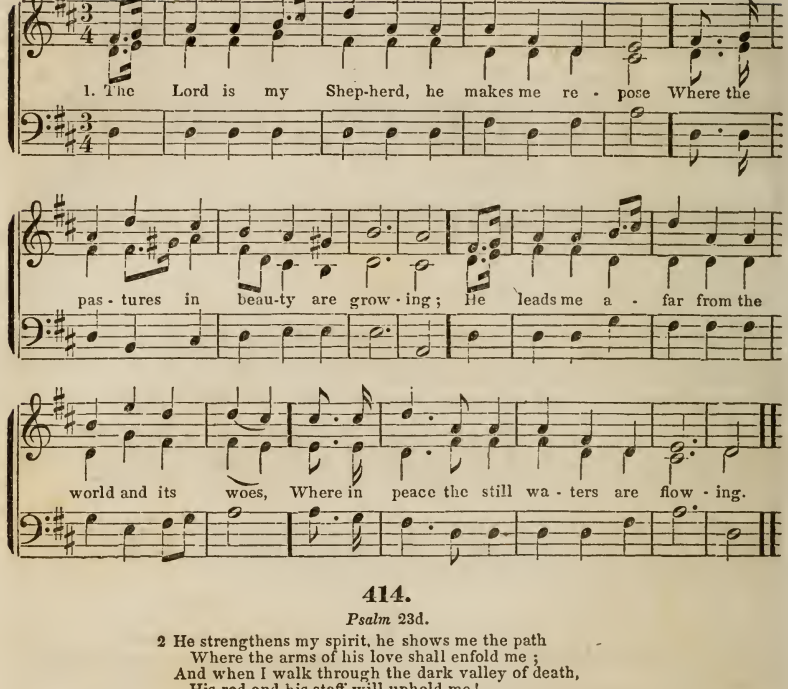
1 THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
And, like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor ;—
There's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Empires decay and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given ;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky ;—
There's nothing sure but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven,—
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball ;—
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven ,
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dismal tomb ;—
I have no home but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse—the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven ;
Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears ;—
Roll on, thou sun ! fly swift, my years !
I'm on my way to heaven.



414.

Psalm 23d.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

415.

Solomon's Songs, i 7, 8.

1 OH! tell me, thou Life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control;
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2 Oh! tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing?
The tempest now rages, my soul is distrest,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

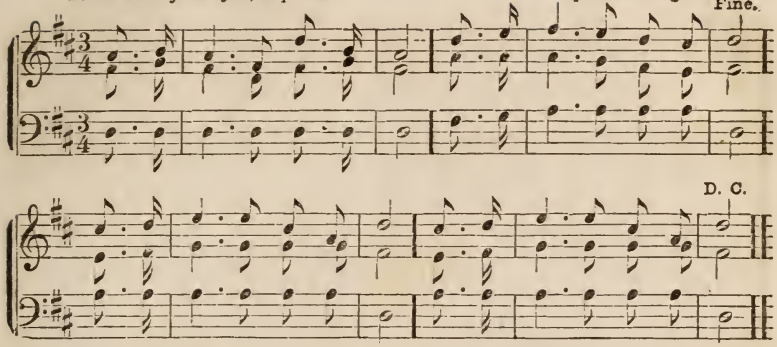
3 Oh! why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes.
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving?

4 Oh! when shall my woes and my wandering cease?
And the follies that fill me with weeping!
Thou Shepherd of Israel! restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where the footprints are lying:
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
Oh! fair one, now homeward be flying!

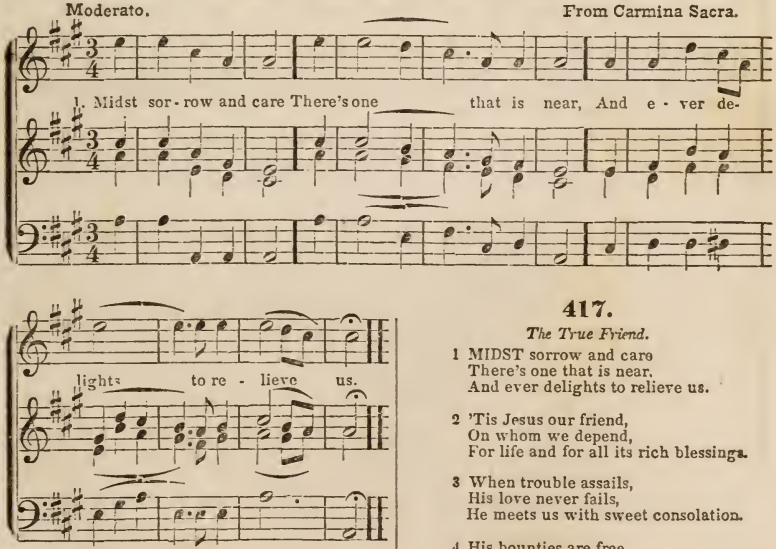
* *For the whole of this hymn, see p.* 134.

Spiritual Songs.



MIDST SORROW AND CARE.

Moderato. From Carmina Sacra.



416.*

Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure:
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

417.

The True Friend.

1 MIDST sorrow and care
There's one that is near,
And ever delights to relieve us.

2 'Tis Jesus our friend,
On whom we depend,
For life and for all its rich blessings.

3 When trouble assails,
His love never fails,
He meets us with sweet consolation.

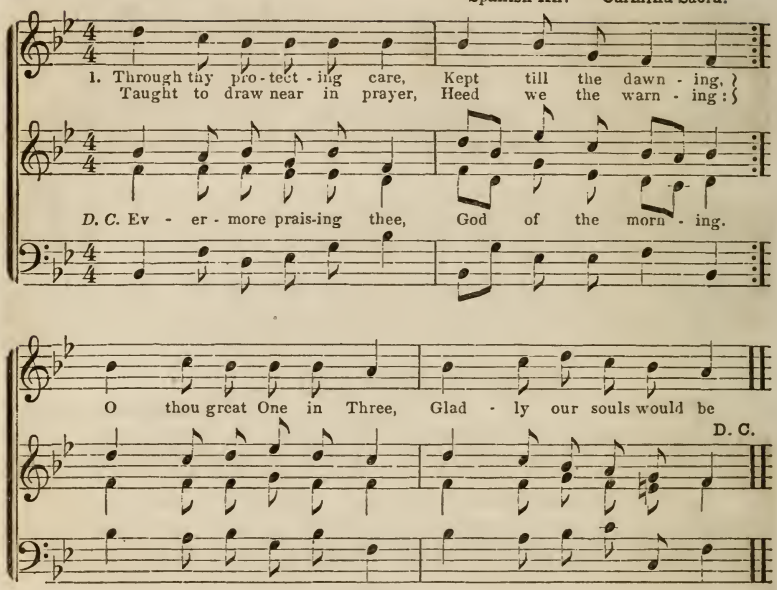
4 His bounties are free,
He hears every plea,
And welcomes the cry of the needy.

5 Blest mansions above,
Prepared by his love,
Are waiting at last to receive us.

6 My Savior and friend,
On whom I depend,
My heart shall forever adore the.

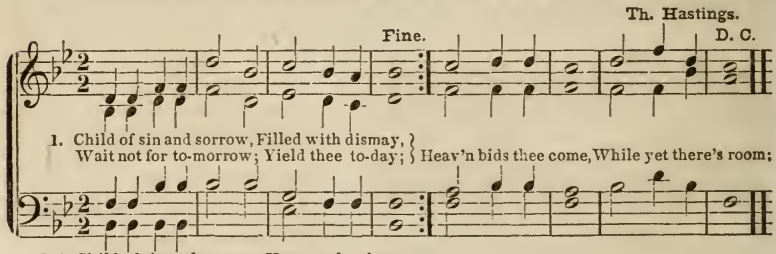
MORNING. 6s & 5s, (Peculiar.)

Spanish Air. Carmina Sacra.



CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s. (Peculiar.)

Th. Hastings.



418.

A Morning Hymn.

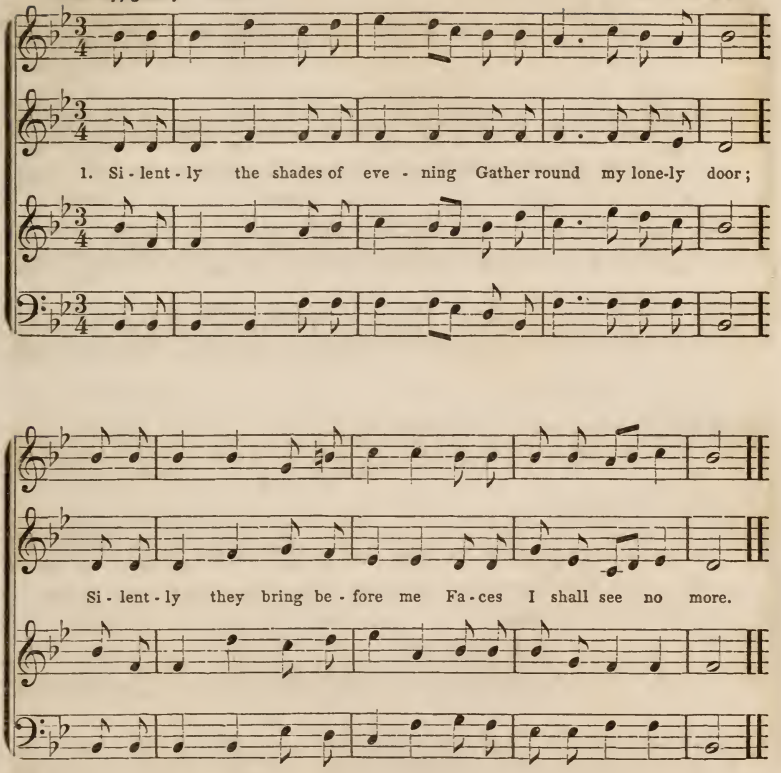
2 God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us waking,
All our imperfect powers
In thine hands taking:
In us thy work fulfill,
Be with thy children still,
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking

419.

Exhortation to immediate Submission.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which, from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh

Slowly, gently.—Tenor. D. E. Jones.



420.

Twilight Meditations.

1 SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

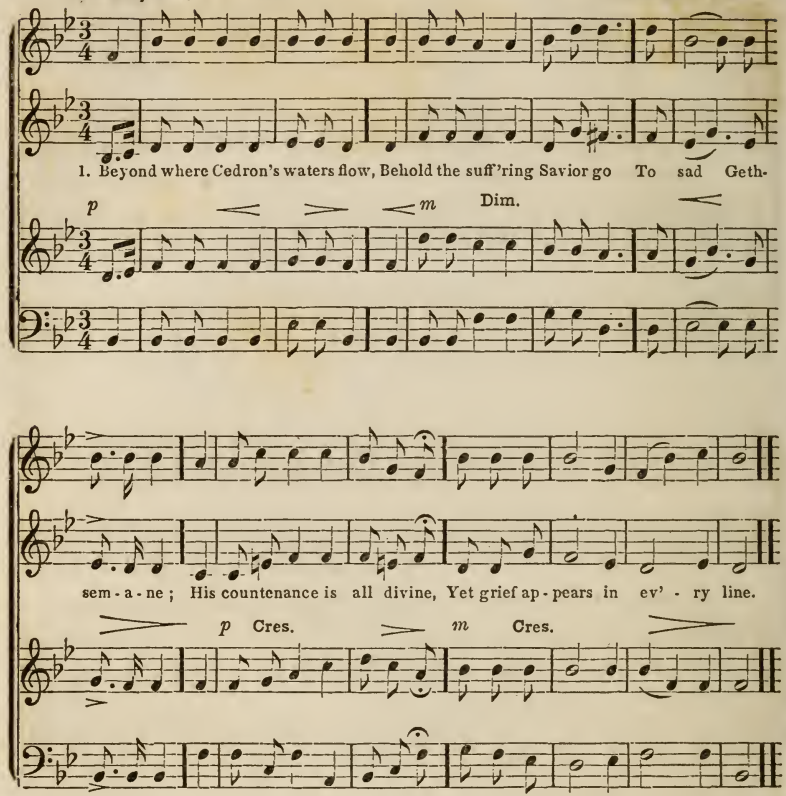
2 Oh! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh! the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

GETHSEMANE. 8s & 6s, (Peculiar.)

Words by Rev. S. F. Smith. Carmina Sacra.



421.

Gethsemane.

1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Savior go
To sad Gethsemane ;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

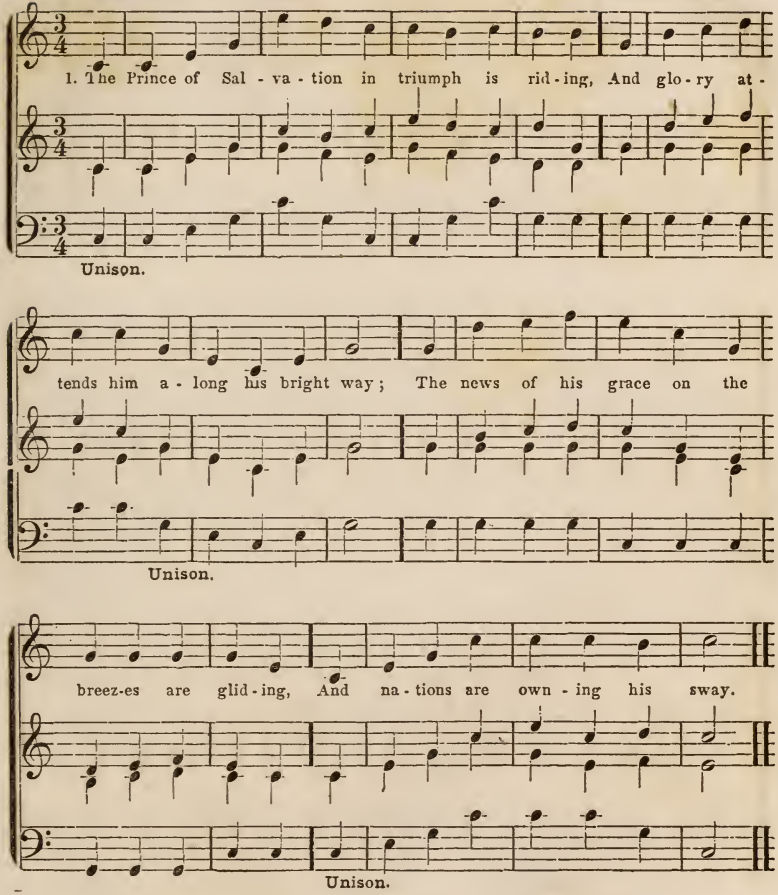
2 He bows beneath the sins of men,
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He lifts his mournful eyes above,
"My Father, can this cup remove ?"

3 With gentle resignation still.
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane ;
"Behold me here, thine only Son ;
And, Father, let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard ; and angels there
Sustain'd the Son of God in pray'r,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Savior there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

Words by Rev. S. F. Smith. Carmina Sacra.

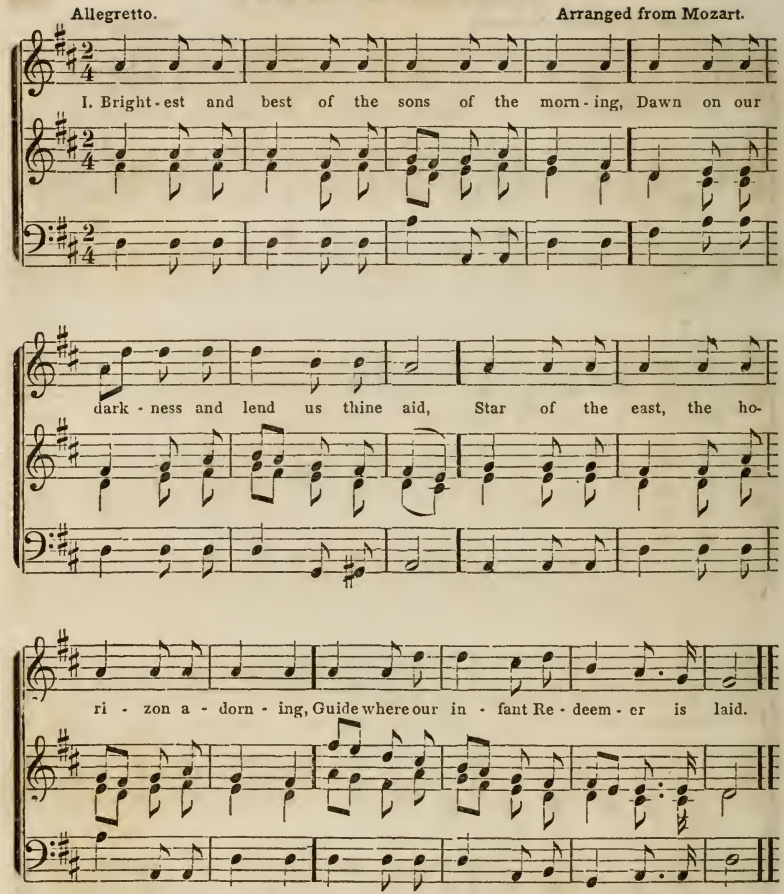


422.

