

PSALMS AND HYMNS

PUBLIC, PRIVATE, AND SOCIAL
WORSHIP,

SELECTED BY

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TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND
THE LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER,
THIS
SELECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS,
WITH A GRATEFUL SENSE
OF THE VALUE OF
HIS KIND SANCTION AND APPROBATION,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY HIS HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE EDITOR.

SHORT TABLE OF SUBJECTS.

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PART II.

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THE CHRISTIAN.

GOD THE FATHER.

GOD THE SON.

INANCIS & PI

LUCIS, VICT RV, AND

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

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PSALMS.

2

Reign of Christ.

S. M.

WHAT though the people rage,
And kings, with counsels vain,
Against the Omnipotent engage,
And spurn Messiah's reign;

2 The anointed Son shall still
As Monarch be enthron'd,
With regal pomp, on Zion's hill;—
Zion long lov'd and own'd.

3 All empires shall be claim'd
As his from sea to sea;
For him this beauteous world was fram'd,
And his the world shall be.

4 Those who resist his sway
His anger shall devour;
And broken, like the potter's clay,
Shall be their pride and power.

5 Kings! rulers! men! be wise;
The day of grace is now;
Ere yet his kindling wrath arise
Low at his footstool bow.

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 Oft to thy house will I resort
 To taste thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

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

4 The men that love and fear thy name
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
 The mighty God will compass them.
 With favor as a shield.

8 *Condescension of God.* C. M.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy name !

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there ;
 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wondering sight ;
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light :

- 4 Lord! what is man, that thou should'st love
 To keep him in thy mind?
 And what the son of man, to prove
 To him so wondrous kind?
- 5 O thou to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

13 *Expostulation.* L. M.

- H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
 Like one that seeks his God in vain?
 Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
 And I still pray, and be denied?
- 2 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
 Before my death conclude my grief;
 If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
 I sleep in everlasting night.
- 3 How will the powers of darkness boast
 If but one praying soul be lost!
 But I have trusted in thy grace,
 And shall again behold thy face.
- 4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
 My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

16 & 17 *God our portion.* L. M.

- W**HAT sinners value I resign;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness. B 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 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God ;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

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

18

Majesty of God.

C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens most high ;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
 Full royally he rode ;
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

3 O God, my strength and fortitude,
 Of force I must love thee ;
 Thou art my castle and defence
 In my necessity.

8 *Majesty and goodness of God.* 148th.

HE came, the King of Kings ;
 He bow'd the sable sky,
 And on the tempest's wings
 Walk'd down serene from high ;
 The earth beneath his footsteps shook,
 The mountains quak'd at his rebuke.

Above the storm he stood,
 And aw'd it to repose ;
 He drew us from the flood,
 And scatter'd all our foes ;
 He set us in a spacious place,
 And there upholds us by his grace.

Whom should we love like thee,
 Our God, our guide, our king ?
 The tower to which we flee,
 The rock to which we cling.
 O, for a thousand tongues to shew
 The mercies which to thee we owe !

9 *Creation.* D. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

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

19 *The Word of God the light of the world.* 1.
 2d Version.

- T**HE 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 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand :
 So, when thy truth began its race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 3 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.

4 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.

19

3d Version.

B. M.

BEHOOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way :
 • His beams through all the nations run,
 And light and life convey.
 2 But where the gospel shines,
 • It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
 3 How perfect is thy word,
 And all thy judgments just !
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord ;
 And men securely trust.
 4 While with my heart and tongue
 I speak thy praise abroad,
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

23

The Good Shepherd.

G. M.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
 I therefore nothing need :
 In pastures fair, by pleasant streams,
 He setteth me to feed.
 2 And though I walk in vale of death,
 Yet will I fear no ill :
 Thy rod and staff—they comfort me,
 And thou art with me still.

- 3 Yea—in the presence of my foe
 My table thou dost spread :
 Full hast thou fill'd my cup, and thou
 Anointed hast my head.
- 4 Thro' all my life thy favor, Lord,
 So frankly shewn to me
 Is pledge, that with thee evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

23

2d Version.

6. 1

- T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care :
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary, wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade

24

Ascension of Christ.

L. M

- OUR Lord is risen from the dead:
 Our Saviour is gone up on high:
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels 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 th' ethereal scene;
 "He claims these mansions as his right:
 "Receive the King of glory in."
- 4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
 "The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
 "Sin, death, and hell he overthrew,
 "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."

29

Praise.

16

- SING, ye sons of men, O sing
 Praise to heaven's eternal King:
 Power and strength to God assign;
 Bow before his hallow'd shrine.
- 2 Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;--
 Hush'd to silence while He speaks,
 Ocean's waves, from pole to pole,
 Hear the awful accents roll.

- 3 Now the bursting clouds give way,
 And the vivid lightnings play ;
 Now the wilds, by man untrod,
 Hear dismay'd th' approaching God.
- 4 God the swelling surge commands ;
 Fix'd his throne for ever stands :
 God his people shall increase,
 Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

34

Trust in God.

C. M

- T**HROUGH 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 that are distrest
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O make but trial of his love !
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 4 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.

39

Shortness of life.

G. 86.

O LET me, heavenly Lord, extend
 My view to life's approaching end ;
 Instructed by thy wisdom, learn
 How soon my fabric shall return
 To earth—and in the silent tomb
 Its seat of lasting rest assume.

2 What are my days ? a span their line ;—
 And what my age compar'd with thine ?
 Our life advancing to its close,
 While scarce its earliest dawn it knows :
 Swift like a fleeting shade we run,
 And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers, here, as they,
 I walk the pilgrim of a day ;
 A transient guest, thy works admire,
 And instant to my home retire :
 Where shall I then my refuge see ?
 On whom repose my hope, but thee ?

4 Before thy throne my knees I bend ;
 To thee my ceaseless prayers ascend :
 " O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare !
 " My strength renew, my heart prepare,
 " Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
 " I vanish, and am seen no more."

42

Desire after God.

C. M

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

- 2 For thee, my God, the living God
 Athirst my soul for both,
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 Thy majesty divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

- A**S panting in the sultry beam
 The hart desires the cooling stream,
 So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
 Athirst to taste thy living grace,
 And see thy glory face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
 And tears on tears successive roll:
 For many an evil voice is near
 To chide my woe, and mock my fear;
 And silent memory weeps alone
 O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walk'd the happy round
 That circles Sion's holy ground;
 And gladly swell'd the choral lays
 That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
 What time the hallow'd arch along
 Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

Ah! why, by passing clouds oppress,
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
 Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
 Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
 Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
 Thy hope when joy has pass'd away

5 *Reign of Christ.* 148th.

GIRD on thy conquering sword,
 Ascend thy shining car,
 And march, almighty Lord,
 To wage thy holy war;
 Before his wheels,
 In glad surprise,
 Ye valleys rise,
 And sink ye hills.

2 Before thy awful face
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of thy grace,—
 That grace which conquers all.
 The world shall know,
 Great King of kings,
 What wondrous things
 Thine arm can do.

3 Here to my waiting soul
 Bend thy triumphant way;
 Here every foe control,
 And all thy power display!
 My heart thy throne,
 Blest JESU, see,
 Bows low to thee,
 To thee alone.

45

2d Version.

L. M

MY heart its noblest theme has found ;
 O thou, with regal splendor crown'd,
 Messiah, hail ! the heavens thy throne
 For ever, and for ever own.

- 2 Hail, fairer than the sons of men !
 Grace on thy lips and beauty reign,
 That speak thee honor'd from above,
 And blest with God's eternal love.
- 3 Hail, thou whom nations own their Lord !
 Gird on thy thigh the glittering sword :
 By mercy, truth, and justice led,
 Ride glorious on, thy conquests spread.
- 4 Thy God, the God who rules the skies,
 Has o'er thine equals bid thee rise,
 And, pleas'd, the Spirit's influence shed,
 The oil of gladness on thy head.

46

God our Refuge.

GOD is our refuge, tried and prov'd,
 Amid a stormy world :
 We will not fear, though earth be mov'd,
 And hills in ocean hurl'd.

- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
 Our comfort shall not cease ;
 The Lord his saints will not forsake ;
 The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
 To us shall ever flow ;
 It issues from his throne above,
 It cheers his church below.

1 When earth and hell against us came,
 He spake, and quell'd their powers :
 The Lord of Hosts is still the same :
 The God of grace is ours.

17

Ascension.

78.

JESUS is gone up on high :
 Takes his seat above the sky :
 Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the trump of God.
 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
 Praise him with the host divine ;
 Emulate the heavenly powers,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.
 Power is all to Jesus given,
 Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven ;
 Power he now to us imparts ;
 Praise him with believing hearts.

8

God in his Temple.

8. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great :
 He makes Mount Zion his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
 The temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand !
 The honors of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.
 In Zion God is known
 A refuge in distress ;
 How bright has his salvation shone
 Through all her palaces !

- 4 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair ;
 We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

51 *Penitence.* L. M.

SHIEW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !

Let a repenting rebel live.

Are not thy mercies large and free ?

May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My crimes are great ; but not surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace :
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 4 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.

51 *Second Part.* L. M

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,

And born unholy and unclean ;

Sprung from the man whose guilty fall

Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defil'd in every part.

- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
 And form my spirit pure and true;
 No outward forms can make me clean,
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Jesus, my God! thy blood alone
 Hath power sufficient to atone!
 Thy blood can make me white as snow;
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 5 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease:
 Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
 And bid my sorrowing heart rejoice.

51

Third Part.

L. M.

- (O) THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold me 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 banish'd from thy sight:
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford;
 And let a sinner seek thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

51

Fourth Part.

L. M.

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

- 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 condemn'd to die!
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace.
I'll lead them to my Saviour'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.

57

Praise.

L. M.

A WAKE my glory! harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute.
Awake, thy tuneful part to take,
My soul, with early dawn awake!

- 2 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound,
Afar to listening nations round;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends,
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends.
- 3 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here as there obey'd.

51 *God the refuge of the soul.* S. M.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O 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,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

63 *The House of God.* L. M.

O LORD, within thy sacred gates,
Where I so oft have sought for thee,
Again my longing spirit waits
The fulness of delight to see.

In blessing thee with thankful songs
My happy life shall glide away :
The praise that to thy name belongs
Daily with lifted hands I'll pay.

3 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my favor'd soul o'erflows ;
Secure in thee, my God, my King,
Of glory that no period knows.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
Thy love to sing, thy grace to prove,
Be this my glory, peace, and joy.

63 *Fellowship with the Father.* S. M.

IN wakeful hours of night
 I call my God to mind ;
 I think how wise his counsels are,
 And all his dealings kind.

2 The shadow of his wings
 My soul in safety keeps :
 I follow where my Father leads ;
 And he supports my steps.

65 *The Seasons.* L. M.

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

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
 The day is taught by thee to rise,
 The night by thee to veil the skies.

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

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise :
 Still be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.

66 *The Church on the Rock.* S. M.

GOD in his Church is known,
 The God of love and might :
 He rears in her his earthly throne ;
 He tends her day and night.

2 The powers of death and hell
 In vain her peace oppose ;
 A word of his the storm can quell,
 And scatter all her foes.

The fury of her foes
 Fulfils but his decree :

• Ye saints, on him your hopes repose,
 • And he your strength shall be.

67 *Diffusion of the Gospel.* S. M.

• 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 tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame :
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

67 *Praise.* 6. 7s.

GOD of mercy, God of grace
 Shew the brightness of thy face,
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
 Fill thy Church with light divine.
 And thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord,
 Be by all that live ador'd,
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Saviour King;
 At thy feet their tribute pay,
 And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford;
 God to man his blessing give,
 Man to God devoted live;
 All below and all above
 One in joy and light and love.

68

Ascension.

L. V.

- I LORD! when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
 Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious, when the Lord was there;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 Which thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains as captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

68 *Reign of Christ.* 2d Part. L. M.

- K**INGDOMS 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 shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;
 How terrible is God in arms !
 In Israel are his mercies known ;
 Israel is his peculiar throne.
- 3 Proclaim him King—pronounce him blest ;
 He is your life, your joy, your rest ;
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,
 God is the strength of every saint.

71 *Life Preserved by God.* O. M.

- M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd 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.

72 *Reign of Christ.* L. M.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run :
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And princes throug to 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 prisoner 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.

73 *God all-sufficient.* L. M

WHOM, Lord, in heaven but thee alone
 Have I whose favor I require ?
 Throughout the spacious earth there's none
 That I beside thee can desire.

2 My trembling flesh and aching heart
 May often fail to succour me ;
 But God shall inward strength impart,
 And my eternal portion be.

80 *Deprecation.* L. M

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd ! Joseph's Guide
 Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear .
 Thou, that dost on the cherubs ride,
 Again in solemn state appear.

- 2 Do thou convert us, Lord! do thou
The lustre of thy face display:
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
- 3 O thou whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?
- 4 Do thou convert us, Lord! do thou
The lustre of thy face display:
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

4 *The House of God.*

L. M.

- H**OW 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 Fain would I rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?]
- Blest are the 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 that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

- [5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate,
 God is their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon their helper, God.]
- 6 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.

84

2d Version.

148th.

- L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet!

34

3d Version.

7s.

- L**ORD of hosts, how bright, how fair,
 E'en on earth thy temples are !
 Here thy waiting people see
 Much of heaven, and much of thee.
- 1 From thy gracious presence flow
 Peace and joy to heal our woe ;
 While thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 2 Here we supplicate thy throne,
 Here thou mak'st thy glories known
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 3 Thus, with songs of sacred joy,
 We our happy lives employ ;
 Love, and long to love thee more,
 Till from earth to heaven we soar.

34

4th Version.

C. M

- O** GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode ;
 My fainting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee the living God.
- 3 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display.

4 As through the dreary vale they walk
 Of vanity and tears,
 Grace pours its plenteous stream along,
 And the wild desert cheers.

84 5th Version. D. 7s.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love ;
 Pleasant are thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O my spirit longs and fairs
 For the converse of thy saints ;
 For the brightness of thy face,
 For thy fullness, God of grace.

2 Happy they that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast.
 Happy they whose praises flow,
 Even in this vale of woe.
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies ;
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they see thy face at length.

87 *Zion.* D. 8. 7

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t'assuage ?
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giver
 Never fails from age to age.

[3 Saviour, if in Zion's city
 Thou enrol my humble name,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in the shame ;
 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show :
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.]

89 *The believer's privileges.* C. M.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Through their Redeemer's name ;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives ;
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

90

Eternity of God.

C. M.

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

2 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God;
 To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

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.

90 *God Eternal, Almighty.* 2d Version. C.M.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
 Of all the human race;
 Whose strong right hand has ever been
 Their stay and dwelling-place!

[2 Before the mountains heav'd their heads
 Beneath thy forming hand;
 Before this ponderous globe itself
 Arose at thy command,

- 3 That power which rais'd, and still upholds
 This universal frame,
 From countless unbeginning time
 Was ever still the same.]
- 4 Those mighty periods of years,
 Which seem to us so vast,
 Appear no more before thy sight
 Than yesterday that's past.
- 5 Thou giv'st the word; thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought;
 Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
 "Return ye into nought."
- 6 They flourish like the morning flower,
 In beauty's pride array'd;
 But long ere night cut down it lies,
 All wither'd and decay'd.

90) *Shortness of life. New Year. 3d Version. c. m.*

- R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year:
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
 How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day
 When all that mortal life has done
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year,
 And study artful ways to increase
 The speed of its career.

- 3 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
 Its great concern to see,
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my ransom'd soul
 To joy that never dies.

91 *The Christian's safety.* C. M.

- [INCARNATE God, the soul that know-
 Thy name's mysterious power
 Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Angels unseen attend the saints
 And bear them in their arms,
 To cheer the spirit when it faints,
 And guard their life from harms.
- 3 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
 To those that love his name ;
 Ready to save them when they cry,
 And put their foes to shame.
- 4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
 Long as they sojourn here ;
 But since their Saviour changes not,
 What have his saints to fear ?

92 *Praise for the Sabbath.* L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No earthly care shall seize my breast :
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 His works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 Then I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

92

Praise. 2d Version.D. 7th.

- T**HOU who art enthron'd above,
 Thou in whom we live and move,
 Good it is, with joyful tongue,
 To resound thy praise in song ;
 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 All thy favors to rehearse,
 And give thanks in grateful verse.
- 2 From thy works our joys arise,
 O thou only good and wise !
 Who thy wonders can express ?
 All thy thoughts are fathomless.

When we dwell within thy house,
 Hear thy gospel, pay our vows,
 All our powers with all their might,
 Ever in thy praise unite.

95 *Praise in the Sanctuary.* L. M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King.
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our Salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
 To thank him for his favors past ;
 To him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
 Is with unrivall'd glory great :
 The rolling sea by his right hand
 Was curb'd ; and fixt the solid land

4 Then let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there :
 He is our God ; our shepherd He,
 His flock and pasture-sheep are we.

95 2d Version. *Praise.* S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
 Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own ;
 And his the solid ground. Praise, &c.

- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord ;
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 He form'd us by his word. Praise, &c.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, as the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God. Praise, &c.
- 97 *Peace and Joy in believing.* L. M.

JEHIOVAH reigns, exalted high,
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
 Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
 His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame :
 He guards his chosen people well,
 And saves them from the snares of hell.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honors of the Lord ;
 None but the soul that feels his grace
 Can triumph in his holiness.

98 *Advent.*

JOY to the world ! the Lord is come,
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 Let every creature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour 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.

99

The Kingdom of God.

S. M.

THE God Jehovah reigns;
 Let all the nations fear;
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humble there.

Jesus the Saviour reigns;
 Let earth adore her Lord!
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
 Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion is his throne;
 His honors are divine;
 His church shall make his wonders known
 For there his glories shine.

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

- 5 Exalt the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat.

100 *Exhortation to Praise.* L. M.

- ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
 Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell;
 Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
 Without our aid he did us make;
 We are his flock, he doth us feed;
 And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise;
 Approach with joy his courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? The Lord our God is good
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood;
 And shall from age to age endure.

100 2d. Version. L. M.

- WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay with hallow'd mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed;
 We, whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

- 3 O enter then his temple-gate,
 And to his courts devoutly press ;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord supremely good ;
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

100

3d Version.

L. M.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

103

Thanksgiving.

S. M.

- O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
 4 He crowns thy life with love
 When rescued from the grave ;
 He that redeem'd my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.

103

Second Part.

S. M.

- M**Y 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 rais'd
 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 that 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 word of promise sure

103

2d Version.

8. 7. 4

- P**RAISE, my soul, the king of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring :
Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise should sing ?
Praise him, praise him,
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like he tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame he knows ;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes,
Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy flows.
- 4 Angels, help us to adore him ;
Ye behold him face to face :
All his works, bow down before him,
Through the boundless realms of space.
Praise him, praise him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

104 *Glory and goodness of God.* 104th M.

(O) WORSHIP the King all glorious above!
 O gratefully sing his power and his love!
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

3 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace!
 • Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds
 form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty! thy power hath founded of old;
 Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
 In streams from the hills it descends to the
 plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
 While angels delight to hymn thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

106

Praise and Prayer.

L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless :
What mortal eloquence can raise
The tribute of immortal praise ?

3 Extend to me that favor Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

107

Providence.

C. M.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the whirling tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness we'll adore ;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

110 *Christ King and Priest.* 148th.

ALL hail ! victorious Lord !
 At God's right hand above,
 Triumphant o'er thy foes !
 Triumphant in thy love !
 To thee our joyful songs we bring,
 To thee we bow, all-conquering King !

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

113 *Praise.* 6. 8s.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless ;
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams, or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway ;
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are :
 With Him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

- 3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heaven what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care ;
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Within his sacred courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

116 *Vows in the Sanctuary.* C. M

WHAT shall I render, O my God,
 For all thy kindness shewn ?
 My feet shall visit thine abode ;
 My songs address thy throne.

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

117 *Praise.* L. M

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.

- 3 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.

118

The Lord's day.

C. M.

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

119

Influences of the Spirit.

C. M.

(THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
 To keep his statutes still !
 O that my God would grant me grace,
 To know and do his will !

- 2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes :
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desire arise
 Within this soul of mine.

- 4 My soul hath gone too far astray ;
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wandering sheep.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands :
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God.

119 *The Word of God.* C. M.

- L**ORD! 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 histories 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 their sorrow blest ;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

119 *The law of God.*

DEARER, Lord, thy statutes far
 Than the world's best treasures are
 Gold or jewels I esteem
 Dross and dust compar'd with them.

- 1 Like a lamp, whene'er I stray,
 Shining bright upon my way.
 Let thy true and lively word
 Still its quickening light afford.

119 *The word of God in affliction.* L. M.

- (O) HOW I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
 It guides me in the peaceful way;
 I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health:
 What are all joys, compar'd to those
 Thine everlasting word bestows!
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
 In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;
 Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
 And straight I turn'd unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,
 I bless'd thine hand that caus'd the smart;
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But sav'd me from eternal woe.

119 *Word of God converting the soul.* C. M.

- MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
 Lord, give me life divine;
 From vain desires and every lust
 Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
 And thou a faithful God?
 O grant me then a warmer zeal,
 To tread the heavenly road.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down
 I need thy quickening powers ;
 Thy word that I have rested on
 Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quickening power
 To draw me near the Lord.

121

God's Preserver.

- UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
 Thence all her help my soul derives ;
 There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God
 That built the world, that spread the flood ;
 The heavens with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
 His morning smiles bless all the day :
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest ;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit nor slumber nor surprise.
- 5 On thee foul spirits have no power ;
 And in thy last departing hour,
 Angels, that trace the airy road,
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

122

The House of God.

S. 8. 6.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honor'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore :
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.

Even now to our transported eyes
 The heaven-built towers of Salem rise :
 Even now, with glad survey,
 We view her mansions, that contain
 Angelic forms, a glorious train,
 And shine with cloudless day.

Thither, from earth's remotest end,
 Let the redeem'd of God ascend ;
 Their offerings thither bring :
 There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King.

26

Sorrow turned to joy.

C. M.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 Thy grace appear'd so great.

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of gushing sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

- 3 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come ;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessing home.

130 *Waiting on the Lord.* c.

- I** WAIT for thy salvation, Lord!
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 2 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes :
- 3 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

131 *A child-like spirit.*

- L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child:
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides ;
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Him let Israel still adore ;
Trust him, praise him evermore :
Nothing want beneath, above,
Ever happy in his love.

32

Public Worship.

L. M.

GOD in his temple let us meet ;
 Low on our knees before him bend ;
 Here hath he fix'd his mercy seat ;
 Here on his Sabbath we attend.

Arise into thy resting-place,
 Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord !
 Shine through the veil ; we seek thy face ;
 Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

With righteousness thy priests array ;
 Joyful thy chosen people be :
 Let those who teach, and those who pray,
 Let all, be holiness to thee.

