

HARROW SCHOOL
CHAPEL.

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H Y M N S .

FOR THE CHAPEL OF HARROW SCHOOL.

Charles John Vaughan, comp

Vaughan

HARROW :
CROSSLEY AND CLARKE.
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H Y M N S.

1

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last :
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

2

I WAKE, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

HYMNS.

- 2 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will—
O may I never more do ill.
- 3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will;
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 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.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

- 2 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.

- 3 If, on our daily course, our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 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.
- 5 Seek we no more ; content with these,
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
 As heaven shall bid them, come and go—
 The secret this of rest below.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

4

Psalm v.

- L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high :
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there :
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

- 4 O lead me, Lord, and make thy ways
 Direct before my face ;
 So shall my steps be righteousness,
 And all my conflicts peace.

5

THROUGH the night by Thee preserved,
 Lord, we come to own thy care :
 Hadst Thou done as we deserved,
 Death and wrath our portion were.
 Saviour, pardon all our sin ;
 Let this day with Thee begin ;
 Every hour,
 Every power,
 Through the day to Thee be given—
 Every day till called to heaven.

6

COME, my soul, thou must be waking—
 Now is breaking
 O'er the earth another day :
 Come, to Him who made this splendour
 See thou render
 All thy feeble strength can pay.

- 2 Gladly hail the light returning :
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers :
 For the night is safely ended—
 God hath tended
 With His care thy helpless hours.

HYMNS.

- 3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
 When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth—
He unfoldeth
 Every fault that lurks within ;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
 And discern each deed of sin.
- 5 Fettered to the fleeting hours,
All our powers,
 Vain and brief, are borne away :
'Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
 To the gulph of death a prey.
- 6 May'st thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
 That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 7 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
 But His Spirit's voice obey :
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendour breathing
 Fairer than the fairest day.

- 8 Round the gifts His bounty showers,
 Walls and towers
 Girt with flames thy God shall rear :
 Angel legions to defend thee
 Shall attend thee,
 Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear.

7

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on high, draw near ;
 Day-star, in our hearts appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams we see ;
 Till they pour their gladdening light
 Through the darkness of our night.
- 3 Visit, then, these souls of thine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill us, O Thou Light Divine ;
 Scatter all our unbelief :
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

8

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thine own almighty wings.

HYMNS.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose;
'Thou 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.
- 6 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And praise with the angelic choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?
- 7 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.

9

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.

HŪMNS.

- 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.
- 4 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
 Steer through the tempest thine own ark:
 Amid the howling wintry sea
 We are in port if we have Thee.
- 5 If some poor wandering child of thine
 Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 6 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from thy boundless store:
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take:
 Till in the ocean of thy love
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

10

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone,
 Swept from the records of the year;
 And still with each successive sun
 Life's fading visions disappear.

HYMNS.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone!
And soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone!
In solemn silence rest, my soul;
Bend low before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

11

- S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who never weary
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

12

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us ;
 Wearied, we lie 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.

13

SUNK is the sun's last beam of light,
 And darkness wraps the world in night ;
 Christ ! light us with thy heavenly ray,
 Nor let our feet in darkness stray.

- 2 Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day
 Hast kept all grief and harm away ;
 That angels tarried round about
 Our coming in and going out.
- 3 What we of wrong have done or said,
 Let not on us the charge be laid ;
 That, through thy free forgiveness blest,
 In peaceful slumber we may rest.
- 4 Thy guardian angels round us place,
 All evil from our couch to chase ;
 Both soul and body, while we sleep,
 In safety, gracious Father, keep.

14

FATHER! by thy love and power
 Comes again the evening hour;
 Light has vanished, labours cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace:
 We to Thee ourselves resign,
 Let our latest thoughts be thine!

- 2 Saviour! Thou hast seen to-day
 How, like sheep, we've gone astray:
 Selfish wishes, thoughts of pride,
 Secret sins 'Thou hast descried:
 Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
 Pray that these may pardoned be.
- 3 Holy Spirit! ere we sleep,
 We with Thee will vigils keep:
 Lead us on our sins to muse,
 Truest penitence infuse,
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still.
- 4 Blessed Trinity! be near
 Through the hours of darkness drear;
 When the help of man is far,
 Ye more clearly present are;
 Guard us, till the morning rays
 Wake us to a song of praise.

15

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head!
 By my heavenly Father blest,
 Now I give myself to rest.

H Y M N S.

- 2 Let thine eye that cannot sleep
 Night's defenceless watches keep ;
 Bless'd vicissitude to me—
 Day and night, I'm still with Thee.
- 3 Midst the silence of the night,
 Mingling with those angels bright,
 Whose harmonious voices raise
 Ceaseless songs of worthiest praise,
- 4 Through the throng His gracious ear
 Shall my tuneless accents hear ;
 And His Spirit shall diffuse
 Gentler far than midnight dews.
- 5 What if death my sleep invade ?
 Should I be of death afraid ?
 While encircled by thine arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 6 With thy heavenly presence blest,
 Death is life, and labour rest :
 Welcome sleep or death to me,
 Still secure, for still with Thee !

16

G O D, that 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 livelong night !

- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
 And, when we die,
 May we, in thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie !
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With Thee on high !

17

- A**NOTHER week its course has run,
 Another Sabbath is begun :
 Return, my soul, enjoy the rest,
 Improve the day that God has blest.
- 2 O may our thoughts and thanks arise
 As grateful incense to the skies,
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 3 This holy calm within the breast
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the sons of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away :
 How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of that which ne'er shall end !

18

- B**LEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
 The first and best of days ;
 The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
 Sweet hour of joy and praise !

HYMNS.

- 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 Daily, O Lord, thy flock is blest
 In pastures large and fair ;
 But better is the weekly feast
 Provided by thy care.
- 4 Welcome, kind Shepherd, to thy sheep
 Are these foretastes of love ;
 But what a Sabbath shall they keep,
 When safe with Thee above !
- 5 How wise thy love, how light its chain,
 Which binds us to be free,
 Cuts short our toil, ensures our gain,
 And lifts our souls to Thee !

19

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
 LON this thy day, in this thy house ;
 And own as grateful sacrifice
 The songs which from this desert rise.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there's a nobler rest above :
 To that our longing souls aspire
 With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No weariness, nor pain, nor care,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall enter there ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which issue from immortal tongues :

HYMNS.

- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes,
No fears to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But brightness of eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day begin !
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To rest, with full content, in God.

20

Psalm XCII.

- SWEET is the work, our God and 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 cares shall fill our breast ;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless Him for his works and word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 In that eternal world of joy
Shall every power find sweet employ ;
Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desired or wished below.

21

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our soul's collected powers :
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours :
 O may our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly ;
 Where God resides, appear no more :
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore :
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 The word of life dispensed to-day
 Invites us to a heavenly feast ;
 May every ear the call obey,
 Be every heart a humble guest :
 O bid the wretched sons of need
 On soul-reviving dainties feed.

4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart :
 O may thy word with life divine
 Engage the ear and warm the heart :
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

22

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

HYMNS.

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love ;
Our wandering thoughts forgive :
We would be like thy saints above,
Unlike them as we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end :
- 4 Where we shall breathe a heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

23

- SERVANTS of God, awake
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay ;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bands 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.

24

ERE another Sabbath's close,
 Ere again we seek repose,
 Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
 At thy feet we bow the knee.

- 2 For the mercies of the day,
 For this rest upon our way,
 Thanks to Thee alone be given,
 Lord of earth and King of heaven.
- 3 Cold our services have been,
 Mingled every prayer with sin ;
 But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
 By thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
 May thy love our footsteps lead ;
 When our journey here is past,
 May we rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of our joys above ;
 While their steps thy pilgrims bend
 To the rest which knows no end.

25

SOON, too soon, the sweet repose
 Of this day of God will cease ;
 Soon this glimpse of Heaven will close,
 Vanish soon these 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 !

26

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

- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind :
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And going take Thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy faithful few !
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting souls proclaim
 The glories of thy saving name.
- 4 Now may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith and banish care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear !
 O rend the heavens, thyself make known,
 And make our sinful hearts thine own.

27

POUR down thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
 On all assembled here ;
 Let us receive the engrafted word,
 With meekness and with fear.

- 2 By faith in Thee the soul receives
 New life, though dead before ;
 And he, who in thy name believes,
 Shall live, to die no more.
- 3 Preserve the power of faith alive
 In those that love thy name ;
 For sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.
- 4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
 From death to set us free ;
 And often since our life had failed,
 Unless renewed by Thee.
- 5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
 To Thee for help we call ;
 Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
 Our hope, our joy, our all.

28

IN thy presence we appear ;
 Lord, we love to worship here ;
 Here thy faithful people meet
 Thee upon thy mercy-seat !

HYMNS.

- 2 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes !
- 3 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our righteousness.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy Name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from his throne.

29

- L**ORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.
 - 3 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And lift it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
Which grants it, or denies.
 - 4 When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise.

21

HYMNS.

- 5 Then on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till love divine transported tell
Thou, God, art Father too!

30

- L**ONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear;
How low our hope of joys above,
How few affections there!
- 3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.
- 4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joy on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

31

- G**REAT Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

HYMNS.

- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

32

- G**REAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes and lifted hands
We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may He descend,
And heavenly comfort bring ;
And o'er our fainting souls extend
His all-reviving wing.
- 4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven ;
And raise with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

33

Psalm c.

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.

34

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
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.

Psalm LXXXIV.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine 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 !

4 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence :

He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 His special grace
 And glory too.

36

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
 While Jehovah's praise we sing :
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored !

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
 Still our hallelujahs hear :
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When with saints above we sing.

3 Lead us to that blissful state,
 Where Thou reign'st supremely great ;
 Look with pity from thy throne,
 Send thy Holy Spirit down.

4 While on earth ordained to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in the way ;
 Till we come to reign with Thee,
 And thy glorious greatness see.

5 Then in joyful songs of praise
 We'll our grateful voices raise :
 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !

37

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
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

38

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad his wonderful name;
 The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
 And still He is nigh, his presence we have;
 The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
 Our Saviour's great praises the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him his right,
 All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might;
 All honour and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing for infinite love.

39

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us,
 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's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

40

BREAD of Heaven! on Thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.

- 2 Lord of Heaven! thy wounded side
 Hath this blessed cup supplied;
 Pardon in thy cross we see;
 May thy stripes our healing be.
- 3 Mighty Saviour! risen Lord!
 Day by day thy strength afford;
 Jesus, let us ever be
 Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

41

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.

42

LET us adore th' eternal Word—
 'Tis He our souls hath fed;
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
 And Thou the immortal bread.

- 2 The manna came from lower skies,
 But Jesus from above;
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
 And rivers flow with love.
- 3 Blessed be the Lord, that gives his flesh
 To nourish dying men;
 And often spreads his table fresh,
 Lest we should faint again.
- 4 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
 While Jesus finds supplies;
 Nor shall our spirit fail in death,
 For Jesus never dies.

43

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

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus 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 ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.
- 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

44

- O** GOD, unseen yet ever near,
 Thy presence may we feel ;
 And thus inspired with holy fear
 Before thy table kneel.
- 2 Here may thy faithful people know
 The blessings of thy love ;
 The streams that through the desert flow,
 The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to thy word,
 To feast on heavenly food ;
 Our meat, the body of the Lord,
 Our drink, his precious blood.
- 4 Thus may we all thy words obey,
 For we, O God, are thine ;
 And go rejoicing on our way,
 Renewed with strength divine.

45

LO, the feast is spread to-day,
 Jesus summons, come away!
 From the vanity of life,
 From the sounds of mirth or strife,
 To the feast by Jesus given,
 Come, and taste the bread of heaven.

2 Why, with proud excuse and vain,
 Spurn his mercy once again?
 From amidst life's social ties,
 From the farm and merchandise,
 Come, for all is now prepared;
 Freely given, be freely shared.

3 Blessed are the lips that taste
 Our Redeemer's marriage-feast;
 Blessed, who on Him shall feed,
 Bread of life, and drink indeed;
 Blessed, for their thirst is o'er;
 They shall never hunger more.

46

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
 Thy burdens on the tree,
 And paid in blood the dreadful score,
 The ransom due for thee.

2 Look to Him, till the sight endears
 The Saviour to thy heart:
 His pierced feet bedew with tears,
 Nor from his cross depart.

- 3 Look to Him, till his dying love
 'Thine every thought control ;
 Its vast, constraining influence prove,
 O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to Him, as the race you run,
 Your never-failing Friend :
 He will complete the work begun,
 And grace in glory end.

47

- L**ORD, when before thy throne we meet,
 Thy goodness to adore,
 From heaven, th' eternal mercy-seat,
 On us thy blessing pour ;
 And make our inmost souls to be
 An habitation meet for Thee.
- 2 The body for our ransom given,
 The blood in mercy shed !
 With this immortal food from heaven,
 Lord, let our souls be fed ;
 And as we round thy table kneel,
 Help us thy quickening grace to feel.
- 3 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh !
 Accept the humble prayer,
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
 The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
 And let our adoration rise
 As fragrant incense to the skies.

48

FATHER, God, who seest in me
 Only sin and misery,
 See thine own anointed One,
 Look on thy beloved Son.

- 2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
 To the perfect sacrifice ;
 To the full atonement made,
 To the utmost ransom paid ;
- 3 To the blood that speaks above,
 Calling for forgiving love ;
 To the promise in his death,
 Sealed and witnessed here beneath.

49

O FIRST in sorrow, First in pain,
 Thou Lamb of God for sinners slain ;
 Messiah, Jesus, Lord of Life,
 Thou mighty Victor in the strife,
 Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
 Pleading thy death for sinners now.

- 2 Eternal Victim, from thy side
 Thy love did pour a crimson tide ;
 And still thy vesture dyed in blood
 Gives token of the cleansing flood :
 The Lamb for ever slain art Thou,
 Pleading thy death for sinners now.

- 3 O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Thou Sun with healing in thy wings,
 Pour down upon our darkened sight
 The brightness of thy living light :
 So may we know Thee, Victim, Priest,
 And find Thee in thy heavenly feast.

50

- G**UIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrims through this barren land :
 We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;
 Hold us with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed us till we want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the living fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside ;
 Bear us through the o'erwhelming torrent,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 We will ever give to Thee.

51

- H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes, the captives to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of death before Him burst,
 Its iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyelid of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The contrite soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of his grace
 To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thine advent shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

52

IN the sun and moon and stars
 Signs and wonders there shall be;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.

- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tossed with stronger tempests, rise,
 Darker storms the mountains sweep,
 Redder lightning rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
 Racking doubt and restless fear;
 Then, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear.

- 4 But though from that awful face
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh!

53

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

- 2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

- 3 O Saviour! with protecting care
 Return to this thy house of prayer!
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim!
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

- 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!
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again:
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

54

LO! He comes! with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Yea, Amen!

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour! take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

55

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 contained before—
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

- 2 The dead in Christ are first to rise,
 And greet th' archangel's warning,
 To meet the Saviour in the skies
 On this auspicious morning :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
 The lightnings are prevailing ;
 The ungodly rise, and all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone,
 They quake before the judgment-throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
 Repress thy flight too daring ;
 One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
 The Judge my nature wearing :
 Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

56

WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
 He took our nature poor and low ;
 He wore no form of angel mould,
 But shared our weakness and our woe.

- 2 But when He cometh back once more,
 'Then shall be set the great white throne ;
 And earth and heaven shall flee before
 The face of Him that sits thereon.

- 3 O Son of God! in glory crowned,
 The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
 O Son of Man! so pitying found
 For all the tears thy people shed;
- 4 Be with us in that awful hour,
 And by thy crown, and by thy grave,
 By all thy love and all thy power,
 In that great day of judgment save!

57

- E**ARTH is past away, and gone
 All her glories, every one;
 All her pomp is broken down:
 God is reigning—God alone!
- 2 All her high ones lowly lie,
 All her mirth hath passed by,
 All her merry-hearted sigh:
 God is reigning—God on high!
- 3 No more sorrow, no more night;
 Perfect joy, and purest light;
 With his spotless saints and bright
 God is reigning in the height!
- 4 Blessing, praise, and glory bring;
 Offer every holy thing:
 Everlasting praises sing!
 God is reigning, God is King!

58

THE world is grown old, and her pleasures
 are past; [last;
 The world is grown old, and her form may not
 The world is grown old, and trembles for fear;
 For sorrows abound, and judgment is near!

HYMNS.

- 2 The sun in the heaven is languid and pale ;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale ;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near !
- 3 The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour ;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near !
- 4 The world is grown old!—but should we complain,
Who have tried her and know that her promise
is vain?
Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our crown when judgment is near !

59

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 wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

HARK! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!

- 2 Christ by highest heaven adored,
 Christ the everlasting Lord!
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see—
 Hail, Incarnate Deity!
 Man with man He deigns to dwell,
 Jesus, our Immanuel!
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!

- 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Lo! 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.
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!

61

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 kings and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to Christ the homage meet,
 From his manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

62

O SAVIOUR ! whom this 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 lived to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us died !
- 3 If, gaily clothed and proudly fed,
 In dangerous wealth we dwell ;
 Remind us of thy manger bed,
 And lowly cottage cell !

- 4 If, pressed by poverty severe,
 In envious want we pine,
 O may the Spirit whisper near,
 How poor a lot was thine!
- 5 Through fickle fortune's various scene
 From sin preserve us free!
 Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
 May we rejoice with Thee!

63

- L**ORD of mercy and of might,
 Of mankind the life and light,
 Maker, Teacher infinite,
 Holy Jesu, hear and save!
- 2 Thou, when sin's primæval doom
 Gave creation to the tomb,
 Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb—
 Holy Jesu, hear and save!
- 3 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
 Humbled to a mortal Child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
 Holy Jesu, hear and save!
- 4 Throned above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Holy Jesu, hear and save!
- 5 Soon to come to earth again,
 Judge of angels and of men,
 Hear us now, and hear us then,
 Holy Jesu, hear and save!

64

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye who sang creation's story, -
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King !

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Round you shines the heavenly light ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King !

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear ;
 Suddenly the Lord descending
 In his temple shall appear :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King !

65

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 !

HYMNS.

- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours 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.
- 5 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!

66

BRIGHT 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.

Psalm LXXII.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

- 2 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 3 To Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing—
 A kingdom without end:
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed, in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.
- 4 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blessed:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever—
 His great, best name of Love.

68

SONS of men, behold from far,
 Hail the long-expected Star!
 Jacob's Star, that gilds the night,
 Guides bewildered nature right.

- 2 Fear not hence that there should flow
 Wars or pestilence below;
 Wars it bids and tumults cease,
 Ushering in the Prince of Peace.
- 3 Mild it shines on all beneath,
 Piercing through the shades of death;
 Scattering error's wide-spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
 Haste to see your God appear;
 Haste, for Him your hearts prepare—
 Meet Him manifested there.
- 5 There behold the day-spring rise,
 Pouring light upon your eyes;
 See it chase the shades away,
 Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars, again!
 God descends on earth to reign;
 Deigns for man his life to employ,
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

69

O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
 That round our pathway be;
 Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
 Come between us and Thee;

Thou know'st that our infirmity
 In Thee alone is strong ;
 To Thee for help and strength we fly ;
 O let us not go wrong !