The Prince of Salvation Advancing.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

3 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall re-echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.



423.

Star of the East.

1.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2.

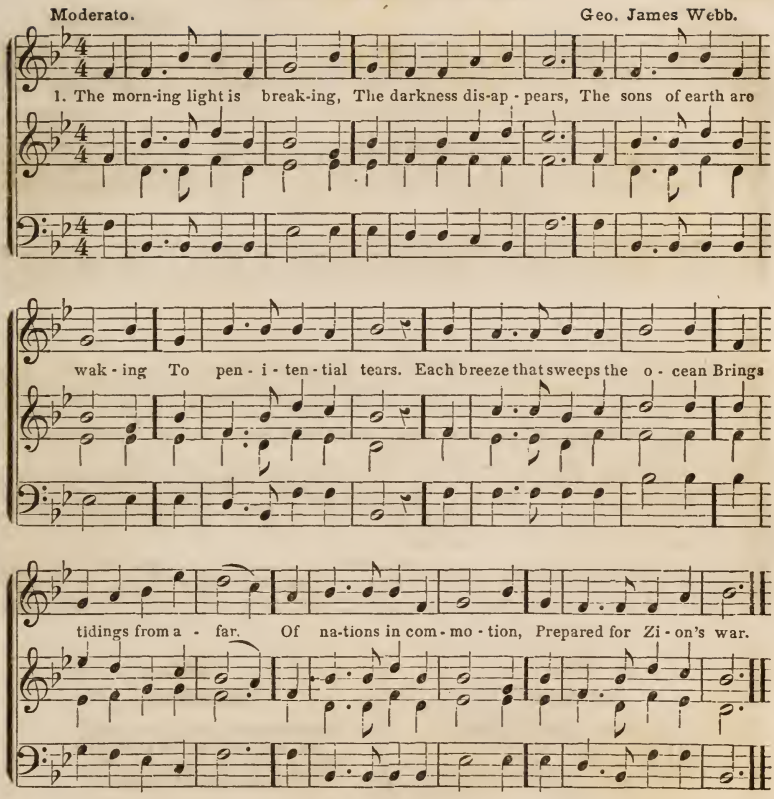
Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

3.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his riches secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.



424.

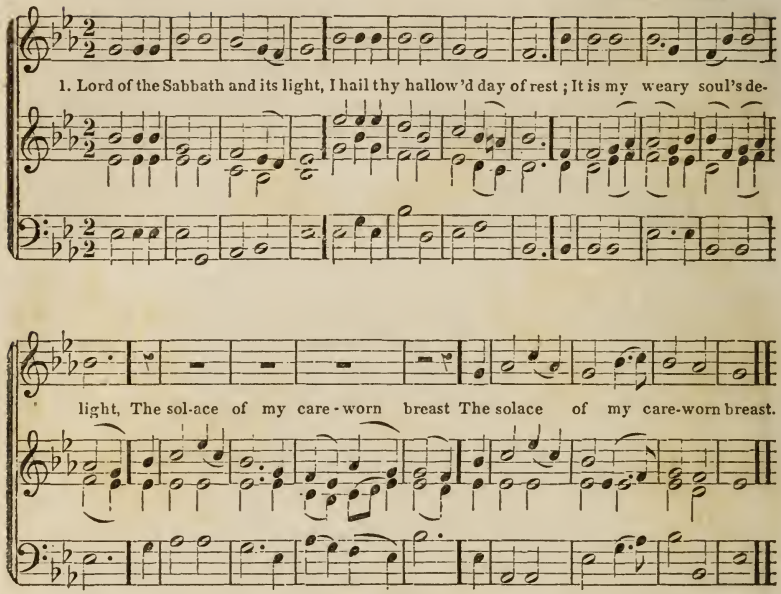
The Gospel Advancing.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly winds are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing.
A nation in a day

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



425.

The Sabbath.

1 LORD of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallowed day of rest ;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.

2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon.
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly ; but they pass too soon,
And leave me saddened at their flight.

3 Yet, sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed tho' the calm they yield,
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed ;—

4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
Unless, my Savior, thou art near,
To heal my wounds and soothe my pains.

5 Oh ! Jesus, ever let me hail
Thy presence with the day of rest :
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest

426.

Sabbath Evening.

1 ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb ;
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

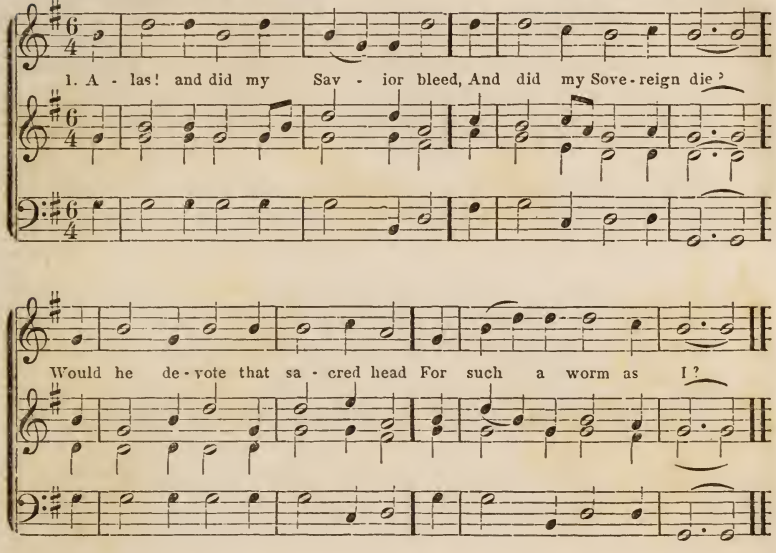
2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sun-beams ling'ring there ;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time, how lovely and how still !
Peace shines and smiles on all below ;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love ;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

From the Metronome, by permission. **A Western Melody.**



427.

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree:
Amazing pity!—grace unknown!—
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

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

5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord! I give myself away;—
'T is all that I can do.

428.

The Friend of Sinners

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

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

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

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

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

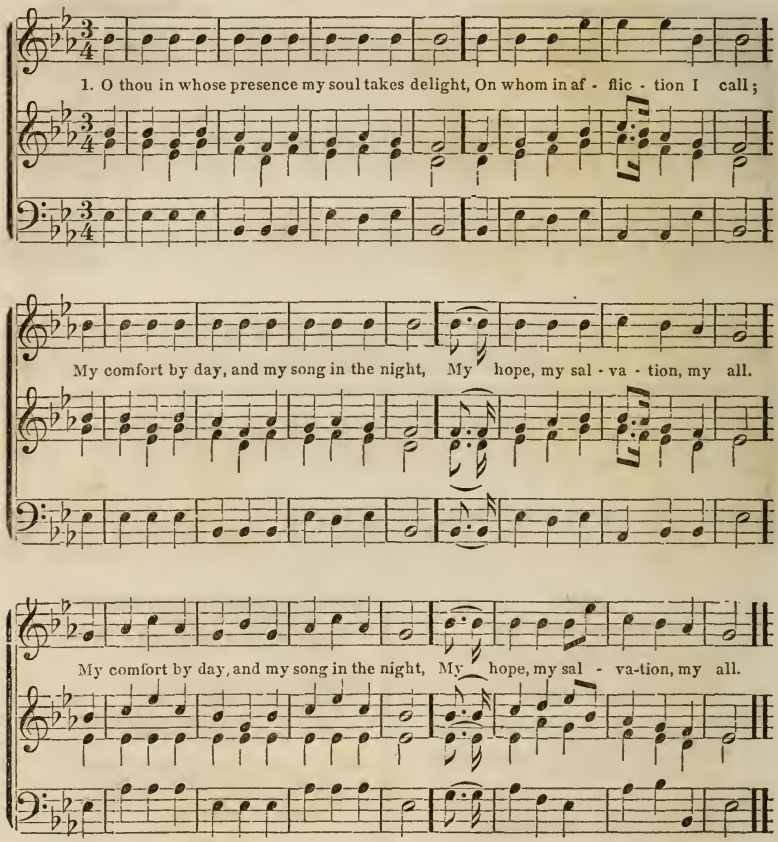
429.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 LORD! at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With bleeding heart, and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 'T is mercy—mercy now we plead;
Let thy compassion move;—
Mercy, that led thee once to bleed,
In tenderness and love.

3 In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
O God! our sins forgive;
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can break,
And, breaking, bid us live.



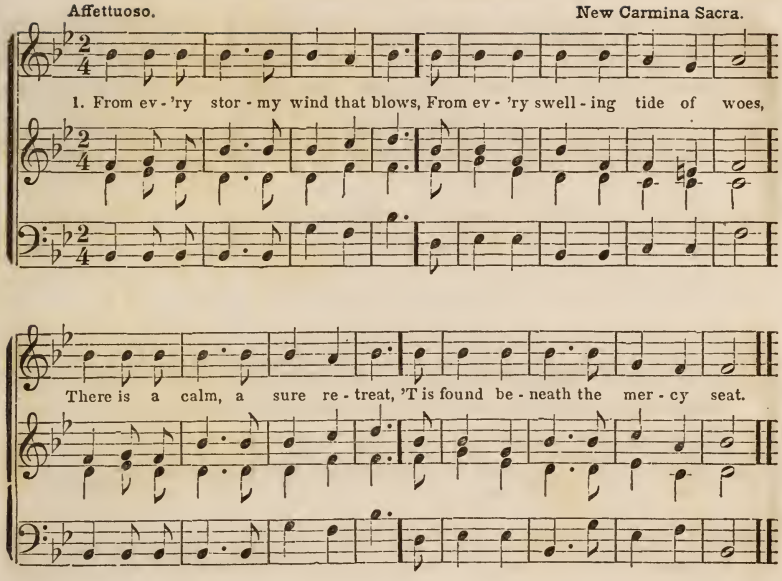
430.

Christ the Comfort and Joy of his People.

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

3 Oh! why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Dear Shepherd, I hear and will follow thy call,
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.



431.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still;
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the MERCY-SEAT.

432.

Jesus the Friend of the Friendless.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where—but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor I may be—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Savior deigns to plead.

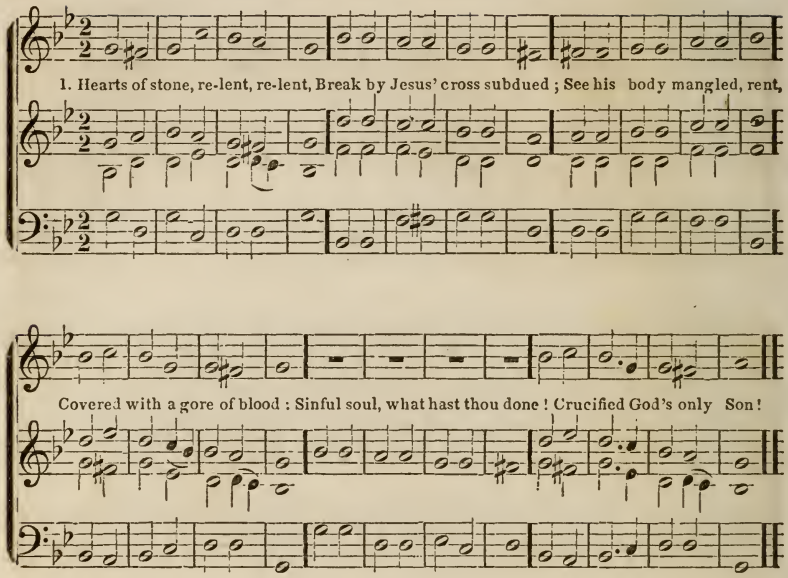
433.

The Burden of Sin.

1 OH! that my load of sin were gone;
Oh! that I could at last submit;
At Jesus' feet to lay me down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.



434.

Repentance at the Cross of Christ.

1 HEARTS of stone ! relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood !
Sinful soul ! what hast thou done ?
Crucified God's only Son !

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there ;
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a bloody spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,—
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain,—
Still to death the Lord pursue ?
Open all his wounds again —
And the shameful cross renew ?
No ;—with all my sins I'll part,
Break, Oh ! break, my bleeding heart !

435.

Confession and Prayer.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall !
Hear, oh hear, my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die !
Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been.

2 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart ;
But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound :
Soothe, oh ! soothe my troubled breast,
Give thy weary wanderer rest.

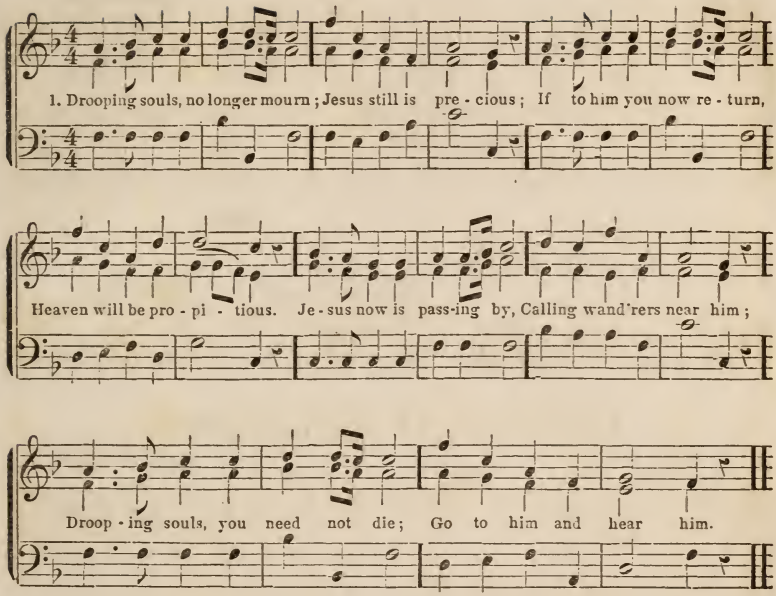
436.

In Darkness.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move ;
Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love ;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power :
Now I feel my sins anew ;
Now I feel my stormy hour.
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Savior, shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive ;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive ;
Speak the word, and set me free
Let me live alone to thee.



437.

Mourning Penitents.

1 DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near him;
Drooping souls, you need not die;
Go to him and hear him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries,—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."
Though your sins like mountains high
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

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

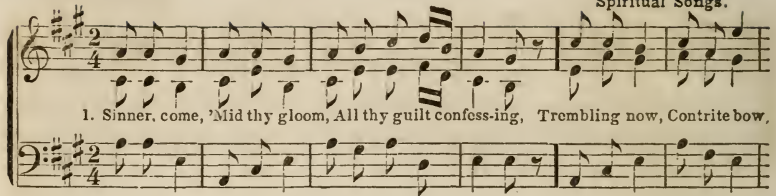
438.

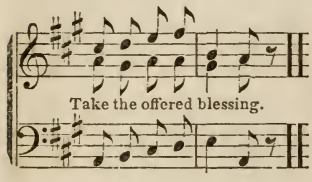
Convinced of Sin

1 DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,—
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining;—
Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with condemnation?
Jesus lives: in him alone
Can you find salvation.