32

2d Version.

C. M.

ARISE, O King of Grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest !
 Thy church expects with longing eyes
 Thy presence, to be blest.

! Here, mighty God, accept our vows.
 Here be thy praise display'd :
 Bless the provision of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.

133

Christian Union.

6. 7s

THIS a pleasant thing to see
 Brethren in the Lord agree ;
 Children of a God of love
 Live as they shall live above.
 Lord, our great example be ;
 Teach us all to love like thee.

- 2 As the precious ointment, shed
 Upon Aaron's hallow'd head,
 Downward through his garment stole,
 Scattering odors o'er the whole ;
 So from our high priest above
 To his Church flows heavenly love.
- 3 Gently as the dews distil
 Down on Zion's holy hill,
 Dropping gladness where they fall,
 Brightening and refreshing all,
 Such is Christian union, shed
 On the members from the Head.

136 *Praise for Creation and Preservation. 7s.*

- L**ET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He by wisdom did create
 Heav'n's high vault so full of state ;
 And the solid earth ordain
 To 'rise above the watery plain.
- 3 He, with all commanding might,
 Fill'd the new-made world with light ;
 Caus'd the golden-tressed sun
 All day long his course to run.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless
 In the wasteful wilderness ;
 All things living he doth feed ;
 His full hand supplies their need.

- 5 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

136

2d Version.

I. M.

- (**G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high.
- 2 He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

137

Zion.

L M

- (**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 courts I sigh :
Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Saviour 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 yet we shall behold the day
 When Zion's children shall return :
 Our sorrows then shall flee away,
 And we shall never, never mourn.

139 *Omnipresence of God.* L. M.

- T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Surrounded by thy power I stand ;
 On every side I find thy hand ;
 O skill for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 3 If up to heaven I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;
 If down to Hades' dark abode,
 In Hades' darkness dwells my God.
- 4 If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest the fugitive.
- 5 Or should I try to shun thy sight
 Beneath the sable wings of night,
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

139

2d Version.

6. 8s.

LORD! thou hast known my inmost mind;
 1⁴ Thou dost my path and bed inclose;
 My waking soul on thee reclines;
 On thee my sleeping hours repose:
 Where from thy presence can I fly?
 Lord, ever present, ever nigh!

2 If to the highest heaven I climb,
 Or on the wings of morning soar,
 Thy dwelling-place salutes me there;
 Thy piercing eyes my steps explore:
 Where from thy presence can I fly?
 Lord, ever present, ever nigh!

3 And if, to hide the evil thought,
 To secret darkness I repair,
 A still small voice within me speaks,
 And tells that God is also there:
 Where from thy presence can I fly?
 Lord, ever present, ever nigh!

139 3d Version. *Omniscience of God.* L. M.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
 1⁴ 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 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
 What large extent ! what lofty height !
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

139 Second Part. *God our Maker.* L. M.

- "I WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
 A work of such a curious frame ;
 In me thy fearful wonders shine,
 And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eye did all my limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark confusion lay ;
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
 Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 Lord, since in my advancing age
 I've acted on life's busy stage,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
 The power of numbers to recount.
- 4 I could survey the ocean o'er,
 And count each sand that makes the shore,
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
 The endless wonders of thy grace.

141 *Supplication.* L. M.

L ORD, let my prayer like incense rise ;
 And when I lift my hands to thee,
 As on the evening sacrifice,
 Look down from heaven well-pleas'd on me.

- 2 Mine eyes are unto thee, my God ;
Behold me humbled in the dust ;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod ;
I own thy chastisements are just.
- 3 But O redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet !
Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

143 *Prayer under Spiritual Dejection.* L. M.

HEAR me, O Father, from above !
In mercy hear me and in love ;
For in thy scales of justice tried
None living shall be justified.

- 2 Dark vexing thoughts my soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground ;
As if entomb'd beneath the weight,
My heart lies crush'd and desolate.
- 3 Yet, though with fear and anguish fraught,
I call to mind what God hath wrought ;
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.
- 4 To thee I speak my grief and care ;
To thee I stretch my hands in prayer :
For thee I thirst, as arid plains,
In summer's fervor, thirst for rains.
- 5 O save me, and instruct my heart
To choose in thee the better part !
Subdue me to thy holy will,
And guide me home to Zion's hill.

144 *Victory through God.* c.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my shield;
 He sends his Spirit with his word,
 To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
 He makes my soul his care;
 Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
 And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
 Doth my weak courage raise;
 He makes the glorious victory mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

145 *Grace and Bounty of God.* c.

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

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

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

4 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim:
 But saints who taste thy richer grace
 Delight to bless thy name.

146

Trust in God.

6. 8s.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: He made the sky,
 And earth and seas with all their train;
 He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor,
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 And none shall find his promise vain.

1 The Lord to sight restores the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind:
 He sends the laboring conscience peace:
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

2 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.

147

Praise.

7s.

MEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King;
 Meet in every time and place
 To rehearse his solemn praise.

2 Join, ye saints, the song around;
 Angels, help the solemn sound;
 Publish through the world abroad
 Glory to th' Eternal God.

148

Praise.

148th.

- **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame ;
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing his praise.
- 2 **T**hou moon that rul'st the night,
 And sun that guid'st the day,
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To him your homage pay :
 His praise declare,
 Ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.
- 3 **H**is chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high ;
 And favors Israel's race,
 Who still to him are nigh ;
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise.

148

2d Version.

Gs. & 7s.

ANGELS, assist to sing
 The honors of your God ;
 Touch every tuneful string,
 And sound his name abroad ;
 Pour the trembling notes along ;
 Swell the universal song.

- 2 And ye of meaner birth,
 Your joyful voices raise ;
 Inhabitants of earth,
 Your great Redeemer praise :
 Let your loud hosannas rise ;
 Shake the earth, and pierce the skies
- 5 Let day and dusky night
 In solemn order join
 His praises to recite,
 And speak his power divine :
 Every hill, and every vale,
 Echo with the sacred tale.
 Let every creature sing
 The honors of our God ;
 Touch every tuneful string,
 And sound his praise abroad :
 Pour the trembling notes along ;
 Swell the universal song.

148

3d Version.

8. 7

- P**RAISE the Lord ! Ye heavens adore him !
 Praise him, angels, in the height !
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him !
 Praise him, all ye stars and light !
- 2 Praise the Lord, in glory seated,
 Heaven, and earth, and sea, and land !
 At his word ye were created,
 By his powerful strength ye stand.
- 3 Praise the God of our salvation !
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim !
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name !

149 *Praise for Redemption.* P. M.

O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
 Among all his saints, his praises to sing:
 In Christ our Redeemer let Israel rejoice:
 And children of Zion be glad in their King.

2 From death & from hell redeem'd by his grace,
 In hymns and in songs his praises express;
 Who soon in his glory his servants will place,
 And with his salvation the humble will bless.

3 Then let them declare, that sin to destroy,
 And men to redeem, the Son of God came:
 Such honor and triumph his saints shall enjoy:
 O therefore for ever exalt his great name!

150 *Praise.* 78

PRAISE, O praise the name divine!
 Praise it at the hallow'd shrine;
 Let the firmament on high
 To its Maker's praise reply.

2 Be the harp no longer mute;
 Sound the trumpet, touch the lute;
 Wake to life each tuneful string,
 Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring.

3 All who vital breath enjoy,
 In his praise that breath employ;
 And in one great chorus join;—
 Praise, O praise the name divine!

4 Praise the name of God most high!
 Praise him all below the sky!
 Praise him all ye heavenly host!
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N S.

GOD THE FATHER.

On this Head is embracing the general attributes of God, the reader is referred to the Psalms —

TO THE ONE, ONLY, TRUE GOD, the object of our praise and adoration, Psalms 48, 92 (*first version*), 99, 100, 113, 117, 150.

HIS ETERNITY and IMMUTABILITY, 90.

HIS PRESENCE and OMNISCIENCE, 139.

HIS SOVEREIGNTY, 18, 29, 65, 90, 95, 99, 107.

HIS PROVIDENCE, 16, 23, 42, 46, 61, 73, 91, 121, 141, 146.

HIS WISDOM, 67, 69.

GOODNESS and LOVE, 48, 61, 63, 92, 103, 107, 145.

————— in sending his SON, 2, 136.

HIS WORKS IN CREATION, 8, 19, 95, 100, 104, 130, 139, 148.

————— in PROVIDENCE, 23, 31, 65, 66, 71, 107, 121, 136.

————— in GRACE, 19, 42, 51, 67, 103, 136, 145.

1

Te Deum.

L. M.

- T**HREE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord:
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.
- 2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubin and seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.
- 4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing!
Thus earth below and heaven above
Resound thy glory and thy love.

2

Praise.

C. A

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Sing, Heaven and earth, rejoice and praise
His glorious majesty.

2 Bright Cherubim, sweet Seraphim

Praise him with all your might:

Praise, praise him, all ye host of heaven,

Praise him, ye saints in light.

3 Praise him, ye kings, the King of kings;

Praise him with one accord:

Let the whole earth with all her tongues

Prepare to praise the Lord.

4 Lord, let me praise thee while I live,

And praise thee when I die;

And praise thee when I rise again,

Through all eternity.

3

Majesty of God.

L. A

O Lord, the everlasting God,

The heaven of heavens is thine abode,

Infinite lengths beyond the bounds

Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,

He veils his face beneath his wings;

And ranks of shining thrones around

Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 O what shall earth and ashes do?

We would adore the Eternal too:

From sin and dust to thee we cry,

The Holy One, the Lord most High.

4 God is in heaven, and man below :
 Be short our tunes, our words be few :
 A solemn reverence checks our songs
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

4 " *This God is our God for ever and ever.*" 6. 6. 8. 4.

THE God of Abram praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love.
 Jehovah, great I AM,
 By earth and heaven confest,
 I bow and bless the sacred name
 For ever blest.

The God of Abram praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand :
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abram praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days
 In all my ways :
 He calls a worm his friend ;
 He calls himself my God ;
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend ;
 I shall on eagles' wings upborne
 To heaven ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

Our Father in heaven.

118th.

- T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty :
 His glories shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.
 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law ;
 And where his love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.
 And will this Sovereign King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his name ; I love his word :
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord !
- 6 *“ I am continually with thee.”* I. M.

WHHERE’ER I am, whate’er I see,
 Eternal Lord, is full of thee ;
 I feel thee in the gloom of night,
 I view thee in the morning light.

2 If pain invade my broken rest,
 Or if corroding griefs molest,
 Soon as the Comforter appears
 My sighs are hush'd, and dried my tears.

3 Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
 Thy arm upholds, thy power protects ;
 With thee when I at dawn converse
 The shadows sink, the clouds disperse ;

4 Then, as the sun illumes the skies,
 O Sun of Righteousness, arise !
 Dispel the fogs of mental night,
 Being of beings, Light of light !

7 " *Thou art about my path and about my bed.* C. M.

I ORD, in the day thou art about
 The paths wherein I tread,
 And in the night, when I lie down,
 Thou art about my bed.

2 O let my house a temple be,
 That I and mine may sing
 Hosannas to thy majesty,
 And praise our heavenly King.

8 *Providence of God.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Ere yet my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And when in sins and sorrow sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ :
 Nor is the least a grateful heart
 That tastes these gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 7 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For O ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.
- 9 *'Seed time and harvest shall not cease.'*

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are :
 The changing seasons as they move
 Proclaim thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

- 1 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine
 The plants in beauty grew :
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And soft refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
 Matur'd the swelling grain ;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
 Thy hand all nature hails :
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter fails.

10

Creation.

G. 8s.

- I PRAIS'D the earth, in beauty seen,
 With garlands gay of various green ;
 I prais'd the sea, whose ample field
 Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
 And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
 " Our beauties are but for a day."
- 2 I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd
 On wheels of amber and of gold ;
 I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye
 Glean'd sweetly through the summer sky ;
 And moon and sun in answer said,
 " Our days of light are numbered."
- 3 O God ! O good beyond compare !
 If thus thy meaner works are fair,
 If thus thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must that mansion be
 Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee !

11 *“All thy works praise thee, O Lord.”* P. M.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint
 the laughing soil ;
 When summer's balmy showers refresh the
 mower's toil ;
 When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
 and the flood ;
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its
 Maker good.

- 2 The birds that wake the morning, and those
 that love the shade ;
 The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull
 the drowsy glade ;
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth
 on his way,
 The moon and stars—their Master's name in
 silent pomp display.
- 3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of
 the sky,
 Shall man alone, unthankful, his little praise
 deny ?
 No ; let the year forsake his course, the seasons
 cease to be,
 Thee, Father, must we always love, and,
 Saviour, honor thee.
- 4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of
 summer fade,
 The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake
 the shade ;

The winds be bull'd, the sun and moon forget
 their old decree ;
 But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will
 cling to Thee.

12

7s.

*"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none
 upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee."*

LORD of earth! thy forming hand
 Well this glorious frame hath plann'd ;
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in its power ;
 All that strikes the gaze unsought,
 All that charms the lonely thought ;
 Friendship, gem transcending price,
 Love, a flower from Paradise ;
 Yet, amid this scene so fair,
 Should I cease thy smile to share,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
 Rolls a world of purer light ;
 There in love's unbounded reign
 Parted hands shall meet again ;
 Martyrs there and prophets high
 Blaze a glorious company ;
 While immortal music rings
 From ten thousand seraph strings ;
 O that scene is passing fair—
 Yet shouldst thou be absent there,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
 Seeks in thee its only rest ;
 I was lost ; thy accents mild
 Homeward lur'd thy wandering child ;
 I was blind ; thy healing ray
 Charm'd the long eclipse away ;
 Source of every joy I know,
 Solace of my every woe,
 O should once thy smile divine
 Cease upon my soul to shine—
 What were earth or heaven to me? :
 Whom have I in each but thee ?

13 “ *We love him because he first loved us.*” D. C. M.
 Also Luke vii. 47.

WE love thee, Lord! yet not alone, because
 thy bounteous hand
 Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on
 ocean and on land ;
 Because thou bidd'st the sun go forth rejoicing
 in his might,
 And kindle earth to glowing life and beauty
 with his light.

2 Because thou roll'st the orbs of light through
 trackless fields of space,
 And giv'st to each low creeping flower its
 fragrance and its grace :
 Because in sunshine and in storm alike we see
 thee near,
 In summer gale and rushing wind alike thy
 voice we hear.

- 3 'Tis not alone because thy names of wisdom,
power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath, the glorious
skies above ;
For these thy gifts, we praise thee Lord ; yet
not for these alone
The incense of thy children's love arises to
thy throne.
-
- 4 We love thee, Lord ! because when we had
err'd and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into the
heavenward way ;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin
and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of thy
benignant light.
- 5 Because when we forsook thy ways, nor kept
thy holy will,
Thou wert not an avenging Judge, but a gra-
cious Father still :
Because we have forgot thee, Lord, but thou
hast not forgot—
Because we have forsaken thee, but thou
forsakest not.
- 6 Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us with ever-
lasting love ;
Because thou gav'st thy Son to die that we
might live above ;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath, thou
gav'st the hopes of heaven ;
We love because we much have sin'd, and
much have been forgiven. ■

GOD THE SON.—HIS ADVENT.

[Psalms on the Advent are 8, 98, 149]

14 “*He came and preached peace to you* c. m
which were afar off.”

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
In sin and guilt we 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 (O amazing love !)
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the world in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious sounds and tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

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

6. 8s.

1
COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
 Eternal source of heavenly love !
 Our hearts attune, our tongues inspire,
 That we may emulate the choir
 That without ceasing hymn his praise ;
 The Ancient of eternal days.

2. when we lay in guilt and sin,
 Deform'd without, defil'd within,
 From heaven he look'd with pitying eye ;
 From heaven he came to bring us nigh,
 And, through the merit of his blood,
 To give us free access to God.

3 Hosannas then to Christ be rais'd ;
 For ever be the Saviour prais'd ;
 Be honor, power, and glory given
 By all on earth, and all in heaven ;
 For he is worthy to receive
 More praise than heaven and earth can give.

16

8. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;

Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing how eternal love
 Its chief beloved chose,
 And bad him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears ;
 No terror clothes his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.

- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardon down
 To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now sinners dry your tears ;
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.

17

C. M.

- H**ARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long ;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes—the prisoners to release
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him break ;
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray ;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of his grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

18

C. M.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name !
 With joy that errand we review
 On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charm'd with the honor to obey
 Their great eternal King ;

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laidst that glory by,
 First in our mortal flesh to serve,
 Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood
 We doubly, Lord, are thine ;
 To thee our lives we would devote,
 To thee our death resign.

19

7s.

MARK ! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King ;
 Glory in the highest heaven ;
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the heavenly hosts proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ by highest heaven ador'd,
 Christ the everlasting Lord ;—
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb :

- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

20

C. M.

- G**LORIOUS was that primeval light
Which pour'd its golden flood
O'er the young earth, when fresh and bright
In its first bloom it stood.
- 2 But, lo ! another light, that streams
O'er Bethlehem's midnight sky,
On man with richer promise beams,
And lovelier scenes draw nigh.
- 3 Glad tidings of immanuel's birth
The angelic herakls bring ;
"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good will towards men," they sing.
- 4 Rise then, my soul, and greet the morn
Thus sung by hosts of heaven ;
For "unto us a child is born,
To us a son is given."

21

8. 7. 4

- A**NGELS, 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 see appear !
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born king.
- 5 Sinners, come with true repentance ;
 Flee from wrath and endless pains ;
 Justice now revokes your sentence,
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new born king.

22

D. S. 7.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

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

23

7s.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born ;
 From the highest realms of heaven
 Unto us a Son is given.

- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh
 Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He ;
 The Incarnate Deity :
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease ;
 King of king

24

C. M.

- () SAVIOUR! whom a holy morn
 Gave to our world below ;
 To mortal want and labour born,
 And more than mortal woe ;
- 2 Incarnate Word! by every grief,
 By each temptation tried,
 Who liv'd to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us died :
- 3 If gaily cloth'd and proudly fed
 In dangerous wealth we dwell,
 Remind us of thy manger bed,
 And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 If prest by poverty severe
 In anxious want we pine,
 O may thy Spirit whisper near,
 A poorer lot was thine.
- 5 Through this life's ever-varying scene
 From sin preserve us free ;
 Like us thou hast a mourner been,
 May we rejoice with thee.

25

Innocents' day.

C. M.

- () WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb!
 O Rachel, weep not so!
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow.
- 2 Firstlings of faith—the murderer's knife
 Has miss'd its deadliest aim ;
 The God for whom they gave their life
 For them to suffer came.

- 3 Though feeble were their days and few,
 Baptiz'd in blood and pain,
 He knows them, whom they never knew,
 And they shall live again.
- 4 Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb;
 O Rachel, weep not so!
 The bud is crott by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow.

EPIPHANY.

26

- WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone of all the train
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks.
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks—
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It is my guide, my light, my all;
 It bids my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall
 It leads me to the port of peace.
- 4 There safely moor'd—my perils o'er—
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

27

C. M.

BRIGIIT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed
 Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
 Now points to his abode;
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night
 To guide us to our God.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light and grace are given!
 Who meekly follow Christ on earth
 Shall reign with him in heaven.

28

P. M.

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 Saviour 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 favour secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

Light of the World—Jesus—In dace—The Lord our Righteous All—All—Head—Pr	iel—Sav , We do	Ar—Word—Hid- b, Redemp- it of Days
—High Priest—Star of Jacob of Leaders—Rock—C	y, Truth, Life—Phy-ic	—Fountain Shepherd
—Saviour—Example, and Teacher—Author ath—Captain of our Salvation—Alpha and Omega	nd Fi	she

29 “*I am the light of the world.*” John viii. D 8. 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and all 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 daylight on our eyes,

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every sad benighted heart.
 Come and manifest the favour
 God hath for our ransom’d race;
 Jesus, come, exalted Saviour,
 Manifest thy heav’nly grace!

30 “*Thou shalt call his name Jesus.*” Mat. i. 21. c. M.

JESUS, I love thy gracious name;
 ’Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out aloud,
 That earth and heaven may hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul ;
 My refuge and my trust :
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee doth richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last labouring breath ;
 And fearless with thy rod and staff
 Will pass the vale of death.

31

Jesus.

C. M.

- H**OW 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 ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build ;
 My shield and hiding place ;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defil'd ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd thy child.

- 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 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.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death !

32 *Jesus. I am. The Word.* 6. 7s.

JESUS, hail! thou great I AM!
 High and holy is thy name ;
 Angel-harps resound thy praise :
 Saints adore thy saving grace ;
 Every creature bows the knee,
 Worshipping thy majesty.

- 2 Hail, thou everlasting Lord !
 "God with us!" incarnate Word !
 Glory of thy church thou art,
 Life and light of every heart.
 Angels, saints, below, above,
 Join to praise thy boundless love.

33 *Jesus.* 148th

LET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

- 2 Jesus! harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at his love.
 'Tis all their bliss to sing his grace;
 'Tis heaven to see Immanuel's face.
- 3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory.
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

34

Jesus.

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!

- 2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Jesus! he breaks the power of sin,
 And sets the prisoner free:
 His blood can make the sinner clean;
 His blood avail for me.

He speaks: and, listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
 The humble poor believe.

- 5 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

35 “*They shall call his name Immanuel.*” 7s.
Isa. vii. 14.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name,
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth and cross and shame.

- 2 When he came the angels sung
“Glory be to God on high!”
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?
- [3 Did the Lord a man become
That he might the law fulfil?—
Bleed and suffer in my room?—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?]
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
Worthless though they are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Then the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

36 *Immanuel.* C. 14.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem;
And crown him Lord of all.

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

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace ;
 And crown him Lord of all.

37 *Unto you is born a Saviour.* Luke ii. L.M.

: **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all ;
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great, supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much when in the manger laid
 Almighty ruler of the sky,
 As when the six days' work he made,
 Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jchovah bears,
 Salvation is the dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears.
 And owns Immanuel for his name.

38 *"God our Saviour."* Jude 24, 25. S.M.

TO God, the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

- 2 'Tis 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
Unblemish'd 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 and power belongs ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

39

Saviour.

C. M.

- P**ROCLAIM salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men ;
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.
- 3 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Spake all the promises. •

40

Saviour.

7s.

- H**ARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
 'Tis thy Saviour ; hear his word :
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be ;
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon.
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shalt be ;
 ' Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 O for grace to love thee more !
- 41 " *Hiding-place.*" Isa. xxxii. 2. L. M,
AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
 Re-tune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield and hiding place.

- 2 When God's right arm is bar'd for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, O where shall man retire,
To escape the terrors of his ire ?
- 3 'Tis he, the Lamb ! to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by ;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

42 “ *The Lord our Righteousness.*” Jer. xxiii.

- B**RETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness ;
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Son of God ! to thee we bow :
Thou art Lord, and only thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy church, and head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought to set thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 5 May we follow and adore
Thee our Saviour more and more ;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.