- 2 O bear us up, protect us now
 In dark temptation's hour ;
 For Thou wast born of woman, Thou
 Hast felt the tempter's power :
 All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
 Who strive and suffer long ;
 But O midst all our cares and woes
 Still let us not go wrong !

70

O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give :
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, Lord, the more !
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still the more thy servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour ! from on high ;
 We know no help but Thee :
 O help us so to live and die
 As thine in heaven to be !

- SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
 Oh! by all the pains and woe
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany.
- 2 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 mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power;
 Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn Litany.
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode,
 By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within thy fold;
 From thy seat above the sky
 Hear our solemn Litany.
- 4 By thine hour of dire despair,
 By thine agony and prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
 By the gloom that veiled 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,
 Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany.

72

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 thy suppliants, Lord, away!

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain:
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay—
 Turn not thy suppliants, Lord, away!

73

LORD! have mercy when we strive
 First to save our souls alive!
 When the pampered flesh is strong,
 When the strife is fierce and long;
 When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to loathe their cherished sin,
 And our weary spirits fail,
 And our aching brows are pale—
 Oh then have mercy, Lord!

- 2 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—
 Oh then have mercy, Lord!
- 3 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 saddened spirits dwell
 On the open gates of hell—
 Oh then have mercy, Lord!

74

- O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to Thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 O Lord, remember me!
- 2 When on my aching burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart,
 In love remember me!
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 O let my strength be as my day,
 For good remember me!

- 4 If on my face, for thy loved 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!

A. — 75

- J**ESUS, 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, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 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;
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

- SON of Man, to Thee we cry;
 By the holy mystery
 Of thy dwelling here on earth,
 By thy pure and holy birth,—
 Lord, thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be!
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee we cry;
 By thy bitter agony,
 By thy pangs, to us unknown,
 By thy spirit's parting groan,—
 Lord, thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be!
- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee we cry;
 By thy glorious majesty,
 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By thy power to help and save,—
 Lord, thy presence let us see,
 Thou our Light and Saviour be!
- 4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
 Man exalted to the sky,
 With thy love our bosom fill;
 Help us to perform thy will;
 Then thy glory we shall see,
 Thou wilt bring us home to Thee.

ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

78

WHEN our heads are bowed 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 bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of David, hear!

HYMNS.

- 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 deigned their load to bear,
 Gracious Son of David, hear !

79

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ! thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered 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!

80

THE morning dawns upon the place
 Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
 Through yielding glooms behold his face—
 Nor form nor comeliness is there.

HYMNS.

- 2 Last eve, by those He called his own,
 Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
 He met his enemies alone,
 In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
 Mock homage of the lip, the knee,
 The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
 The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.
- 4 No guile within his mouth is found,
 He neither threatens nor complains;
 Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
 Dumb 'midst his murderers He remains.
- 5 But hark! He prays—'tis for his foes;
 He speaks—'tis comfort to his friends;
 Answers—and Paradise bestows;
 He bows his head—the conflict ends.
- 6 Truly this was the Son of God!
 Though in a servant's mean disguise,
 And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
 Not for Himself—for man He dies.

81

- CLEFT 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 The Mighty One, the Son of God,
 Hath humbly kissed affliction's rod,
 That by his stripes we might be healed,
 Our pardon by his blood be sealed,
 And boundless mercy stand revealed.

- 3 We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
 And turned aside from wisdom's way;
 But He hath saved us from our sin:
 Our God the ransom-Lamb hath been;
 Our God hath saved us from our sin.
- 4 O let us cast each vice away,
 Which thus the Son of God could slay;
 With contrite heart and weeping eye
 Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
 And every sin and folly fly.
- 5 So may we join the song of love
 Which saints and angels sing above;
 All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
 Which wast, and art, and art to be,
 The Lamb slain from eternity!

82

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;
 Watch with Him one bitter hour:
 Turn not from his griefs away;
 Learn from Him to watch and pray.

- 2 See Him at the judgment-hall,
 Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned:
 See Him meekly bearing all!
 Love to man his soul sustained:
 Shun not suffering, shame; or loss;
 Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

H Y M N S.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain view,
 'There the Lord of glory see
 Made a sacrifice for you,
 Dying on the accursed tree :
 "It is finished," hear Him cry ;
 Trust in Christ, and learn to die.
- 4 Early to the tomb repair,
 Where they laid the breathless clay ;
 Angels kept their vigils there—
 Who hath taken Him away ?
 Christ is risen ! He seeks the skies ;
 Saviour ! teach us so to rise.

83

- F**ROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
 Of water and of blood !
 More healing than Bethesda's pool,
 Or famed Siloam's flood.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And we would there, defiled as he,
 Wash all our sins away.
- 3 Atoning Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 O then in nobler, sweeter songs,
 We'll sing thy power to save,
 When these poor lisping, stammering tongues
 Lie silent in the grave.

84

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 parched lands on April skies.

- 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!

85

AT length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid
 Deep in thy darksome bed;
 All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone
 Thy sacred form is gone;
 Around those lips where power and mercy hung,
 The dews of death have clung;
 The dull earth o'er Thee, and thy foes around,
 Thou sleep'st a silent corse, in funeral fetters
 wound.

86

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
 Human taunts and Satan's spite;
 Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
 Of the prey he grasps to-night;
 Yet once more, his own to save,
 Christ must sleep within the grave.

HYMNS.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
 On the bitter cross He bore;
 How did soul and body languish,
 Till the toil of death was o'er!
 But that toil, so fierce and dread,
 Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the tomb that holds Him,
 While in brief repose He lies;
 Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
 Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
 Slumber such as needs must be
 After hard-won victory.

87

J ESUS Christ is risen to-day,	Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day;	Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross,	Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss.	Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,	Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King;	Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,	Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save.	Hallelujah!

3 But the pains which He endured	Hallelujah!
Our redemption have procured;	Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King,	Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing,	Hallelujah!

88

CHRISt the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your note of triumph high,
 Sing ye heavens, and earth reply!

HYMNS.

- 2 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 opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King—
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save—
Where 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 !

89

CHRIST is risen ! the Lord is come,
Bursting from the sealed tomb !
Death and hell, in mute dismay,
Render up their mightier prey.

- 2 Christ is risen ! but not alone !
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown !
We shall rise as He hath risen
From the deep sepulchral prison !
- 3 Heirs of death, and sons of clay,
Long in death's dark thrall we lay,
And went down in trembling gloom
To the unawakening tomb.

- 4 Heirs of life, and sons of God,
On the path our Captain trod
Now we hope to soar on high
To the everlasting sky.
- 5 Mortal once, immortal now,
Our vile bodies off we throw,
Glorious bodies to put on
Round our great Redeemer's throne!
- 6 Lofty hopes! and theirs indeed
Who the Christian's life shall lead;
Christ's below in faith and love,
Christ's in endless bliss above!

90

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth;
Nor heard thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth:
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And quit for us thy glorious home.

- 2 We were not with Thee on the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
Nor saw the health thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind:
But we believe the Fount of Light
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.
- 3 We were not with the faithful few,
Who stood thy bitter cross around;
Nor heard the prayer for those who slew,
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce thy side—
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

- 4 No angels' message met our ear
 On that first glorious Easter-day—
 "The Lord is risen, He is not here;
 Come see the place where Jesus lay!"
 But we believe that Thou didst quell
 The banded powers of death and hell.
- 5 We did not mark the chosen few,
 When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
 First lift to heaven their wondering view,
 Then to the earth all prostrate bend :
 But we believe that mortal eyes
 Beheld that journey to the skies.
- 6 We saw Thee not return on high--
 And now, our longing sight to bless,
 No ray of glory from the sky
 Shines down upon our wilderness :
 Yet we believe that Thou art there,
 And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

91

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears,
 Jesus, the Son of Man, appears.

- 2 He, who for men their surety stood,
 And poured on earth his precious blood,
 Now high exalted for us pleads,
 And with his Father intercedes.
- 3 He knows, for He hath borne the same,
 The wants and frailty of our frame :
 And though ascended far on high,
 Still bends on earth a pitying eye.

- 4 Saviour, with boldness to thy throne
 We come to make our sorrows known ;
 For mercy and for grace we plead,
 To help us in the hour of need.

THOU art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies ;
 And round thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed ;
 Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to our rest.

- 2 Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To travel to thy crown ;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee !

Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the armies of the sky
 Attendant in thy train.
 Oh ! by thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand in that dread hour
 At thy right hand on high !

93

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
 The doors are opened wide,
 The King of Glory is gone up
 Unto his Father's side.

- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies,
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
 And let thy grace be given,
 That, while we linger yet below,
 Our treasure be in heaven :
- 5 That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
 Our hope, our love, may be :
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
 For evermore in Thee.

94

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
 The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
 In power and might excelling :
 The grave and hell are captive led,
 Lo ! He returns, our glorious Head,
 To his eternal dwelling !

HYMNS.

- 2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
 By saints, by angel hosts adored ;
 O day of exultation !
 O earth ! adore thy glorious King,
 His Rising, his Ascension sing,
 With grateful adoration.
- 3 Our great High Priest hath gone before,
 Now on his Church his grace to pour,
 And still his love He giveth :
 Oh may our hearts to Him ascend,
 May all within us upward tend
 To Him who ever liveth !

95

HAILE! the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah !
 Glorious to his native skies !
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Enters now the highest heaven.