2 Prostrate bow; confess your guilt;
Own your lost condition;
Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission.
Then no more in anguish groan;
See his mediation!
Jesus lives: in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

3 Linger not in all the plain;
Vengeance is pursuing:
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin.
Flee to him who can atone;
Flee from condemnation!
Jesus lives: in Him alone
Can you find salvation.





439.

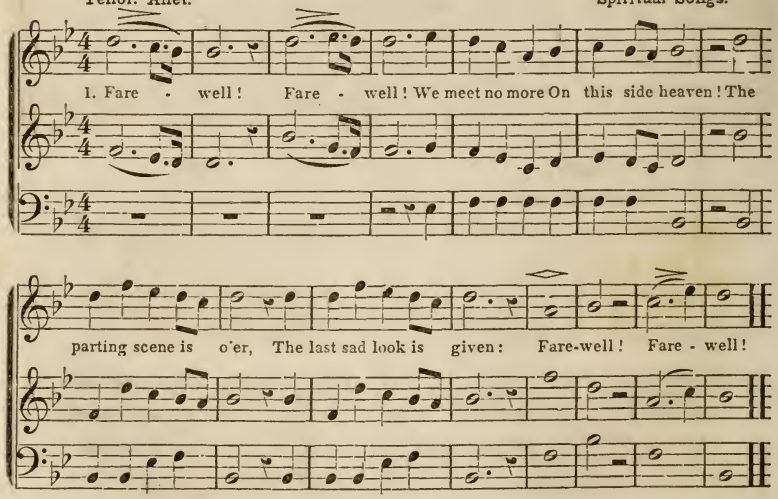
Invitation.

2 Sinner! come,
While there's room—
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord,
By his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner! come,
Ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever;
Now return,
Grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ, the Savior

FAREWELL! WE MEET NO MORE.

Tenor. Affet.



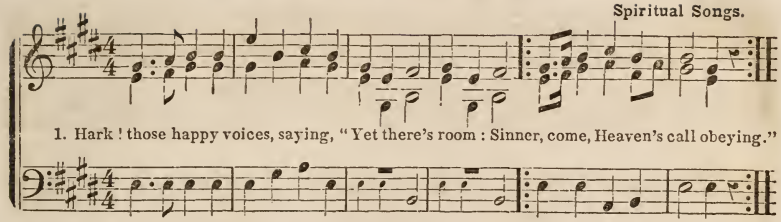
440.

The Last Farewell.

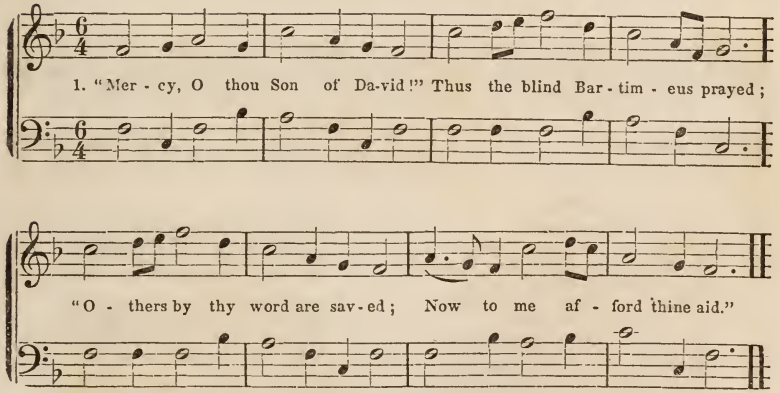
2 Farewell! My soul will weep
While mem'ry lives:
From wounds that sink so deep
No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies:
From him I'll never part;
On him my hope relies.

4 Farewell! and shall we meet
In heav'n above?
And there in union sweet,
Sing of a Savior's love?



BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.



441.

Hark! those Happy Voices.

1 HARK! those happy voices, saying,
"Yet there's room;
Sinner! come,
Heaven's call obeying."

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

442.

Bartimeus.

1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

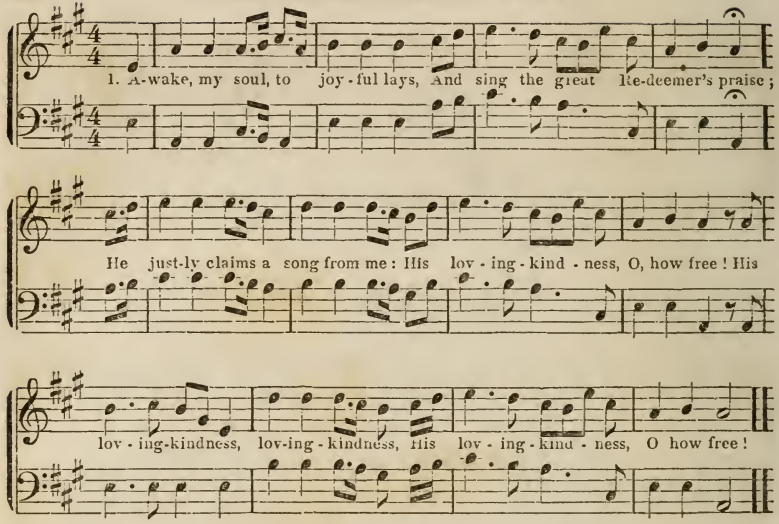
2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bade him,
"Come and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause thom all to see."



443.

Loving-Kindness.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, Oh! how free.

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, Oh! how great.

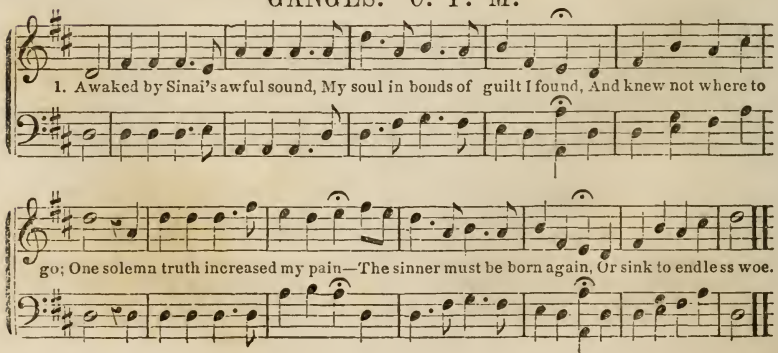
3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud.
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, Oh! how good.

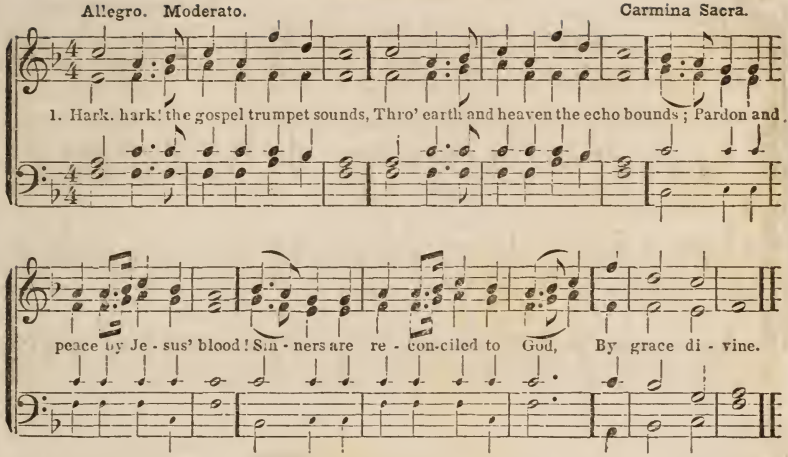
4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

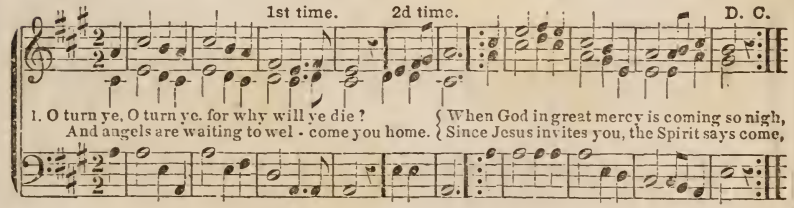
6 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

GANGES. C. P. M.





EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



444.

The Gospel-Trumpet.

2 Come sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
T'invite you near.

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

445.

Expostulation.

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

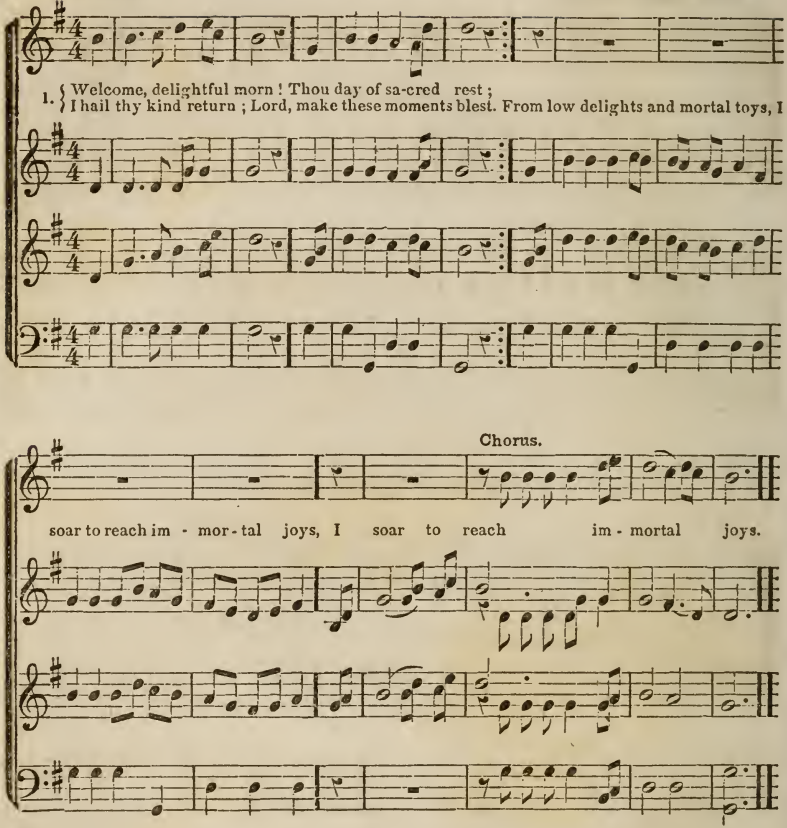
3.
And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
Oh! how can you question if you will believe,
If sin is your burden, why will you not come,
Tis you he bids welcome, he bids you come home.

4.
In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high.

5.
Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6.
Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart.
And trusting in heaven we never shall part;
Oh! how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

Moderato. From Carmina Sacra.



446.

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn !
Thou day of sacred rest ;
I hail thy kind return ;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

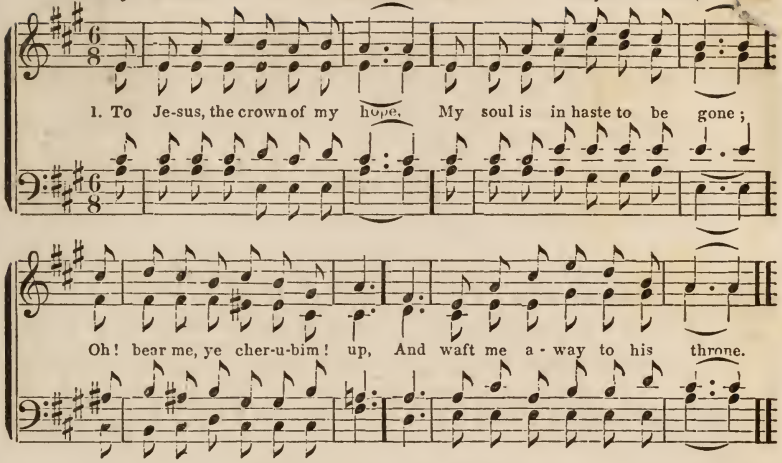
2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face ;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours :
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

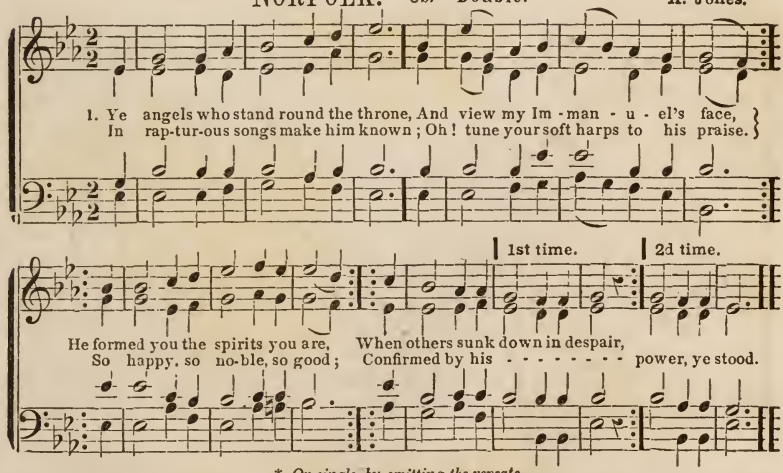
Doxology.

LET every crea ure join
To bless Jehovah's name ;
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme :
Let nature raise, from every tongue,
A general song of gratefnl praise.

Furnished for this work. PAGE. 8s. By John Zundel. 10



NORFOLK. 8s, Double.* A. Jones.



* *Or single, by omitting the repeats.*

447.

Longing to be with Christ.

2 My Savior! whom absent I love,—
Whom, not having seen, I adore,—
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;—

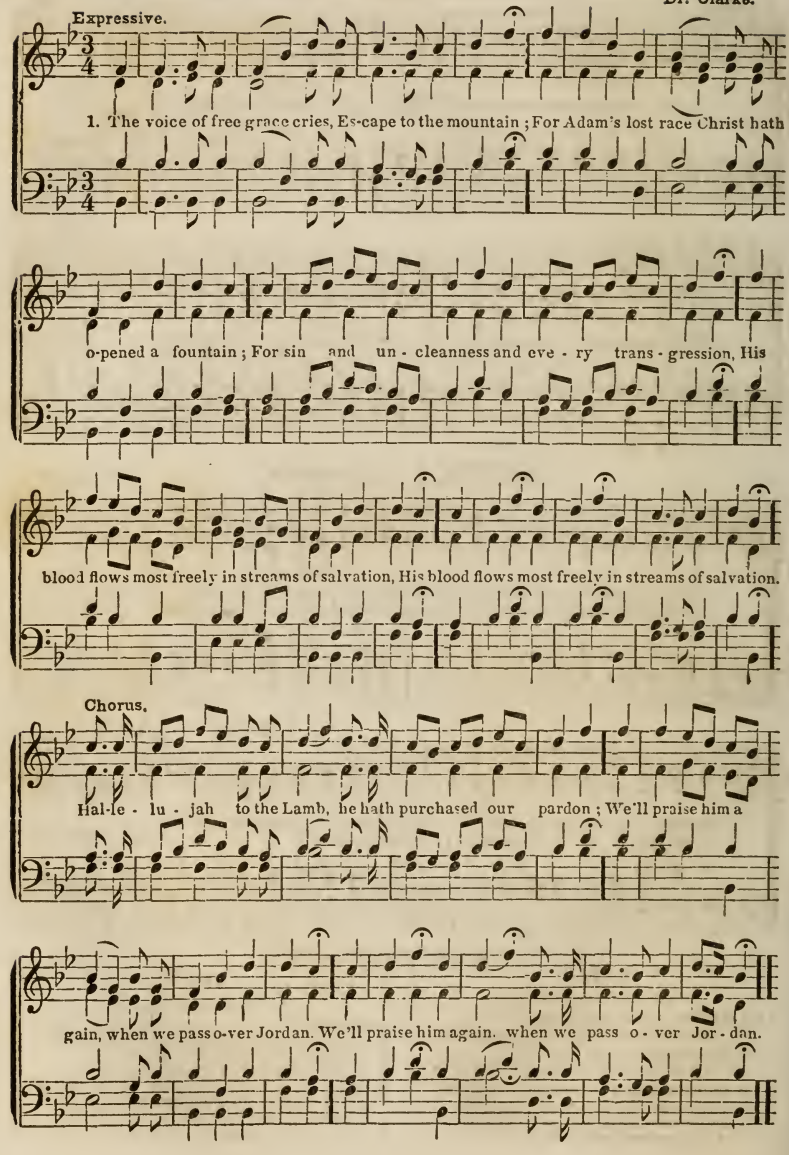
3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

448.