43 “*Christ is all and in all.*” Col. iii. 11. C. M.

I’VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy ;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
All gold without alloy.

2 Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King,
A Prophet full of light :
A Priest who stands ’twixt God and me,
A King who rules with might.

3 This Christ, he is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings,
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

4 Christ is my meat ; Christ is my drink ;
My medicine and health ;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown ;
My glory, and my wealth.

44

L. M.

“*Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*” 1 Cor. i. 30.

BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown’d in tears
Till his atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin:
His Spirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves with heavy chains ;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

45 "*Head over all to the Church.*" Eph. i. 22. 148th.

- 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 Saviour forth.
- 2 Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an angel stands ;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands :
Commission'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.
- 3 Great Prophet of my God,
My soul 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

Part 2.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock ; he calls their names ;
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died :
 My guilty conscience seeks
 : No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful blood did once atone ;
 And now it pleads before the throne.

6 Almighty sovereign Lord,
 My Captain and my King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
 Thine is the power ; behold, I sit
 In willing bonds before thy feet.

46 "Ancient of days." Dan. vii. 9. 8. 7. 4.

1 **L**ORD of every land and nation,
 "Ancient of eternal days,"
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise.
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

2 "Brightness of the Father's glory,"
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?
 Shun, my tongue, the guilty silence ;
 Sing the Lord who came to die. *Hal. Am.*

- 3 Did arcangels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?
 Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise. *Hal. Am.*
- 4 From the highest throne in glory
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 All to ransom guilty captives—
 Flow my praise, for ever flow. *Hal. Am.*
- 5 Come, return, immortal Saviour;
 Come, Lord Jesus, take thy throne;
 Quickly come, and reign for ever:
 Be the kingdom all thine own. *Hal. Am.*

47

C. M.

Our "High Priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Heb. v. 15.

- WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-Priest above;
 His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
 His heart is full of love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
 Pour'd out his cries and tears;
 And low enthron'd, he feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

48 "*High Priest.*" Heb. ii. 17. L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears ;
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, his cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows has a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

49 "*There shall come a Star out of Jacob.*" 7a
 Numb. xxiv. 17.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star ;
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare ;
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 5 Sing, ye morning stars, again :
God descends to dwell with men ;
Deigns for man his life to employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

50) *" I am the way."* John xiv. 6.

- JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I place my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 And nothing may go up thereon,
But travelling souls, and I am one ;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound
Shall only in this way be found.
- 4 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come unto me ; I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
How great a Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

51 *“He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted.”* c. M.
Luke iv. 18.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
“Lord, I believe!” with tears he cried,
“Help thou my unbelief!”

4 She too who touch'd thee in the press
And healing virtue stole
Was answer'd, “Daughter, go in peace:
“Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee if we may;
O send us not despairing home!
Send none unheal'd away!

52 "Fountain of living waters." Jer.ii.13. 8.7.7.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners ruin'd by the fall ;
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you—to me—to all,
 In a full, perpetual tide,
 Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
 Here the guilty free remission,
 Here the troubled peace may find :
 Health this fountain will restore ;
 He that drinks shall thirst no more.

53 "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. x. 8.7.1.

SEE from Zion's sacred mountain
 Streams of living water flow :
 God has open'd there a fountain
 That supplies the world below :
 They are blessed
 Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
 All-enriching as it goes,
 Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose ;
 Every object
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.

3 Trees of life the banks adorning
 Yield their fruit to all around :
 Those who eat are sav'd from mourning
 Pleasure comes and hopes abound ;
 Fair their portion !
 Endless life with glory crown'd.

Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner stone." 148th.

WITH everlasting joy

Extol his glorious name,
Who rais'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our ruin'd frame ;
He built the Church who built the sky ;
Sing and exalt his honors high.

- 2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine ;
Jesus his first-born Son,—
How bright his glories shine !
Lo, he descends ! In dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

55 *"The last Adam was made a quickening spirit."* 7s.

COME, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head :

- 2 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place ;
Second Adam from above
Reinstate us in thy love.

56 *"I am the Vine, ye are the branches."* 7s

SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want ;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

- 2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I ;
Wither without thee and die ;
Weak as helpless infancy :—
O confirm my soul in thee !

- 2 O gracious attitude! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands;
 O matchless kindness!—and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
 Cast out his enemy and thine,
 That soul-enslaving tyrant, Sin;
 And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign—
 To reign with universal sway;
 E'en thoughts must die that disobey.
- 5 Sovereign of souls, thou Prince of peace,
 O may thy gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
 And be his empire all mankind.
- 59 *“Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.”*
 Matt. xi. 29. (M.)

JESUS! exalted far on high,
 To whom a name is given,
 A name surpassing every name
 That's known in earth or heaven:—

- 2 Before whose throne shall every knee
 Bow down with one accord;—
 Before whose throne shall every tongue
 Confess that thou art Lord:—
- 3 Jesus! who in the form of God
 Didst equal honor claim;
 Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame:—

4 O may that mind in us be form'd,
Which shone so bright in thee ;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free !

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love ;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

60 *Teacher and Example.* L. M

MY great 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 victory 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.

61 "*The Way, the Truth, and the Life.*" 7s

HOLY Jesus, Saviour blest,
As, by passions strong possess't,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way.

- 2 Holy Jesus, when, like night,
Error blinds our cloudy sight,
Then, the cheering day to throw
Round our path, the Truth art thou.
- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou, to aid us, art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
Who the Father's presence see,
Jesus, he must come by thee.

(2) "*Author and Finisher of our faith.*" Heb. xii. c.m.

- AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
 Have I my race begun;
 And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

(3) "*Captain of our Salvation.*" Heb. ii. c. 11.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar;—
 Who follows in his train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain;—
 Who patient bears his cross below,—
 He follows in his train.

3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And call'd on him to save.

4 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came;
 'Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mock'd the cross and flame.

5 A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.

6 They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train!

64 *"I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."*
 Rev. i. 11. P. M.

THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end :
 'Tis Jesus, "the first and the last,"
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

65 *"Blessed be his glorious name for ever."* 104th.

YE servants of God, Your Master pro-
 claim,
 And publish abroad His wonderful name ;
 The name all victorious Of Jesus extol,
 His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.

2 Then let us adore, And give him his right,
 All glory and power, All wisdom and might,
 All honour and blessing, With angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing, Our tribute of
 love.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

66

Palm Sunday.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive Death and conquer'd Sin!

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 The Father on his sapphire throne
 Expects his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 Bow thy meek head to mortal pain:
 Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

67

10.7s

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
 Faint and bleeding—who is he?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb;
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierc'd,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
 Son of Man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and awful—who is he?
 By the sun at noonday pale,
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
 By earth that trembles at his doom,
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
 By Eden promis'd ere he died
 To the felon at his side,
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow;
 Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Sad and dying—who is he?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The ghost given up in agony;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead;
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
 Crucified! we know thee now;
 Son of Man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

1 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and awful—who is he?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord, they know not what they do"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls he died to save,
 By the conquest he hath won,
 By the saints before his throne,
 By the rainbow round his brow,
 Son of God! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

68 *Darkness. Earthquake. The Veil rent.* 5 88

('LEFT are the rocks; the earth doth quake.
 The slumberers of the grave awake;
 The temple's veil is rent in twain;
 For Christ our sacrifice is slain,
 And bears of sin and death the pain.

2 Lo! nature's face of beaming light
 She veils in darkness at the sight
 Of him, her God, the crucified,
 'Tis man alone that dares deride
 The Saviour who for him hath died.

3 Despised is the Man of grief,
 Rejected, and denied belief,
 By them whose sorrows he hath borne,
 For whose transgressions he is torn,
 Whose mortal weakness he hath worn.

4 O may we join the song of love
 Which saints and angels sing above;
 All honor, glory, praise to thee
 Which wert, and art, and art to be,
 The Lamb slain from eternity!

69 *“ My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me? ”*

L. M

FROM Calvary a cry was heard;
 A loud, reiterated cry.

My Saviour! every mournful word
 Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
 On thee, the Immaculate, the Just;
 The congregated hosts of hell
 Combin'd to shake thy filial trust.

- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
 These thou couldst bear, and not repine;
 But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
 Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Lord, on thy cross I fix my eye;
 If e'er I slight its pure control,
 O let that dying, piercing cry
 Melt and reclaim my wandering soul!

"It is finished."

S. 7. 4.

MARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd,"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!

- "It is finish'd! O what triumph
 Do these joyful words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finish'd!"
 Saints, his dying words record.

- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Strike them to Immanuel's name!
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join the triumph to proclaim;
 "It is finish'd!"
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

71 “ *I have trodden the wine-press alone.*”

Isa. lxiii. 3.

P. V

THREE, Lord, the First, the Last, we glorify,
 Who, when thy world was sunk in death
 Not with thine hierarchy, [and sin.
 The armies of the sky,
 But didst with thine own arm the battle win.

2 Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
 Alone didst tread the wine-press, and alone,
 All-glorious in thy gore,
 Didst light and life restore
 To us who lay in darkness, and undone.

3 Therefore, with angels and archangels, we
 To thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
 And tune our songs to thee,
 Who art, and art to be,
 And, endless as thy mercies, sound thy praise.

72

L. M

“ *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of
 our Lord Jesus Christ.*” Gal. vi. 14.

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 cross of Christ my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

DEATH OF CHRIST CONTEMPLATED.

SAVIOUR, I think upon that hour,
 When thou, the Shepherd of the flock,
 The Prince of Peace, the Lord of power,
 Wert the priest's scorn, the soldier's mock.

And bleeding from the Roman rod,
 And scoff'd at by the insensate Jew,
 I hear thee plead for them to God—
 "Father, they know not what they do."]

And then I lift my trembling eyes
 To that bright seat, where, placed on high,
 The great, the atoning sacrifice
 For me, for all, is ever nigh.

Be thou my guard on peril's brink;
 Be thou my guide through weal or woe;
 And teach me of thy cup to drink;
 And make me in thy path to go.

- 5 For what is earthly change or loss ?
 Thy promises are still my own ;
 The feeblest frame may bear thy cross,
 The lowliest spirit share thy throne.

74

- A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Did he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He hung 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 God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 I too would hide my blushing face,
 While Calvary's cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe :
 Here, Lord ! I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.

75

THIE God who once to Israel spoke,
 From Sinai's rock in fire and smoke,
 In gentler strains of gospel grace
 Invites us now to seek his face.

- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow ;
 He speaks in love from Zion now ;
 It is the voice of Jesu's blood,
 Calling poor wanderers home to God.
- 3 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds ;
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;
 " Pardon and grace I freely give ;
 Ye sinners, look to me and live."
- 4 O Saviour, let thy power be felt,
 And cause each stony heart to melt :
 Drawn by thy grace may we begin
 To live to thee and die to sin.

76

7s.

- W**HEN on Sinai's rock I see
 God descend in majesty,
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When on Calvary I rest,
 God in flesh made manifest
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 3 All beside I count but loss ;
 All my glory is his cross :
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful Calvary.

77

7s.

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
 Weep and wash my guilt away,
 While I see him on the tree
 Shed his blood, and die for me.

- 2 His life-blood for sinners spilt
Shows my sin in all its guilt :
Ah my soul ! he bore thy load ;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Farewell, world ! thy gold is dross
Now I see the bleeding cross ;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law's dread curse, and thee.

78 “ *There shall be a fountain opened for sin and
for uncleaness.*” Zech. xiii. 1. C. M.

- T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day :—
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 [Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.]
- 5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

- 6 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

79

L. M.

- J**ESU, Redeemer, Lamb of God!
 O wash us in thy cleansing blood;
 Give us to know thy love; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
 Unloose our stammering tongue to tell
 Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 3 First-born of many brethren thou!
 To thee both earth and heaven shall bow;
 O take our hearts, and let us wear
 Thy sacred cross for ever there!

80

G. 7s.

- R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy riven side which flow'd
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 [Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and thou alone.]

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Guilty, plead thy righteousness :
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

81

Heb. x. 1—22.

- N**OT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 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
Upon that head divine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

- NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
 And emulate the angels' songs ;
 Yea, sinners may address their King
 In songs that angels cannot sing.
 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain ;
 But we can add a higher strain ;
 Not only say, " He suffer'd thus,
 But that he suffered all for us."
 3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
 Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die ;
 And still he makes it his abode ;
 As man he fills the throne of God.
 4 But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
 Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies
 That we, who share his richest love,
 So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
 5 O glorious hour ! it comes with speed—
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,
 Shall see the Lord who died for man,
 And praise him more than angels can.
 83 " *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*" c. m.
 Rev. v. 12.

(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, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

84

Rev. v. 13.

- S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound ;
'Tis music to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah ! Praise ye the Lord !
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin
At hell's dark door we lay :
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.—Glory, honor,

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.—Glory, &c.

1 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.—Glory, &c.

85 6. 7s.

YE that 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 down-cast eyes;
 View the atoning sacrifice;
 See in him your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
 Glorify the King of kings;
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

HIS DEATH COMMEMORATED.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

The Hymns on the Death of Christ, a

updated,

86 *A certain man made a great supper and bade many.* Luke xiv. 16. I. M.

MY God, and is thy table spread?
 And does thy cup with love overflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy goodness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its mysteries all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts display'd?
 Was not for you the victim slain?
 Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 Lord, let thy table honor'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
 May every soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

87 *Come, for all things are now ready.* Luke 14. I. M.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word!
 Hasten to the supper of the Lord:
 Be wise to know your gracious day,
 All things are ready; come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
 And kiss his late returning son:
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 Even now the stony heart to move :
 To apply, and witness with his blood,
 To wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait
 To triumph in your blest estate ;
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

3.8 “ *My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is
 drunk indeed.*” John vi. 6. 7s.

BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed.

Ever may my soul be fed
 With this true and living bread ;
 Day by day with strength supplied
 Through the life of him who died.

- 1 Wine of Heaven! thy blood supplies
 this blest cup of sacrifice.
 'Tis thy wounds my healing give :
 To thy cross I look and live.
 Thou my life! O let me be
 Rooted, grafted, Lord, in thee.

3.9 “ *I am the living bread.*” P. M

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead.

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be thy feast to us the token
 That by thy grace our souls are fed.

90 *"Do this in remembrance of me."* c'

- T**HY body broken for my sake
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And, Lord, remember thee.
- 2 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or thy fierce conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee?
- 3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember thee!
- 4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me—
 while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

91

P. M.

- O** THOU who didst this rite reveal,
 Of our blest faith the sign and seal,
 Around thine altar, Lord, we kneel,
 Met to remember thee.
- 2 Thou faintly lov'd and feebly sought,
 Too oft forsaken and forgot;
 With contrite shame, with sorrowing thought
 Lord, we remember thee.
- 3 Thou in our suffering flesh hast dwelt;
 Guiltless, our load of guilt hast felt;
 Shall not our hearts within us melt,
 Saviour, remembering thee

- 4 Twas love, untold, unfathom'd love,
Which brought thee from thy throne above;
And shall not love our bosoms move
While we remember thee?
- 5 Through thee the feeblest shall prevail;
Thou wilt not leave, thou canst not fail;
Thy dying words, O Lord, we hail,
And thus remember thee.

92

6. 8s.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

- 2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
Long have we sought for rest in vain:
Wilderness in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

93

6. 8s.

TO thee, thou bleeding Lamb, to thee,
For pardon, peace, and life we flee;
The shelter of thy Cross we claim;
Thy righteousness alone we name.
Now at thy feet we suppliant fall,
Our Lord, our Life, our All in All!

94

John vi. 37.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

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!

Just as I am—though toss'd about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 With fears within and wars without—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

95

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!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

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!

; *“Peace I leave with you.”* JOHN XIV. 7. 6. 8.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
 We now recal to mind,
 Send thine answer from above,
 And let us mercy find ;
 Think on us who think on thee,
 And every struggling soul release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds and set us free,
 From all iniquity release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

7 *“Be ye holy ; for I am holy.”* 78.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
 Who in thee desire to live,
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be !

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind ;
 To thy cross our spirits bind ;
 Gladly now would we be clean ;
 Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery,
 Thine we are, thou Son of God ;
 Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Who in heart on thee believes,
 He the atonement now receives ;
 He with joy beholds thy face,
 Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

98 Rev. i. 5.

NOW to him who lov'd us—gave us
 Every pledge that love could give
 Freely shed his blood, to save us ;
 Gave his life that we might live—
 Be the kingdom, and dominion,
 And the glory evermore.

99 *Litany.*

SAVIOUR! v
 Low we bow th' adoring knee,
 When repentant to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes --
 O ! by all the pains and woe
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany !

By thy helpless infant years,
 By thy life of want and tears,
 By thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread, permitted hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power,
 Turn, O turn a pitying eye,
 Hear our solemn litany !

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
 By the boding tears that flow'd
 Over Salem's lov'd abode,
 By the troubled sigh that told
 Treachery lurk'd within thy fold,
 From thy seat above the sky
 Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
 By the gloom that veil'd the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God,
 O! from earth to heaven restor'd,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany!

100

Litany.

73

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe;
 When our bitter tears o'erflow;
 When we mourn the lost, the dear;
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;
 Gracious Son of David, hear !
- 3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
 For our own departed souls ;
 When our final doom is near,
 Gracious Son of David, hear !
- 4 Thou hast bow'd the dying head ;
 Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
 Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;
 Gracious Son of David, hear !
- 5 When the heart is sad within
 With the sense of all its sin,
 When the spirit shrinks with fear.
 Gracious Son of David, hear !
- 6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
 Though the sins were not thine own ;
 Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;
 Gracious Son of David, hear !

101

Litany.

P. M.

- LORD of mercy and of might,
 OF mankind the life and light,
 Maker, Teacher infinite,
 Jesus, hear and save !
- 2 Who when sin's tremendous doom
 Gave creation to the tomb,
 Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
 Jesus, hear, and save !

- 3 Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !
 Humbled to a mortal child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,
 Jesus, hear, and save !
- 4 Thron'd above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Jesus, hear, and save !
- 5 Soon to come to earth again,
 Judge of angels and of men,
 Hear us now, and hear us then ;
 Jesus, hear, and save !

THE RESURRECTION.

102

L. M

- I** HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
 The Lord of glory dies for men ;
 But lo ! what sudden joys I see !
 Jesus the dead revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 Up to his Father's courts he flies ;
 Angelic hosts attend him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant Death in chains.
- 6 Say, live for ever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem and strong to save !
 Then ask, O Death, where is thy sting ?
 And where thy victory, O Grave ?

103

Easter-Day.

P. M

- I**LL, holy day, most blest, most dear !
 When death's dark region, sad and drear,
 Those strange mysterious sounds did hear,
 "The Lord is risen !"
- 2 The holy captive's bonds are riven,
 To him the keys of death are given,
 Be glad, O earth ! and shout, O heaven !
 "The Lord is risen !"
- 3 Shall this triumphant theme inspire
 Each angel's song, each seraph's lyre,
 And I not sing with such a choir,
 "The Lord is risen ?"
- 4 Yet not for them his life he gave ;
 He did not die their souls to save ;
 It is for man that from the grave
 "The Lord is risen."
- 5 For man he left his glorious throne,
 For man to death's dark realm went down ;
 And now to heaven for man alone
 "The Lord is risen."

104 *Easter-Day.* 78.

- CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day, *Hal.*
 Our triumphant holiday : *Hal.*
 Who endur'd the cross and grave *Hal.*
 Sinners to redeem and save. *Hal.*
- 2 Lo, he rises, mighty King! *Hal.*
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting? *Hal.*
 Lo, he claims his native sky! *Hal.*
 Grave, where is thy victory? *Hal.*
- 3 Sinners, see your ransom paid ; *Hal.*
 Peace with God for ever made : *Hal.*
 With your risen Saviour rise ; *Hal.*
 Claim with him the purchas'd skies. *Hal.*
- 4 Christ the Lord is risen to-day, *Hal.*
 Our triumphant holiday : *Hal.*
 Loud the song of victory raise ; *Hal.*
 Sing the great Redeemer's praise. *Hal.*

105 *Easter-Day.* 78.

- “CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,”
 Sons of men and angels say :
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye heavens ; thou earth reply.
- Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won.
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
 Death in vain forbids his rise ;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise !

4 Lives again our glorious King ;
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
 Once he died our souls to save ;
 Where's thy victory, O Grave ?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted head ;
 Made like him, like him we rise ;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

106 *"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold,
 I am alive for evermore."* Rev. 1. 1. M.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
 He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high ;
 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
 He lives, eternally to save.

2 He lives, to still his people's fears ;
 He lives, to wipe away their tears :
 He lives, their mansions to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring them safely there.

3 Ye mournful saints, dry up your tears,
 Dismiss your unbelieving fears ;
 And let your hearts with joy revive,
 Jesus, your Saviour, is alive.

107 *"Thou hast led captivity captive."* 146th.

THE happy morn is come :
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save :
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Who now accuseth them
 For whom their Surety died ?
 Who now shall those condemn
 Whom God hath justified ?
 Captivity, &c.

Christ hath the ransom paid ;
 The glorious work is done ;
 On him our help is laid ;
 By him our victory won.
 Captivity, &c.

108

Easter-Day.

c.

- A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray ;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
- 2 O ! what a night was that which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom !
 O ! what a sun which broke this day
 Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
 To bind our Lord in death :
 He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
 By his expiring breath.
- 4 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung :
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand tongues shall join
 To hail the happy morn
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 On nations yet unborn.

109

C. M.

ALONE the dreadful race he ran ;
 Alone the wine press trod ;
 He groans, he dies ;— behold the man !
 He lives ;— behold the God !

- 2 In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,
 Forbid the Lord to rise ;
 He breaks the gates of death and hell,
 And opens Paradise.

110

7c.

MARK ! ten thousand voices cry,
 "Victory, victory," through the sky.
 Swiftly flies the welcome sound,
 Spreading rapturous joy around.

- 2 Jesus comes, his conflict over,
 Comes to claim his great reward ;
 Angels round the victor hover,
 Crowding to behold their Lord.
- 3 O what honors now await him !
 Friends and foes shall hear his voice ;
 Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him ;
 Ye who love his name, rejoice.
- 4 See the throne for him erected ;
 Now the victor takes his seat :
 Lo ! the man on earth rejected—
 Angels worship at his feet.
- 5 Day and night they cry before him,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord !"
 All the powers of heaven adore him,
 All obey his sovereign word.

ASCENSION

See Psalms xxiv. xlvii. lxxiii. cx.