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits— Hallelujah !
 Lift your heads, eternal gates !
 Christ has vanquished death and sin,
 Take the King of Glory in !
- 3 Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives ! Hallelujah !
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still He calls mankind his own.

- O** 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 vanquished 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.

O CHRIST! our hope, our hearts' desire,
 Redemption's only spring!
 Creator of the world art 'Thou,
 Its Saviour and its King!

HYMNS.

- 2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free!
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom hath been paid;
And Thou art on thy Father's throne,
In robes of light arrayed.
- 4 O may thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we come before thy throne,
And find acceptance there!
- 5 O Christ! be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord!

98

- G**OD is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high;
With his own right hand and his holy arm
He hath won the victory!
- 2 Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there!
- 3 And He hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind his chariot wheel
He hath bound captivity.

- 4 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With his own right hand and his holy arm
He hath won the victory !

99

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

- 2 Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distress ;
The heavenly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it express :
- 4 The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial ;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
And unction spiritual.
- 5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's Church doth stand ;
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st thy law,
The finger of God's hand.
- 6 According to thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace,
That through thy help God's praises may
Resound in every place.

100

O HOLY Ghost, into our minds
 Send down thy heavenly light !
 Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
 To serve God day and night.

- 2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
 For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail ;
 That neither Satan, world, nor flesh,
 Against us may prevail.
- 3 Put back our enemy far from us,
 And help us to obtain
 Peace in our hearts with God and man,
 The best, the truest gain.
- 4 Such measures of thy mighty grace,
 Grant, Lord, to us, we pray,
 That Thou may'st be our Comforter
 At the last dreadful day.

101

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire !
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love :
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 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.

HYMNS.

- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One,
That through the ages all along,
Thy praise may wake in endless song.

102

- COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise :
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our fears and doubts remove ;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Spirit of adoption Thou,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

103

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

HYMNS.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought.

3 Blest Comforter and heavenly Guide,
Still with the Church of Christ abide!
Still let our souls thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

+ 104

CREATOR, Spirit, Lord of grace,
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And with thy heavenly presence aid
The souls of those whom Thou hast made!

2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God Most High!
O Fount of Life! O Fire of Love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 Thee Lord and God thy people own,
Who in thy sevenfold gifts art known;
And touched by Thee our lips proclaim
All praise to God's most holy name.

4 Thou to our souls thy grace impart,
And give thy love to every heart;
Turn all our weakness into might,
O Thou the Source of life and light!

5 Protect us from the assailing foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Upheld by Thee, our Strength and Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

105

SPIRIT of Truth ! on this thy day
 To Thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality.

- 2 We ask not, Lord ! thy cloven flame,
 Or tongues of various tone ;
 But long thy praises to proclaim
 With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
 Is found on earth no more ;
 Enough for us to trace thy will
 In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
 No mystic dreams we share ;
 Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
 And bless Thee in our prayer.
- 5 When tongues shall cease and power decay,
 And knowledge empty prove,
 Do Thou thy trembling servants stay
 With Faith, with Hope, with Love !

106

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
 Upon the waters' darkened face,
 Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
 And stir them with an inward grace !

- 2 Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
 All highest Strength, all purest Love,
 The rushing of the mighty wind,
 The brooding of the gentle dove ;

HYMNS.

- 3 O give us still thy powerful aid,
 And urge us on, and keep us thine ;
 Nor leave the hearts that once were made
 Fit temples for thy grace divine !
- 4 Nor let us quench thy sevenfold light :
 But still with softest breathings stir
 Our wayward souls, and guide aright,
 O Holy Ghost, the Comforter !

107

- G**RACIOUS 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 liberty impart,
 Joy and peace to every heart.
- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
 Keep us in the heavenly way ;
 Bring us to thy courts above,
 To the fount and spring of love !

108

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

HYMNS.

- 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 May we daily grow in grace,
Still pursue the heavenly race,
Trained by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

109

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 raised 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 ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

110

GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven—
 Man, the well-beloved of heaven!

- 2 Hail, by all thy works adored!
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!
 All thy glories we confess,
 Infinite and numberless!
- 3 Holy Spirit, Thee we own;
 Thee, O Christ, the only Son!
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending men.
- 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!

111

WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comfort 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.

HYMNS.

- 3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless 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 honour done,
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One ;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

112

HOLY, 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 !

HYMNS.

- 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 !

113

- O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are thine.
- 2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored ;
Be Thou by all with faith implored.
- 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in thy communion share.
- 5 O holy, blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In us, O God, exalted be !

* 114

THEE, Father, God, we glorify,
Who made the earth and sea and sky,
Gave life to every living thing,
Created man their earthly king ;
Then gave his Son for man to die ;
Thee, Father, God, we glorify !

- 2 All glory to the Son, who came
 Clothed in our flesh and mortal frame;
 Who bare our sins, vouchsafed to give
 Himself to die, that we might live;
 All perfect God and Man in One,
 Be praise to Thee, Incarnate Son!
- 3 All glory to the Holy Ghost,
 Who on the Day of Pentecost
 From heaven to earth in mercy came,
 Descending as in tongues of flame,
 The promised Comforter and Guide,
 Through whom our souls are sanctified.
- 4 Three Persons, but one God! whose grace
 Has formed and saves our human race,
 With joyful hearts and lips to Thee
 We sing this mighty mystery;
 Thy Holy Name we magnify,
 O Trinity in Unity!

115

- O THOU, whom neither time nor space
 Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
 Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
 Save through thy Spirit and thy Son!
- 2 And Thou that from thy bright abode,
 To us in mortal weakness shown,
 Didst graft the manhood into God,
 Eternal, co-eternal Son!
- 3 And Thou, whose unction from on high
 By comfort, light, and love is known!
 Who with the parent Deity,
 Dread Spirit! art for ever One!

HYMNS.

- 4 Great First and Last ! thy blessing give !
 And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
 To love and praise Thee while we live,
 And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done !

116

- T**O God be glory, peace on earth,
 Good-will to sinners shown !
 We praise, we bless, we glorify,
 We worship Thee alone !
- 2 We thank Thee for thy glorious grace,
 That fills our souls with light :
 Lord God ! the King of heaven, the God
 And Father of all might !
- 3 And Thou, beloved Son of God !
 That tak'st our sins away ;
 Have mercy, Saviour of mankind !
 And hear us when we pray.
- 4 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
 Upon the Father's throne,
 Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord,
 Who art the Holy One !
- 5 Thou, with the Holy Ghost, O Christ,
 Whom heaven and earth adore,
 High in the Father's glory art
 Exalted evermore !

117

JERUSALEM, my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end
 In joy, and peace, and Thee ?

HYMNS.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And gates of pearl behold—
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join that glorious band.
- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still longs for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

118

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Faithful to their Master died—
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the Crucified.

- 2 Out of great distress they came;
And their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of Christ the Lamb,
They have washed as white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God doth dwell amongst his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

HYMNS.

3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er ;
 They have all their sufferings passed,
 Hunger now and thirst no more :
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray ;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign
 Them for evermore shall feed ;
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountains lead ;
 He shall all their griefs remove,
 He shall all their wants supply ;
 God Himself, the God of love,
 Tears shall wipe from every eye.

119

LET all below in concert sing
 With those whose work is done ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.

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 crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

HYMNS.

- 4 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven !

120

- F**OR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned by thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

121

- W**HO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing ;
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia ! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

HYMNS.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness ;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand :
Whence come all this glorious band ?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng :
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Oft with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified :
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

122

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand ;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came,
And bore the cross, and scorned 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 tear is wiped 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,
 And thus the loud Hosanna raise :
- 5 “ Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 “ Through endless years to live and reign ;
 “ Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
 “ And made us kings and priests to God ! ”

123

A LLELUIA! best and sweetest
 Of the hymns of praise above !
 Alleluia! Thou repeatest,
 Angel-host, these notes of love ;
 This ye utter,
 While your golden harps ye move.

- 2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky !
 Alleluia! bright and glorious,
 Lift, ye saints, the strain on high !
 We, poor exiles,
 Join not yet your melody.

- 3 Alleluia! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn ;
 Alleluia! sounds of sadness
 Best become our state forlorn :
 Our offences
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

HYMNS.

- 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see:
Alleluia!
Ours at length the strain may be.

124

- O** WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall our crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below:
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord! may that grace be ours,
Ever like them to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here:
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give;
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!

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 called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong :—
 Who follows in his train ?
- 5 A noble army—men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
- 6 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain !
 O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

126

BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is *there*.

- 2 O happy retribution—
 Short toil, eternal rest !
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !
- 3 Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
 The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the saints around ;
- 4 And peace, for war is needless ;
 And rest, for storm is past ;
 And goal from finished labour,
 And anchorage at last.
- 5 There God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of his grace
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face !

127

O YE immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour known :
 On earth ye knew
 His wondrous grace,
 His beauteous face
 In heaven ye view.

HYMNS.

- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh arrayed ;
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid :
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For his dear birth,
Proclaimed aloud.
- 3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled ;
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled :
And joyed to crown
The Victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire ;
That wondrous sight to see—
The Lord of life expire ;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropt it there
In sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep ;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse Him from his sleep ;
Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord
With joy unknown.

HYMNS.

- 6 When all arrayed in light
 The shining Conqueror rode,
 Ye hailed his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And waved around
 Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings
 Of sweetest sound.

128

- I**N token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ crucified to own,
 We print the cross upon Thee here,
 And stamp Thee his alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
 To glory in his name,
 We blazon here upon thy front
 His glory and his shame.
- 3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
 Christ's quarrel to maintain,
 But 'neath his banner manfully
 Firm at thy post remain ;
- 4 In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travelled by,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And set thee down on high ;
- 5 Thus outwardly and visibly
 We seal thee for his own ;
 And may the brow that wears his cross
 Hereafter share his crown !