The Songs of Heaven.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,—
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercies repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,—
Almighty to bring you safe there.

Dr. Clarke.


Expressive.
1. The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath
o-pened a fountain; For sin and un-cleanness and eve-ry trans-gression, His
blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Chorus.
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, he hath purchased our pardon; We'll praise him a
gain, when we pass o-ver Jordan. We'll praise him again, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

449.

The Voice of Free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries—"Escape to the mountain!"
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

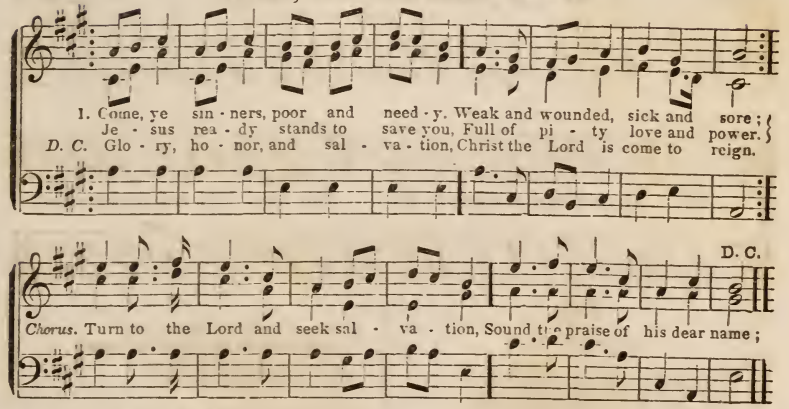
Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! Oh! flee to the Savior;
He calls you in mercy.—'t is infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing.—escape to the mountain,—
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and saints raise the shout of salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore,
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river
And sing of salvation forever and ever!

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.



450.

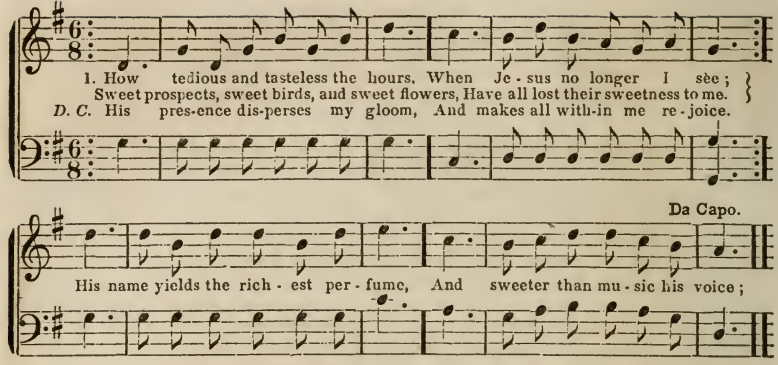
Sinners urged to seek the Savior.

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

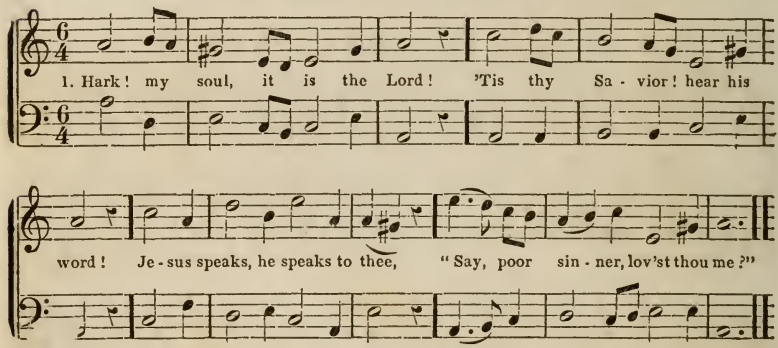
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
Turn to the Lord, &c.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Turn to the Lord, &c.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree, behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
Turn to the Lord, &c



LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.



451.

Longing for Christ.

Dear Lord—if indeed I am thine,—
If thou art my sun and my song—
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh! drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winters and clouds are no more.

452.

Lovest thou me?

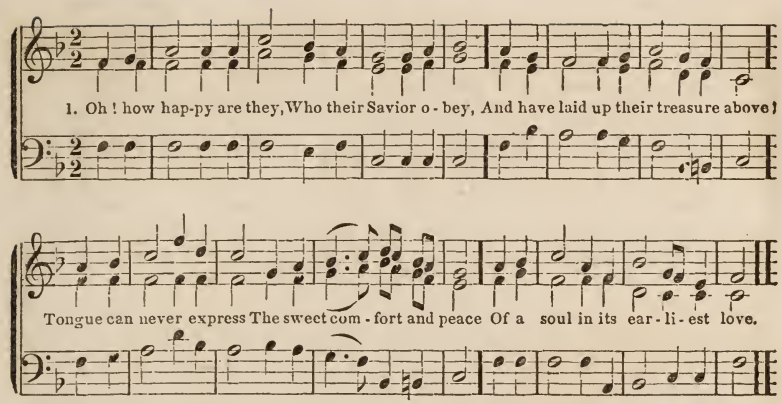
2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, Lovest thou me?"

6 "Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore:
Oh! for grace to love thee more!"



453.

Joy of the Young Convert.

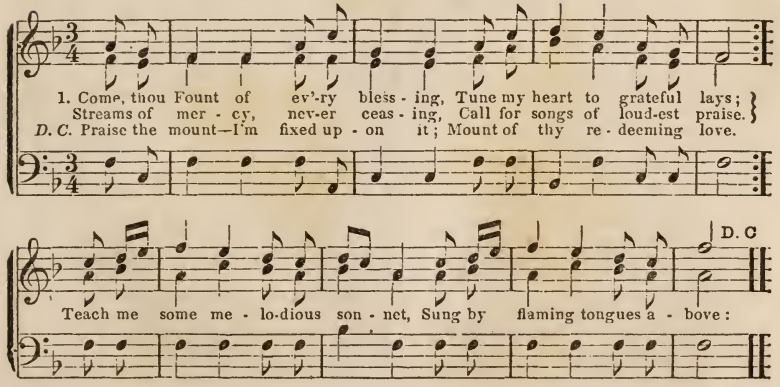
2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb,
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

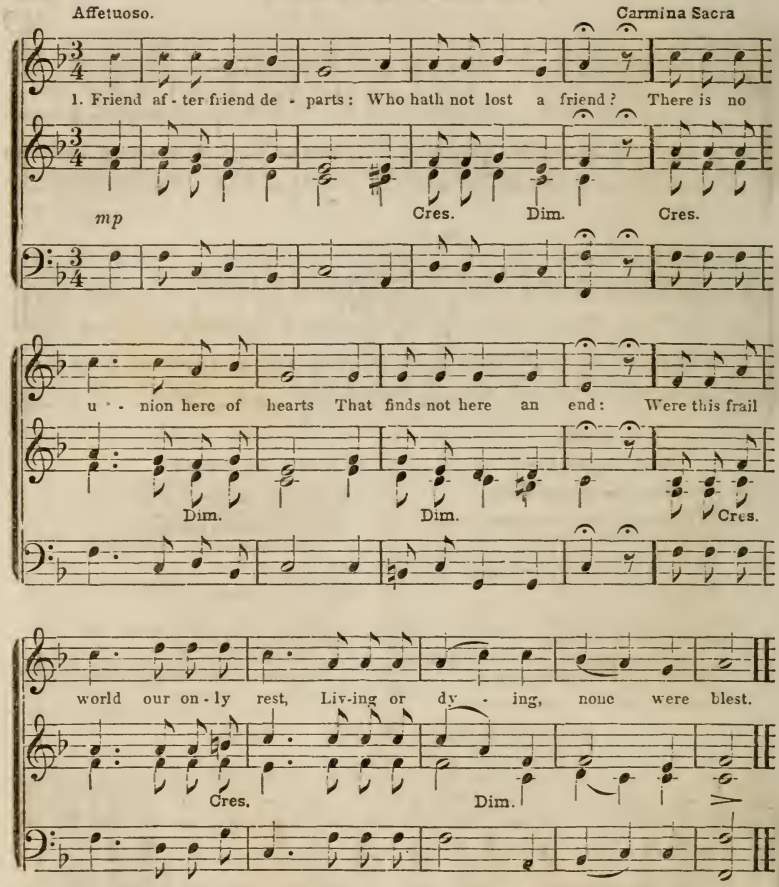
3 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
Oh! that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 Oh! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the goodness of God.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. (Double.)





454.

The Perpetuity of Heaven.

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

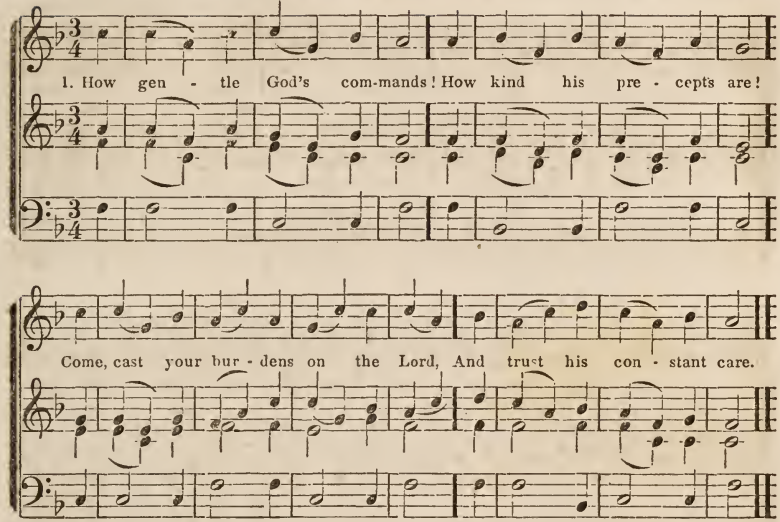
2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath:
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all have passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

DENNIS. S. M.

Slow and soft. Cantabile. Arranged from H. G. Nageli.



455.

Casting our Cares on God.

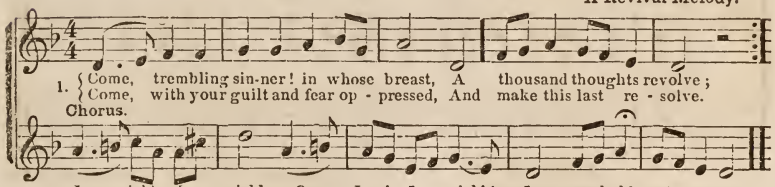
2 His bounty will provide!
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load,
Press down your weary mind;
Oh! seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

HELFFENSTEIN. C. M.

A Revival Melody.



The Resolve.

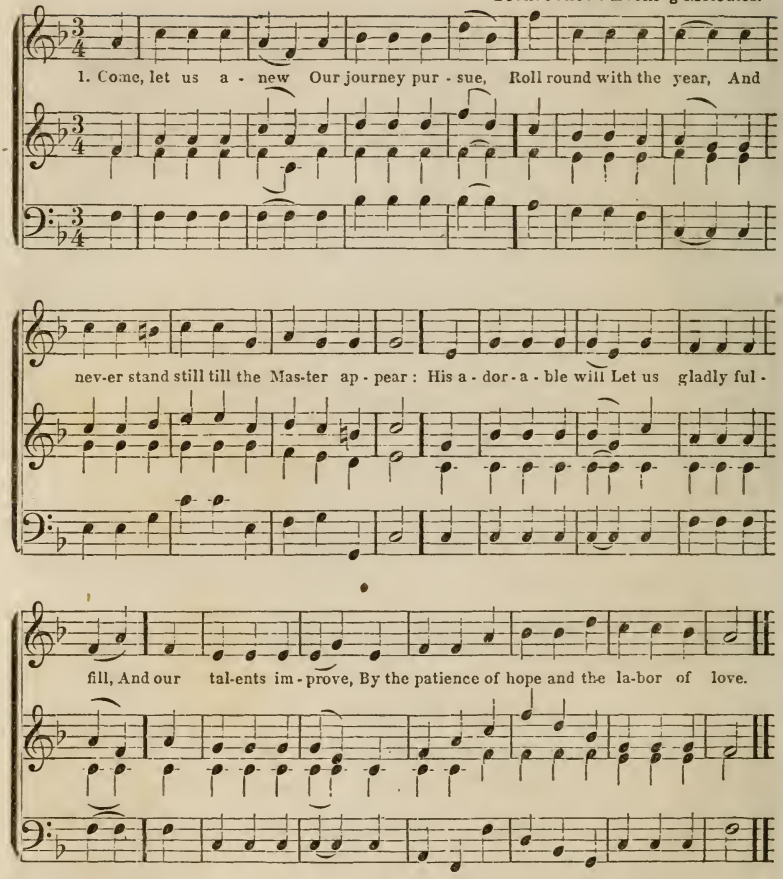
2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I'll seek his courts, and enter in,
Whatever may oppose. I yield, &c.

3 "Prostrate I'll fall before his throne
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace. I yield, &c.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there. I yield, &c.

5 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die." I yield, &c

From Jones's Evening Melodies.



456.

Renewed Fidelity and Zeal.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millenium year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh! that each, in the day of His coming, may say—
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;
Oh! that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,—
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

* In performing this tune to different verses, it will be necessary in some cases to omit the slurs, and occasionally to apply two syllables to the first note of the strain.

457.

Lead Thou me on !

1.

SEND kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
And lead me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on !
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

3.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'T will lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

458.

Desires for God's presence.

1 WILT Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

2 Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

3 Come ! for I need Thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes ! Thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye delights so well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

459.

Nearer to Thee.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

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

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

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

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

460.

Thy will be done.

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will, my God, be done !

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will, my God, be done !

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh ?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will, my God, be done !

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God ! to thee I leave the rest,—
Thy will be done !

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
Thy will, my God, be done !

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
Thy will, my God, be done !

* These miscellaneous hymns are not, so far as we know, adapted to suitable tunes. They are placed in these pages as interesting themes for devout meditation. Those which follow, under the head of "Occasional Hymns," may be sung to the tunes designated.

461.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11 : 28.

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, 'Come to me.'

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, 'Come to me.'

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, 'Come to me.'

4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, 'Come to me.'

5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, 'Come to me.'

462.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.—John 6 : 37.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
'Fightings within, and fears without,'
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

463.

Rest in Jesus.

1 I NOW have found abiding rest
For which I long was sighing,
Now, on my Savior's faithful breast
My weary head is lying:
This is the place where sin, no more,
And Death and Hell alarm me;
I now am safe, by Jesus' pow'r,
From all that else would harm me.

2 He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine,
And thou art mine forever;
Henceforth all fear and doubt resign.—
Confiding in my favor!
Thy ev'ry want shall find supply
From my exhaustless treasures;
I'll fill thy spirit with my joy,
The pledge of endless pleasures."

3 From Jesus and his love, Who now,
By terrors to divide me,
My great and many sins would show?—
His wounds from vengeance hide me:
My sins are great,—I'll not despair,
Though conscience too arraigns me,
Nor doubt my Savior's watchful care—
His arm of love sustains me.

4 I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
Thy boundless grace adoring,
Which brought thee from thy glorious throne,
Our peace with God restoring.
O make my heart a shrine, where peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling;—
Where grateful praise shall never cease,
Abroad thy glories telling.

464.

Hope in God's mercy.

1 FROM deep distress to thee I pray,
O God, hear my intreaty!
Turn not thy face from me away,
But show thy tender pity:
As Judge shouldst thou my deeds regard,
In justice weighing due award,
How could I stand the trial?

2 Should mercy with thee not prevail
To show to man thy favor,
His ev'ry act his guilt would swell,
Vain were his best endeavor.
His goodness in its utmost length,
Reveals his utter want of strength,—
He must rely on *mercy*.