111

L. M.

- NOW raise the hymn of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son !
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays ;
 Tell the loud wonders he has 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 Down to this base, this sinful earth
 He came to raise our natures high ;
 He came to atone almighty wrath ;
 The Son of God was born to die.
- 4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 The almighty captive prisoner lay ;
 The almighty captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.
- 5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs
 Jesus the God exalted reigns ;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heavenly plains

112

148th

- C**OME ye who love the Lord,
 And feel his quickening power,
 Unite with one accord
 His goodness to adore :
 To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
 Your great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 2 He left his throne above,
 His glory laid aside,
 Came down on wings of love,
 And wept, and bled, and died :
 The pangs he bore what tongue can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell ?
- 3 He burst the grave ; he rose
 Victorious from the dead ;
 And thence his vanquish'd foes
 In glorious triumph led :
 Up through the heavens the conqueror rode,
 Triumphant to the throne of God.
- 4 He soon again will come --
 His chariot will not stay --
 To take his children home
 To realms of endless day :
 We there shall see him face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace.

113

6. 7s.

GLORY, glory to our King !
 Crowns unfading wreath his head :
 Jesus is the name we sing ;
 Jesus risen from the dead ;
 Jesus conqueror o'er the grave ;
 Jesus mighty now to save.

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high ;
 Angels come to meet their King ;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the victor's praise they sing :
 " Open now, ye heavenly gates !
 " 'Tis the King of glory waits."
- 3 Now behold him high enthron'd ;
 Glory beaming from his face ;
 By adoring angels own'd
 God of holiness and grace.
- 4 O for hearts and tongues to sing
 " Glory, glory to our king !"
- 4 Jesus, on thy people shine ;
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues ;
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss and swell their songs.
 Glory, honor, praise and power,
 Lord, be thine for evermore !

114

Acts i. 9-11.

D. 78.

[[ALL the day that saw him rise.
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends his native heaven.
 There the angelic triumph waits :
 " Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 " Let the King of glory in."

- 2 Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves :
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own

Still for them he intercedes ;
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares their place,
 Saviour of the human race.

2d Part.

*“ Looking for and hastning unto the coming of
 the day of God.”*

3 **M**ASTER, Lord, to thee we cry,
 On thy throne exalted high ;
 See thy faithful servants, see !
 Ever gazing up to thee.
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above you azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Following thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come ;
 Longing, hasting to our home.
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

115

1156.

REJOICE ; The Lord is King ;
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
 Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven :
The keys of death and hell
To Christ the Lord are given :
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice :
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

116

D. 8. 7.

- J**ESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading ;
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

117 Rev. xv. 3.

- W**AKE, and sing the song
 - Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart and every tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
 Sing of his rising power :
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
 " Ye blessed children, come ;"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his pilgrims home.
- 5 Then shall our rapturous tongue
 His endless praise proclaim,
 And sweeter voices swell the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

118

PREPARE a thankful song
 To the Redeemer's name,
 His praises should employ each tongue,
 And every heart inflame,
 Praise ye the Lord ; Hallelujah !

- 2 Upon the cross he died
 Our debt of sin to pay ;
 The blood and water from his side
 Wash all our guilt away.
 Praise ye, &c.
- 3 And now he pleading stands
 For us, before the throue,
 And answers all the law's demands
 With what himself hath done.
 Praise ye, &c.
- 4 The Holy Ghost he sends
 Our stubborn souls to move ;
 To make his enemies his friends,
 And conquer them by love.
 Praise ye, &c.

MISSIONARY.

See Psalms 2, 45, 57, 67, 68, 72, 98, 100, 117, 130.
 Also Hymns 143, 144, and 147

119 *"Let there be light, and there was light."*
 G. 6. 4.

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight ;
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the Gospel's 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,
O 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 !

4 Blessed and holy three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, love, and might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
Let there be light !

120 " *I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.*" Ps. ii. 8. 8. 7. 4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jubilee ! Dawn at length on every place.

122 "That they may also obtain the salvation which
is in Christ." 2 Tim. ii. 10. 6. 8. 8.

CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope we know
Which soothes the heart in every woe ;
While heathen helpless, hopeless lie ;
No ray of glory meets their eye :
O give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light !

2 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleans'd for God. ;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin, expos'd to hell ;
O strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you !

123

Jubilee.

148th.

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 ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb :
Redemption by his blood
To all the world proclaim. The year of, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love : The year of, &c.

1 Jesus our great High Priest
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits rest
 Ye mournful souls be glad : 'The year of, &c.

121 "*Come over, and help us.*" Acts xvi. D. 7. 6.

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 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt 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 ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

- 125 “ *In his days Judah shall be saved.*” I. X
 Jer. xxiii. 6.

- ALL hail, mysterious King !
 Hail, David's ancient root !
 The righteous Branch which thence did spring
 To give the nations fruit !
- 2 At length let Israel rest
 Beneath thy grateful shade ;
 Their thirsty lips salvation taste,
 Their fainting hearts be glad.
- 3 Fair Morning Star, arise,
 With living glories bright,
 And pour on their awakening eyes
 A flood of sacred light.
- 4 Let every shade subside
 Before thy powerful ray ;
 Shine, and their wandering footsteps guide
 To everlasting day.

126 “*O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord.*” Isa. ii. 5. 148th.

- (O) HOUSE of Jacob, come,
 And walk with us in light!
 No more bewilder'd roam,
 Like wanderers in the night:
 The Hope of Israel calls you near,
 And Abraham's Shield, and Isaac's Fear.
- 2 O thou by tempests toss'd,
 : Revil'd, opprest, trod down,
 : In every region cross'd,
 With grief familiar grown;
 Scatter'd and abject, peel'd, forlorn,
 Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn:—
- 3 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes;
 Thine own Messiah see:
 He who thy fathers chose
 Waiteth to pardon thee.
 At his command we bid thee come;
 Lost Israel Zion welcomes home.

127 “*How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations.*” Lam. i. 1. P. M.

- WHERE, where is Zion's helper?
 Our fathers' God, our Father,
 Her foes insulting scatter;
 Her scatter'd children gather.
- 2 Jerusalem lies prostrate,
 Her walls and bulwarks broken;
 Gone is her ancient glory,
 We see no ancient token.

- 3 Jerusalem thy chosen
 Remember in her sadness ;
 And for her days of weeping
 Renew her days of gladness.
- 4 She sits a captive widow,
 Bereft, forlorn, forsaken ;
 Thrown down her holy altars,
 Her priests, her princes taken.
- 5 Arm of the Lord outstretched,
 Regard her desolation ;
 Revive, restore, recover,
 And grant her thy salvation !

128 “*Hast thou utterly rejected Judah? Hath thy soul loathed Zion?*” Jer. xiv. 19. L. M.

- O WHY should Israel’s sons, once blest,
 Still roam the scorning world around ;
 Disown’d of heaven, by man opprest,
 Outcasts from Zion’s hallow’d ground?
- 2 O God of Judah, view their race !
 Back to thy fold the wanderers bring ;
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
 To hail in Christ their promis’d King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
 Which hides their Shiloh’s glorious light ;
 The sever’d olive-branch again
 Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
 With contrite shame his bosom move,
 The Saviour he denied to own,
 The Lord he crucified to love.

Haste, glorious day, expected long,
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour ;
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 One God with grateful praise adore.

129 “ *The Lord shall yet comfort Zion.*” 8. 7. 4.
Zech. i. 17.

ON the mountain 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 prov'd ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
 Cease thy mourning ;
 Zion still is well belov'd.

3 For thy shame thou shalt have double ;
 In thy Maker's favour blest ;
 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redrest ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

130 “ *A nation scattered and peeled,*” Isa. xv.ii. 2.
 “ *A nation meted out and trodden down.*” L. M.

LO RD, while the nations lay in night,
 One city shone with holy light ;
 The good man's joy, the people's theme,—
 It was thine own Jerusalem.

2 Those glorious hours have passed away,
The gold is dross, the iron clay ;
And where thy saints and prophets knelt
For ages have the godless dwelt.

3 They who were guided by thy hand
Now roam unblest thro' every land,
Hated and scorn'd, as tho' they ne'er
Had known thy love or felt thy care.

4 Scattered and scourg'd they wander on,
Forget thy law, reject thy Son :
O let thine anger cease to burn !
Return to them, O God, return !

131 “ *Jacob shall return, and shall be in rest.*”

Jer. xxx. 10.

8. 7. 4.

COME, thou glorious day of promise,
Come and spread thy cheerful ray,
When the scatter'd sheep of Israel
Shall no longer go astray ;
Loving darkness ; far from thy bright gospel day.

2 Lord, how long wilt thou be angry ?
Shall thy wrath for ever burn ?
Rise ! redeem thine ancient people !
Let them look on thee and mourn.
To thine Israel, Saviour Christ, return ! return !

THE REIGN OF CHRIST
AND HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

132

P. M.

GREAT God of Hosts, come down in thy
glory ;

Shake earth and heaven with thine awful tread :
Seal thou the book of our world's dark story ;
Summon to judgment the quick and the dead.

2 Great God of Hosts, come down to rule o'er us,
Long have we pray'd for thy peaceful reign :
Change this sad earth to an Eden before us ;
Make it the mansion of bliss again.

3 Great God of Hosts, the dreadful, the glorious,
Come and set up thy kingly throne :
Over the legions of hell victorious,
Rule in the world of thy saints alone.

133

2 Thess. i. 7, 8.

L. M.

THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed judge of human kind.

- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
 By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride,
 The Nazarene, the crucified ?
- 5 Go, sinners, to the rocks complain ;
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain :
 But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy— " The Lord is come !"

134

Matt. xxvii. 64.

P. 3

- T**HE Lord of *might*, from Sinai's brow
 Gave forth his voice of thunder ;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Oustretch'd in fear and wonder ;
 Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
 And at his left hand and his right
 The rocks were rent asunder.
- 2 The Lord of *love*, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Uprais'd to heaven his languid eye,
 In nature's hour of danger :
 For us he bore the weight of woe ;
 For us he gave his blood to flow,
 And met his Father's anger.
- 3 The Lord of *love*, the Lord of *might*,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim his right,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated.

135

Rev. xix. 6.

D. 7s.

HARK, the song of Jubilee!
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore:—
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 ' From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheath'd his sword;—he speaks—'tis done;
 And the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

136

8. 7. 4.

“Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him.” Rev. i. 7.

IO! he comes, with clouds descending,
 ' Once for favor'd sinners slain:
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah!
 Mortals, catch the joyful strain.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
 They who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Now redemption long expected
 See in solemn pomp appear ;
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Rise and meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah ;
 See, the Son of God is there ;

4 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne.
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own :
 'O come quickly !
 Come, and make thy glories known.

137 " *Prepare to meet thy God.*" Amos. iv. 12. P.M.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before !
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him !

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :

The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.

- 4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of Glory seated !
Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him. •

138

Dan. xii. 2.

8.7.4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round.
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

- 2 At Christ's call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner !
What will then become of thee ?

- 3 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine !

139 “ *Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish.*”
Ps. ii. 12. S. M.

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
Astonish'd shrink away?

3 Ye sinners seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear:
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

140 “ *The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?*” Rev. vi. 17. L. M.

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

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

141

Rev. xxii. 11.

C. M.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!

142 “*I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment,
 that thou mayest be clothed.*” Rev. iii. 18. L. M.

JESU, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 Midst flaming worlds in these array'd
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me.

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully through thee absolv'd I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
 My beauty this, my glorious dress,
 Jesu, thy blood and righteousness.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

143 " *The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*" Gen. i. 2. 8. 7. 4.

ERE the world, with light invested,
 Rose from its primeval sleep,
 Gloom and desolation rested
 On the surface of the deep ;
 Earth and ocean
 Form'd one rude and shapeless heap.

2 There the Holy Spirit moving
 Wide his fostering pinions spread,
 Till, beneath his power improving,
 Nature seem'd no longer dead ;
 Light and beauty
 Rose to crown her radiant head.

3 Blessed Spirit, we implore thee,
 Yet once more thy succour lend ;
 Scatter the thick clouds before thee,
 Which through all the earth extend ;
 On all nations
 Bid the light of life descend.

144

Whit-Sunday.

L. M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 O shed thine influence from above !
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of thy sacred day.

- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's amazing glory sung ;
 Let all the listening earth be taught
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
 Still o'er thy favor'd church preside !
 Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

145

Whit-Sunday.

C. M.

- W**HEN God of old came down from heaven,
 In power and fear he came ;
 Before his feet the clouds were riven,
 Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 But when he came the second time,
 He came in power and love,
 Softer than gale at morning prime
 Hover'd the holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down,
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light, a glorious crown,
 On every sainted head.
- 4 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
 Open our ears to hear ;
 Let us not lose the accepted hour ;
 Save, Lord, by love or fear.

146 “ *He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.*” John xiv. 8. 8. 6.

COME, Holy Ghost ! one ray of love,
 From thy perennial fount above,
 Shoot down into my breast ;
 Come, Father of the fatherless,
 To those whom none console or bless
 Heart’s hope, heart’s light, heart’s rest.

2 Thou art our soul’s most loving guest,
 Of all her comforters the best,
 Her stay and solace here ;
 Rest to the weary and the poor,
 Who suffer long and travail sore,
 With none but thee to cheer.

147 “ *Breathe on these slain, that they may live.*”
 Ezek. xxxvii. 9. L. M.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
 See Adam’s race in ruin lie ;
 Sin spreads its trophies o’er the ground,
 And scatters slaughter’d heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering bones revive ?
 And can the souls of sinners live ?
 That skill, O God, to thee is known ;
 That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy messengers are sent in vain
 To prophesy upon the slain ;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads through all the realms of death,
 Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.

148 “ *Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost.*’
 1 Cor. iii. 16. 6. 8s.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world’s foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every humble mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples worthy thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
 The Father’s promis’d Paraclete !
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend the almighty Father’s name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man’s redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

149 “ *He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost,
and with fire.*” Matt. iii. 11. 6. 8s.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire !
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart ;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one ;
That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song—
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

150 “ *The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts
by the Holy Ghost.*” Rom. v. 5. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 O 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 Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

151 "*He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.*" John xvi. 8. S. M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come !
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To illuminate the soul,
 To breathe fresh life through every part,
 And new create the whole.

152 "*The Spirit lifted me up.*" Ezek. iii. 14. F. 1 M.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things,
Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

2 O for a sight, a nearer sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

153 "*The earnest of the Spirit.*" 2 Cor. i. 22. 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light around us shine:
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with thy peace and love.

2 Pardon to the contrite give,
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God,
Wash us in his precious blood.

3 Earnest thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life, and joy, and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
 Keep us in our heavenly way ;
 Bring us to thy courts above,
 Realms of light and endless love.

154 “ *The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.*” 7s.

HOLY Spirit, from on high,
 Bend on us a pitying eye ;
 Animate the drooping heart,
 Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
 Of our heart's ungodliness ;
 Show us every devious way
 Where our steps have gone astray :

3 Teach us with repentant grief
 Humbly to implore relief :
 Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
 All our deep disease to heal.

4 Other groundwork should we lay,
 Sweep those empty hopes away ;
 Make us feel that Christ alone
 Can for human guilt atone.

5 May we daily grow in grace,
 And pursue the heavenly race.
 Train'd by wisdom, led by love,
 Till we reach our rest above.

155 “ *The wind bloweth where it listeth.*” L. M.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling I cry, “ Sweet Spirit, come ;
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 But swell my sails and speed my way.”

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 And loose my cable from below ;
 But I can only spread the sail,
 Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

156 "*The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.*" Rom. viii. 16. c. m.

WHY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And shew my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

157 "*Holy Spirit of promise.*" Eph. i. 13. s. m.

THOU Comforter divine,
 Let thy bright rays of love
 Amidst our gloom and darkness shine
 And guide our souls above.

2 By thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.

158 "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." L. M.
Eph. iv. 30.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my rising fears ;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
: For many long rebellious years ;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd :
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd ; —

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

159 *Litany to the Holy Spirit.* P. M.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

2 When I lie upon my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

- 4 When the tempter me pursu'th
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And condemns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
- 5 When the judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to thee I have appeal'd,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

THE SCRIPTURES.

Psalms on the Scriptures are 19, 119 (the five versions).

' HOLY MEN OF GOD SPAKE AS THEY WERE MOVED BY
 THE HOLY GHOST." 2 *Pet.* i. 21.

160 "*He shall receive of mine and shall shew it unto
 you.*" John xvi. 21.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight,
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun:
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave them still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise;
 They rise, but never set.

4 Eternal thanks, O Lord, be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of Him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

161. "*Thy statutes have been my songs in the house
 of my pilgrimage.*" Ps. cxix. L. M.

I LOVE the sacred book of God,
 No other can its place supply;
 It points me to the saints' abode,
 It gives me wings and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
 The image of my absent Lord;
 From thine instructive page I learn
 The joys his presence will afford.

3 Then shall I need thy light no more,
 For nothing shall be then conceal'd;
 When I have reach'd the heavenly shore
 The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.

4 When, midst the throng celestial plac'd,
 The bright original I see
 From which thy sacred page was trac'd,
 Sweet book, no need will be of thee.

But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
 His place, and tell me of his love;
 I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
 And thus partake of joys above.

162 “*The word of God is quick and powerful,*” &c
 Heb. iv. 12. L. M

EYE of God's word—where'er we turn
 Ever upon us—thy keen gaze
 Can all the depths of sin discern,
 Unravel every bosom's maze.

2 Who that has felt thy glance of dread
 Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
 About his path, about his bed,
 Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells? ;

3 God's witnesses, a glorious host,
 Compass us daily like a cloud ;
 Martyrs and seers, the sav'd and lost,
 Mercies and judgments cry aloud.

4 Yet shall to us the still small voice
 That first into our bosom found
 A way, and fix'd our wavering choice,
 Nearest and dearest ever sound.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

163

Trinity Sunday.

P. M.

- H**OLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 : Early in the morning our song shall rise
 to thee.
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea ;
 Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
 thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
 not see,
 Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity. .
- 4 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth
 and sky and sea ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity !

164

148th.

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above.
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe:
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live:
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honor done;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One!
 Where reason fails with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

165

P. M.

CREATOR, Saviour, strengthening Guide!
 Now on thy mercy's ocean wide,
 Far out of sight we seem to glide.

- 2 The busy world a thousand ways
Is hurrying by, nor ever stays
To catch a note of thy dear praise.
- 3 The blessed angels look and long
To praise thee with a worthier song;
And yet our silence does thee wrong.
- 4 By all the grace thy heavens still hide,
We pray thee, keep us at thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide!

166

78.

- (GREAT the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints together meet;
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,
Lov'd 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,
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd 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 sing Jehovah's name.

167

7s.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord ! Hal.
 Live, by heaven and earth ador'd : Hal.
 Full of thee they ever cry Hal.
 "Glory be to God on high ! Hal.

2 Thee to laud in songs divine Hal.
 Angels and archangels join : Hal.
 We with them our voices raise, Hal.
 Echoing thine eternal praise. Hal.

168

L. M.

FATHER of Heaven ! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found ;
 Before thy throne we sinners bend,
 To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend,
 To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
 The soul is rais'd from sin and death ;
 Before thy throne we sinners bend,
 To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
 Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 Love, grace, and life, to us extend.

169

S. 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

170

6. 6. 8. 4.

- T**HE God who reigns on high
 The great archangels sing :
 And, " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 Almighty King !
 Who wast, and art the same,
 And evermore shalt be ;
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM !
 We worship thee.
- 2 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransom'd nations bow,
 O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
 For ever new :
 His wounds, those prints of love,
 They view, and bless his name ;
 And sound through all the worlds above
 The slaughter'd Lamb.
- 3 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 " Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
 They ever cry :
 Hail, Abraham's God, and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays :
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

L. M.

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.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore !

7s.

SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love.
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE CHRISTIAN.

**THE RISE AND PROGRESS ;
THE GRACES, DISPOSITIONS, AND DIGNITY ;
THE ORDINANCES AND PRIVILEGES ;
THE CONFLICTS, VICTORY, AND GLORY
OF DIVINE GRACE IN HIS SOUL.**

HIS REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

CONTAINING CONVICTIONS OF SIN, HOPE AND ACCEPTANCE OF MERCY, ENCOURAGEMENT, RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD, DEVOTION TO GOD.

See Psalm 51 (the four parts).

171 "*Flee from the wrath to come.*" Matt. iii. 7.

S.M.

- M**Y former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins ;
 I feel alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
- 2 [Ah whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.]
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom ;
 But hark ! a friendly whisper says,
 "Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimmering from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

172 "*I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself.*"

JER. XXXI. 18.

L. M.

() LORD my God, in mercy turn,
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn !
 To thee I call, to thee I cry,
 O leave me, leave me not to die !

2 O pleasures past, what are ye now
 But thorns about my bleeding brow ?
 Spectres that hover round my brain,
 And aggravate and mock my pain ?

3 For pleasure I have given my soul ;
 Now, justice, let thy thunders roll ;
 Now, vengeance, smite ; and with a blow
 Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

4 Yet Jesus, Jesus !—there I'll cling ;
 I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing ;
 I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
 Me, even me, his love may spare.

173.

D. C. M.

"*Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God.*" Jer. iii. 13.

O LORD, turn not thy face away from them
 that lowly lie,
 Lamenting sore their sinful life with tears and
 bitter cry ;
 Thy mercy's gates are open wide to them that
 mourn their sin ;
 O shut them not against us, Lord ! but let us
 enter in.

- 2 We need not to confess our fault, for surely thou
 canst tell ;
 What we have done, and what we are, thou
 knowest very well :
 Wherefore to beg and to entreat with tears
 we come to thee,
 As children that have done amiss fall at their
 father's knee.
- 3 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat the bless-
 ing which we crave,
 When thou dost know before we speak the
 thing that we would have ?
 Mercy, O Lord ! mercy we seek :—this is the
 total sum :
 For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;—O let
 thy mercy come !

174 “ *And yet there is room.*” Luke xiv. L. M.

- P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word ;
 But own my heart with shame and grief
 All full of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I'm told there's room ;
 With doubts and fears behold I come ;
 But can there—tell me—can there be
 Among thy children room for me ?
- 3 For sinners Jesus came to bleed ;
 And I a sinner am indeed ;
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free ;
 O magnify that grace in me !

175 " *Is there no balm in Gilead ?*" Jer. vii. L. M.

WHY droops my soul with guilt opprest?
 Why do these fears disturb my breast?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?
 No kind Physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
 Behold, the Prince of glory dies!
 He dies extended on the tree,
 And sheds a sovereign balm for me.

3 Millions, who now his throne surround,
 Here sought relief, here mercy found;
 His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,
 Heal'd all their wounds, and dried their tears.

4 Lord, prostrate at thy feet I lie,
 There to receive a cure or die;
 O may thy love remove my pain,
 And healing grace triumphant reign!

176 " *Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst
 come under my roof.*" Matt. viii. P. M.

SAVIOUR! and can it be,
 That thou shouldst dwell with me?
 From thine high and lofty throne,
 Throne of everlasting bliss,
 Will thy majesty stoop down
 To so mean a house as this?

2 I am not worthy, Lord,
 Sinful and self-abhorr'd,
 Thee, my God, to entertain
 In this poor polluted heart;
 Lo! I am a sinful man;
 All my nature cries, " Depart!"