129

SPIRIT of might and sweetness too !
 Now leading on the wars of God,
 Now to green isles of shade and dew
 Turning the waste thy people trod ;

- 2 Draw, Holy Ghost, thy sevenfold veil
 Between us and the fires of youth ;
 Breathe, Holy Ghost, thy freshening gale,
 Our fevered brow in age to soothe.
- 3 And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
 The hallowed hour do Thou renew,
 When, beckoned up the awful choir
 By pastoral hands, toward Thee we drew ;
- 4 When trembling at the sacred rail
 We hid our eyes and held our breath,
 Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
 And longed to own Thee to the death.
- 5 For ever on our souls be traced
 That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,
 A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
 O'er-shadowing all the weary land.

130

LORD, shall thy children come to Thee ?
 A boon of love divine we seek :
 Brought to thine arms in infancy,
 Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
 Thy children pray for grace that they
 May come themselves to Thee to-day.

HYMNS.

- 2 Lord, shall we come? and come again?
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And—tokens of thy dying pain—
The wine poured out, the broken bread,
Bless. bless, O Lord, thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.
- 3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone,
At holy time, in solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be?
- 4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more—
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life and death and time are o'er,
The children of thy grace, to be
Confessed as thine and dwell with Thee.

#131

- 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 endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

HYMNS.

- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

132

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make a solemn vow—
A vow we dare not break—

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise!

133

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened 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?

HYMNS.

- 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 opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go!

134

- L**ORD, pour thy Spirit from on high,
 And thine ordained servants bless:
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when they stand
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
 Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
 Let all thy church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,
 Firmness and meekness, from above,
 To bear thy people on their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night their guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 To feed thy lambs and tend thy sheep.

- 5 So, when their work is finished here,
 They may in hope their charge resign ;
 So, when their Master shall appear,
 They may with crowns of glory shine !

135

LORD of Hosts, to Thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise ;
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.

- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
 Here, in hope of glory blessed,
 May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
 While the sea shall gird the land ;
 Here reveal thy mercy, sure
 While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply :
 Hallelujah !—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end !

136

LORD ! whose temple once did glisten
 With a monarch's rich supplies,
 To our humbler praises listen,
 Bless our willing sacrifice !
 Be our votive offering, given
 To the Father and the Son,
 Sweeter in the sight of heaven
 Than the scents of Lebanon !

HYMNS.

- 2 Clouds and darkness veiled thy dwelling
 In thy chosen house of old,
 Though the hymn of praise was swelling
 Mid the pomp of Ophir's gold :
 Here, thy love our hearts shall brighten—
 Hence, ye earth-born clouds, away !
 Here thy Spirit shall enlighten,
 Shining to the perfect day.
- 3 Hither, on thy holy morning,
 Guide us on our church-way path :
 Here, O Lord, in life's first dawning,
 Sprinkle every child of wrath :
 Here, around thy table bending,
 Feed us with the living bread :
 Here, to wait their Lord's descending,
 Hallowed earth, receive the dead !
- 4 When our Israel's sore transgression
 Stops the windows of the sky ;
 When we sink beneath oppression,
 When we see our thousands die—
 Father, when we here adore Thee,
 In thy house our prayer receive ;
 When we spread our hands before Thee,
 Here behold us, and forgive !

137

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear ;
 Do Thou our souls prepare
 For that tremendous day ;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray :

HYMNS.

- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When robed in majesty and power
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 The immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To chasten earthly joys,
 To quicken holy fears,
 For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears;
 The solemn midnight cry—
 Ye dead, the Judge is come!
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
 And hear your instant doom!
- 4 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we thus ensure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest!

138

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust—
 Lord, we own the sentence just:
 Head, and tongue, and hand, and heart,
 All in guilt have borne their part:
 Righteous is the common doom,
 All must slumber in the tomb.

HYMNS.

- 2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,
 Like the leaves in autumn strown,
 Low these goodly frames must lie,
 All our pomp and glory die :
 Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
 Soon he bears us all away.
- 3 Yet the seed upraised again
 Clothes with green the smiling plain ;
 Onward as the seasons move,
 Leaves and blossoms deck the grove :
 And shall we forgotten lie
 Lost for ever, when we die ?
- 4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night
 Turn we to the Gospel's light :
 Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
 Thou wilt all thy people save :
 Ransomed by thy blood, the just
 Rise immortal from the dust.

139

- THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb :
 Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before
 thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
 the gloom !
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer be-
 hold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by
 thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has
 died!

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy
 waking,
 And the sound which thou heardst was the
 Seraphim's song!

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian
 and guide:
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
 thee;
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has
 died!

140

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
 When we reach the further shore;
 There's an end of war for ever—
 We shall see our foes no more:
 All our conflicts then shall cease,
 Followed by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
 O how sweet the prospect is!
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this:
 Toil and pain and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.

- 3 O that hope! how bright! how glorious!
 'Tis his people's blest reward:
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord:
 In his kingdom they shall rest;
 In his love be fully blest.

. 141

DARK 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!

142

'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
 That, when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.

HYMNS.

- 2 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more :
- 3 Shall see Him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt has lain ;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
'The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below ;
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesu's presence know !

143

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful death ?
O grave, are these thy victory ?

- 2 The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These, these are not thy victory !
- 3 But from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die !

- 4 To dream through life a gaudy dream
 Of pride and pomp and luxury,
 Till wakened by the nearer gleam
 Of burning boundless agony ;
- 5 To meet o'er-soon our angry King,
 Whose love we passed unheeded by ;
 Lo this, O death, thy deadliest sting !
 O grave, and this thy victory !
- 6 O Searcher of the secret heart,
 Who deigned for sinful man to die !
 Restore us ere the spirit part,
 Nor give to hell the victory !

144

ALL, all is vanity below ;
 An airy dream, an empty show :
 What sinners value, I resign :
 Lord, 'tis enough that I am thine.

- 2 All, all is vanity below !
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere—
 When shall I wake, and find Thee 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 passions of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's solemn sound ;
 Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

145

- D**EATHLESS 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—
 Made for 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 Shudder not to pass the stream ;
 Venture all thy care on Him—
 Him whose dying love and power
 Stayed its tossing, hushed its roar :
 Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle as a summer's eve :
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffered shipwreck there.

146

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

HYMNS.

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

3 O let me die the death of those
 Whom Jesus washes in his blood ;
 Who on his faithfulness repose,
 And know that He indeed is God !
 " O death, where is thy sting ? " they cry ;
 " O grave, where is thy victory ? "

147

O GOD, that madest earth and sky, the dark-
 ness 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 !
 Then mercy on our failings, Lord ! our sinking
 faith renew !
 And when thy sorrows visit us, O send thy
 patience too !

GOD, our Hope and Strength abiding,
 Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh :
 Fear we not the world subsiding,
 Roots of mountains heaving high,
 Darkly heaving,
 Where in Ocean's heart they lie.

2 Let them roar, his awful surges ;—
 Let them boil—each dark-brow'd hill
 Tremble, where the proud wave urges :
 Here is yet one quiet rill ;
 Her calm waters,
 Sion's joy, flow clear and still :

3 Joy of God's abode, the station
 Where th' Eternal fixed his tent :—
 God is there a strong salvation ;
 On her place she towers unbent.
 God will aid her
 Ere the stars of Morn be spent.

4 Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
 God spake out, earth melts away :
 God is where our hosts assemble,
 Jacob's God, our Rock and Stay.
 Come, behold Him
 O'er the wide earth wars allay.

5 Come, behold God's work of wonder,
 Scaring, wasting earth below ;
 How He knapped the spear in sunder,
 How He brake the warrior's bow.
 Wild war-chariots
 Burn before Him, quenched as tow.

HYMNS.

- 6 "Silence—for th' Almighty know me ;
 "O'er the heathen throned am I,
 "Throned where earth must crouch below
 me"—
 Lord of hosts! we know Thee nigh :
 God of Jacob,
 Thou art still our Rock on high !

149

Psalm LXXXV.

- L**ORD, thine heart in love hath yearn'd
 On thy lost and fallen land :
 Israel's face is homeward turn'd,
 Thou hast freed thy captive band :
 Thou hast borne thy people's sin,
 Covered all their deeds of ill,
 All thy wrath is gathered in,
 And thy burning anger still.
- 2 Turn us, stay us, now once more,
 God of all our health and peace !
 Let thy cloud of wrath fleet o'er,
 From thine own thine anger cease.
 Art Thou not a God to turn,
 Turn, and be our life again,
 That thy people's heart may burn
 With the gladness of thy reign ?
- 3 Show us now thy tender love,
 Thy salvation, Lord, impart !
 I the voice divine would prove,
 Listening in my silent heart :
 Listening what the Lord will say :—
 Peace, to all that own his will ;
 To his saints that love his way,
 Peace, and turn no more to ill !

150

- G**REAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
 while at thy feet we fall,
 And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for mercy
 call :
 The guilt is ours, but grace is thine—O turn us
 not away,
 But hear us from thy lofty throne, and help us
 when we pray.
- 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no
 less we own ;
 Yet wondrously from age to age thy goodness
 hath been shown :
 When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our
 country round,
 To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, and help
 in Thee was found.
- 3 With one consent, we meekly bow beneath thy
 chastening hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with
 our mourning land :
 With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we
 lift our prayer,
 "Correct us with thy judgments, Lord ! then let
 thy mercy spare."

151

Psalm xcix.