3 On God alone, and on his grace,
Can I securely rest me;
He sees my heart, He heals distress,—
To Him then, why not trust me?
He owns a Father's name, and knows
The full amount of human woes—
On Him be my reliance!

4 Should comfort seem afar to keep,
I'll not sink down despairing;
They who in godly sorrow weep
Shall find a gracious hearing:
Thus Christians do, and they are blest
In God their confidence and rest,
Their comfort, and Redeemer.

5 Many and great my sins, I own,
But greater God's free mercies:
From wrath I flee to his dear Son,
Who bore for me its curses:
And He will be my Shepherd, too,
Will all my troubles guide me through,
To rest with him in glory.

465.

7s. 6 Lines. *Halle* (p. 135).

FAMILY HYMN.

1 PARTED for some anxious days,
Now to God our thanks we raise;
Thou hast made us each thy care;
Thou hast heard our earnest prayer:
Naught of evil us befell—
Parents, children—all are well!

2 Blessed is our altar now,
Where in gratitude we bow;
Blessed has it ever been,
Sure defease from woe and sin.
Oh! the peace it thus confers—
Long preserve its worshipers!

3 Unto us whose hearts are one,
Give the love of Christ thy Son:
As we more and more each day
Love each other, may we pray,
Lest the world should us enthrall,
"Let us love *Thee* most of all!"

4 May our children, Lord, be thine,
By thy gracious call divine:
Not alone by us, but be
Given by themselves, to thee.
Then shall we indeed rejoice,
Praising with united voice.

5 Pastor, parent, child and friend,
When the day of life shall end,
When the work of life is o'er,
May we meet to part no more.
All who love us—whom we love—
May they share the joys above!

466.

7s. 6 Lines. *Rosefield* (p. 129).

HYMN FOR PREPARATORY LECTURE.

Delight in Christ.

1 BLESSED Savior, thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside.
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

2 Since the day I called thee "mine,"
Since the answer, "I am thine,"
Sweetly have I walked between
Waters still and pastures green,
Soft thine hand upon my brow,
I the sheep—the Shepherd thou!

3 Oft with thee communion sweet
Have I known where Christians meet:
Sweeter yet when at the board
Of my dying, risen Lord;
There my head was on thy breast,
There my weary soul at rest.

4 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

5 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from thy pierced hand,
Now I take while here I stand;
Only then I live to thee,
When thy wounded side I see.

6 Blessed Savior, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height or depth, or creature power,
Ne'er shall hide my Savior more;
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee!

467.

C. M. *Denfield* (p. 62).

UNION HYMN.

1 PRAISE to our Heavenly Father, God,
The Spirit and the Son;
As here we meet in his abode,
In heart, and worship one.

2 Praise! for his providential care,
For Jesus' dying love;
For all the hopes through him we share,
That we shall meet above.

3 Praise! for the Holy Spirit given,
Beneath whose balmy wings
We sit and breathe the air of heaven,
Nor think of meaner things.

4 One family, we have one home,
If God our Father be;
And nearer will the children come,
As near they draw to thee.

5 Though different tribes we meet to-day,
Ephraim and Judah well
May with their watchmen join to pray
For God's one Israel.

6 Like to the oil on Aaron's head,
That fragrance breathed around;
Like to the dew from Hermon shed
Upon the thirsty ground;

7 So comes to us this happy hour,
As CHRISTIANS, here we spend,
The blessing God commands, whose power
Be ours till life shall end!

C. M.

DOXOLOGY.

A grateful Song to the Trinity.

1 IN hope to join th' angelic host,
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

468.

C. M. *Evan* (p. 63).

FUNERAL OCCASION.

Death in the midst of life.

1 SLOWLY, in sadness and in tears,
We leave his dwelling now,
It came not once within our fears,
He could so *early* go.

2 We loved to think of him as one
To whom long years were given;
Who much of good would yet have done,
And late return to heaven.

3 Fair rose, his sun of life—few such—
Alas! it set at noon;
His Master must have loved him much,
To call him home so soon.

4 Help, Lord, the godly fall around,
The faithful fail from men,
Oh! what Elisha can be found,
To fill his place again?

5 If not himself so faithful proved,
His mantle he restored;
To one in life as much beloved,
In death as much deplored.

6 Slowly, in sadness and with tears,
We'll pass his dwelling by,
We mourn the shortness of his years,
And bless his memory.

469.

C. L. M. *How Calm and Beautiful* (p. 168).

SUBMISSION IN TRIALS.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow all-resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;—
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet;
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 Then, blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes,
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

470.

H. M. *Stow* (p. 116).

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart!
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just.
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets! forbear;
Ye dearest idols! fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain,—'tis cruel smart,—
But, ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams! farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell:
Farewell ye joys of early years!
Jesus! forgive these parting tears.

4 In Gilead there is balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
And bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Savior! set me free;
My all I would resign to thee.

5 Oh! may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare—
No vanity of earth.
With thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

471.

8*s*, 7*s* & 4. *Oliphant* (*p.* 146)

GOD THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE AND STRENGTH.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah.
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak—but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

472.

S. M. *Owen* (p. 105.)

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

1 FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

473.

7s. *Nuremburg* (*page* 123).

RETURN OF A PASTOR.

1 WELCOME to thy flock again,
Servant of the living God,
Gracious hath the Savior been,—
Merciful his chastening rod.

2 While we cried, our pastor spare!
With a sad, desponding heart,
Jesus heard our earnest prayer,
Bade our gloomy fears depart.

3 When upon the mighty deep,
Sailed the shepherd whom we love,
Jesus bade the tempest sleep,
Speaking from his throne above.

4 Now, for thy protecting grace.
Lord, we come to offer praise,—
Love we in this hallowed place,
Songs of gratitude to raise.

5 Fit us now again to hear,
From thy servant truth divine;
Fill our bosoms with thy fear,—
Make us all, entirely thine.

6 Then, when earthly scenes are o'er,
Pastor, people, shall, on high,
Gladly meet to part no more,
Where are joys that never die.

474.

L. M. *The Old Hundredth* (*page* 7.)

AT THE LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.

1 WHEN thou, our Savior-God, alone,
Didst lay creation's corner-stone,
What strains of joy and wonder rung
From many a gazing seraph's tongue!

2 'Neath the broad arch that speaks thy praise
We now our humbler fabric raise;
And sing, the while, of love divine--
The service ours, the glory thine.

3 If thou thy helping hand restrain,
The builder toileth but in vain;
His labor bless, our offering own,
From basal block to topmost stone.

4 'T is not for man the house we rear;
Thou, Lord, wilt deign to meet us here;
Here be thy Spirit's power displayed—
Thy Gospel here salvation made.

5 And when earth's worship all is o'er,
To heaven's clear vision bid us soar,
Before thy face in bliss to bow,
Our all-sufficient Temple, thou.

475.

C. M. *Brattle-street* (*page* 64).

INSTALLATION HYMN.

1 DEAR Savior! at thy feet we bow,
And lift our souls above;
Oh! smile upon this union now,
With beams of heavenly love.

2 Here, from this sacred place, may prayer,
Like fragrant incense rise,
Oft as thine herald shall declare
The message from the skies.

3 May sinners here, repent, believe,
Obey, and be forgiven:
May every one thy grace receive,
And live for Christ and heaven.

4 Dear Lord! thy gracious Spirit give,
To dwell in every breast,
Without that boon we cannot live!
Oh! leave us not unblest!

5 Defend us all from every snare;
From thee ne'er let us stray,
Till from this life of sin and care
Thou call our souls away

6 And when we leave this earthly fold
May this our portion be,
To praise thy name with harps of gold,
To dwell in heaven with thee.

476.

11s. *Hinton* (*page* 152)

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

1.

O GOD, to thy promise our hearts humbly cling;
To thine altar the bloom of our childhood we bring;
We seek thee right early; our guide thou shalt be
All the years of that youth we now offer to thee.

2.

Thanks, thanks for thy Word, for the sweet Sabbath day, [way,
For the teachers who lead us in wisdom's glad
Who point us to Jesus, so ready of old,
Young children like us in his arms to enfold.

3.

Should life be continued till manhood comes on,
Till the scenes of its noontide like shadows are gone,
Still, still be thou near us to help and defend,
Till like sheaves fully ripe to the grave we descend.

4.

Oh! grant that in heaven, earth's labors all done,
The voice of these teachers with ours may be one,
In praise unto him in whose name they have taught,
Whose blood flowing freely our pardon hath bought.

477.

C. M. *Fulton* (*page* 76).

SABBATH-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

1 "LET little children come to me"—
How sweet those words of grace!
Here, Lord, while fathers bend the knee,
Their children seek thy face.

2 Though angels in thy presence bow,
With songs of holy praise,
Yet thou wilt hear propitious now
The notes which children raise.

3 Oh! guard them from the varied wiles
A wicked world employs—
Its dreaded frown, its tempting smiles,
Its false, forbidden joys.

4 And may the blessed words of truth
Which now their thoughts engage,
Direct their course in early youth,—
In scenes of riper age.

5 And when the transient years are past,
To them in mercy given,
Oh! fit their deathless souls at last,
To dwell with thee in heaven

478.

8s. & 7s. *Nettleton* (p. 199).

HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Oh! take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

479.

8s. & 7s. *Elvin* (p. 138).

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go,—the angel guards attending,—
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Savior stands above;
Shows the fullness of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.
Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

480.

8s. *Norfolk* (p. 195).

THE SONGS OF HEAVEN.

1 YE angels! who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face.—
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune—tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you, the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet—
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercies repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,—
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Savior belong:
I'm fettered, and chained here in clay,—
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see.

4 I long to put on my attire—
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb
I long to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I long—Oh! I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,—
Your joy and your friendship to share,—
To wonder and worship with you.

481.

L. M. *Gratitude* (p. 29).

THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 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.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
How blest the righteous when he dies!

482.

C. M. *Evan* (p. 63).

THE ONLY SOLACE IN SORROW.

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when by sorrows wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
May weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brighly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray!
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

483.

8s, 7s & 4s. *Zion* (p. 143).

THE GLADNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

1 FAR from us be grief and sadness;
Farther still unhallowed mirth;
Zion's sons may sing with gladness,
Theirs are joys of heavenly birth:
Jesus owns them—
Jesus, lord of heaven and earth.

2 All the worldling's mirth is madness,
All his labor fruitless toil:
'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
Though the world their choice revile:
Sweet their portion:—
Life is in the Savior's smile.

3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,
Balanced with a Savior's love:
Since the Lord in mercy drew us—
Drew our souls to things above,
Earthly objects
Can no longer greatly move.

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

484.

7s. *Nuremberg* (p. 123).

REJOICING IN HOPE.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,—
There, your kingdom and reward

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

485.

S. M. *Olmutz* (p. 86).

UNION AND PEACE.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

486.

7s. *Hendon* (p. 125).

CHRISTIANS PRAISING THE TRINITY.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet,
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name!

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love—
How he left the realms above—
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove;
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same;
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

487.

C. M. *Corinth* (p. 81).

THE WATCHFUL SHEPHERD.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh! may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

488.

C. M. *Brattle-street* (p. 64).

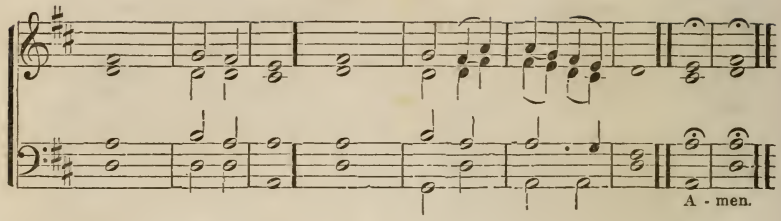
SPEAK GENTLY.

1 SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again!



SELECTION I. [Ps. i.]

1 Blessed is the man
That walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the | seat .. of the | scornful;

2 But his delight is in the law of the LORD,
And in his law doth he | medi-tate | day and | night.

3 And he shall be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his | fruit .. in his | season.

4 His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatso- | ever .. he | doeth .. shall | prosper.

5 The ungodly are not so;
But are like the chaff which the wind | driveth .. a- | way.

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congre- | ga-tion | of the | righteous.

7 For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the way of the un- | godly .. shall | perish.

8 The LORD knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the | way .. of th'un- | godly .. shall | perish.

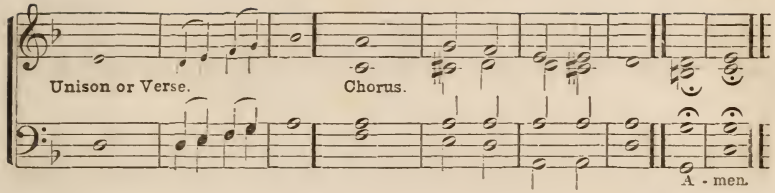
SELECTION II. [From Ps. xxxvii.]

1 For yet a little while, and the wicked | shall not | be.

2 Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place,
And it | shall .. not, it | shall not | be.

3 But the meek shall inherit the earth,
And shall delight themselves in the a- | bundance .. of | peace.

4 The LORD knoweth the days of the upright;
And their in- | heri .. tance shall | be for- | ever.



SELECTION III. [Ps. xc. 1–12.]

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place
In | all gene- | rations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to ever- | lasting, | Thou art | God.

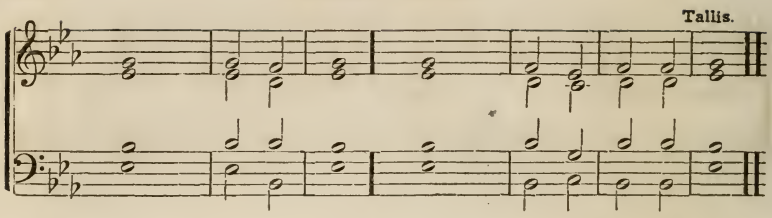
3 Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return ye | chil . . dren of | men.
4 For a thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is past,
And | as a | watch . . in the | night.

5 Thou carryest them away as with a flood;
They are as a sleep:
In the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up.
6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut | down, *cut* | *down* and | withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger,
And by thy | wrath . . are we | troubled.
8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the | light of | thy— | countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath;
We spend our years as a | tale . . that is | told.
10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten;
And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
Yet is their strength labor and sorrow;
For it is soon cut | off . . and we | fly a- | way.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
Even according to thy fear, | so is . . thy | wrath.
12 So teach us to number our days,
That we may ap- | ply our | hearts . . unto | wisdom.



SELECTION IV. [Ps. iii.]

1 { LORD, how are they multiplied that trouble me?
  { Many are they that rise | up a- | gainst me.

2 { Many there be which say of my soul,
  { There is no | help for | him in | God.

3 { But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me;
  { My Glory and the Lifter | up of . . my | head.

4 { I cried unto the LORD with my voice,
  { And he heard me from his | ho . . ly, his | holy | hill.

5 { I laid me down and slept,
  { I awaked; for the | LORD sus- | tained me.

6 { I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people
  { That have set themselves a- | gainst me | round a- | bout.

7 { Arise, O LORD, save me, O my God,
  { For thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek-bone.
  { Thou hast broken the | teeth . . of th' un- | godly.

8 { Salvation belongeth unto the LORD;
  { Thy | blessing . . is up- | on thy | people.

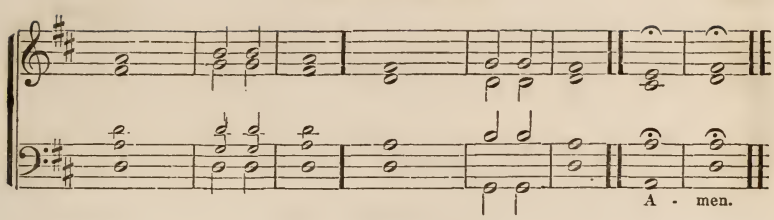
SELECTION V. [Ps. lxxxv.]

1 { Turn us, O God of our salvation,
  { And cause thine anger | toward . . us to | cease.

2 { Wilt thou be angry with us forever?
  { Wilt thou draw out thine | anger . . to | all . . gene- | rations?

3 { Wilt thou not revive us again,
  { That thy people may re- | joice in | thee?