- 3 Yet come, thou heavenly guest,
 And purify my breast ;
 Come, thou great and glorious King,
 While before thy cross I bow ;
 With thyself salvation bring,
 Cleanse the house, and enter now.

177 *Speak, for thy servant heareth.* C. M.
 1 Sam. iii. 10.

CHRIST call'd me when my thoughtless prime
 Was early ripe to ill ;
 I pass'd from folly on to crime,
 And yet he call'd me still.

- 2 He call'd me in the time of dread,
 When death was full in view ;
 I trembled on my feverish bed,
 And rose to sin anew.

- 3 Yet could I hear him once again,
 As I have heard of old,
 Methinks he should not call in vain
 His wanderer to the fold.

- 4 O thou, that every thought canst know,
 And answer every prayer,
 O give me sickness, want, or woe,
 But snatch me from despair !

- 5 My struggling will by grace control,
 Renew my broken vow ;—
 What blessed light breaks on my soul ?
 O God, I hear thee now !

178 “ *Our transgressions are multiplied before thee,
and our sins testify against us.*” Isa lix.

AND thou dost still forgive !
My God, what grace is this !
Dost bid the pardon'd rebel live,
And look towards thee and bliss !

2 [For I most vile have been ;
Provok'd thee to thy face,
Triumph'd in shame, and laugh'd at sin,
And trampled on thy grace.

3: I heard of all thy love,
And slighted when I heard ;
I knew the path that led above,
And that to hell! prefer'd.]

4 Grace, that not hears alone
The humble suppliant's cry ;
But seeks the rebel, hard as stone,
And will not let him die.

5 Go on, my gracious Lord ;
Thy great designs fulfil ;
Work with thy Spirit and thy word,
And mould me to thy will.

179 “ *Loose him, and let him go.*” John xi.

MY God, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee remov'd so far,
Draw nigh ; thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.
Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead ;
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee ;
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me !

3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
 And burst the barriers of my tomb;
 In all the marks of death appear,
 Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
 Thy resurrection's power to know!
 Free me indeed,—repeat the word;
 And loose my bonds, and let me go.

180 *When my soul fainted within me I remembered
 the Lord. Jonah ii. 7.* G. M.

SALVATION! O melodious sound
 To wretched dying men!
 Salvation that from God proceeds,
 And leads to God again!

2 But O! may a degenerate soul,
 Sinful and weak as mine,
 Presume to raise a trembling eye
 To blessings so divine?

3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
 My feeble heart o'erbears;
 And unbelief almost perverts
 The promise into tears.

4 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine
 These dying hopes can raise;
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,
 And turn its tears to praise.

181 *Look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all
 the plain. Gen. xix. 17.* L. M.

MY God! and can I linger still,
 With coward heart and wavering will,

Loth from my sins to be set free,
Still loth to give myself to thee?

2 My Maker! whose creative word
Being, with all its powers, conferr'd;
I hold my all from thee alone;—
Shall I not render thee thine own?

3 My Saviour! who didst drink for me
The bitter cup of agony,
Can I so long ungrateful prove
: To suffering, dying, pardoning love?

4 Spirit of Life! whose voice within
Oft warns my conscious soul of sin,
Still shall my heart to thee be clos'd,
And thou still griev'd, and still oppos'd?

5 But is there mercy, Lord, with thee?
And hope for me? yes, e'en for me?
And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And look on me, and bid me live?

6 O, great our highest thought above,
Untold, unfathomable love;
Lord, I with joy thy word receive,
And love, and wonder, and believe.

182 *O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in
me is thy help!* Hos. xiii. 9. I. M.

I WOULD believe; but my weak heart
Shrinks from its idol joys to part;
Fain would I follow at thy call;
But how can I forsake my all?

- 2 How enter at the lowly gate,
And choose the pathway steep and strait?
How, counting former gains but loss,
Deny myself, and bear my cross?
- 3 Were I alone this load to bear,
Well might I tremble, well despair:
I have destroy'd myself, O Lord!
But help and life are in thy word.

183 "*I beseech you by the mercies of God,*" &c.
Rom. xii. 1. L. M.

- O NOT when o'er the trembling soul
The thunder-peals of Sinai roll;
Not when we look with shrinking awe
Upon that unforgiving law;
- 2 Not then, though thoughts of anguish dart
Their arrows through the stricken heart,—
O 'tis not then we feel within
The full malignity of sin.
- 3 'Tis when by faith we turn our eyes
On him, our Priest and Sacrifice;
Mark his mysterious pangs, and know
Our peace was purchas'd by his woe;
- 4 When in faith's happiest, holiest hours
We dare to call that Saviour ours,
'Tis then our hearts within us burn;
We look on him we pierc'd and mourn:
- 5 'Tis then a voice is heard within,
Which breaks the tyrant yoke of sin;
For he our load of guilt who bore,—
He bids us "go and sin no more."

184 "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Mark ix. 23. 6. 8s.

- FATHER, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far :
 Thy heart is full of tenderness,
 Thy arms of love still open are
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live.
- 2 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy ! cries.
- 3 By faith, O Lord, I look to thee ;
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 To thee, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast ;
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength and health and friends be gone,
 Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my stedfast soul relies ;
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

185

The Prodigal's Return.

L. M

WHIO can describe the joys which rise
 Through all the courts of paradise,
 To see a prodigal return—
 To see an heir of glory born?

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies:
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The contrite soul he forms anew:
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

186 “*There is joy in the presence of the angels of
 God over one sinner that repenteth.*” Luke xv. P.M.

THERE was joy in heaven,
 There was joy in heaven,
 When this goodly world to frame
 The Lord of might and mercy came:
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky—
 “Glory to God in heaven!”

- 2 There was joy in heaven,
 There was joy in heaven,
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded ark;
 And the rainbow's watery span
 Spake of mercy, hope to man,
 And peace with God in heaven.

- 3 There was joy in heaven,
 There was joy in heaven,
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem ;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang, " On earth good will,
 And glory in the heaven !"
- 4 There is joy in heaven,
 There is joy in heaven,
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue's way ;
 When the soul, by grace subdu'd,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in heaven.

187 *Godly sorrow.* 2 Cor. vii. 11.

L. M.

- () COME, ye sinners, to your Lord ;
 In Christ see Paradise restor'd ;
 His matchless benefits embrace,
 The plenitude of gospel grace.
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
 The favor and the peace of God ;
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
 The mystic joys of penitence ;
- 3 The godly fear that mourns apart,
 The struggle of a contrite heart,
 The tears that tell of sins forgiven,
 The sighs that waft the soul to heaven :
- 4 The indignant shame, the deep distress,
 The unutterable tenderness,
 The genuine, meek humility,
 The wonder, " why such love to me !"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
 The sight that veils the seraph's face :
 The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

188 *“Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”* Matt. xi. 8. 7. 1.

COMË, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come in mercy's gracious hour ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power :
 He is able ; He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him
 This he teaches : 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies :
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 “It is finish'd !” Finish'd the great sacrifice.

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

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

189 “*My yoke is easy.*” Matt. xi. 30. 8. 7. 4.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
 By the broken law convicted,
 By the tempter's snares undone,
 Look to Jesus;* Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it;
 Love will make obedience sweet:
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,
 While his wisdom guides your feet
 Safe to glory, Where his ransom'd captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
 Light to newly-open'd eyes,
 Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
 Is the rest the cross supplies:
 All who taste it Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 But to sing the rest of glory,
 Mortal tongues far short must fall;
 Saints in heaven who tell the story,
 Not e'en they can utter all.
 Faith believes it; Hope expects it; Love desires it;*
 But it far exceeds them all.

* The metre repeats thrice.

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD
AND DEVOTION TO GOD IN CHRIST.

190 *New views of life and eternity.* 8. 8. 6.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

192

Ruth i. 16, 17.

D. 7s.

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,
 O 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 heart no more,
 Every idol I resign.

193 *Broken cisterns, and Fountain of living waters.*

Jer. ii. 13.

D. L. M.

HOW oft the world's alluring smile
 Has tempted only to beguile!
 It promis'd health—in one short hour
 Perish'd the fair but tender flower;
 It promis'd riches—in a day
 They made them wings and fled away;
 It promis'd friends—all sought their own,
 And left my widow'd heart alone.

- 2 Lord, with the barren service spent,
 To thee my suppliant knee I bent,
 And found in thee a Father's grace,
 His hand, his heart, his faithfulness;

The voice of peace, the smile of love,
 The bread that feeds the saints above:
 And tasted in this world of woe
 A joy its children never know.

194 " *Then shall thy darkness be as the noon-day.*"
 Isa. lviii. 10. C. M.

HOW blest thy creature is, O God,
 When with a single eye
 He views the lustre of thy word,
 The day-spring from on high !
 2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things,
 The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
 With healing on his wings.
 3 The soul, a dreary province once
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And owns a heavenly reign.
 4 The glorious sun ! we see the joys
 His orient rays impart :
 But, Jesus ! 'tis thy light alone
 Can shine upon the heart.

195 " *Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle.*"
 Isa. lv. 13. L. M.

I THIRST: but not, as once I did,
 The vain delights of earth to share ;
 Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
 That I should seek my pleasure there.
 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things ;
 And taught me to esteem as dross
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings. s 3

- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.
- 4 For sure of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

196 *"I am dead to the law, that I might live
unto God."* Gal. ii. 19. c. 3

- H**OW long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress !
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.
- 2 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do ;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.
- 3 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise ;
Now, freely chosen in the Son
I freely choose his ways.
- 4 "What shall I do," was then the word,
"That I may worthier grow ;"
"What shall I render to the Lord,"
Is my inquiry now.
- 5 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

197 *The crooked shall be made straight.* Isa. xl. L.M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head :

2 I have no skill the snare to shun ;
 But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art ;
 I ever into evil run,
 But thou canst guide my erring heart.

3 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

4 Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
 Enter, and in me ever stay ;
 The crooked then shall straight become,
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

198 *Devotedness to God.* L. M.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
 Amid the wonders of thy love,
 The view revives my drooping heart,
 And bids invading fears depart.

2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
 On thy atoning blood rely,
 And on thy righteousness depend,
 My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
 Devoted to thy single praise ;
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.

199

Renouncing the world.

- D**IVESTED, Lord, I fain would be,
 Of earth, of self, of all but thee;
 Reserv'd for Christ that bled and died,
 Surrender'd to the Crucified:
- 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
 The lust, the pomp, the pride of life;
 Prepar'd for heaven, my noblest care,
 And have my conversation there.
- 3 Detach from sublunary joys
 One that would only hear thy voice,
 Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
 Nor glow but with celestial fire.

200

Choosing the one thing needful.

- B**ESSET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand:
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this erring, treacherous heart
 To choose in thee the better part:
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
 Chcerful I live, and joyful die:
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

201

Prayer for Devotedness.

L. M.

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

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth:
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And leave my God for sin and woe.

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.

202 "*When they leaned upon thee thou breakest.*"
 Ezek. xxix. 7.

C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below!
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too;
 And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flattering light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wavering minds,
 And leave but half for God!

4 O Lord, command my heart away
 From all created good;
 And thou thyself my portion be,
 My soul's eternal food.

203 "O Lord, I saul, Thou art my portion."

Ps. cxlii. 5.

S. M.

CEASE, ye false dreams of bliss
 My eager thoughts to employ :
 I wake convinc'd earth's happiness
 Is visionary joy.

2 Not all the world bestows
 Can fill the craving mind ;
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,
 And leave a sting behind.

3 Grant, Lord, this one request ;
 O be thy love alone
 My ample portion ! here I rest,
 For heaven is in the boon.

204 "They came to the pits, and found no water.
 They returned with their vessels empty." L.M.

Jer. xiv. 3.

"CEASE thou from man ;" O what to thee
 Can thy poor fellow-mortals be !
 Are they not erring, finite, frail ?
 What can their utmost aid avail ?

2 Their very love will prove a snare ;
 Then, if my heart becomes aware
 Of its own danger, it will bleed
 For leaning on a broken reed.

3 Why does thy bliss so much depend
 On earthly relative or friend ?
 There is a Friend who changes never ;
 The love he gives is given for ever.

- 4 Go to that Friend, poor aching heart
 He knows how desolate thou art ;
 He longs, he waits, to make thee blest,
 And in himself to give thee rest.

205 *Self-dedication to God.*

L. M.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
 And fix my frail inconstant heart ;
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be
 To dedicate myself to thee.

- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
 One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
 That silent, secret thought shall be
 That all my hopes are fix'd on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space,
 Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place,
 And, whereso'er my lot may be,
 Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
 Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
 My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
 That all I want I find in thee.

206 *Choosing Christ.*

7s.

GENTLE Jesus, heavenly Lamb,
 Thine, and only thine I am ;
 Take my body, spirit, soul,
 Only thou possess the whole.

- 2 Fairer than the sons of men,
 Can I turn from thee again?
 Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
 Stoop to earth-born happiness ?

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

4 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love;
Who thy depth of love can tell,
Infinite, unsearchable!

207

A tender conscience.

c. x

GRANT me a principle within
O Lord, of godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 Grant me the first approach to feel
Of pride or vain desire;
To check the wanderings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the contrite heart,
The tender conscience give.

208 "*What things were gain to me, those I counted
loss for Christ.*" Phil. iii. 7. D. 8. 7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Destitute, despis'd, forsaken;
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Let the world despise and leave me ;
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 'Thou art not, like them, untruc.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;

O ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

Think, my soul, who dwells within thee ;
 What a Father's smiles are thine ;

What a Saviour died to win thee :

Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

Haste then on from grace to glory,

Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ;

Heaven's eternal day's before thee,

God's own hand shall guide thee there.

FAITH AND HOPE.

209

G. Ss.

SAVIOUR, I see thy mansions fair,
 And angels bright and saints are there ;
 But I far off sojourn below,
 Companion meet of sin and woe ;
 Weary my steps, my trespass great,
 My heart within me desolate.

- 2 Faith sees the unseen, the past renews,
 The distant future clearly views ;
 By faith the sinner sore-distrest
 Flees to thy cross and is at rest.
 Then, give me faith ; thy grace display.
 And kindle darkness into day.

210 "*Lord increase our faith.*" Luke xvii. s. m.

FOR faith, thy gift, O Lord,
 To thee I feebly cry !
 Reveal the secrets of thy word,
 And bring its glories nigh.

- 2 Thy wondrous works of old—
 Faith makes them ever new :
 Thy promises so manifold—
 Faith sets them full in view.
- 3 Redeem'd from sin and guilt,
 The soul by faith takes flight :
 Soars to the city thou hast built,
 And drinks the heavenly light.

4 "There is my home," she says,
 "Far from this vale of tears :
 "There I shall pass my happy days
 "When Christ my life appears."

5 O Lord! I do believe ;
 Help thou my unbelief :
 That I may all thy love receive,
 And smile at earth-born grief.

211 "Faith without works is dead." C. M.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
 And boast of joys within,
 Of inward peace and guilt forgiven,
 While they are slaves to sin !

2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a living faith unites
 To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
 'Tis faith that works by love ;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

212 "Things not seen as yet." Heb. xi. 12. C. M.

OUR God is every where around ;
 But while we sojourn here,
 Thick mists from earth the sense confound,
 And Heaven may not appear.

2 But could we lay the body by,
 Or wash our eye-sight clean,
 And look into the boundless sky,
 And unknown worlds between ;

3 What now is void and silent space
 Were full and vocal then ;
 Its habitants a heavenly race,
 And once our fellow-men :—

4 Our brethren once, our brethren now,
 Still knit in holy love :
 We praise and serve our God below ;
 They praise and serve above.

213 “ *Christ the hope of glory.* ” C. M.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
 Whom angels dimly see,
 Will the Unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me ?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
 Himself to worms impart ?
 Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love,
 And speak it to my heart.

3 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
 And live and die below,
 That I may now perceive thee near,
 And my Redeemer know ?

4 I view the Lamb in his own light,
 Whom angels dimly see ;
 And gaze, transported at the sight,
 To all eternity.

214 “ *They that wait on the Lord shall renew
 their strength.* ” Isa. xl. 31. L. M.

A WAKE 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 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who is the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God ! thy 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 fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall faint away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

215

8. 7. 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this desert land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Strong Deliverer,
By thy heavenly grace I stand.

- 2 Open thou the living fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Bread of heaven,
Still our fainting strength renew.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me thro' the swelling waters,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Where with Jesus
 I for ever shall abide.

216

8. 7. 4

- W**HY those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship!
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep,
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
 Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with Jesus,
 Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 [Led by that we brave the ocean ;
 Led by that the storms defy ;
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
 Waves obey him,
 And the storms before him fly.]
- 4 O what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar
 There it is that those who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more.
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil happy shore.

217

C. M.

- I** WAS a grovelling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth ;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me from above
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promis'd it to me,
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.
- 5 [How glorious is my privilege !
To thee for help I call ;
I stand upon a mountain's edge ;—
O save me, or I fall !
- 6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own :
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.]

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

LOVE, JOY, PEACE.
— — —

218

C. M.

THE saints above are stars in heaven ;
 What are the saints on earth ?
 Like trees they stand which God has given,
 Our Eden's happy birth.

2 Faith is their fix'd unswerving root,
 Hope their unfading flower,
 Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
 The glory of their bower.

3 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
 It steals in silence down ;
 But where it lights, the favor'd place
 By richest fruits is known.

219

Gratitude.

D. S. ;

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.

2 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace break every fetter
 That withholds my heart from thee.

Prone to earth, O Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Saviour, take my heart, and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

220 *Gratitude testified by Obedience.*
 Psa. cxvi. 12, 13.

C. M.

- F**OR mercies countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive
 From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
 My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
 What can I bring him forth ?
 My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
 For all he has bestow'd,
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
 Sinful and weak and poor,
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
 And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought ;
 No works have I to boast ;
 Yet would I glory in the thought,
 That I shall owe him most.

221 *Love.*

C. M.

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

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move ;
 The devils know, and tremble too ;
 But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
 When other gifts shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

222 *Love to God, and Devotion to Him.* C. K.

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above :
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

223 “*Lovest thou me ?*” John xvi. 16.

C. M.

DO not I love thee? O my Lord,
Behold my heart, and see!
And cast each hated idol down,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

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

4 Thou know'st I love thee, gracious Lord;
But O I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more!

224 “*The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*”
Ephes. iii. 19. 8. 8. 6.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
Eternal Spirit make me prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this unworthy heart ;
 'Tis for thy love, O Lord, I pine ;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part !

225

The love of God.

6. 8s.

- T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows ;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose.
 My heart is pain'd ; nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
 And fain I would ; but though my will
 Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove,
 And hindrances strew all the way :
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there.
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 " I am thy Strength, thy God, thy All."
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice !

226

The Love of God.

D. 8. 7.

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, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 : Into every troubled breast !
 All thy love we would inherit,
 Enter into all thy rest :
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in thee,
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

227 *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ?*

Rom. viii. 35.

P. K.

LIFE nor death shall us dis sever
 From his love who reigns for ever
 Will he fail us? Never! never!
 When to him we cry.

For his might shall still defend us,
 And his blessed Son befriend us,
 And his holy Spirit send us,
 Comfort ere we die.

228 "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love.*" 6. 8s.

FROM all eternity with love
 Unchangeable thou me hast view'd ;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.

2 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power :
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that tremendous hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

229

Union.

7s.

LORD, subdue our selfish will ;
 Each to each our tempers suit
 By thy modulating skill ;
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

2 Sweetly on our spirits move ;
 Gently touch the trembling strings ;
 Make the harmony of love,
 Music for the King of kings.

230

Forgiveness.

c. m.

THOU ransom'd sinner, wouldst thou know
 How often to forgive,
 How dearly to embrace thy foe ;—
 Look where thou hop'st to live.

- 2 When thou hast told those isles of light,
 And fancied all beyond,
 Whatever owns in depth or height
 Creation's wondrous bond ;
- 3 Then in their solemn pageant learn
 Sweet mercy's praise to see ;
 Their Lord resign'd them all, to earn
 The bliss of pardoning thee.

231 *He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.*
 1 John 3. 14. L. M.

- **L**OVEST thou not? alas! in thee
 No token shines of heavenly birth ;
 For God is love ; and thy degree
 Is low, and earthy of the earth.
- 2 Lovest thou not? alas! to thee
 Dark is the light that beams above,
 And tuneless all heaven's melody ;
 Thou know'st not God—for God is love.
- 3 [Lovest thou not? the pathway bright
 From death to life thou hast not trod :
 Like Cain thou wand'rest, and the night
 Of death is on thy dreary road.]
- 4 Lord, grant me love, in truth and deed,
 And not in word and easy tongue ;
 That love which feels a brother's need ;
 That love which, injur'd, suffereth long.
- 5 Thou Lord of love, my heart prepare
 Ever thy new command to keep ;
 Another's joy with joy to share,
 And still to weep with them that weep.

232

For a Charity.

C. M.

"Ye have done it unto me." Matt. xxv. 40.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall I count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine ;
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd ;
 And in their accents of distress
 My Saviour's voice is heard.

JOY.

233

C. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil ;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known,
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
 Are found, and there alone.

235 "Where true joys are to be found." L. 1

WHAT thousands never knew the road !
 What thousands hate it when 'tis known
 None but the chosen tribes of God
 Will seek or choose it for their own.

- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
 One only leads to joys on high ;
 By that my willing steps ascend,
 By that I journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask or hope to find
 Delight or happiness below ;
 Sorrow may well possess the mind
 That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me ;
 I seek immortal joys above ;
 There glory without end shall be,
 The bright reward of faith and love.

236 "Joy and peace in believing." Rom. xv. 7

I WILL praise thee every day,
 Now thine anger's turn'd away.
 Comfortable thoughts arise
 From the bleeding Sacrifice.

- 2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
 Wells of free salvation yield
 Streams of life, a plenteous store,
 And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
 My salvation and my strength ;
 And his praises shall prolong,
 While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye then his glorious name,
 Publish his exalted fame ;
 Still his worth your praise exceeds,
 Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
 Let the nations roll it round :
 Zion, shout, for this is He ;
 God the Saviour dwells in thee !

237 “ *Rejoice in the Lord always.*” Phil. iv. 1. 1. M.

1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares invade my rest,
 And grief distracts my throbbing breast ;
 Thy tuneful praises rais’d on 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 O ! when that last conflict’s o’er,
 And I am chain’d to earth no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise,
 To join the music of the skies !

238 “ *The Lord is my strength and my song, and
 become my salvation.*” Ps. cxviii. 14. 76.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu’s name.
 Ye who Jesu’s kindness prove
 Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning spirits, dry your tears,
 Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears :
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 O receive redeeming love!
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
 Welcome to his sacred rest !
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.

239 “ *They shall come with singing unto Zion.*” 7c.