GOD is King ;—the nations quiver ;
 Cherub-throned ;—the wide earth cowers :—
 God in Sion, great for ever,
 High o'er mortal thrones and towers ;
 High and dreadful
 Own ye this great Lord of ours.

HYMNS.

- 2 They have owned thy Name—'tis Holy,
 Might of our all-glorious King :
 Thou hast loved to right the lowly,
 Equity on high to bring :
 Truth and pureness,
 At thy word, in Israel spring.
- 3 Praise the Lord our God, and lowly
 At the footstool of his feet
 Fall ye down, for He is Holy :—
 Who to call on God are meet ?
 Whose deep sighing
 Will his answering mercy greet ?
- 4 From his pillared cloud of brightness
 Gently speaks He when we weep,
 If in truth and heart's uprightness
 We his love and law will keep.
 God our Saviour !
 Thy kind answer will not sleep.

152

- O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
 Let the eye of pity gaze !
 See the kindreds of the people
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze,
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth !
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine, thy blessings bring :
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
 Rise with healing in thy wing !
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.

HYMNS.

- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone :
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word ! at thy command
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land :
Lord ! be with them
Always, to the end of time.

153

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 !

HYMNS.

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 learned Messiah's name !

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole !
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

154

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through—
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom his soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken ! None has taught them
Of his love so deep and dear ;
Of the precious price that bought them ;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

- 3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
 Wide to earth's remotest strand;
 Let no brother's bitter chidings
 Rise against us—when we stand
 In the judgment—
 From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
 All along each distant shore;
 Seaward far the islands brighten—
 Light of nations! lead us o'er:
 When we seek them,
 Let thy Spirit go before.

155

THOU, whose Almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray;
 And, where the Gospel-day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light!

- 2 Thou who didst come to bring
 On thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight—
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind—
 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 waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light!

156

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,
 Pardoned sinners, can our eye
 See unmoved 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 waked our souls from death !

3 Thou ! Omnipotent to save,
 Great High-Priest, thine aid we crave !
 By thy blood's transcendant price,
 By thy perfect sacrifice,
 Thou whose dying breath implored
 Grace for those who slew their Lord—
 O repeat that prayer again,
 Thou who canst not plead in vain !

157

O HAND of bounty, largely spread,
 By whom our every want is fed,
 Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
 We owe them all, O Lord ! to Thee :
 The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
 Are all thy gifts, and only thine !

HYMNS.

2 The stream thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at thy mandate stood,
How well they knew thy voice divine,
Whose works they were, and only thine!

3 Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to thy word and will
We seek thy daily mercy still;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And thine we are, and only thine!

158

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

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

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The seasons knew thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
The summer dews to fall.

4 The Hand unseen that works above
Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

HYMNS.

- 5 O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook thy bounteous care ;
 But what our Father's hand imparts,
 Still own in praise and prayer !

159

O GRACIOUS Hand, that freely gives
 The fruits of earth, our toil to bless !
 O love, by which the sinner lives !
 O let our tongues that love confess !

- 2 Our God for all our need provides ;
 His sun o'er all alike doth shine :
 From none his glorious beams He hides :
 So wills the Father's love divine.

- 3 Again his love our garner fills,
 This love again let all adore :
 The cry of want his bounty stills,
 Who biddeth all his name implore.

- 4 O may our lives through grace abound
 In fruits of holiness and love ;
 Let all his courts with praise resound,
 To echo angels' praise above !

- 5 O Lord! when Thou shalt come from heaven,
 Thy ripened harvest here to reap,
 In that bless'd day thy joy be given
 To those, who now go forth to weep !

160

S AVIOUR, upon thy glorious throne
 Exalted Thou dost shine :
 What can we render unto Thee,
 When all the worlds are thine ?

HYMNS.

- 2 But Thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace,
 Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
 Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered ;
 And in their accents of distress
 The Saviour's voice is heard !
- 4 Thyself, with gratitude and love,
 We in thy poor would see ;
 O let us joyfully return
 What we receive from Thee !

161

ANOTHER year, another year
 Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
 And all that marked its brief career
 Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

- 2 For all thy grace and patient love,
 Exhaustless still, and still the same,
 For all our hopes of joy above,
 We laud and bless thy Holy Name.
- 3 We bless Thee for each happy soul,
 Throughout another fleeting year,
 Or by thy quickening grace made whole,
 Or parted in thy faith and fear.
- 4 Still bear with us, and bless us still !
 And, while in this dark world we stay,
 O let us love thy holy will !
 O let us keep thy narrow way !

HYMNS.

- 5 So, when the rolling stream of time
 Hath opened to a boundless sea,
 Loud will we raise that song sublime,
 All honour, glory, power to Thee !

162

O GOD of Israel ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led ;

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace :
 God of our fathers ! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore ;
 And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
 And portion evermore.

163

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies !
 Ever gracious, ever wise !
 All my times are in thy hand—
 All events at thy command.

HYMNS.

- 2 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb :
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief ;
- 4 Times the tempter's power to prove ;
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly ;
Till He bids, I cannot die :
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

164

Psalm xc.

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home !

- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

HYMNS.

- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They pass forgotten, as a dream
Flies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our eternal Home.

165

- 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 silent hours of night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy heartfelt praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And voice and pulse and language fail,
Joy through my streaming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the chorus of the skies!

Psalm CIII.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his name
 Is such as tender parents feel—
 He knows our feeble frame.

4 He knows we are but dust,
 Scattered with every breath;
 His anger, like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.

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
 The word of promise sure.

MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
 Shall tell its joys abroad;
 And march with holy vigour on,
 Supported by its God.

HYMNS.

- 2 Through all the winding maze of life
 His hand hath been my guide;
 And in that long-experienced care
 My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
 An unexhausted stream :
 That grace on Zion's sacred mount
 Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Mingled with all the shining band,
 My soul shall there adore ;
 A pillar in thy temple fixed,
 Which goeth out no more.

168

- L**ORD, behold us with thy blessing,
 Once again assembled here ;
 Onward be our footsteps pressing,
 In thy love, and faith, and fear !
 Still protect us
 By thy presence ever near !
- 2 For thy mercy we adore Thee—
 For this rest upon our way :
 Lord, again we bow before Thee—
 Speed our labours day by day :
 Mind and spirit
 With thy choicest gifts array !
- 3 Keep the spell of home-affection
 Still alive in every heart ;
 May its power, with mild direction,
 Draw our love from self apart ;
 Till thy children
 Feel that Thou their Father art !

- 4 Break temptation's fatal power,
 Shielding all with guardian care,
 Safe in every careless hour,
 Safe from sloth and sensual snare :
 Thou, our Saviour,
 Still our failing strength repair !

169

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon all, their faults confessing ;
 Time that's lost may all retrieve !
 May thy children
 Ne'er again thy Spirit grieve !

- 2 Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;
 Help us selfish lures to flee ;
 Sanctify our every pleasure,
 Pure and blameless may it be :
 May our gladness
 Draw us evermore to Thee !
- 3 By thy kindly influence cherish
 All the good we here have gained ;
 May all taint of evil perish,
 By thy mightier power restrained :
 Seek we ever
 Knowledge pure and love unfeigned !
- 4 Let thy father-hand be shielding
 All who here shall meet no more ;
 May their seed-time past be yielding
 Year by year a richer store !
 Those returning
 Make more faithful than before !

170

FATHER, hear thy children's praises
 For the boon we own to-day;
 Grateful love our hearts upraises,
 This our sacrifice to pay:

2 Thanks for all thy mercies given—
 Stores of knowledge here unrolled,
 Means of grace and hopes of heaven—
 Unto us, thy chosen fold!

3 Lord, thy servants' spirits turning,
 Mould them by thy gracious sway:
 Godliness and all good learning
 May we follow, day by day!

4 May we, these thy bounties sharing,
 Every talent use aright,
 Still by earthly lore preparing,
 Till our faith be turned to sight:

5 Till, undimmed by dark reflection,
 Face to face shall Christ be shown;
 Knowledge rise to full perfection—
 Knowing e'en as we are known.

171

O WISDOM, whose unfading power
 Beside the Eternal stood,
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flood:

2 Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear;
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy faltered prayer.

HYMNS.

- 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 !

172

- W**HO shall ascend to the holy place,
 And stand on the holy hill ?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
 With shouts of rapture thrill ?
 Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !
- 2 The servants of the Lord are they,
 The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
 The eternal gates expand !
 Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !
- 3 Not to the noble, not to the strong,
 To the wealthy, or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel-song,
 That music of the skies ;
 Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

HYMNS.

- 4 But those who in humble and holy fear,
With child-like faith and love,
Have served the Lord as their Master here,
Shall praise their Lord above.
Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !
- 5 And chiefly those who in youth to Him
Their morn of life have given,
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And all the host of heaven—
Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !
- 6 Shall stand in robes of purest white,
And to the Lamb shall raise
The song that rests not day or night,
The eternity of praise !
Hallelujah !
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

173

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !

HYMNS.

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage !
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine !
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine ;
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own !

174

- FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find :
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

HYMNS.

- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
 Be Thou for ever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there!

175

- E**YE 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 The child-like faith, that asks not sight,
 Waits not for wonder or for sign,
 Believes, because it loves, aright—
 Shall see things greater, things divine.
- 4 Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
 And brightest angels to and fro
 On messages of love shall glide
 'Twixt God above and Christ below.
- 5 So still the guileless man is blest—
 To him all crooked paths are straight;
 Him on his way to endless rest
 Fresh ever-growing strengths await.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky embracing all
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the Church below,
 A wondrous race they run;
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
 That crowns his holy hill;
 The saints, like stars, around his seat,
 Perform their courses still.
- 6 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
 It steals in silence down;
 But, where it lights, the favoured place
 By richest fruits is known.
- 7 One Name above all glorious names
 With its ten thousand tongues
 The everlasting sea proclaims,
 Echoing angelic songs.