4 { Show us thy mercy, O LORD,
  { And | grant us | thy sal- | vation.



SELECTION VI. [Ps. xxiii.]

1 The LORD is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the | still — | waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
In the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake,

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My | cup . . runneth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the | LORD for- | ever.

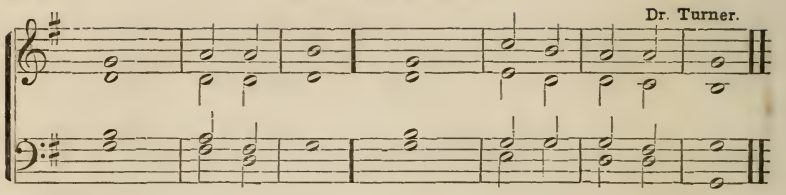
SELECTION VII. [Ps. lxi.]

1 Hear my cry, O God,
Attend un- | to my | prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee,
When my heart is overwhelmed:
Lead me to the | Rock . . that is | higher . . than | I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me,
And a strong | tower . . from the | enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever:
I will trust in the | covert . . of | thy— | wings.



SELECTION VIII. [Ps. xxvii.]

1 The LORD is my light and my salvation,
| Whom . . shall I | fear?
2 The LORD is the strength of my life,
Of | whom . . shall I | be a- | fraid? (SYM.)

3 One thing have I desired of the LORD,
| That . . will I | seek after;
4 That I may dwell in the house of the LORD
All the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the LORD,
And to in- | quire . . to in- | quire in . . his | temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- | vilion;
6 In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me;
He shall | set . . me up- | on a | rock.

7 And now shall mine head be lifted up
Above mine enemies, | round a- | bout me.
8 Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing | praises . . un- | to the | Lord.

9 Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice:
Have mercy also upon me, and | answer | me.
10 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;
My heart said unto thee, Thy | face, LORD, | will I | seek.

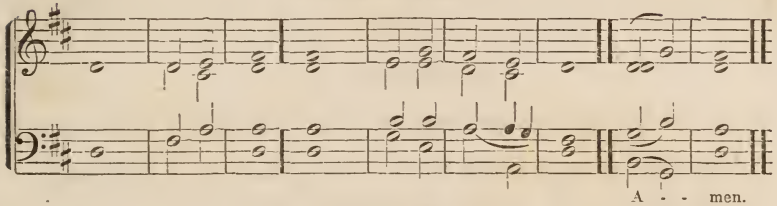
11 Hide not thy face far from me;
Put not thy servant a- | way in | anger.
12 Thou hast been my help; leave me not,
Neither forsake me, O | God of—my sal- | vation.

13 When my father and my mother forsake me,
Then the LORD will | take me | up
14 Teach me thy way, O LORD,
And lead me in a plain path,
Be- | cause of | mine— | enemies.

15 Deliver me not over unto the | will of . . mine | enemies;
16 For false witnesses are risen up against me,
And | such as | breathe out | cruelty.

17 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness
Of the LORD, in the | land . . of the | living.
18 Wait on the LORD ; be of good courage,
And he shall strengthen thine heart ;
| Wait, I | say, . . on the | LORD.

CHANT No. 6.



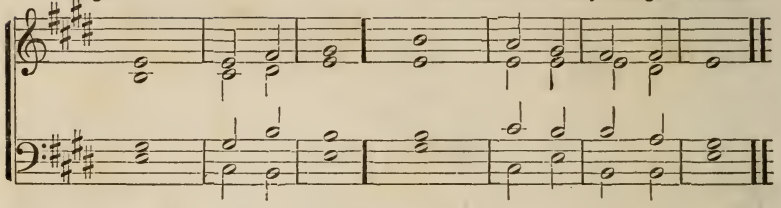
SELECTION IX. [Ps. cxxx.]

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | LORD.
2 LORD, hear my voice;
Let thine ears be attentive to the | voice of . . my | suppli- | cations
3 If thou, LORD, shouldst mark iniquities,
O LORD, | who shall | stand.
4 But there is forgiveness with thee,
That | thou— | mayest . . be | feared.
5 I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait,
And in his | word . . do I | hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the LORD
More than they that watch for the morning,
I say, | more than . . they that | watch . . for the | morning.
7 Let Israel hope in the LORD :
For with the LORD there is mercy,
And with him is | plenteous . . re- | demption.
8 And he shall redeem Israel
From | all— | his in- | iquities.

SELECTION X. [Ps. lxxiii. 25.]

1 Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
And there is none upon earth that I de- | sire be- | side thee.
2 My flesh and my heart faileth ;
But God is the strength of my heart, and my | por— | tion for | ever.
3 For lo, they that are far from | thee shall | perish.
4 But it is good for me to draw near to God ;
I have put my trust in the LORD God,
That I may de- | clare all | thy— | works.

Single. Treble and Tenor may change. Farrant.



SELECTION XI. [Ps. cxxi.]

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh . . my | help.
My help cometh from the LORD, | who made | heaven and | earth.

2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel, | shall not | slumber nor | sleep.

3 The LORD is thy keeper, the LORD is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor the | moon by | night.

4 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
The LORD shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in; from this time forth, and | even . . for- | ev-er- | more.

SELECTION XII. [Ps. xix.]

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his | handy- | work;
Day unto day uttereth speech, and | night . . unto | night . . showeth | knowledge.

2 There is no speech nor language where their voice | is not | heard;
Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their | words . . to the | end of . . the | world.

3 In them hath he set a tabernacle | for the | sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong | man to | run a | race.

4 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the | ends of | it.
And there is nothing | hid . . from the | heat there- | of.

5 The law of the LORD is perfect, con- | verting the soul;
The testimony of the LORD is | sure, making | wise the | simple.

6 { The statutes of the LORD are right, re- | joicing .. the | heart.
The commandment of the LORD is | pure, en- | lightening..the | eyes.

7 { The fear of the LORD is clean, en- | during .. for- | ever;
The judgments of the LORD are true, and | righteous | alto- | gether.

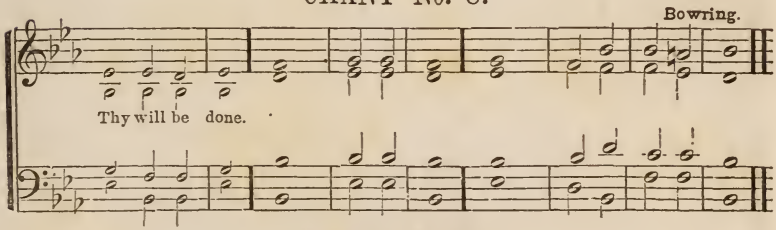
8 { More to desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold,
Sweeter also than honey, | and the | honey- | comb.

9 { Moreover by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is | great re- | ward;
Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.

10 { Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have do- | minion | over me:
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent | from the | great trans- | gression.

11 { Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my | heart
Be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my | strength, and | my Re- | deemer.

CHANT No. 8.



SELECTION XIII.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

1 { "Thy will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy— | will be | done!"

2 { "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine,
"Thy— | will be | done."

3 { "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er,
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort, one
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy— | will be | done."

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

page

A broken heart, my God ! my King !...*Watts* 10
A charge to keep I have.....*C. Wesley* 101
Again the Lord of life and light *Mrs. Barbauld* 56
Ah ! wretched, vile, ungrateful ...*Mrs. Steele* 15
Alas ! and did my Savior bleed.....*Watts* 185
Alas ! what hourly dangers rise...*Mrs. Steele* 61
All hail the power of Jesus' *Perronet, or Duncan* 70
Amazing grace ! how sweet the sound, *Newton* 74
Am I a soldier of the cross.....*Watts* 75
Amid thy wrath remember love.....*Watts* 54
And art thou, gracious master ! gone...*Kelly* 109
And canst thou, sinner ! slight.....*Hyde* 94
And must this body die.....*Watts* 103
And shall I sit alone.....*Beddome* 102
And will the Judge descend.....*Doddridge* 102
Angels from the realms of glory..*Montgomery* 141
Another day has passed along.....*Edmeston* 184
Another six days' work is done....*J. Stennett* 34
Arise, my soul! my joyful powers.....*Watts* 57
Arise, ye people! and adore *Spirit of the Psalms* 44
Arm of the Lord! awake...*H. F. Burder's Col.* 35
Around the Savior's lofty throne.....*Kelly* 38
As pants the hart for cooling..*Tate and Brady* 49
Awake and sing the song.....*Hammond* 84
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound...*Ockum* 113, 192
Awake my heart! arise my tongue!....*Watts* 80
Awake my soul! and with the sun.....*Kenn* 26
Awake my soul! in joyful lays.....*Medley* 21, 192
Awake my soul! stretch every....*Doddridge* 71
Awake, our souls! away our fears.....*Watts* 26
Awake, ye saints! awake.....*Epis. Col.* 117

Before Jehovah's awful throne.....*Watts* 7
Begin, my soul! th' exalted lay.....*Ogilvie* 111
Behold a stranger at the door.....*Gregg* 40
Beyond where Cedron's water's...*S. F. Smith* 180
Behold! what wondrous grace.....*Watts* 90
Blessed are the sons....*Humphreys or Hammond* 129
Blessed Savior! thee I love...*Geo. Duffield Jr.* 205
Blest are the humble souls that see.....*Watts* 41
Blest are the sons of peace..... 209
Blest be the tie that binds.....*Fawcett* 86
Blest Comforter divine !.....*Cleland's Hymns* 96
Blest is the man whose softening *Mrs. Barbauld* 60
Blest morning ! whose young dawning.*Watts* 56
Blow ye the trumpet ! blow..*Altered by Toplady* 120
Bright source of everlasting love !.....*Boden* 65
Brightest and best of the sons of the...*Heber* 182
Broad is the road that leads to death...*Watts* 15
Brother ! thou art gone to rest.....160

Child of sin and sorrow.....*Hastings* 178
Children ! hear the melting story....*Hastings* 145
Children of the heavenly King..... 209
Christian ! see the orient ....*Cleland's Hymns* 141
Christ, of all my hopes the ground..*Windham* 128
Christ, whose glory fills the skies..*C. Wesley* 129
Come away to the skies.....*C. Wesley* 157
Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day..... 16
Come, dearest Lord! descend and dwell *Watts* 21
Come, every pious heart.....*S. Stennett* 117
Come hither, all ye weary souls !.....*Watts* 31
Come, Holy Spirit ! calm my mind...*Burder* 29

page

Come, Holy Spirit ! come.....*Hart* 89
Come, Holy Spirit ! heavenly Dove !...*Watts* 60
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord !....*Kelly* 37
Come, let us anew .....*C. Wesley* 202
Come, let us join our cheerful songs...*Watts* 62
Come, let us join our friends above.*C. Wesley* 72
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes.....*Watts* 73
Come, my fond fluttering heart,.....206
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....*Newton* 125
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice..... 128
Come, sound his praise abroad .....*Watts* 93
Come, thou Almighty King.....*Madan's Col.* 155
Come, thou Fount of every.....*Robinson* 136, 208
Come, trembling sinner.....*E. Jones* 58 & 201
Come, weary souls, with sin.....*Mrs. Steele* 31
Come, ye disconsolate.....*Musica Sacra* 171
Come, ye sinners, heavy laden.....*Hart* 145
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy..... 197
Come, ye who love the Lord .....*Watts* 90
Consider all my sorrows, Lord .....*Watts* 61

Dear refuge of my weary soul.....*Mrs. Steele* 79
Dear Savior ! at thy feet.....*F. C. Woodworth* 207
Dear Savior, we are thine .....*Doddridge* 105
Dear Savior, when my thoughts....*Mrs. Steele* 52
Delay not, delay not, O sinner.....*Hastings* 162
Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?....*Doddridge* 64
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song..*Watts* 76
Drooping souls, no longer mourn 189
Dying souls, fast bound in sin..... 189

Early, my God ! without delay.....*Watts* 50
Eternal source of every joy.....*Doddridge* 40

Far as thy name is known .....*Watts* 88
Far from my thoughts, vain world ....*Watts* 30
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee....*Cowper* 65
Far from us be grief and sadness..... 209
Farewell, we meet no more..... 190
Father of eternal grace. .....*Montgomery* 125
Father of mercies, God of Love.....*Raffles* 109
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss...*Mrs. Steele* 60
From deep distress to thee I pray...*M. Luther* 204
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands...*Watts* 62
For a season called to part.....*Newton* 125
Forever with the Lord..... 206
Friend after friend departs.....*Montgomery* 200
From all that dwell below the skies...*Watts* 8
From Greenland's icy mountains.....*Heber* 148

Gently Lord! Oh! gently lead us...*Hastings* 137
Give me the wings of faith to rise.....*Watts* 71
Give thanks to God ! he reigns above*Watts* 24
Give to our God immortal praise.....*Watts* 14
Glorious things of thee are spoken...*Newton* 141
Glory to God on high.....*R. Hill's Col.* 154
Glory to thee, my God ! this night.....*Kenn* 34
God is the refuge of his saints.....*Watts* 19
God, my supporter and my hope .....*Watts* 49
God of my life ! through all my days.*Doddridge* 38
God of my life ! to thee belong..... 19
Go, watch and pray, thou canst not tell..... 169
Grace ! 'tis a charming sound .....*Doddridge* 91

page

Gracious Spirit, Love divine.....*Stocker* 126
Great God! indulge my humble claim.*Watts* 16
Great God! let all our tuneful...*Heginbotham* 35
Great God! now condescend.....*Fellows* 84
Great God! to thee my evening...*Mrs. Steele* 31
Great God! we sing that mighty...*Doddridge* 39
Great is the Lord our God.....*Watts* 88
Great the joy when Christians meet..... 209
Guide me, O thou great....*Oliver or Robinson* 206

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning 172
Hail to the Lord's anointed.....*Montgomery* 148
Happy souls, thy days are ending..... 208
Hark! hark! the gospel trumpet..*Ray's Col.* 193
Hark! hark! the notes of joy.....*Reed's Col.* 118
Hark! my soul! it is the Lord....*Cowper* 133, 198
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices..*Kelly* 140
Hark! the voice of love and mercy...*Evans* 144
Hark! those happy voices singing..... 191
Hark! what mean those holy voices..*Cawood* 141
Haste, O sinner! to be wise.....*Rippon's Sel.* 127
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you.....*Reed* 145
Hearts of stone, relent, relent...*Tiebout's Col.* 188
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord..... 127
He dies, the friend of sinners, dies.....*Watts* 32
He lives, the great Redeemer lives.*Mrs. Steele* 33
He reigns, the Lord, the Savior reigns..*Watts* 36
High in the heavens, eternal God.....*Watts* 22
High in yonder realms of light.....*Raffles* 131
Holy Ghost, with light divine.....*Reed* 126
How beauteous are their feet.....*Watts* 91
How blest the righteous when he dies..... 209
How calm and beautiful the morn...*Hastings* 168
How charming is the place.....*S. Stennett* 98
How did my heart rejoice to hear.....*Watts* 55
How firm a foundation, ye saints....*Kennedy* 164
How gentle God's commands..... 89 & 201
How happy are they who their Savior obey....196
How long, O Lord, shall I complain....*Watts* 10
How lost was my condition..... 156
How lovely and how fair.....*Montgomery* 121
How oft, alas! this wretched heart.*Mrs. Steele* 58
How pleasant, how divinely fair.....*Watts* 18
How pleasant 'tis to see.....*Watts* 115
How pleased and blest was I.....*Watts* 115
How sweet and awful is the place.....*Watts* 55
How sweet and heavenly is the sight...*Swain* 63
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound*Bowring* 29
How sweet the melting lay.....*S. Lyrics* 101
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds..*Newton* 69
How sweet to leave the world awhile...*Kelly* 29
How swift the torrent rolls.....*Doddridge* 105
How tedious and tasteless the hours..... 198