Isa. li. 11.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,

As ye journey sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Sing, ye little flock and blest,
 You with Jesus soon shall rest :
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, for ye stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, the eternal Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

240 “ *God is the Lord, who hath shewed us light.*
 Ps. cxviii. 27. D. 7. 6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing in his wings.
 Set free from present sorrow
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

2 It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too.
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

3 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field 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.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And dry my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all !
- 4 There shall repose my weary soul
 Safe in its port of rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

- O** THOU, by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide,
 My Lord, how full of sweet content
 I pass my years of banishment !
- 2 To me remains nor place, nor time ;
 My country is in every clime ;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore since God is there.
- 3 Could I be cast where thou art not,
 'That were indeed a dreadful lot :
 But with my God to guide my way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

243 " *With thee is the fountain of life.*" D. 7s.

Ps. xxxvi. 9.

(O)BJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me,
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in thee :
 Thee to praise and thee to know
 Constitute our bliss below ;
 Thee to see and thee to love
 Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny ;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die :
 Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows ;
 Peace and happiness are thine,
 Mine they are if thou art mine.

244 *Heavenly mindedness.* C. M.

THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idler warblers roam :

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above each low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, God, from earthly care
 From pride and passion free,
 Aloft through faith and love's pure air
 To hold my course to thee.

- 4 No lure to tempt, no art to stay
 My soul as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

DIGNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

- 245 "*He hath made us kings and priests unto God.*"
 Rev. i. 6. L. M.

- H**ONOR and happiness unite
 To make the Christian's name a praise :
 How fair the scene, how clear the light
 That fills the remnant of his days !
- 2 A kingly character he bears,
 No change his priestly office knows ;
 Unfading is the crown he wears,
 His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
 Salvation shines upon his face ;
 His robe is of the ethereal dye,
 His steps are dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honors he disdains,
 Nor stoops to take applause from earth ;
 The King of kings himself maintains
 The expenses of his heavenly birth.
- 5 My soul is ravish'd at the thought ;
 Methinks from earth I see him rise !
 Angels congratulate his lot,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

216 " *And it doth not yet appear what we shall be.*"
1 John iii. 2. L. M.

LORD, what is man! extremes how wide
 In this mysterious nature join!
 The flesh to worms and dust allied;
 The soul immortal and divine.

2 Divine, at first, a holy flame,
 Kindled by thy creative breath;
 Till, stain'd by sin, it soon became
 The seat of darkness, strife, and death.

3 But Jesus,—O amazing grace!—
 Assum'd our nature as his own;
 Obey'd and suffered in our place,
 Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now, what is man, when grace reveals
 The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
 Again a life divine he feels,
 Despises earth, and walks with God.

5 And what in yonder realms above
 Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?
 With honor, holiness, and love,
 No scrapp more adorn'd than he.

6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
 Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
 While wondering angels round him throng,
 And swell the chorus of his praise.

217 *One body in Christ.* C. M.

THE saints on earth and those above
 But one communion make;
 Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake. x

- 2 One family we dwell in him :
 One church, above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
 Are swiftly borne away ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus ! be our constant Guide :
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

- S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty power :
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endow'd ;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.

- 4 To him your every want
 In instant prayer display ;
 Pray always ; pray and never faint ;
 Pray, without ceasing pray.

249

7s.

OFT in sorrow and in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go ;
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
 Join the war, and face the foe :
 Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
 Know ye not your Captain's power ?

- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
 March in heavenly armour clad :
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Soon shall victory tune your song.

- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry ;
 Let not fears your course impede,
 Great your strength, if great your need.

- 5 Onward then in battle move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
 Though oppos'd by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go.

250 *The Christian a Citizen of no mean City.* l. m.

AS birds their infant brood protect,
 And spread their wings to shelter them,
 Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
 "So will I guard Jerusalem."

- 2 And what then is Jerusalem?
 The object of his sleepless care?
 What is its worth in God's esteem?
 Who built it? who inhabits there?
- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
 The blood of his incarnate Son;
 There dwell the saints, once foes to God
 And sinners, whom he calls his own.
- 4 There, though besieg'd on every side,
 Yet much belov'd and guarded well,
 From age to age they have defied
 The utmost force of earth and hell.
- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair;
 This city has a sure defence;
 Her name is call'd, "The Lord is there,"
 And who has power to drive him thence?

251 *I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.* L. M
 Rom. i. 16.

- A** SHAM'D of Jesus! shall it be?
 A mortal man asham'd of thee?
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! of that friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain,
 And O ! may this my glory be,
 That Saviour not asham'd of me.

252

The Pure in Heart.

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart ;
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

2

Still to the lowly soul
 He doth himself impart ;
 And for his cradle and his throne
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

253

The Sons of God.

6. 7s

BLESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesus' blood ;
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.

With them number'd may we be
 Here and in eternity.

2 They produce the fruits of grace
 In the works of righteousness ;
 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heavenly birth.
 With them, &c.

3 They alone are truly blest,—
 Heirs of God, joint-heirs of Christ ;
 One with God, through Jesus one,
 Glory is with them begun.
 With them, &c.

HIS ORDINANCES.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

254

- P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 [Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gates of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, " Behold he prays !"]
- 6 O thou by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way,
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

255

The Hour of Prayer.

P. M.

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet,
 The hour of prayer?

2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that hour of solemn eve,
 When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
 The world I leave!

3 For then a day-spring shines on me,
 Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
 And richer dews descend from thee
 Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by thee renew'd,
 Then are my sins by thee forgiven,
 Then dost thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of heaven.

5 Words cannot tell what sweet relief
 Here for my every want I find;
 What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
 What peace of mind!

6 Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear,
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
 And ev'n the penitential tear
 Is wip'd away!

256

The throne of grace.

7 s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring.

- 2 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 3 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear ;
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

257 "*I will pour on them the spirit of grace and of supplications.*" Zech. xii. 10. 7s.

- JESUS, full of grace for me,
Help my soul's infirmity ;
Grant me supplicating grace,
Give me power to seek thy face.
- 2 Hear a feeble sinner groan,
Burden'd with a heart of stone ;
Take the heart of stone away,
Give the will and power to pray.
- 3 O my God, how long shall I
Coldly with my lips draw nigh !
Feebly struggle to declare
The sad meaning of my prayer !
- 4 Help a poor and needy soul ;
Let thy power make me whole ;
Take the heart of stone away,
Give the wil' and power to pray.

258 *Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.*
 Matt. xxvi. 41. 8. 8. 6.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I cry,
 And still my tempted soul stand by
 Throughout the evil day ;
 A sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And teach me how to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
 Let each approach of sin alarm,
 And show the danger near ;
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy,
 And sanctifying fear.

3 If from thy paths I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away
 The keen conviction dart ;
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

259 “ *But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob.*”
 Isa. xliii. 22. L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat !

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love ;
 Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,]
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd
That moment Amalek prevail'd.*]
- 5 Have you no words ? ah ! think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
“ Hear what the Lord hath done for me.”

260 “ *We have an Advocate with the Father.*” 6. 8s.

JESUS, my great High Priest above,
My Friend before the throne of love ;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

- 2 O Saviour Christ, to thee I cry !
Give me thyself, or else I die ;
Save me from death, from hell set free ;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee ;
My life, my crown, my heaven thou art,
O come and dwell within my heart !

* Exod. xvii. 11.

261 "Continuing instant in Prayer."

7s.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow :
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy ;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

3 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free ;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

4 Thou hast help for every need ;
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

262 "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."
Gen. xxxii. 26.

6. 7s.

FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thine anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son ;
Him for sinners bruised see ;
Bleeding on the cross for me.

2 Lord, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo ! to his my suit I join ;
Jesus' pleading cannot fail :
Let me now with thee prevail.

3 Turn from me thy holy eyes
 To the perfect sacrifice ;
 To the full atonement made,
 To the utmost ransom paid :
 Take the purchase of thy blood,
 Reign within me, Son of God.

263 " *Making many rich.*" 2 Cor. vi. 10. P. M.

UNHEARD by all but angels' ears
 The good Cornelius knelt alone,
 Nor dream'd his prayers and tears
 Would help a world undone.

2 Even so, the course of prayer who knows?
 It springs in silence where it will ;
 Springs out of sight, and flows
 At first a lonely rill :

3 But streams shall meet it by and by
 From thousand sympathetic hearts,
 Together swelling high
 Their chaunt of many parts.

264 *Alone, yet not alone.* C. M.

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,
 O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !

- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee and what love,
 A boundless endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more !

265

Seasons of Prayer.

P. M

- 1 TO prayer ! to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;
 His light is on all below, above,
 The light of gladness, of life, of love.
 O then on the breath of this early air
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer !
- 2 To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on ;
 Like a curtain from heaven's kind hand it flows,
 To shade the couch where his children repose ;
 Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
 And give the last thought to the guardian of
 [night.
- 3 To prayer ! for the day that God has blest
 Comes tranquilly on with its promis'd rest ;
 It speaks of creation's early bloom,
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb ;
 Then summon the Spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

266

Intercession.

D

FATHER, if that gracious name
 Thou permit our souls to claim,
 Hear us plead for those who stray,
 Wanderers from the heavenly way,
 Unrepentant, unforgiven,
 Strangers yet to thee and heaven.
 Near them yawns the opening grave;
 Save them, ere they perish, save!

- 2 Wanderers once ourselves as they,
 Bound like them in Satan's sway,
 Pardon'd sinners, can our eye
 See unmov'd our brethren die?
 Lord, thy grace our hearts could melt;
 Let that grace by them be felt.
 Breathe on them that quickening breath
 Which has wak'd our souls from death.
- 3 Thou! omnipotent to save,
 Great High-Priest, thine aid we crave.
 By thy blood's transcendant price,
 By thy finish'd sacrifice,
 Thou, whose dying breath implor'd
 Grace for those who slew their Lord
 O repeat that prayer again,
 Thou who canst not plead in vain!

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

The three first of these may also be used for Public Worship.

267

L. 72

- J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And, going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own !

268

Matt. xviii. 20.

L. M

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company ;"
There he unveils his smiling face,
And sheds his glories round the place.

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

269

6. 78

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer ;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they dwell eternally.

2 Saviour, make us meet to stand
With the Saints, at thy right hand ;
While we worship in this place,
While we go from grace to grace,
Make us, each in his degree,
Meet, O Lord, to dwell with thee.

270

Parting.

C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

- 3 O may we ever walk in him !
 And nothing know beside ;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.

271 *At Parting.*

Es.

- ()NCE more before we part,
 Bless the Redeemer's name ;
 Let every tongue and heart
 Praise and adore the Lamb.

CHORUS.—Jesus, the Sinner's friend,
 Whom heaven and earth adore,
 Whose praises have no end,
 Praise him for evermore.

- 2 Thy promise, Lord, we claim
 Seal it on every heart,
 To meet in Jesus' name
 In Jesus' name to part : Jesus &c.

- 3 Still on thy holy word
 Grant us to live and grow ;
 Go on to know the Lord,
 And practise what we know. Jesus &c.

272 *Parting.*

P. M.

MAY heavenly guides attend thee !
 May heavenly guards defend thee !
 May heavenly influence send thee
 Sweet themes for holy thought !

Though shades of night enfold thee,
That eye will still behold thee,
E'en his who slumbers not !

2 No evil shall befall thee,
No enemy appal thee,
Bright messengers shall call thee
Throughout the silent night
To share their high communion,
Sweet pledge of future union
With sainted heirs of light.

3 No human voice may cheer thee,
No earthly listener hear thee,
But O ! one Friend is near thee,
The kindest and the best,
Whose smile can banish sadness,
Whose presence fill with gladness
The solitary breast.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

See Psalms 49, 63, 84, 122, 132.

273

G 8

L O, God is here ! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue

2 Being of beings ! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will :
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

274

Isaiah lii. 7.

S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill,
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !

2 How welcome is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 Zion, behold thy Saviour King ! —
 He reigns and triumphs there.

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear the 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 desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.

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

275

7c.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart ;
 Every fainting soul inspire ;
 Shine in every drooping heart.

- 2 Every mournful sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
 Son of God, appear, appear !
 To thy living temples come !
- 3 Now is thine accepted hour,
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Terminate the reign of sin !

276 *Their soul shall be as a watered garden.*

Jer. xxxi. 12.

S. M.

- COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 [The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from the place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

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

277

C. M.

- C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known,
 The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view
 The glories of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise :
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

278

C. M.

- H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
 And sav'd by grace alone !
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love—
 Their mighty joys we know ;
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne ;
 We, in the kingdom of thy grace ;—
 The kingdoms are but one.

- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
 From thence our spirits rise ;
 And he who in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

279

7s.

- S**ONGS 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 Here below, with heart and voice,
 Saints in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning still, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

280

Hosanna.

L. M.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

- 2 "Hosanna," Lord, thine angels cry;
 "Hosanna," Lord, thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead, the living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care
 Return to this thy house of prayer;
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure and worthy thee.
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

281 *The seed is the word of God.* Luke viii. c. 5

- () GOD, by whom the seed is given,
 By whom the harvest blest,
 Whose holy word sent down from heaven
 Is planted in our breast;
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
 And plunderers of the air,
 From persecution's sultry heat,
 And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Remove, O Lord, the heart of stone,
 Rich showers of grace supply;
 Then hope, in earthly furrows sown,
 Shall ripen in the sky.

282

C. M.

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

283

Before the Sermon.

C. M.

- F**ATHER of love, to thee we bend
 Our heart and lift our eyes ;
 O let our prayer and praise ascend
 As odours to the skies !
- 2 Thy pardoning voice we come to hear,
 To know thee as thou art ;
 Thy ministers can reach the ear,
 But thou must touch the heart.

284

After the Sermon.

S. 7. 4.

- L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness !
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal given
 Calls us from this earth away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day !

285

Dismission.

P. M.

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
 Shed abroad in every heart,
 Heavenward as to thee we go,
 Leaving guilt and fear below ;
 Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
 Bid us, Lord, depart.

286

7s

CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
 Every voice and every heart,
 To our heavenly Father raise
 Our united hymn of praise.

z

2 Here perhaps we meet no more,
But we seek a brighter shore ;
Where, afar from sin and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

3 To the triune God of heaven,
Love and praise be ever given ;
Here, and by his hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

287

8. 7

NOW thy love-infusing spirit
Gracious Saviour, shed abroad :
Raise through thy redeeming merit
Sons of earth to sons of God.
Prince of Peace, be ever near us,
Fix in every heart thine home,
With thy smile and presence cheer us ;
Quickly let thy kingdom come.

288

8. 7

ALMIGHTY Lord, the Sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky ;
But fix'd for everlasting years,
Unmov'd amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

THE LORD'S DAY.

289

C. M.

- B**LEST day of God ! most calm, most bright !
 The first and best of days !
 The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
 A day of joyful praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
 His rising thee did raise :
 This made thee heavenly and divine
 Beyond the common days.
- 3 This day I must for God appear,
 For, Lord, the day is thine ;
 But, spent and hallow'd in thy fear,
 Its blessing shall be mine.

290

G. 7s.

- H**AIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
 Risen with gladness in thy beams !
 Light which not of earth is born
 From thy dawn in glory streams ;
 Airs of heaven are breath'd around,
 And each place is holy ground.
- 2 Sad and weary were our way,
 Fainting oft beneath our load,
 But for thee, thou blessed day,
 Resting-place on life's rough road !
 Here flow forth the streams of grace,
 Strengthen'd hence we run our race.

291

L. M

- T**HOU glorious Sun of righteousness,
 Risen on high to set no more,
 Shine on us now, to heal and bless,
 With brighter beams than e'er before.
- 2 Shine on the temples of thy grace,
 In holy robes thy priests be clad ;
 Unveil the brightness of thy face,
 And make thy chosen people glad.
- 3 Shine on, shine on, thou glorious Sun !
 Drink thou, my soul, the orient light,
 Till that bright sabbath be begun,
 The eternal day which knows no night.

292

G. 7^s.

- G**REAT Creator ! who this day
 From thy perfect work didst rest,
 By the souls that own thy sway
 Hallow'd be its hours and blest ;
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 This day given to heaven alone.
- 2 Saviour ! who this day didst break
 The dark prison of the tomb,
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom ;
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise from sin and live to thee !
- 3 Blessed Spirit ! Comforter !
 Sent this day from Christ on high,
 Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify ;
 All thine influence shed abroad,
 Lead me to the truth of God.

293

G. 8s.

WHEN the melodious Sabbath chime,
 Pouring soft music on the breeze,
 Gives warning of the coming time
 Of holy thanks and bended knees,
 Let every thoughtful heart prepare;
 This is the solemn hour of prayer.

- 2 Press to the sacred temple, press!
 There lips and hearts to God be given;
 There taste a sweet forgetfulness
 Of earthly cares in thoughts of heaven.
 Let thankful lips and hearts prepare
 For worship at the hour of prayer.

294

L. M.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
 When village bells awake the day;
 And by their sacred minstrelsy
 Call me from earthly cares away.

- 2 And dear to me the winged hour,
 Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
 To feel devotion's soothing power,
 And catch the manna of thy word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
 Which echoes through the bless'd abode;
 Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- 4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
 Has bound me in its six days' chain,
 This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
 And lets my spirit loose again.

295

L. M.

WELCOME sweet day, of days the best!
 The day design'd for holy rest,
 When to his house God's saints repair,
 To pour their hearts in praise and prayer.

- 2 This is employment all divine :
 My soul, the blest assembly join :
 Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,
 And all thy Saviour's glories own.
- 3 Forget all earthly things and cares,
 And soar by faith above the stars ;
 On wings of strong devotion rise,
 And feast on fruits of Paradise.

296

S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise !

- Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And meets his saints to-day ;
 Hasten thee, my soul, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day spent in the place
 In which my God hath been
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of vanity and sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And rise, and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

297

7s.

- I**N thy temple I appear ;
 Lord, I love to worship here :
 Abba, Father ! give me grace
 In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue :
 So my joyful soul shall bless
 Thee, the Lord my righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend ;
 Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 From thy house when I return
 May my heart within me burn ;
 And at evening let me say,
 I have walk'd with God to-day.

298

148th.

- A**WAKE, ye saints, awake !
 And hail the sacred day :
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay :
 Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose ;
 He 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 ! "

299

C. M.

- LORD of the Sabbath, thee we praise
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.
- 2 On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd
 By God, the eternal Word, than when
 The universe was made.
- 3 He rises, who mankind hath bought
 With grief and pain extreme :
 'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
 'Twas greater to redeem.

300

- LAMB of God, the Father's Word,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Thou that art the Virgin's Son,
 Saviour of a world undone ;
- 2 Thou that art the door of heaven,
 Living bread in mercy given,
 Brightness of the Father's face,
 Everlasting Prince of Peace ;

- 3 King and spouse of holy hearts,
 Fount of love that ne'er departs,
 Sweetest Life, and brightest Day,
 Truest truth, and surest way ;
- 4 Lead, O lead us to thy rest,
 Lead us onward to the blest !
 Of the Sabbath Lord, display
 All thy self this Sabbath-day.

301

L. M.

- **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this thy day, in this thy house ;
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our labouring souls aspire
 With ardent hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares, to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin !
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
 And when we leave this weary road
 May sleep in death be rest with God.

302 *Sunday Evening.*

6. 7s.

SOON, too soon, the sweet repose
 Of this day of God will cease ;
 Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
 Vanish soon the hours of peace ;
 Soon return the toil, the strife,
 All the weariness of life.

- 2 But the rest which yet remains
 For thy people, Lord, above
 Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains—
 Endless as their Saviour's love :
 O may every Sabbath here
 Bring us to that rest more near !

303 *Sunday Evening.*

P M.

THE Sabbath-day has reach'd its close,
 Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
 Grant me the peace thy love bestows,
 Smile on my evening hour !

- 2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet guest,
 Hallow and calm my troubled breast !
 Weary, I come to thee for rest ;
 Smile on my evening hour !
- 3 O ever present, ever nigh,
 Jesus, on thee I fix mine eye,
 Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh ;
 Smile on my evening hour !
- 4 My only Intercessor, thou,
 Mingle thy fragrant incense now
 With every prayer and every vow ;
 Smile on my evening hour !

- 5 And O! when life's short course shall end,
 And death's dark shades around impend,
 My God, my everlasting Friend,
 Smile on my evening hour!

304 *Sunday Evening, or Monday.* L. M.

- NOW let our heavenly plants and flowers
 Diffuse a fragrance more divine;
 Refresh'd by the sweet Sabbath showers
 With richer beauty they should shine.
- 2 We have been wafted for a while
 Far, far away from this low scene;
 Been cheer'd by our Redeemer's smile,
 Been suffer'd on his breast to lean.
- 3 What has he taught us? what should be
 The fruit of intercourse so blest?
 O! should not all around us see
 His image on our souls imprest?
- 4 Within his ivory palace fair
 We enter'd, a much favour'd train;
 Myrrh, aloes, cassia, fill'd the air;
 Our garments should the scent retain.
- 5 And we should pass along the earth
 Like birds which live upon the wing;
 Rise to the country of our birth,
 And on our way its anthems sing.

305

L. A.

A WAKE, my soul! and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praise to heaven's eternal King.

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

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

306

G. 7s.

C HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Scatter all the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till thou inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm 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.

307

6. 8s.

- HEEN streaming from the eastern skies
 The morning light salutes my eyes,
 O 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 to heaven's great and glorious King
 My morning sacrifice I bring,
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
 Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
 And be my Advocate with God!
- 3 As every day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials and its cares,
 O Saviour, till my life shall end,
 Be thou my counsellor and friend;
 Teach me thy precepts all divine,
 And be thy great example mine.

308

L. M

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise!
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,
 Which evermore makes all things new.

- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

309

L. M.

- M**Y God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning blessings from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain 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.

310

L. M.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more with awe rejoice to be ;
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 4 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes,
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love the rapture of the skies.

311

P. M.

- R**ISE, my soul, adore thy maker ;
 To angels' praise Join thy lays,
 With them be partaker.
- 2 Father, Lord of every spirit,
 In thy light Lead me right,
 Through my Saviour's merit.
- 3 O Lord Jesu, God almighty,
 Pray for me, Till I see
 Thee in Salem's city.
- 4 Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
 Be my guide, Lest my pride
 Shut me out of heaven.
- 5 Thou this night wast my protector,
 With me stay All the day,
 Ever my director.

- 6 [Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good, Life, and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 7 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One in three, Give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.]

312 *Evening.*

F. M.

ERE I sleep, for every favor,
This day shew'd By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To thy name Still the same,
Merciful and tender?
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, While I sleep,
Me with sovereign power.
- 5 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise With the wise,
Counted in their number.

313

D. S. ;

ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odours mingling rise
Borne like incense up to heaven,
Nature's evening sacrifice.
With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to thee !