HYMNS.

- 8 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
 Thy boundless power display :
 But in the gentler breeze we find
 Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 9 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.
- 10 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.

177

- L**ORD, when we Creation scan,
 What thy power has done for man ;
 Then our conscious tongues agree
 How much man must owe to Thee.
- 2 Every note that cheers the vale,
 Every sweet that scents the gale,
 Every blooming flower we see,
 Tells that joy we owe to Thee.
- 3 Every breath that heaves the breast,
 Every sound by voice expressed,
 Every thought the mind sets free,
 Tells that life we owe to Thee.
- 4 But, when we Redemption view,
 Gaze on all thy love could do,
 Lord, our grateful hearts agree,
 How much more we owe to Thee.

- 5 When we think what we have been,
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin ;
Now from sin and sorrow free,
More than joy we owe to Thee.
- 6 When we hear our Master say,
“Death is vanquished, come away ;”
Then it is that we must see,
More than life we owe to Thee.

178

- OUR Father-sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above :
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns the God of love.
- 2 He knew us when we knew Him not ;
Was with us though unseen ;
His favours came to us unsought ;
His love has wondrous been.
- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,
Whatever foe assails,
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With power that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope that we shall be
Ere long with Him above ;
That we shall there his glory see,
And celebrate his love.
- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice ;
To all his will with meekness bow,
And in his name rejoice.

179

- O** WORSHIP the King all glorious above ;
 O gratefully sing his power and his love ;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned with splendour and girded with praise.
- 2 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 This earth with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty ! thy power hath founded of old,
 Hath stablished 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,
 It 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 sure to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

180

- S**AVIOUR Divine, we know thy name,
 And in that name we trust ;
 Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
 Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie,
 Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm,
 And bring salvation nigh.

- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
 Must plunge us in despair,
 Yet all the crimes of numerous years
 Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
 To sinners now are given;
 Soon shall thy faithful people change
 Their wilderness for heaven.
- 5 With joy we taste the blessings now
 Thy mercy sends us down;
 We seal our humble vows to Thee,
 And wait the promised crown.

181

- T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pained, nor let it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?
 O tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in Thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

HYMNS.

- 4 O love! thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from forbidden care;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there:
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart that lowly waits thy call;
 Speak to mine inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy life, thy God, thy all!
 'To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 'To taste thy love, be all my choice!

182

WE'VE no abiding city here—
 Sad truth, were this to be our home!
 But let this thought our spirit cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.

- 2 We've no abiding city here—
 Then let us live as pilgrims do:
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- 3 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.
- 4 Zion! Jehovah is her strength,
 Secure she smiles at all her foes;
 And weary travellers at length
 Within her sacred walls repose.

- 5 O blest abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
 Had we the pinions of the dove,
 We'd fly to Thee and be at rest.

183

- 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 hidingplace;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Master, Shepherd, Friend;
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End—
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 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.
- 6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

184

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

2 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er ;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never suffer more.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

3 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptured myriads sing ;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God Himself is King.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

4 How sweet the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast :
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

185

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

- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make 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 !

186

AND did the Son of God appear
 A man of toil and suffering here ?
 Him let us then our Pattern make,
 Who toiled and suffered for our sake.

- 2 Though holy, harmless, undefiled,
 He learned obedience from a child ;
 Through youth, in grace and wisdom grew ;
 As man, the tempter's wiles o'erthrew.
- 3 Rebuke and scorn He meekly bore ;
 The more reviled, He loved the more :
 'Thus He delighted to fulfil
 Love's law, his heavenly Father's will.
- 4 O'er land and sea, whate'er the cost,
 He came to seek and save the lost ;
 For this He hungered, thirsted, sighed,
 Watched, prayed and laboured, lived and died.
- 5 Taught by his Spirit, thus may we
 In all things like our Pattern be ;
 By his our words and actions frame,
 And bear his cross who bear his name !

187

“COME to a desert place apart,
 And rest a little while;”
 So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart
 Waxed faint and sick through toil.

- 2 High communings with God He sought;
 But, where He sought them, found
 The restless crowd together brought,
 And labour's weary round.
- 3 Then not a thought to self was given,
 Nor breathed He word of blame;
 He fed their souls with bread from heaven,
 Then stayed their sinking frame.
- 4 Turned He, when that long task was done,
 To sleep fatigue away?
 When on the desert sank the sun,
 The Saviour waked to pray.
- 5 O perfect Pattern from above!
 So strengthen us, that ne'er
 Prayer keep us back from works of love,
 Nor works of love from prayer.

188

Psalm XXIII.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
 And He that doth me feed:
 While He is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want or need?

- 2 He leads me to the tender grass,
 Where I both feed and rest;
 Then to the streams that gently pass—
 In both I have the best.

- 3 Or, if I stray, He doth convert
 And bring my mind in frame;
 And all this not for my desert,
 But for his holy name.
- 4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
 Well may I walk nor fear;
 For Thou art with me, and thy rod
 To guide, thy staff to bear.
- 5 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
 Shall measure all my days;
 And, as it never shall remove,
 So neither shall my praise.

189

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers—
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

HYMNS.

- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise;
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unobscured eyes;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

190

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 S 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 Saints below with heart and voice
 Now in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here 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.

191

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

- 2 Though the world esteem thee lowly,
 Though they pass thy ramparts by;
 Yet the Lord whose name is Holy,
 He who fills eternity,
 He whom not the heaven containeth,
 Not the high and holy place,
 Still within thy walls remaineth,
 Still upholds thee with his grace.
- 3 Heed not thou reproach and scorning;
 Fear not threats or danger near:
 Soon shall rise a brighter morning,
 When thy Lord shall re-appear.
 Jesu's bride! when He shall win thee,
 Who so glad, so blest as thou?
 Happy they that dwell within thee,
 They that love and own thee now!

192

FOR a heart to praise my God!
 A heart from guilt set free;
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.

HYMNS.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My blest Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him who dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And filled with love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart—
 Thy new, best name of Love !

193

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

- 2 Though like a wanderer
 The sun goes down,
 Darkness comes over me—
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'll be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

- 3 Then let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven,
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethels I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

194

O SHAME upon thee, listless heart,
 So sad a sigh to heave,
 As if thy Saviour had no part
 In thoughts that make thee grieve.

- 2 As if along his lonesome way
 He had not borne for thee
 Sad languors through the summer day,
 Storms on the wintry sea.

HYMNS.

- 3 No spring was his—no fairy gleam—
 For He by trial knew
 How cold and bare what mortals dream,
 To worlds where all is true.
- 4 Then grudge not thou the anguish keen
 Which makes thee like thy Lord ;
 And learn to quit with eye serene
 Thy youth's ideal hoard.
- 5 Thy treasured hopes and raptures high,
 Unmurmuring let them go,
 Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly
 Which Christ disdained to know.
- 6 Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon ;
 The pure calm hope be thine,
 Which brightens, like the eastern moon,
 As day's wild lights decline.

195

JESU, Lord, we look to Thee,
 Let us in thy name agree ;
 Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Bid all strife for ever cease.

- 2 By thy reconciling love
 Every stumblingblock remove ;
 Each to each unite, endear,
 Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
 Each his brother's burden bear;
 To the world the pattern give—
 Show how Christ's disciples live.

5 Let us then with joy remove,
 To thy family above;
 On the wings of angels fly—
 Show how Christ's disciples die.

196

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
 With garlands gay of various green;
 I praised the sea, whose ample field
 Shone glorious as a silver shield;
 And earth and ocean seemed to say,
 Our beauties are but for a day!

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
 On wheels of amber and of gold;
 I praised the moon, whose softer eye
 Gleamed 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 ruined earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must the mansion be
 Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

197

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
 O height, O depth of love!
 Thou one with us on Calvary,
 We one with Thee above.

- 2 Such was thy love, that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down;
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confessed and borne by Thee;
 The sting, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
 To set thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still one with us Thou art;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 Ere long shall come that glorious day,
 When, seated on thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
 That we in Thee art one.

198

NAME of Jesus! Name of pleasure,
 By the tongue unspeakable,
 Name of sweetness passing measure,
 To the ear delectable,
 'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
 'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

- 2 'Tis the Name for adoration,
 'Tis the Name of victory ;
 'Tis the Name for meditation
 In the vale of misery ;
 'Tis the Name for veneration
 By the citizens on high.
- 3 'Tis the Name by right exalted
 Over every other name ;
 This, when we are sore assaulted,
 Puts our enemies to shame ;
 Strength to them that else had halted,
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
- 4 Jesus, we thy Name adoring
 Long to see Thee as 'Thou art ;
 Of thy clemency imploring
 So to write it in our heart,
 That hereafter, upward soaring,
 We with angels may have part.

199

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And the broad sun's retiring ray
 Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !

- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour ;
 So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
 And faith, rekindling all its power,
 Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
 And angels are attending near
 To bear him to their bright abode.

- 4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless ;
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness ?
- 5 O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with Thee !

200

Psalm LXXXIV.

- H**OW pleasant, Lord of hosts ! how dear
The tents of thine abode !
My longing soul faints to be near
The courts of mine own God.
- 2 O blest, who dwell around thy shrine,
With ever-growing praise ;
Blest are the men whose strength is thine,
Who bear in heart thy ways :
- 3 Who, as they pass the vale of pain,
Make it a gushing rill ;
Yea, blessings with th' autumnal rain
Come mantling, soft and still.
- 4 They will go on from strength to strength ;
Each to the mighty God
In Sion they appear at length,
O'erpast their weary road.
- 5 Power of all armies, God our Lord,
My prayer in mercy crown ;
Thou Jacob's God, thine ear afford,
O God, our Shield, look down !