I lift my soul to God.....*Watts* 82
I love the volume of thy word.....*Watts* 106
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....*Dwight* 97
I love to steal awhile away.....*Mrs. Brown* 81
I now have found abiding rest...*Anonymous* 204
I saw beyond the tomb.....*Dwight* 102
I send the joys of earth away.....*Watts* 19
I would be thine, oh, take my heart..... 163
I would not live always.....*Muhlenburgh* 174
If human kindness meets return.....*Noel* 53
If, through unruffled seas.....*Pratts' Col.* 104
I'll praise my Maker with my breath...*Watts* 107
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....*Watts* 68
In mercy, Lord, remember me..... 63
In thy great name, O Lord, we come..... 58
Indulgent Father, by whose care,*Lon. Ev. Mag.* 81
Is this the kind return.....*Watts* 83
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high....*Watts* 38
Jerusalem! my happy home.*Montgomery's Col.* 77
Jesus! and shall it ever be.....*Gregg* 25
Jesus! hail! enthroned in glory.*R. Hill's Col.* 136
Jesus! I come to thee.....*Beman* 96
Jesus! I love thy charming name...*Doddridge* 52
Jesus! I my cross have taken...*Montgomery* 137
Jesus, Lord! we look to thee.....*Wesley* 126
Jesus! lover of my soul,.....*C. Wesley.* 132
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....*Cennick* 27
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....*Watts* 14
Jesus, thou everlasting King!.....*Watts* 33
Jesus! we bow before thy throne.....*Beman* 39
Jesus, who knows full well.....*Newton* 104
Join all the glorious names.....*Watts* 118
Joy to the world, the Lord is come....*Watts* 51
Just as I am—without one plea....*Anonymous* 204

Kindred in Christ! for his dear sake..*Newton* 41
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong...*Watts* 36
Know, my soul! thy full salvation.*Montgomery* 137

Lamb of God! whose bleeding.*Whitefield's Col.* 152
Let all the earth their voices raise.....*Watts* 108
Let earthly minds the world pursue...*Newton* 78
Let every tongue thy goodness speak..*Watts* 42
Let party-names no more.....*Beddome* 98
Let little children come to me....*Asa D. Smith* 207
Let us with a joyful mind.....*Milton* 124
Lift up to God the voice of praise...*Wardlaw* 54
Light of those whose dreary dwelling.*Toplady* 138
Lo! on a narrow neck of land...*C. Wesley* 111
Lo! what a glorious sight appears...*Watts* 70
Long as I live I'll bless thy name.....*Watts* 43
Look, ye saints, the day is breaking...*Kelly* 147
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious...*Kelly* 142
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....*Davies* 28
Lord, I approach the mercy-seat...*Epis. Col.* 69
Lord, I cannot let thee go.....*Newton* 127
Lord, I have made thy word my choice.*Watts* 47
Lord, I will bless thee all my days...*Watts* 23
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear...*Watts* 45
Lord of my life, oh! may thy praise.*Mrs. Steele* 42
Lord of the Sabbath and its light..... 184
Lord of the worlds above.....*Watts* 120
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me..*Watts* 11
Lord, thou hast won—at length.....*Newton* 113
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray..*Watts* 81
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand.....*Watts* 9
Lord, we come before thee now.....*Hart* 123
Lord, when we bend before thy..*Pratt's Col.* 47
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.....*Watts* 12
Love divine! all love excelling...*C. Wesley* 138

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned....*S. Stennet* 74
Men of God! go take your stations.....*Kelly* 146
Mercy, O thou son of David.....191
Mid scenes of confusion.....167
Mid sorrow and care.....177
Mighty God! while angels bless thee.*Robinson* 140
Mine eyes and my desire.....*Watts* 103
Mortals, awake, with angels join.....*Medley* 73
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord.....*Watts* 20
My faith looks up to thee.....*Polmer* 154
My God! accept my early vows.....*Watts* 8
My God! how endless is thy love.....*Watts* 29
My God! in whom are all the springs..*Watts* 24
My God! my everlasting hope.....*Watts* 47
My God! my Father! blissful name.*Mrs. Steele* 53

	page
My God! my Father! while I stay..*Anonymous*	203
My God! my King! thy various praise. *Watts*	12
My God! my life, my love..... *Watts*	89
My God! my portion and my love..... *Watts*	57
My God! permit me not to be..... *Watts*	37
My God! permit my tongue..... *Watts*	87
My God! the spring of all my joys.... *Watts*	62
My Maker and my King!..... *Mrs. Steele*	95
My Savior, my almighty friend!..... *Watts*	43
My shepherd will supply my need.....	209
My soul! be on thy guard..... *Heath*	91
My soul, O Lord! on thee... *F. C. Woodworth*	201
My soul! repeat his praise..... *Watts*	85
My spirit sinks within me, Lord..... *Watts*	11
My times of sorrow and of joy..... *Beddome*	66
Nearer, my God! to thee..... *Sarah F. Adams*	203
Not all the blood of beasts..... *Watts*	84
Now begin the heavenly theme..... *Langford*	124
Now be the gospel banner..... *Hastings*	151
Now for a tune of lofty praise..... *Watts*	33
Now from labor and from care..... *Hastings*	135
Now, gracious Lord! thine arm..... *Newton*	56
Now is th' accepted time..... *Dobell*	101
Now let our souls on wings sublime.. *Gibbons*	21
Now to the Lord a noble song..... *Watts*	35
O God! my refuge, hear my cries..... *Watts*	46
O God of sovereign grace..... *Village Hymns*	83
O God! our help in ages past..... *Watts*	45
O God! to thy promise..... *Asa D. Smith*	207
O Lord! another day is flown..... *H. K. White*	76
O Lord! in sorrow I resign..... *Gems*	113
O Lord! my best desires fulfill..... *Cowper*	54
O Lord! thy work revive..... *Hastings*	99
O my soul! what means this sadness.. *Fawcett*	145
O thou in whose presence my soul.....	186
O thou that hearest the prayer..... *Toplady*	113
O thou that hearest prayer..... *Pratt's Col.*	119
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry.. *Watts*	10
O thou who driest the mourner's tear.....	208
O thou whose tender mercy hears.. *Mrs. Steele*	79
O Zion! tune thy voice..... *Doddridge*	122
O Zion! when I think on thee..... *Kelly*	16
Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!..... *Watts*	92
Oh! blessed souls are they!..... *Watts*	87
Oh! cease, my wandering soul... *Epis. Col.*	104
Oh! could I speak the matchless worth. *Medley*	110
Oh! could our thoughts..... *Mrs. Steele*	73
Oh! for a closer walk with God..... *Cowper*	63
Oh! for a glance of heavenly day..... *Hart*	32
Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing.. *C. Wesley*	59
Oh! happy day that fixed my choice. *Doddridge*	24
Oh! how divine, how sweet the joy.. *Newton*	59
Oh! how happy are they.....	199
Oh! if my soul was formed for woe..... *Watts*	66
Oh! that I could for ever dwell..... *Reed*	28
Oh! that I knew the secret place..... *Watts*	66
Oh! turn ye, Oh! turn ye.....	193
Oh! where shall rest be found... *Montgomery*	94
O'er the realms of pagan darkness.... *Cotterill*	147
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.. *S. Stennet*	67
On Pisgah's top I now would stand.....	113
On the mountain's top appearing..... *Kelly*	143
Once I thought my mountain strong.. *Newton*	129
Our Lord is risen from the dead.... *C. Wesley*	3)
Palms of glory, raiment bright... *Montgomery*	133
Parted for some anxious days. *Geo. Duffield Jr.*	205
Parting soul! the flood awaits thee.. *Edmeston*	139
People of the living God..... *Montgomery*	132
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair..... *Watts*	67
Praise to God! immortal praise.. *Mrs. Barbauld*	132
Praise to our heavenly..... *George Duffield Jr.*	205
Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet... *S. Stennett*	79
Rejoice, the Lord is King..... *C. Wesley*	116
Return, my roving heart, return... *Doddridge*	13
Return, O wanderer! now return..... *Collyer*	25
Return, O wanderer! to thy home.. *Hastings*	163
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.. *Cennick*	152
Rock of ages! cleft for me..... *Toplady*	134
Roll on, thou mighty ocean!..... *Pratt's Col.*	150
Safely through another week..... *Newton*	135
Savior! breathe an evening blessing. *Edmeston*	139
Savior! visit thy plantation..... *Newton*	136
Say, sinner! hath a voice within..... *Hyde*	23
See, from Zion's sacred mountain..... *Kelly*	146
Send kindly light amid the..... *Anonymous*	203
Shall man, O God of light and life... *Dwight*	8
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive..... *Watts*	15
Silently the shades of evening.....	179
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord!.. *Doddridge*	71
Sinner, come, 'Mid thy gloom..... *Hastings*	190
Sinners! turn, why will ye die..... *J. Wesley*	130
Sinners! will you scorn the message... *Allen*	145
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.....	161
Slowly, in sadness and in tears. *Geo. Duffield Jr.*	206
Sometimes a light surprises.....	156
Songs anew of honor framing.....	142
Songs of praise the angels sang... *Montgomery*	123
Soon as I heard my Father say..... *Watts*	52
Stand up and bless the Lord.... *Montgomery*	82
Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears.. *Watts*	30
Star of peace, to wanderers weary.....	159
Still on the Lord thy burden roll.....	69
Sure there's a righteous God..... *Watts*	83
Sweet is the memory of thy grace..... *Watts*	59
Sweet is the time of spring..... *Gems*	92
Sweet is the work, my God! my King!.. *Watts*	26
Sweet is the work, O Lord!.. *Spt. of the Psalms*	85
Sweet peace of conscience..... *Heginbotham*	17
Sweet was the time when first I felt.. *Newton*	68
That awful day will surely come..... *Watts*	48
That day of wrath—that dreadful. *Walter Scott*	36
That warning voice, O sinner, hear.....	114
The day is past and gone..... *Hartford Sel.*	99
The festal morn, my God! is come.... *Merrick*	111
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!.. *Watts*	18
The Lord is my shepherd, no want. *Montgomery*	176
The Lord my shepherd is..... *Watts*	100
The mind was formed to mount... *Mrs. Steele.*	111
The morning light is breaking.....	183
The praise of Zion waits for thee..... *Watts*	9
The Prince of Salvation in triumph. *S. F. Smith*	181
The Savior! oh! what endless.... *Mrs. Steele*	50
The Spirit in our hearts..... *Epis. Col*	96
There is a fountain filled with blood.. *Cowper*	75
There is a land of pure delight..... *Watts*	77
There is an hour of hallowed peace. *Union Col.*	75
There is an hour of peaceful rest..... *Tappan*	175
The voice of free grace cries escape.....	196
They who seek the throne of grace.....	128
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord!.... *Doddridge*	39
Think gently of the erring one.....	209
This is the day the Lord hath made... *Watts*	45
This world is poor from shore to shore. *Nelson*	175
Thou art gone to the grave..... *Heber*	170
Thou art my portion, O my God..... *Watts*	53
Thou only Sovereign of my heart.. *Mrs. Steele*	25

	page
Thou very present Aid!.....*C. Wesley*	95
Thou whom my soul admires above....*Watts*	23
Thou whose Almighty Word.....*Pratt's Col*	155
Through all the changing...*Tate and Brady*	44
Through every age, eternal God!.....*Watts*	13
Through thy protecting care.....	178
Thus far the Lord has led me on.....*Watts*	20
Thy name, almighty Lord!..... .....*Watts*	85
Time is winging us away..... ..*Burton*	153
'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....*Watts*	22
To bless thy chosen race.....*Tate and Brady*	82
To day—if ye will hear his voice..*Kent's Col.*	28
To day the Savior calls	161
To God, in whom I trust.....*Watts*	100
To God, the only wise.....*Watts*	93
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes.....*Watts*	49
To Jesus, the crown of my hope.....*Cowper*	195
To spend one sacred day.....*Watts*	121
To thee in youth's bright morning.....*Watts*	156
To thee, my God and Savior!...*Alexander's Col.*	149
To your Creator, God.....*Mrs. Steele.*	119
'Twas in the watches of the night.....*Watts*	50
Unshaken as the sacred hill.....*Watts*	42
Vain, delusive world, adieu..... ...153	
We all, O Lord, have gone astray.....11	
Weary of wandering from my God.*C. Wesley*	109
Welcome, dear Redeemer!.....*Evan. Mag.*	142
Welcome, delightful morn.....194	
Welcome, O Savior! to my heart.*Bourne's Col.*	51
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....*Watts*	98
Welcome to thy flock again...*Asa D. Smith*	207
We lift our hearts to thee.....*Meth. Col.*	100
What equal honors shall we bring...*Watts*	20
What is life? 'Tis but a vapor.....*Kelly*	173
What shall I render to my God.....*Watts*	46
What sinners value, I resign.....*Watts*	27
When all thy mercies, O my God!.....*Addison*	72
When gathering clouds around..*Lord Glenelg*	109
When God revealed his gracious name.*Watts*	80
When I can read my title clear.....*Watts*	68
When I can trust my all with God...*Conder*	206
When I survey the wondrous cross...*Watts*	27
When musing sorrow weeps the past....*Noel*	78
When overwhelmed with grief.....*Watts*	94
When shall the voice of singing..*Pratt's Col.*	150
When shall we meet again.....	158
When sins and fears prevailing rise.*Mrs. Steele*	17
When, streaming from the eastern..*Lord Glenelg*	109
When thou, my righteous judge.*Ovington's Sel.*	112
When thou, our Savior! God...*Asa D. Smith*	207
Where shall the man be found.....*Watts*	99
Where two or three with sweet.....*Stennett*	34
While I to grief my soul gave way...*Newton*	32
While life prolongs its precious light..*Dwight*	13
While my Redeemer's near.....*Mrs. Steele*	87
While thee I seek.....*Miss H. M. Williams*	64
While, with ceaseless course, the sun..*Newton*	130
Who are these in bright array...*Montgomery*	131
Who shall ascend thy heavenly place..*Watts*	22
Why do we mourn departing friends...*Watts*	78
Why lament the Christian dying.....	139
Why is my heart so far from thee.....*Watts*	48
Why should we start and fear to die....*Watts*	37
Why will ye waste on trifling.....*Doddridge*	41
Wilt thou not visit me.....*Jones Very*	203
With all my powers of heart and tongue*Watts*	9
With humble heart and tongue.....*Fawcett*	97
With tearful eyes I look around..*Anonymous*	204
With tears of anguish I lament.....*S. Stennett*	61
Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway..*Shirley*	40
Ye angels who stand round...*De Fleury*	195, 208
Ye nations round the earth! rejoice....*Watts*	7
Ye servants of God!.....*Whitefield's Col.*	166
Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears *Beddome*	44
Ye who in his courts are found..*R. Hill's Col.*	135
Ye wretched, hungry, starving....*Mrs. Steele*	51
Yes, my native land, I love thee...*S.F.Smith*	144
Yes, the Redeemer rose.....*Doddridge*	116
Yes, we trust the day is breaking.....	146
Your harps, ye trembling saints.....*Toplady*	86
Zion! awake, thy strength renew..*Pratt's Col.*	12
Zion stands with hills surrounded.....*Kelly*	143

INDEX OF PSALMS AND NUMBERS.