- 2 Praise we yield—yet ah ! while dwelling
 On the thanks thy mercies claim,
 Darker thoughts their tale are telling,
 Full of grief and full of shame.
 Oft rebellious, oft mistaken,
 Sorrowing at thy feet we bow ;
 Yet, though thee we have forsaken,
 O our God ! forsake not thou !
- 3 Thou whose favors without number
 All our days with gladness bless,
 Let thine eye, which knows not slumber,
 Guard our hours of helplessness :
 And, when life is closing round us,
 Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
 Let thy beams of love surround us,
 Let us know thee, feel thee near.

314

L. M.

- N**OW one day's journey less divides
 Me from the world where God resides ;
 I've one day less my watch to keep,
 My foes to fear, my falls to weep.
- 2 I've one day less the ground to tread
 Where thorns abound and snares are spread ;
 And O reflect, my fainting soul !
 Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal.
- 3 If the sweet presence of thy God
 To-day has cheer'd and bless'd thy road,
 Think what must be that glorious place
 Where he shall never hide his face.

- 4 But if thou hast been led astray,
And mournfully review'st the day,
Strive yet the more that rest to attain
Where thou shalt never sin again.
- 5 [If thou hast mourn'd for friends endear'd
Whose converse once thy journey cheer'd,
In heaven, reflect, no cause shall sever
The bond which re-unites for ever.]
- 6 Lord, I on thee alone depend,
O guide me to my journey's end !
Then bear my soul o'er death's dark wave
To realms of joy beyond the grave !

315

L.

- ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose !
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 [When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.]

316

L. M.

THE night is come ! like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, dark as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.

2 O thou whose nature cannot sleep,
Now on my temples sentry keep !
And let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's pillow blest,

3 That so I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with an active vigour run
My course, as doth the unwearied sun.

317 “ *Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.*” P's. xci. 10.

P. M.

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
This live-long night.

318

S. L. L.

THROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us ;
 Now we lay us down to rest :
 Through the silent watches guard us ;
 Let no foe our peace molest :
 Jesus, thou our guardian be :
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thy love may we repose ;
 And, when life's sad day is past,
 Rest with thee in heaven at last.

319

L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if thou be near :
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes !

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought—How sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast !
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without thee I cannot live :
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without thee I dare not die.

320

G.S.

HERE in the body pent,
 Absent from Christ I roam ;
 Yet nightly pitch my tent
 A day's march nearer home.

- 2 My Father's house on high !
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to faith's keen eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !
- 3 "For ever with the Lord ;"—
 Such is thy Saviour's will ;
 Look up my soul !—thy word
 Of promise, Lord, fulfil.

321

P. M.

- I**NSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
 Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
 My all to thy covenant care
 I, sleeping and waking, resign.
 If thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 2 Thy ministering spirits descend
 To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep.
 Bright seraphs, despatch'd from the throne,
 Repair to the stations assign'd ;
 And ministrant angels sent down
 Protect the elect of mankind.
- Their worship no interval knows,
 Their fervor is still on the wing ;
 And while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my King.

I too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join ;
 And love, and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.

322

Night.

6. 7

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head,
 Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
 Tir'd with glaring vanities.
 By my heavenly Father blest,
 Now I give my powers to rest.

2 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
 Crown'st my days with various good :
 Thy kind eye that cannot sleep
 These defenceless hours shall keep.
 Bless'd vicissitude to me ;
 Day and night, I'm still with thee !

2d Part.—*A Vigil.*

What though downy slumbers flee,
 Strangers to my couch and me :
 Sleepless well I know to rest,
 Lodg'd within my Father's breast.
 While the empress of the night
 Scatters mild her silver light ;
 While the vivid planets stray
 Various through their mystic way ;
 While the stars unnumber'd roll,
 Round the ever-constant pole ;
 Far above these spangled skies,
 All my soul to God shall rise.

Midst the silence of the night,
 Mingling with those angels bright,
 Whose harmonious voices raise
 Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise,
 Through the throng his gentle car
 Shall my tuneless accents hear ;
 And his Spirit shall diffuse,
 Sweeter far than midnight dews,
 Lifting all my thoughts above,
 On the wings of faith and love ;
 Bless'd alternative to me,
 Thus to sleep or wake with thee !

3d Part — *The Sleep of Death.*

- What if death my sleep invade ?
 Should I be of death afraid ?
 Whilst encircled by thine arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 2 What if beams of opening day
 Shine around my breathless clay ?
 Brighter visions from on high
 Shall refresh my mental eye.
- 3 Tender friends awhile may mourn
 Me from their embraces torn ;
 Dearer, better friends I have
 In the realms beyond the grave.
- 4 See the guardian angels nigh
 Wait to waft my soul on high !
 See the golden gates display'd !
 See the crown to grace my head !

- 5 See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night !
Transitory world, farewell !
Jesus calls with him to dwell.
- 6 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest,
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee !

BAPTISM.

323

C. K.

- I**N token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee his alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;
- 3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travell'd by ;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit with him on high ;
- 4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own :
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

324

7s.

HEAVENLY Father, may thy love
 Beam upon us from above ;
 Let this infant find a place
 In thy covenant of grace.

2 Son of God, be with us here,
 Listen to our humble prayer ;
 Let thy blood on Calvary spilt
 Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3 Holy Ghost, to thee we cry,
 Thou this infant sanctify ;
 Thine Almighty power display,
 Seal *him* to redemption's day.

4 Great Jehovah, Father, Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Let the blessing come from thee,
 Thine shall all the glory be.

325

P. M.

GO take thy sweet babe, and to Jesus confide
 him :

He has dwelt in our flesh, he can feel for our
 fears.

Take this lamb to the Shepherd, who safely
 shall guide him

Through the desert of perils, the valley of tears.

326

7s.

WELCOME to the Saviour's breast,
 Children of the Saviour's love ;

By him may they now be blest ;
 From him never, never rove.

We baptise them at thy word ;
 Wash their souls from sin's deep stain,
 And in thy compassion, Lord,
 Grant them to be born again !*

PARENTAL INTERCESSION.

"I WILL POUR MY SPIRIT ON THY SEED, AND MY BLESSING
 ON THY OFFSPRING."

327 *Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord.*
 1 Sam. iii. 7.

C. M.

IN the sweet time of early morn,
 In evening's twilight grey,
 On bended knees, with clasped hands,
 Behold, our infants pray.

2 And oft on their unconscious hearts,
 In those calm holy hours,
 Thy voice, O Father, falls as soft
 As dew on opening flowers.

3 A still small voice!—they know it not
 Nor whence it comes, O Lord!
 Thy Name thou hast not told to them,
 Nor yet reveal'd thy word.

4 And yet that voice has thrilling tones,
 Their inmost soul to move ;
 As erst in Samuel's infant breast
 Wonder and terror strove.

He prayed to thee in life's fresh morn ;—
 O prompt our children's prayers !
 Call them ; and give the quick reply,
 "Speak, Lord, thy Servant hears."

* For the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper, see page 122.

328

C. M.

- W**ISDOM, whose unfading power
 Before the Eternal stood,
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flood,
- 2 Yet didst thou not disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear,
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy fault'ring prayer ;
- 3 But in thy Father's own abode,
 With Israel's elders round,
 Conversing high with Israel's God,
 Thy chiefest joy was found.
- 4 So may our youth adore thy name ;
 And, Saviour, deign to bless,
 With fostering grace, the timid flame
 Of early holiness.

329

C. M.

- B**ESTOW, great God ! upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace ;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heavenly root ;
 But fairest in the youngest shews,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Children, for you the prayer is made,
 O join the public prayer !
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 O shed yourselves a tear !

- 4 We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's power to teach:
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Jesus whom we preach.*

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

330

C. M.

THERE is a path which leads to God;
 All others go astray,—
 Narrow but pleasant is the road,
 And Christians love the way.

- 2 How shall an infant-pilgrim dare
 This narrow path to tread?
 For in the way is many a snare
 Around the pathway spread.
- 3 Let not my feeble footsteps slide,
 Nor wander from the way,
 O Lord, be thou thyself my guide.
 And I shall never stray.

331

S. M

- C**OME, holy Spirit, come,
 O hear my faltering prayer!
 Stoop down and make my heart thy throne,
 And shed thy blessing there.
- 2 Thy light, thy love impart,
 And let it ever be
 A holy, gentle, humble heart,
 A dwelling place for thee.

3 Let thy rich grace increase,
Till all my early days,
Yield fruits of righteousness and peace,
To thy eternal praise.

332

7s.

(**G**OD of mercy, thron'd on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat ;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry !
Guide, O guide our wandering feet !

2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely descry the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine ;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, Lord, and keep us thine.

333

C. M.

WE ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below ;

2 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.

3 We ask for wisdom : Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart,
● To know and love thee, give.

334

C. M.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
'Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace ;
And he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly beg for more.

335 "*It is good for me that I have been afflicted.*" 73
Ps. cxix. 71.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must, and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soi

4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
'Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 5 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should prove a cast-away.
- 6 Others may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain, delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

336 "*Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.*" c. v.
 Isa. xlv. 15.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his foot-steps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

337 *"Thou drewest near in the day I called upon thee: thou saidst, Fear not."* Lam. iii. 57. L. M.

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 word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an advocate with thee;
 They whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

338 “ *As a wide breaking in of waters : in the desolation they rolled themselves upon me.*”

Job xxx. 14.

D. C. M.

(O) GOD! that madest earth and sky, the
darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family, and help us when
we pray ;
For wide the waves of bitterness around our
vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the
rocky shore.

2 The cross our Master bore for us, for him we
fain would bear ;
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and
courage to despair.
Have mercy on our failings, Lord ; our sinking
faith renew ;
And when thy sorrows visit us, O send thy
patience too !

339 *The cloudy and dark day.* Ezek. xxxiv. 12. P. M.

(O) THOU that dwell'st in the heavens high,
Beyond yon stars, within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, nor the moon by night ;
2 Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of Him at thy right hand,
O think on the souls that cost him dear,
Now wandering in doubt and darkness here !
3 Our night is dreary, and dim our day,
And if thou turn thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
With none to look to, and none to trust.

4 Thy aid, O mighty One, we crave !
 Not shorten'd is thine arm to save :
 Afar from thee we now sojourn ;
 Return to us, O God ! return !

340 "*He was tempted in all points like as we are.*"
 Heb. iv. 15. 6. Ss.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On him I lean, who not in vain
 Experienc'd every human pain :
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom'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 If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe,
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
 By all that shar'd his daily bread.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend,
 And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while ;
 My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
 For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

- 5 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;
 Still he who once vouchsaf'd to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 6 And, O ! when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still still unchanging watch beside
 My dying bed, for thou hast died ;
 'Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

341

6. 8s.

WHEN pain transfixes every part,
 And languor settles at the heart ;
 When on my bed, discas'd opprest,
 I turn, and sigh, and long for rest,
 O great physician, see my grief,
 And grant thy servant sweet relief !

- 2 Should poverty's consuming blow
 Lay all my worldly comforts low,
 And neither help nor hope appear
 My steps to guide, my heart to cheer,
 Lord, pity and supply my need,
 For thou on earth wast poor indeed.
- 3 Should Providence profusely pour
 Its various blessings on my store,
 O keep me from the ills that wait
 On such a seeming prosperous state !
 From hurtful passions set me free,
 And humbly may I walk with thee.

342

Sickness.

C M

- W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to soar away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love :
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

9 There shall my disimprison'd soul
Behold him and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

343 " *I flee unto thee to hide me. Ps. cxliii. 9. D. 7F*

JESU, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover 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.

344 *Sorrowful, yet rejoicing.* 2 Cor. vi. 10. 8. 7. 4.

GRACIOUS Lord, with mercy beaming,
 Let some rays, descending here,
 Dry these cheeks in sorrow streaming,
 This grief-clouded bosom cheer ;
 Gracious Saviour,
 This grief-clouded bosom cheer.

- 2 Thou hast suffer'd, Lord of glory ;
 Well I know what pangs were thine ;
 Hence more bold I bend before thee,
 Lord of love, to pity mine ;
 Gracious Saviour,
 Lord of love, to pity mine.

- 3 View'd I but a God surrounded
 With a blaze of majesty,
 Sunk in awe, with fear confounded,
 Could I e'er look up to thee ?
 Gracious Saviour,
 Could I e'er look up to thee ?

- 4 But when I survey thy passion,
 On a sorrowing Saviour gaze,
 Fear is lost in adoration,
 All is rapture, love, and praise.
 Hallelujah !
 All is rapture, love, and praise.
- 5 Rapturous thought ! ecstatic treasure !
 Welcome every pang I prove !
 Grief is joy, and pain is pleasure,
 If they wake my Saviour's love.
 Hallelujah !
 If they wake my Saviour's love.

345

C. M.

- W**HEN 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 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
 And dread a Father's will ;
 'Tis 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 ardour glows
 To see him face to face,
 Whose dying love no language knows
 Sufficient art to trace.

- 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.
- 6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share !
- 346 *The bitter waters made sweet.* (M
- O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !
- 2 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 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.

RESIGNATION.

- 347 *"What I do, thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter."* John xiii. 7. 6. S.
- O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapp'd yet in tears and mystery ;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see ;
Yet all is well, since rul'd by thee.

- 2 Thus trusting in thy love I tread
 The narrow path of duty on ;
 What though some cherish'd joys are fled ?
 What tho' some flattering dreams are gone ?
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain.
 Why shouldst thou then, my soul, complain ?

348 Job i. 21. 8. 6. 8.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour ;
 Bow, all resign'd, beneath his rod,
 And bless his chastening power ;
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

- 2 Tranquil to sit at Jesus' feet,
 Though sorrows fix me there,
 Is still a privilege : and sweet
 The energies of prayer,
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

- 3 O blessed be the hand that gave !
 And 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.

349 *Godliness and Contentment great gain.* c m.

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

2 c 3

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

350

1 Pet. iv. 19.

C v.

- O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
O* tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No; rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
If thou vouchsafe to grant,
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;—
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth.

6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

351 *I was dumb ; I opened not my mouth, because
 thou didst it. Ps. 39. P. M.*

O LORD my God, do thou thy holy will ;
 I will lie still ;
 I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
 And break the charm
 Which lulls me, clinging to my Saviour's breast,
 In perfect rest.

2 To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
 He doth impart
 The virtue of his midnight agony,
 When none was nigh
 Save God, and one good angel, to assuage
 The tempest's rage.

3 Mortal ! if life smile on thee, and thou find
 All to thy mind,
 Think, who did once from heaven to hell
 Thee to befriend : [descend
 So shalt thou dare forego, at his dear call,
 Thy best, thine all.

352 *"It is I : be not afraid."* L. M.

WELCOME to me the darkest night,
 If there the Saviour's presence bright
 Beam forth upon the soul dismay'd,
 And say, "'Tis I ! be not afraid !"

- 2 Welcome the fiercest waves that roll
 Their deepening floods to whelm my soul,
 If He rebuke the storm of ill,
 And bid the tempest, "Peace, be still!"
- 3 Welcome the thorniest path, if there
 The print-marks of his feet appear;
 If in his footsteps we may tread,
 And follow where our Lord hath led.
- 4 I will not ask what else is mine,
 If thou, O Lord, account me thine;
 For what but joy can be my lot
 If God, my God, reject me not?

353

"Thy will be done."

P. M.

- M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done!"
- 2 If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
 I only yield thee what was thine;—
 "Thy will be done!"
- 3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
 The friend more dear than life to me,
 Ere long we both shall be with thee; —
 "Thy will be done!"
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father, still I strive to say,
 "Thy will be done!"

- 5 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!”
- 6 Renew my will from day to day;
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say
 “Thy will be done!”
- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
 I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
 “Thy will be done!”

 WITH HIS OWN HEART.

 “I SEE ANOTHER LAW IN MY MEMBERS WARRING AGAINST
 THE LAW OF MY MIND, &c.—*Rom.* vii. 23.

354

L. M.

- THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
 Out of the depths to thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm;
 Defend me from each threatening ill,
 Control the waves; say, “Peace be still!”
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

355 *My soul is full of troubles. Ps. 58.* L. M.

MY soul is sad, and much dismay'd,
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Apollyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppose!

- 2 Their fiery arrows reach the mark,
My throbbing heart with anguish tear;
Each lights upon a kindred spark,
And finds abundant fuel there.
- 3 I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;
O! I would drive it from my breast
With thine own sharp two-edged sword,
Far as the east is from the west!
- 4 Come then, and chase the cruel host;
Heal the deep wounds I have receiv'd;
Nor let the powers of darkness boast
That I am foil'd, and thou art griev'd.

356 "*My house is a house of prayer, &c.*" L. M.

THY mansion is the Christian's heart;
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

- 2 For there a sharp designing trade
 Sin, Satan, and the world maintain ;
 Not cease to press me, and persuade
 To part with ease and purchase pain.
- 3 I know them, and I hate their din,
 Am weary of the bustling crowd ;
 But while their voice is heard within,
 I cannot serve thee as I would.
- 4 O for the joy thy presence gives !
 What peace shall reign when thou art here !
 Thy presence makes this den of thieves
 A calm delightful house of prayer.

357 *When I would do good evil is present with me*
 Rom. vii. 21. C. M

MY God, how perfect are thy ways !

But mine polluted are :
 Sin twines itself about my praise,
 And slides into my prayer.

- 2 When I would speak what thou hast done
 To save me from my sin,
 I cannot make thy mercies known,
 But self-applause creeps in.
- 3 Divine desire—that holy flame
 Thy grace creates in me,—
 Alas ! impatience is its name,
 When it returns to thee.
- 4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
 How does it overflow !
 While self upon the surface floats,
 Still bubbling from below.

5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine ;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord, for ever mine !

358 *Bring my soul out of prison.* Ps. 42. I M

O FROM the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set us free !
And as our treasure is above,
Be there our thoughts, be there our love.

2 But oft, alas ! too well we know
Our thoughts, our love, are fix'd below :
In every lifeless prayer we find
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.

3 What can that frozen bosom move
That melts not at the Saviour's love ?
What can that sluggish spirit raise
That will not chaunt the Saviour's praise ?

4 Lord, draw our best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense ;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not till to thee they rise.

359 *Light is sown for the righteous.* L. K.

COME Jesus ! come ! return again ;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

2 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

- 3 Yet 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
 When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
 And strength and earthly daring fail,
 Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee.
- 4 Come Jesus! come! and, as of yore
 The prophet went to clear thy way,
 A harbinger thy feet before,
 A dawning to thy brighter day;
- 5 So now may grace with heavenly shower
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,
 Then come and reap thy harvest there.

360 "I cried unto thee, O Lord! I said, Thou art my
refuge, and my portion." Ps. cxli. 5. L. M.

- W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
 That I shall find my all in thee;
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thine eternal love?
- 2 Erring and blind I wander here,
 If haply I may feel thee near;
 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
 And cast the world and sin behind.
- 3 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure:
 I want—do thou enrich the poor:
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop—
 O lift the abject sinner up!
- 4 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight:
 Lord, I am weak—be thou my might:
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee.

361

Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light;
 Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
 O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
 To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

362

Litany.

D. 7s.

LORD, have mercy, when we strive
 To save, through thee, our souls alive;
 When the pamper'd flesh is strong,
 When the strife is fierce and long;
 When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to loathe our cherish'd sin,
 And our weary spirits fail,
 And our aching brows are pale.

2 Lord, have mercy, when we know
 First how vain this world below;
 When the earliest gleam is given
 Of thy bright but distant heaven;

When our darker thoughts oppress,
 Doubts perplex, and fears distress,
 And our sadden'd spirits dwell
 On the open gates of hell.

- 3 Lord, have mercy, when we lie
 On the restless bed, and sigh ;
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still
 From the thought of former ill ;
 When all other hope is gone :
 When our course is almost done ;
 When the dim advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour is come.

363 “ *Lord, remember me.*” Luke xxiii. C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 O Lord, remember me !

- 2 When on my aching burden'd heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart,
 And Lord, remember me.

- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 O let my strength be as my day,
 And Lord, remember me !

- 4 If, on my face, for thy dear name,
 Shame and reproach shall be,
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me !

5 When in the solemn hour of death
 I wait thy just decree,
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,
 O Lord, remember me!

6 And when before thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to thee,
 Then with the saints at thy right hand
 O Lord, remember me!

364

7. 7. 4.

[WHEN I listen to thy word,
 In thy temple cold and dead;
 When I cannot see thee, Lord,
 All faith's little daylight fled,
 Sun of glory, Beam again around my head.

2 When thy statutes I forsake,
 When my graces dimly shine;
 When my covenant I break,
 Jesus then remember thine.

Check my wanderings, By a look of love divine.]

3 When thy heavenly Jews distil,
 And my views, O Lord, are clear,
 Clear and bright from Zion's hill,
 Temper joy with holy fear;
 Keep me watchful, Safe alone when thou art near.

4 When afflictions cloud my sky,
 When the tide of sorrow flows,
 When thy rod is lifted high,
 Let me on thy love repose; [blows.
 Stay the rough wind, when thy chilling east wind

- 5 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay ;
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way ;
Break the shadows, usher in eternal day.
- 6 From the sparkling turrets there
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way ;
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
While my triumphs at my Leader's feet I lay.

365

10s.

- J**ESUS ! 'tis thee my soul doth seek ; to find,
To commune with thee, is its one desire,
O look on me ! and, to my cry inclin'd,
Again thy peace, thy precious peace inspire.
- 2 Time was when ignorant of my God I stray'd
A thoughtless wanderer in the paths of death ;
But thou didst seek me in that night's dark
shade ;
And save, for ever save, thy child through faith.
- 3 Twas then thy voice in love's own accents spoke ;
The listening ear thy blessed Spirit gave ;
It spoke of ransom from Satanic yoke ;
And bade me know thy grace, thy power to save.
- 4 Alas ! how lukewarm since my love ! how prone
My foolish heart again to err from thee !
If yet preserv'd, it is by grace alone :
Thy patience only could have borne with me.

5 Then pity, Lord! this stubborn heart subdue;
Remember how from Calvary's suffering tree
Thine eye of love had my poor soul in view;
Jesus! I rest on thy fidelity.

366 *“Return unto thy rest, O my soul”* L. M.

MY only Saviour, when I feel
O'erwhelm'd in spirit, faint, opprest,
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet, “Thou art my rest.”

2 When with a trembling heart I try
My state by truth's unerring test,
Oft it condemns me; then I fly
To thee for pardon, thee for rest.

3 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
O let me turn from self and sin
To thy dear cross! there, there is rest.

367 *Thou art my hiding place.* Ps. 119. 7s.

IN the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ's own ark of grace:

2 Burden'd with a load of sin,
Harass'd with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without.

3 Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast

368 *Why is my pain perpetual, and my wound incurable? Jer. 15.* 6. 83.

PEACE, troubled soul! whose plaintive moan
Has trembled with each note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold the precious balm is found
That lulls thy pain, and heals thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest;
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
God is thy Saviour! glorious word!
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord!