PSALMS	NUMBERS
4.....L. M.....	80
5.....L. M.....	56
5.....C. M.....	114
13.....L. M.....	12
13.....C. M.....	105
15.....L. M.....	43
17.....L. M.....	58
19.....L. M.....	34
19.....L. P. M...	275
23.....S. M.....	226
23.....S. M.....	258
24.....L. M.....	68
25.....S. M.....	211
25.....S. M.....	256
25.....S. M.....	259
25.....S. M.....	267
27 .....C. M.....	132
31.....C. M.....	136
32.....S. M.....	225
34.....C. M.....	110
34.....L. M.....	46
36.....L. M.....	44
38.....C. M.....	138
42.....L. M.....	15
42.....C. M.....	125
46.....L. M.....	36
47.....C. M.....	111
48.....S. M.....	228
48.....S. M.....	229
51.....L. M.....	10
51.....L. M.....	11
51.....L. M.....	25
55.....C. M.....	115
57.....L. M.....	50
61.....S. M.....	242
63.....L. M.....	27
63.....C. M.....	126
63.....C. M.....	127
63.....S. M.....	227
65.....L. M.....	7
66.....C. M.....	139
67.....S. M.....	212
68.....L. M.....	87
71.....C. M.....	108
71.....C. M.....	119
72.....L. M.....	23
72.....7s & 6s...	378
73.....C. M.....	124
73.....S. M.....	214
84.....L. M.....	33
84.....H. M.....	306
87.....8s & 7s...	356
88.....L. M.....	5
88.....L. M.....	20
90.....L. M.....	19
90.....C. M.....	112
92.....L. M.....	9
92.....L. M.....	55
92.....S. M.....	221
95.....S. M.....	240
96.....L. P. M...	277
97.....L. M.....	86
98.....C. M.....	130
100.....L. M.....	1
100.....L. M.....	2
103.....S. M.....	220
103.....S. M.....	238
107.....L. M.....	49
116.....C. M.....	116
117.....L. M.....	6
118.....C. M.....	113
119.....L. M.....	13
119.....C. M.....	118
119.....C. M.....	135
119.....C. M.....	157
121.....C. M.....	123
122.....C. M.....	141
122.....S. P. M...	295
125.....C. M.....	106
133.....S. P. M....	296
136.....L. M.....	22
137.....L. M.....	28
137.....S. M.....	250
138.....L. M.....	8
139.....L. M.....	14
141.....L. M.....	4
145.....L. M.....	16
145.....C. M.....	104
145.....C. M.....	107
146.....L. P. M....	276
148.....L. M.....	17

The figures designate the number of the hymn.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

INTRODUCTORY.

Invocation and general praise, 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 16, 17, 22, 23, 29, 31, 46, 49, 50, 68, 81, 83, 92, 105, 107, 130, 139, 141, 143, 186, 204, 213, 220, 227, 229, 245, 276, 277, 295, 299, 300, 304, 306, 307, 308, 310, 312, 341, 355, 389, 403, 483.
for the Lord's day as Sabbath, 4, 7, 27, 33, 55, 81, 113, 126, 141, 221, 252, 285, 405, 471.
for same, as day of Christ's resurrection, 113, 144, 405.
for Lord's day evening, 97, 311, 320, 483.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

Scriptures, excellence, 34, 118, 275.
guide of the youth, 251.
sufficiency, 402.
God, His being and perfections generally, 41, 87, 94, 107.
care of his saints, 46, 110.
eternity 19, 112.
faithfulness, 49, 256.
goodness, 104, 151, 238.
immutability, 19.
omnipresence, 14.
the aged saints reflection and hope, 119.
works of creation and providence, 44, 49, 106, 110, 214, 312.
Jesus Christ, excellence and glory, 83, 108, 152, 179, 283, 302, 344.
humiliation and exaltation, 39.
hears prayer, 272.
incarnation and nativity, 130, 188, 301, 357, 359, 423.
intercession, 77.
ministry and example, 38, 65, 421.
offices, names and emblems, 77, 161, 181, 193, 217, 258, 298, 302, 327, 333, 338, 350, 354, 386, 387, 487.
present with his people, 66, 82.
redeeming love, 42, 128, 173, 191, 299, 342, 443.
resurrection, ascension and exaltation, 68, 74, 111, 362.
sufferings and death, 366, 421.
the great physician, 392.
the true friend, 417, 432, 482.
sufferings and glory, 78.
supreme God and king, 93, 100, 344, 362.
sympathy of Christ, 278, 482.
Holy Spirit, 47, 67, 154, 232, 303, 318, 319, 391.
Trinity, 388.
The Way of Salvation, 60, 236.
Invitations and Warnings, 20, 47, 52, 62, 72, 73, 99, 103, 129, 148, 243, 247, 261, 270, 294, 305, 321, 323, 330, 340, 367, 368, 370, 398, 399, 400, 408, 419, 441, 444, 445, 449, 450.
The Christian, adoption, 234, 326.
beneficence to men, 156.
brotherly love and fellowship, 4, 164, 224, 296.
communion with Christ, 61, 226.
choice of God as his portion, 124, 127, 135, 147, 160, 231.
conflict and watchfulness, 4, 12, 69, 158, 194, 235, 262, 406.
consolations under afflictions, 104, 115, 157, 172, 180, 201, 220, 455, 469.
confidence and perseverance, 123, 162, 241, 242.
desires for holiness 30, 349.
dependence on divine aid, 57, 242, 455.
encouragements against despondency, 15, 32, 109, 223, 230, 242, 347, 371, 402, 432.
exercises in converson, 25, 63, 131, 202, 206, 225, 248, 289, 291, 292, 361, 401.
filial temper, 136.
gladness and rejoicing, 483, 484.
gratitude, 46, 50, 92, 110, 116, 146, 192, 207, 245.
hope of heaven, 177.
habitual fear of God, 259.
hardness of heart lamented, 76, 434.
humility, 25, 265, 280.
in darkness, 436.
inconstancy and repentance, 10, 11, 13, 25, 26, 30, 120, 134, 138, 149, 159, 165, 170, 171, 175, 178, 203, 205, 215, 267, 268, 280, 281, 286, 427, 428, 429, 433, 434, 435.
Jesus only, 59, 231, 246, 325, 385, 416.
love for prayer, 431.
love to God and man, 43.
love to Christ, 41, 48, 53, 54, 108, 133, 167, 336, 447, 466.
morning prayer meeting, 263.
parting, 316, 440.
pleading with God, 322.
pleasures or happiness, 101, 156, 185, 218, 233, 313, 485.
prayer, 82, 117, 132, 150, 204, 211, 249, 259, 260, 314, 324, 430.
pilgrimage to heaven, 40, 183, 348, 382, 446.
renunciation of the world, 35, 59, 346, 470.
resignation, 136, 290, 469.
self-denial, 24,
severe chastisement deprecated, 138.
thirsting after God, 125, 127.
trust in providence, 132, 140, 155, 176, 192, 210, 271, 328, 455.
trust in Christ, 32, 226, 273, 325, 487.
union of saints in heaven and on earth, 167, 254, 317, 467, 485.
The Church, 9, 28, 36, 75, 228, 250, 253, 309, 356, 363, 364.
The Spread of the Gospel at home or revivals, 153, 257, 343.
abroad, 85, 182, 360, 373, 374, 375, 380, 424.
conquest of all nations, 212, 216, 358, 360, 376, 422.
dawn of the millenium, 409.
prayer for the millenium, 96
Time, 20, 274, 329, 384, 456.
what is life! 410.
Death, its issues, 244.
of believers, 89, 351, 352, 468, 481.
of Christian friends, 200, 454
Resurrection, 5, 269, 297.
The Judgment, the event, 86, 88.
anticipated, 121, 264, 266, 287, 288.
Heaven, 45, 58, 174, 184, 195, 198, 199, 244, 279, 285, 288, 293, 331, 332, 337, 393, 394, 412, 413, 472 480.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Preparatory Lecture, 466.
Sacramental, baptism 219.
the Lord's supper, 70, 79, 102, 137, 142, 383.
Ecclesiastical, accessions to the church, 51, 91, 102, 334.
dedication,
installation, 237, 475.
laying corner stone, 474.
Sabbath-schools, 476, 477.
Missionary, 365, 372, 377, 378, 381.
Charitable, 169.
Funeral, 396, 397, 407, 468.
Miscellaneous, return of a pastor, 473.
Seasons, spring, 239.
the changing seasons, 84.
the year crowned with goodness, 98, 335.
year, close of, 95, 329.
year, new 95. 456.
prayer for a blessing, 145.

PRIVATE AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

after days of separation, 465,
daily devotion, 64, 379, 485.
habitual, 166,
evening, 37, 71, 80, 163, 196, 197, 209, 210, 255, 281, 339, 353, 420, 426, 431.
morning, 56, 105, 281, 390, 418, 425, 431.
retirement and meditation, 21, 90, 168, 208.
recovery from sickness, 116, 411.
self-examination, 21, 165.

ALPHABETICAL TABLE OF TUNES.

	page
Abridge	57
Albany	68
All Saints	22
Amsterdam	152
Angola	144
Aphek	124
Appleton	27
Ariel	110
Austria	107
Aylesbury	102
Badea	87
Baden	28
Balerma	58
Barby	54
Bartimeus	191
Bava	8
Belford	160
Benevento	130
Benson	23
Beethoven	41
Bethesda	119
Billow	159
Boylston	85
Brattle Street	64
Brera	108
Brooklyn	122
Burford	61
Burlington	181
Canterbury	49
Chester	163
Child of sin and	178
China	78
Christmas	71
Come, disconsolate	171
Come ye sinners	197
Corinth	81
Corronation	70
Cowan	170
Cowper	75
Dennis	201
Dedham	52
De Fleury	198
Denfield	62
Dover	88
Downs	53
Dresden	32
Duke Street	14
Dundee	47
Eddy	37
Effen	17
Eldridge	118
Elvin	138
Endon	30
Evening Hymn	31
Evan	63
Expostulation	193
Ernan	38
Farewell, we meet	190
Federal Street	25
Freeland	185
Fulton	76
Folsom	182
Ganges	192
Geneva	153
Gethsemane	180
Golden Hill	95
Goodwin	183
Go, watch and pray	169
Gratitude	29
Greenville	137
Helffenstein	201
Hail to the brightness	172
Halle	135
Hamburg	13
Happiness	199
Hark, those happy	191
Harwell	140
Harwich	117
Haverhill	89
Heber	69
Hebron	20
Hendon	125
Hereford	94
Hinton	162
Horton	128
How calm and beau	168
Howard	72
Inverness	104
Invitation	190
Jasco	9
Iowa	101
Italian Hymn	155
Jordan	67
Knox	59
Laban	91
Latrobe	126
Lenox	120
Lisbon	98
Little Marlboro	103
London	42
Lovest thou me	198
Loving Kindness	192
Lyons	166
Lischer	194
Marlow	50
Martyn	132
Mear	55
Medfield	51
Meribah	112
Midst sorrow and	177
Missionary Chant	26
Missionary Hymn	148
Monmouth	36
Morning	178
Morrison	150
Moulton	200
Mount Calvary	188
Mount Vernon	161
My faith looks up to	154
Nashville	106
Newton	156
Norfolk	195
Nuremburg	123
Oaksville	80
Oliphant	146
Olmutz	86
Olney	96
Ortonville	74
Orwell	187
Owen	105
Page	195
Parting Soul	139
Pentonville	84
Percy	66
Peters	115
Phuvah	46
Pleyl's Hymn	127
Portuguese Hymn	164
Prescott	174
Remsen	202
Return	163
Rock of Ages	177
Rockingham	21
Rosefield	129
Rothwell	33
Rowley	157
St. Ann	43
St. Louis	24
St. Martin	56
St. Michael	82
St. Thomas	90
Saxony	10
Shirland	100
Shoel	40
Silver Street	93
Sicily	136
Southwell	83
Sparta	73
State Street	97
Stephens	60
Sterling	12
Stockwell	179
Stonefield	39
Stow	116
Tallis	45
Tallis Ev. Hymn	34
Tamworth	142
That warning voice	114
The Lord is my	176
The Old Hundredth	7
The Sabbath	184
The Saint's sweet	167
The voice of free	196
To-day the Saviour	161
Truro	35
Thatcher	92
Underwood	99
Unity	158
Utica	189
Uxbridge	18
Ward	19
Wareham	186
Wayland	193
Wells	16
What is life?	173
Wickliff	79
Windham	15
Windsor	48
Woodland	175
Yarmouth	151
York	44
Zadock	134
Zeba	11
Zion	143

METRICAL INDEX.

L. M.

All Saints..... 22
Appleton 27
Baden..... 26
Bava 8
Benson 23
Beethoven..... 41
Dresden..... 32
Duke Street..... 14
Eddy 37
Effen 17
Endon 30
Evening Hymn .. 31
Federal Street... 25
Gratitude 29
Hamburg 13
Hebron..... 20
Iosco 9
Loving-Kindness.. 192
Missionary Chant 26
Monmouth 36
Orwell..... 187
Rockingham 21
Rothwell..... 33
St. Louis..... 24
Saxony 10
Shoel 40
Sterling..... 12
Stonefield 39
Tallis Ev. Hymn.. 34
The Old Hundredth 7
The Sabbath..... 184
Truro..... 35
Uxbridge 18
Ward 19
Wells 16
Windham 15
Zeba 11

C. M.

Abridge..... 57
Albany 68
Balerma..... 58
Barby..... 54
Brattle Street ... 64
Burford 61
Canterbury 49
China..... 78
Christmas 71
Corinth 81
Coronation 70
Cowper 75
Dedham..... 52
Denfield..... 62
Downs..... 53
Dundee 47
Evan 63
Freeland 185
Fulton 76
Heber..... 69
Jordan..... 67
Knox..... 59
London..... 42
Marlow 50
Mear..... 55
Medfield 51
Oaksville 80
Ortonville..... 74
Percy 66
Phuvah 46
St. Ann 43
St. Martin 56
Stephens 60
Sparta 73
Tallis..... 45
Wickliff 79
Windsor 48
York 44

S. M.

Aylesbury 102
Badea 87
Boylston 85
Dover..... 88
Golden Hill..... 95
Haverhill 89
Hereford 94
Inverness..... 104
Iowa 101
Laban..... 91
Little Marlborough 103
Lisbon 98
Olmutz..... 86
Olney..... 96
Owen 105
Pentonville..... 84
St. Michael..... 82
St. Thomas..... 90
Shirland 100
Silver Street 93
Southwell 83
State Street..... 97
Underwood..... 99

L. P. M.

Austria..... 107
Brera 108
Nashville 106

C. P. M.

Ariel..... 110
Ganges..... 192
Meribah 112
That Warning Voice114

S. P. M.

Peters 115

C. L. M.

Go watch and pray 169
How calm and beau.168

C. M. PECULIAR.

Return..... 163

S. H. M.

Moulton.....200

H. M.

Bethesda 119
Brooklyn..... 122
Eldridge 118
Harwich 117
Lenox..... 120
Stow 116

7s SINGLE.

Aphek 124
Hendon 125
Horton 128
Latrobe 126
Lovest thou me ... 198
Nuremburg 123
Pleyel's Hymn 127

7s DOUBLE.

Benevento..... 130
Martyn 132

7s, 6 LINES.

Halle 135
Mount Calvary.... 188
Rosefield 129
Rock of Ages 177
Zadock..... 134

8s & 7s.

Bartimeus 191
Come ye sinners... 197
Elvin 138
Greenville 137
Harwell..... 140
Mount Vernon..... 161
Nettleton 199
Parting soul..... 139
Sicily 136
Stockwell..... 179

8s and 7s, 6l. P.

What is life 173

8s, 7s & 4s.

Angola 144
Oliphant 146
Tamworth 142
Zion 143

8s, 7s, & 4 PECULIAR.

Billow 159

3s & 6s.

Invitation 190

5s & 9s.

Midst sorrow and.. 177

5s & 11s.

Remsen 202

6s & 5s.

Morning..... 178
Unity 158

6s & 9s.

Happiness 199
Rowley 157

6s & 4s.

Child of sin and ... 178
Farewell, we meet no 190
Italian Hymn 155
My faith looks up.. 154
To day the Savior .. 161

7s & 6s.

Amsterdam 152
Geneva 153
Goodwin 183
Missionary Hymn .. 148
Morrison 150
Newton 156
Utica 189
Yarmouth..... 151

7s, 6s & 8s.

Belford 160

8s.

De Fleury..... 198
Norfolk 195
Page 195

8s & 4s.

Wayland 193

8s & 6s.

Gethsemane 180
Woodland..... 175

10s & 11s.

Lyons..... 166

11s.

Expostulation 193
Hinton 162
Portuguese Hymn .. 164
The Saint's sweet .. 167
Prescott..... 174
The Lord is my ... 176

11s, 3s & 6s.

Hark, those happy .. 191

11s & 8s.

Wareham 186

11s & 10.

Folsom 182
Come ye disconsolate 171
Hail to the Bright... 172

12s.

The voice of Free .. 196

12s & 11s.

Cowan 170

12s, 11s & 8.

Burlington 181