3 As spring the winter,—day the night,—
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
And holy Joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay;
While Glory waves the immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

369 "*We have an advocate with the Father.*" P. M.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend!
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

- 3 When I have err'd and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
Aud see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms unfold,
And plead, O plead for me!
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear.
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array;
Say thou hast wash'd them all away;
O say thou plead'st for me!

BACKSLIDING.

"RETURN, YE BACKSLIDING CHILDREN, AND I WILL HEAL
YOUR BACKSLIDINGS." *Jer.* iii. 22.

370 *I have gone astray like a lost sheep.* Ps. 119.
L. M.

THINE eyes, O Lord, the sheep behold
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold,
That, guideless, helpless, strives in vain
To find its safe retreat again.

- 2 Now listens, if perchance its ear
The Shepherd's well known voice may hear;
Now, as the tempests round it blow,
In plaintive accents vents its woe.

- 3 Behold,—for mercy dwells with thee,—
Behold a sinner bend the knee !
To thee, O Lord, to thee I pray !
My night illume, and guide my day.

71

Luke xxii. 61.

7. 6. 8

- J**ESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep ;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep :
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suffering shewn ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The sinner in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace :
Vile like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan :
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live ;
“ Father,” at the point to die,
The Saviour cried, “ forgive !
Surely with that dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries, “ ’Tis done !”
O my suffering, bleeding Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone !

372 *Mine eyes fail for thy Salvation.* Ps. 119. 6. 8s.

LORD of my heart, by thy last cry
 Let not thy blood in vain be spent ;
 Lo ! at thy feet I fainting lie ;
 Mine eyes upon thy cross are bent ;
 Upon thy cross my weary eyes
 Wait, like parch'd lands on April skies.

2 O Saviour, dry these bitter tears,
 And let my heart no further roam !
 'Tis thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
 Long since,—O call the wanderer home !
 To that safe home, thy wounded side,
 Where only broken hearts may hide.

373 "*He restoreth my soul.*" Ps. xxiii. 3. 6. 8s

WEAR Y of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod :
 For him, not without hope, I mourn :
 I have an Advocate above,
 A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesu, 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,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore ;
 O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more !
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

374 "*Thy backslidings shall reprove thee.*" Jer. ii. 19.
G. 88.

O'TIS enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.

2 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear!
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again, and live!

375 "*Will ye also go away?*" John vi. 67. C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yes, thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me:
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart:
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

376 *"Thou hidest thy face."* Ps. civ. 29. s.

THE Saviour hides his face ;
 My spirit thirsts to prove
 Renew'd supplies of pardoning grace,
 And never-failing love.

2 The favor'd souls who know
 What glories shine in him
 Pant for his presence, as the roe
 Pants for the living stream.

3 How dull the sabbath-day,
 Without the sabbath's Lord !
 How toilsome then to sing and pray,
 And wait upon the word !

4 • Of all the truths I hear,
 How few delight my taste !
 I glean a berry here and there,
 And mourn the vintage past.

5 But though I am a worm,
 Unworthy of thy care,
 O Lord, my heart's desire perform,
 And grant me all my prayer !

377

C. M.

O 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 enjoy'd!
 How sweet their memory 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.

378 *O that I were as in months past!* Job xxix. c m.

- S**WEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pardoning blood
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine:
 And when I read his holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.
- 3 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue;
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.

314 THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT.

- 4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Now Satan threatens to assail,
And make my soul his prey :
O Lord, let not thy mercy fail !
O come without delay !

379 *The Soul's Winter.* L. M

- SEE how rude winter's icy hand
Has stript the trees, and seal'd the ground !
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain ;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again ?
- 3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise !
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move ;
O hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love !
- 4 O Lord, regard my feeble cry !
I faint and droop till thou appear ;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die ?
Must it be winter all the year ?

380 *Let my soul live and it shall praise thee. Ps. 119.*
C. M.

“REJOICE in God !” the word commands,
And fain would I obey ;
Yet still my spirit lingering stands,
While doubts impede my way.

- 2 How can my soul exult for joy,
Which feels this load of sin?
And how can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within?
- 3 My soul forgets to use her wings;
My harp neglected lies;
For sin has broken all its strings,
And guilt shuts out my joys.
- 4 The power, the sweetness of thy voice
Alone my heart can move;
Make me in Christ, O Lord, rejoice,
And tune my soul to love.

381

The Great Question.

C. H.

- THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer ;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache !
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

382 *The Great Question.*

- 'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought ;
 Do I love the Lord, or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove.
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,—
 Can I deem myself his child ?
- 4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;—
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrali,
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?

- 6 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 7 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
'Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun:
- 8 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

383 *They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.*

Isaiah xlix. 23.

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GOD of grace, I trust in thee,
And that trust is all my plea;
Full of weakness, full of woe,
To thy mercy seat I go.

- 2 See the bitter tears I pour;
For the wounds my Saviour bore,
For the glory of thy name,
Put not, Lord, my trust to shame.
- 3 All this grief I feel for sin,
Is it not thy work within?
Every sigh, and moan, and tear—
Speak they not of comfort near?
- 4 Blessed Jesus, grace is free,
Else it would not visit me;
I should perish, couldst thou prove
Less than infinite in love.

384

Isaiah l. 10.

L. M.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught,
 What I am still so slow to learn,
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn!

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord! one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

385

"Joy cometh in the morning."

7. 6s

O FAINT and feeble-hearted!
 Why thus cast down with fear?
 Fresh aid shall be imparted,
 Thy God unseen is near.

2 His eye can never slumber.
 He marks thy cruel foes;
 Observes their strength, their number,
 And all thy weakness knows.

- 3 Though heavy clouds of sorrow
 Make dark thy path to-day,
 There shall shine forth to-morrow
 A bright and cheering ray.

MAN'S BREVTY AND MORTALITY.

See Psalms 39 and 90.

386 *The days of thy mourning shall be ended.* Is. 60

C. M.

- (O)UR days, alas ! our mortal days
 Are short and wretched too ;
 " Evil and few," the patriarch says ;
 And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
 That heaven allows to men ;
 And pains and sms run through the round
 Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
 Run on, my days, in haste ;
 Moments of sin, and months of woe,
 Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
 And call her to the skies,
 Where years of long salvation roll,
 And glory never dies.

387

Gen. xlvii. 10.

D. C. M.

F EW, few, and evil are thy days,
 Man, of a woman born ;
 Peril and trouble haunt thy ways.
 Forth, like a flower at morn,

The tender infant springs to light ;
 Youth blossoms to the breeze ;
 Age, withering age, is cropt ere night ;
 Man like a shadow flees.

- 2 As fail the waters from the deep,
 As summer brooks run dry.
 Man lieth down in dreamless sleep ;
 His life his vanity.
 O hide me till thy wrath be past,
 Thou who canst slay or save !
 Hide me where Hope may anchor fast
 In my Redeemer's grave.

388 *The End of the Year.*

C. M.

OUR wasting lives grow shorter still !
 As days and months increase ;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

- 2 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around
 To hurry mortals home.
- 3 Great God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 The eternal state of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings !
- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe
 Attends upon a breath :
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !

- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 To walk life's dangerous road ;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God !

389 *For the New or Old Year.* C.M.

A WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
 And raise your voices high ;
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love
 That shows salvation nigh.

- 2 Fast on the wings of time it flies ;
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome each declining day,
 Welcome each closing year !

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

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

390 "*Be ye also ready.*" Matt. xxiv. 44. L. M

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, "Am I
 Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

- 2 Soon, leaving all I lov'd below,
 To God's tribunal I must go ;
 Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.

- 3 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in thee !
 Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
 Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 4 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 " Perhaps it next may toll for me."

391 " *He sorrow not without hope.*" C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 And shall we wish the hours more slow,
 That keep us from his love ?
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And soften'd every bed ;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head ?
- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise ;
 Awake ! ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies !

392 *I will contend with him that contendeth with thee.*
 Is. xlix. 25. L. M.

O GRAVE, thou hast the victory !
 Beauty and strength are laid with thee ;
 Yet than earth's mightiest mightier,
 O grave, thou hast thy vanquisher !

- 2 Long in thy sight was man forlorn ;
 Long didst thou laugh his hope to scorn ;
 Till rose the conqueror of death,
 Jesus, the Man of Nazareth.
- 3 He stood between us and despair ;
 He bore, and gave us strength to bear ;
 The mysteries of the grave unseal'd,
 Our glorious destiny reveal'd.
- 4 Our home is not this mortal clime ;
 Our life has not its bounds in time ;
 And death is but a cloud that lies
 Between the soul and paradise.

THE CHRISTIAN'S OWN DEATH.

393

P. M.

- M**Y soul, go boldly forth,
 Forsake this sinful earth ;
 What hath it been to thee
 But pain and sorrow ?
 And think'st thou it will be
 Better to-morrow ?
- 2 Why art thou for delay ?
 Thou cam'st not here to stay :
 What tak'st thou for thy part
 But heavenly pleasure ?
 Where then should be thy heart
 But where's thy treasure ?

- 3 Thy God, thy Head's above ;
 There is the world of love ;
 Mansions there purchas'd are
 By Christ's own merit,
 For these he doth prepare
 Thee by his Spirit.
- 4 Lord Jesu, take my Spirit :
 I trust thy love and merit :
 Take home thy wandering sheep,
 For thou hast sought it ;
 My soul in safety keep,
 For thou hast bought it.

394

D. C. M.

- C**HRI^ST leads me through no darker rooms
 Than he went through before ;
 He that into God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by this door.
 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see ;
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will thy glory be !
- 2 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days,
 And join with the triumphant saints
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.
 My knowledge of that life is small ;
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with him.

395

L. M.

THE hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace !

- 2 The race appointed I have run ;
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
 I bow before thee in the dust ;
 And through my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I come, I come at thy command !
 I give my spirit to thy hand ;
 Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.

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6. 7s.

HASTE, my spirit, fly away ;
 'Tis thy gracious Saviour calls ;
 Leave this tenement of clay,
 Quit its broken shatter'd walls :
 Through its ruins I descry
 Gleans of immortality.

- 2 Cease, my friends, to weep for me,
 I should rather mourn for you ;
 Every woe and sin I flee,
 Christ and heaven are in my view :
 Dare not wish my soul to stay,
 Angels beckon me away.

- 3 God hath sent his envoy, death ;
 Earthly blessings I resign ;
 Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
 Take this ransom'd soul of mine ;
 Now my songs of joy shall be
 Ceaseless as eternity.

397

P. M.

- V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 " Sister spirit, come away."
 What is this absorbs me quite—
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight—
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes : it disappears ;
 Heav'n opens to my eyes : my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 " O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?"

398

D. 7s.

DEATHLESS principle, arise !
 Soar, thou native of the skies !
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,

Go to shine before his throne ;
 Deck his mediatorial crown ;
 Go, his triumphs to adorn ;
 Born of God, to God return.

2 Lo ! he beckons from on high ;
 Fearless to his presence fly ;
 Thine the merit of his blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God.
 Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distress,
 Wishing to retain her guest ?
 'Tis not thou, but she must die --
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly !
 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
 Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
 Singing, to thy crown remove,
 Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream ;
 Venture all thy care on Him --
 Him, whose dying love and power
 Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar :
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffer'd shipwreck there :
 See the haven full in view !
 Love divine shall bear thee through.

- 5 Saints in glory perfect made
 Wait thy passage through the shade ;
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See they throng the blissful shore !
 Mount, their transports to improve,
 Join the longing choir above,
 Swiftly to their wish be given,
 Kindle higher joy in heaven !

399

P. M.

- D**ARK River of Death, that art flowing
 Between the bright city and me ;
 Thou boundest the path I am going ;
 O how shall I pass over thee !
- 2 When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,
 And earth disappears from my sight ;
 When the cloud rises thickly before me,
 And veils all my spirit in night ;
- 3 O Death, thou last portion of sorrow,
 The prospect of heaven is bright ;
 And fair is the dawn of the morrow ; --
 But stormy and dreadful thy night !
- 4 O thou, who hast broken his power,
 Death's conqueror, Saviour of men,
 Be with me in that solemn hour,
 O grant me deliverance then !

400

C. M.

- W**HEN waves of trouble round me swell
 My soul is not dismay'd ;
 I hear a voice I know full well,
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."

- 2 When black the threat'ning clouds appear,
 And storms my path invade,
 That voice shall tranquillize each fear,
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."
- 3 There is a gulph that must be cross'd,
 Saviour, be near to aid ;
 Whisper when my frail bark is toss'd,
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."
- 4 There is a dark and fearful vale
 Death hides within its shade ;
 O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid !"

401

P. M.

- FATHER, when thy child is dying,
 On the bed of anguish lying,
 Then, my every want supplying,
 To me thy love display.
- 2 Let me willingly surrender
 Life to thee, its gracious lender :
 Can I find a friend more tender ?
 Why should I wish to stay ?
- 3 Ere my soul her bonds has broken,
 Grant some bright and cheering token
 That for me the word is spoken,
 " Thy sins are wash'd away."
- 4 When, each well-known face concealing,
 Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
 Then, thy gracious smile revealing,
 Unfold eternal day.

330 THE CHRISTIAN'S VICTORY OVER DEATH.

- 5 When the lips are mute which blest me,
And withdrawn the hand that prest me,
Then let sweeter sounds arrest me,
 Calling my soul away.
- 6 When, in silent awe suspended,
They who long my couch have tended,
Weeping, wish that all were ended,
 O hear them when they pray !
- 7 When my soul, no path discovering,
O'er my lifeless form is hovering,
Then, with wings of mercy covering,
 Be thou thyself my way !

**VICTORY OVER DEATH.—ANTICIPATION
OF HEAVEN.**

402

S. 78.

- L**ORD have mercy ! and remove us
Early to the place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
 And as calm each sainted breast.
- 2 Holiest, hear us ! By the anguish
On the cross thou didst endure,
Let no more our sad hearts languish
 In this weary world obscure.
- 3 Yet, O Lord, if our repentance
Be not perfect and sincere,
Then suspend thy fatal sentence ;
 Leave us still in sadness here.

- 4 Leave us, Saviour, till our spirit
 From the power of sin is free ;
 Fit thy kingdom to inherit.
 Fit to take its rest with thee.

403

L. M.

- H**OLY Lord God, I love thy truth,
 Nor dare thy least commandment slight ;
 Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
 I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 [But though the poison lurks within,
 Hope bids me still with patience wait,
 Till death shall set me free from sin,—
 Free from the only thing I hate.]
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
 Where angels and archangels dwell ;
 One sin, unslain, within my breast,
 Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
- 4 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
 And bless'd with liberty again,
 Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
 One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But O ! no foe invades the bliss,
 When glory crowns the Christian's head ;
 One view of Jesus as he is
 Will strike all sin for ever dead.

404

L. M.

AS when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives ; across the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still :

2 So, when the christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
'The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

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

4 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode ;
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil upon the road.

405 *Here we have no abiding city.* Heb. xiii. 1. v

WE've no abiding city here :—
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here ;
We seek a city out of sight :
Zion its name—"The Lord is there," --
It shines with everlasting light.

3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

4 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;
The time my God appoints is best ;
While here, to do his will be mine ;
And his to fix my time of rest.

406

8. 7. 4.

- F**'ROM Egypt's bondage come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah! We are on our way to God.
- 2 [To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy ;
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy. Hallelujah, &c.]
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er :
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more. Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing ;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is King. Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 We soon shall join the throng,
 Their pleasures we shall share ;
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransom'd there. Hallelujah, &c.

407

7. 6.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a little while, and know
 To the saints their rest is given,
 All their sorrow left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

408

L. M

- JESU, my Saviour, in thy face
 The essence lives of every grace;
 All things beside which charm the sight
 Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light.
- 2 Thy beauty, Lord,—the enraptur'd eye
 Which fully views it first must die;
 Then let me die, through death to know
 That joy ! seek in vain below.

409

C. M

- YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light:
 Farewell, thou ever changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts
 Where I shall reign with God.

- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display :
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.

410

D. C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die ;
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high ;
 Shall join the disembodied throngs
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only joy for which it longs,
 To be with Jesus blest.

- 2 O what has Christ prepar'd for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise.
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who feast for ever there ;
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
- 3 O what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptur'd host to appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

NOTHING on earth I call my own :
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all its goods despise ;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 I seek a country out of sight,
 A country in the skies.

2 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.

3 "I come," thy servant, Lord, replies ;
 "I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest :"
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !

LET me be with thee where thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal rest ;
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
 Thy unveil'd glory to behold ;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be false to thee and cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
 Where spotless saints thy name adore ,
 Then only will this sinful heart
 Be evil and defil'd no more.

- 4 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove ;
There neither life nor death will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

413

149th

- O** HEAVEN ! abode of saints !
Where sin can never come,
For thee my spirit faints ;
I long to be at home.
O world of peace ! O land of rest !
When shall I reach thee and be blest !
- 2 O Death ! once dreaded foe !
Thy name no fear inspires ;
Thine icy hand, I know,
Will quench corruption's fires ;
And not a spark be left within
Which aught can kindle into sin.
- 3 The worm will sweetly feed
On my unconscious form ;
But I shall then be freed,
And safe from every storm ;
And when that form is rais'd anew,
It will be fair and spotless too.
- 4 My Advocate above,
Repairer of my fall,
O, by thy dying love,
Receive my mournful call !
Thy voice can calm the storm within,
Thy blood can wash away my sin.

414

C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labours 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 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes
Onward I press to you.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;

And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!

My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

415

P. M.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone:

O bear me, ye cherubim, up!
And waft me away to his throne!

2 My Saviour, 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.
- 4 O ! then shall the veil be remov'd,
 And round me thy brightuess be pour'd :
 I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,
 I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.

416

P. M.

(O ! WOULD that my soul had the wings of a
 dove,
 And could fly to the uppermost heaven above !
 She has heard 'tis a region of love and of light,
 And thither would speed, O how swiftly ! her
 flight.

- 2 Ye angels who people that balmy abode,
 Stoop down from your glory, be guides of the
 road ; [may lie,
 Through the grave and the portals of death it
 But I dread not the path, if it lead to the sky.
- 3 I seek after peace, but I find it not here,
 'Midst the pantings of hope and the tremblings
 of fear ;
 I thirst—but ah ! where are the waters below
 Unpoison'd by sin, unembitter'd by woe ?
- 4 A ray from on high has been sent to my soul,
 And the shadows of earth seem more darkly
 to roll ;
 The world all around me in ruins I see,
 And here is no home and no city for me.

5 For patience I pray, but I sigh for release :
 O take me, Redeemer ! for thou art my peace ;
 The waters I long for are flowing above,
 And the ray that was sent was the pledge of
 thy love.

417

D. 8. 7s.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below :
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus, go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;
 Shews the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches forth the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy great Redeemer's breast,
 To his glorious salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live a life of glory ;
 Suffer, with the Lord to reign.

418

C. M.

O MOST delightful hour by man
 Experienc'd here below !
 The hour that terminates his span,
 His folly and his woe.

2 Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
 Again life's dreary waste,
 To see again my day o'erspread
 With all the gloomy past.

- 3 My home henceforth is in the skies ;
 Earth, seas, and sun, adieu !
 All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
 I have no sight for you.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

419

L. M.

- H**OW bless'd the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves the 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 ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

420

L. M.

- U**NVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the tranquil sleepers here,
 And angels watch their soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son
 Pass'd through the grave and bless'd the bed :
 Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

421

P. M.

- T**HOU art gone to the grave ; but we will
 not deplore thee, [tomb ;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 The Saviour hath pass'd through its portal
 before thee, [the gloom.
 And the lamp of his love was thy guide through
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer
 behold thee, [side :
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the sinless hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy
 waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the
 Seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not
 deplore thee, [guide ;
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
 thee, [died.
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath

422

P. M.

- B**ROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wip'd from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown.
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear releast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.
- 2 The toilsome way thou' hast travell'd o'er,
 And borne the heavy load ;
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
 To reach his blest abode ;
 Thou' art sleeping now like Lazarus
 Upon his Father's breast ;
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.
- 3 Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
 And the Holy Spirit fail ;
 And there thou' art sure to meet the good
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked, &c.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,”
 The solemn priest hath said ;
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And we seal thy narrow bed ;
 But thy spirit, *brother*, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked, &c.

And when the Lord shall summon us
 Whom thou hast left behind,
 May we, untainted by the world,
 As sure a welcome find ;
 May each, like thee, depart in peace,
 To be a glorious guest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GLORY IN HEAVEN..

423 “*To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.*” C. M.

IN vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saint
 When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
 We scarce can say, “He’s gone,”
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her station near the throne.

- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her in her flight :
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much—and this is all—we know,
 They are for ever blest ;
 Have left all sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise.
 His face they always view ;
 And if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

424

Isa. lx. 18, 19.

D. 8. 7.

- H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken ;—
 “ O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls ‘ Salvation,’
 And your gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 “ Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and, shining o’er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.”

425

Rev. vii. 9—17.

L. M.

- L**O! round the throne, at God's right hand,
 The saints in countless myriads stand;
 Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
 Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came;
 They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
 From all their labours now they rest,
 In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
 The tears are wip'd from every eye,
 And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace:
 Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
 To him their loud hosannas raise—
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign!
 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God."

426

Rev. v. 12.

D. 7s.

WHAT are these in bright array?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 —"Worthy is the Lamb once slain
 Blessing, honour, 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,
 Seal'd with his eternal name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white.
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed :
 These the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away all tears.

427

148th.

- **L**OOK up to yonder world ;
 See myriads round the throne !
 Each bears a golden harp,
 And wears a glorious crown :
 With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,
 And strive to raise their praises higher.
- 2 Believing in his name
 They in his footsteps trod ;
 His righteousness their hope,
 Their only plea his blood :
 Lo, now they reign with him above,
 Behold his face, and sing his love !

- 2 Once they were mourning here below ;
 Their couch was wet with tears ;
 They wrestled once, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask'd them whence their victory came ;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,—
 His zeal inspir'd their breast—
 And, following their incarnate God,
 They enter'd into rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given,
 And the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

430

S. M.

- W**E know Immanuel's name ;
 Our hearts have lov'd it long :
 Our dying sires bequeath'd his fame
 To be their children's song.
- 2 They call'd on him to bless,
 They kept the narrow way,
 They struggled through this wilderness
 To reach the land of day.
- 3 Was it their arm that gave
 The entrance and the crown ?
 That snatch'd the victory from the grave,
 And beat the tempter down ?

- 4 No ! 'twas his dying love,
His Spirit, freely given,
His eye that watch'd them from above,
His hand that open'd heaven.

431

L. 31

- B**LEST Lamb of God, with grateful praise
Our voices high to thee we raise ;
With thee to reign, redeem'd by blood,
We kings and priests are made to God.
- 2 Strike, strike your harps, ye ransom'd ! sing
Loud hallelujahs to our King :
Let every nation, tongue, and tribe,
Strength, glory, might to him ascribe.
Amen ! amen ! Saviour, amen !

THE END.