201

HOLY Jesu! Saviour blest!
 When, by passion strong possest,
 Through this world of sin we stray,
 Thou to guide us art the Way.

- 2 Holy Jesu! when like night
 Error dims our clouded sight,
 Through the mists of sin to shine,
 Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.
- 3 Holy Jesu! 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,
 And his glorious presence see,
 Jesu! he must come by Thee.
- 5 Channel of the Father's grace!
 Image of the Father's Face!
 Saviour blest! Incarnate Son!
 With the Father 'Thou art One.

202

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

HYMNS.

- 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.

203

FATHER, I stretch my hands to 'Thee,
 No other help I know ;
 If Thou withdraw thyself from me,
 O whither shall I go ?

- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath !
 What pain, what labour to secure
 My soul from endless death !
- 3 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
 My weary longing eyes :
 Preserve in me that precious gift—
 My soul without it dies !

+ 204

HOLY Lamb ! who Thee receive,
 Who in 'Thee begin to live,
 Day and night they cry to Thee,
 As 'Thou art, so let us be.

- 2 Fix, O fix each wavering mind ;
 To thy cross our spirits bind ;
 Earthly passions far remove ;
 Perfect, Lord, our souls in love.

- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery;
 Make us thine, Thou Son of God;
 Wash us in thy precious blood.

205

ETERNAL God! we look to Thee,
 To Thee for help we fly;
 Thine eye alone our wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 Lord! let thy fear within us dwell,
 Thy love our footsteps guide:
 That love will all vain love expel;
 That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 O let thy grace supply:
 The good, unasked, in mercy grant;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

206

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who not in vain
 Experienced every human pain;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To flee the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do—
 Still He who felt temptation's power
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
 Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 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 ;
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O when I have safely passed
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside
 My dying bed, for Thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

207

HOW happy is the Christian's state !
 His sins are all forgiven ;
 A cheering ray confirms the grace,
 And lifts his hopes to heaven.

- 2 Though in the rugged path of life
 He heaves the pensive sigh ;
 Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
 Delivering grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
 He feels the chastening rod ;
 The gentle stroke shall bring him back
 To his forgiving God.

- 4 And when the welcome message comes
 To call his soul away,
 His soul in raptures shall ascend
 To everlasting day.

208

OBJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me!
 All to happiness aspire—

I would seek it, Lord, in Thee :
 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
 Makes the joy of saints below :
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Makes the bliss of saints 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,
 Only from thy love it flows :
 Peace and happiness are thine—
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

209

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

- 2 Thy providence my life sustained,
 And all my wants redressed,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 In sickness, Lord, how oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face ;
 How oft, in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Hast raised my soul with grace !
- 5 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

210

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 sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose
 And pressed on every side,
 The Lord has still sustained my steps,
 And still has been my guide.

- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
 Nor murmur at his rod ;
 He's more than all the world to me,
 My health, my life, my God !

211

O JOY for those whose path is sent
 Through busy scenes, to feel
 How amongst sinners Jesus went
 In meekness, love, and zeal !

- 2 Blest thought for every faithful heart,
 That pure would still remain,
 Yet do its firm but gentle part
 Amid the bad and vain !
- 3 Good Lord, through this world's troubled way
 Thy children's path secure ;
 And lead us onward, day by day,
 Gentle, like Thee, and pure.
- 4 Be ours to do thy work of love,
 All erring souls to win ;
 Amid a sinful world to move,
 Yet give no smile to sin.

212

LONG enthralled in guilt and sorrow,
 Sinner, hail the accepted hour !
 Jesus is at hand to save thee,
 Full of pity, love and power :
 He is able,
 He is willing—doubt no more.

- 2 Let not conscience make thee linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel thy need of Him :
 This He gives thee :
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Prostrate in the moonlit garden,
 Lo, the world's Creator lies !
 On the bloodstained cross behold Him !
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,
 " It is finished "—
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 4 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended
 Pleads the merit of his blood !
 Venture on Him, venture wholly—
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

213

L ORD of earth ! thy forming hand
 Well this glorious frame hath planned ;
 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 lured thy wandering child :
 I was blind ; thy healing ray
 Charmed 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 ?
 What have I in each but Thee ?

214

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.

- 2 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, injured, suffereth long.
- 3 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!

215

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, in 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 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!
- 4 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!
- 5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 Thy will be done!

216

INCARNATE Word! who, wont to dwell
 In lowly shape and cottage cell,
 Didst not refuse a guest to be
 At Cana's poor festivity :

- 2 O when our soul from care is free,
 Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,
 And, seated at the festal board,
 In fancy's eye behold the Lord.
- 3 Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
 Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
 And think—even now thy searching gaze
 Each secret of our soul surveys!
- 4 So may such joy, chastised and pure,
 Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
 Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
 Shall leave a rankling sting behind!

217

Psalm XCIII.

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
 Robed in his own glorious light :
 God hath robed Him, and He reigneth—
 He hath girded Him with might.
 Hallelujah !
 God is King in depth and height.

- 2 In her everlasting station
 Earth is poised, to swerve no more :
 Thou hast laid thy throne's foundation,
 From all time where thought can soar.
 Hallelujah !
 Lord, Thou art for evermore.

- 3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean-floods have lift their roar ;
 Now they pause where they have drifted,
 Now they burst upon the shore.
 Hallelujah !
 For the Ocean's sounding store.
- 4 With all tones of waters blending
 Glorious is the breaking deep ;
 Glorious, beauteous without ending,
 God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
 Hallelujah !
 Songs of Ocean never sleep.
- 5 Lord, the words thy lips are telling
 Are the perfect verity ;
 Of thine high eternal dwelling
 Holiness shall inmate be.
 Hallelujah !
 Pure is all that lives with Thee.

218

Psalm CXXXIX.

- L**ORD, Thou hast searched me out, and known
 My rising up and lying down :
 Thou know'st them all—each thought in me
 Far off is deeply traced by Thee.
- 2 Discoverer of my path and bed,
 Companion sure where'er I tread ;
 Ere from my tongue a word can fall,
 Behold, O Lord, thou knowest all !
- 3 Behind, before me, all around,
 Thy potent arm my frame hath bound ;
 I feel thine hand, but may not see—
 O wondrous skill, too high for me !

- 4 I climb to heaven, and 'Thou art there;
To the low dungeon I repair
And make my bed—behold 'Thee still,
'Thy piercing eye, thy ruling will!
- 5 What if the wings of morn I take,
My tent in farthest ocean make?
Even there thy hand shall guide my way,
Thy strong right arm my goings stay.
- 6 Then said I, Darkness sure will hide:
But night was day on every side:
The darkness is not dark with 'Thee;
By day and night thy beams are free.

219

- 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 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made 'Thee mourn,
And drove 'Thee from my breast.
- 3 'The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only 'Thee.
- 4 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.

220

Psalm XLVI.

GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
 Amid a stormy world ;
 We will not fear though earth be moved,
 And hills in ocean hurled.

2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake ;
 Our comforts 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.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
 He spake, and quelled their powers :
 The Lord of hosts is still the same ;
 The God of grace is ours.

221

O GOD! by whom the seed is given ;
 By whom the harvest blest ;
 Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
 Is planted in our breast ;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
 And plunderers of the air ;
 'The sultry sun's intenser heat,
 And weeds of worldly care !

3 Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
 Do 'Thou thy grace supply ;
 The hope in earthly furrows sown
 Shall ripen in the sky !

222

- 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?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee ;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way—
 Shall I resist them both ?
 The poor blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth !
- 5 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

223

- 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 All scenes alike engaging prove,
 To souls impressed with sacred love :
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee—
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

HYMNS.

- 3 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.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none ;
 But, with our God to guide our way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot :
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

- 224

- W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,
 Or tremble at the tempest's power ?
 Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field ?
 Why must I either flee or yield,
 Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?
- 3 When earthly comforts fade and die,
 The world may weep—but why should I ?
 Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Though sin would fill me with distress,
 The throne of grace I dare address,
 For Jesus is my Righteousness.
- 5 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
 My stedfast hope shall not remove
 While Jesus intercedes above.

6 Against me earth and hell combine ;
 But on my side is power divine—
 Jesus is all, and He is mine.

225

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore Him,
 Praise Him angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken—
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance He has made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
 Never shall his promise fail:
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth and all creation
 Laud and magnify his Name.

226

PUT thou thy trust in God,
 In duty's path go on;
 Walk in his strength with faith and hope,
 So shall thy work be done.

2 Commit thy ways to Him,
 Thy works into his hands,
 And rest on his unchanging word,
 Who heaven and earth commands.

HYMNS.

- 3 Though years on years roll on,
 His covenant shall endure ;
 Though clouds and darkness hide his path,
 The promised grace is sure.
- 4 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 His power will clear thy way :
 Wait thou his time—the darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.

227

- O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul ?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years—
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace !
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

228

Psalm xxxiv.

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

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

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

4 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance He affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love;
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

229

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Each other's grace improve:
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

230

WHEN in the hours of lonely woe
 I give my sorrows leave to flow,
 And anxious fear, and dark distrust,
 Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

- 2 When not even friendship's gentle aid
 Can heal the wounds the world has made;
 This thought shall check each rising sigh,
 That Jesus is for ever nigh!
- 3 His counsel and upholding care
 My safety and my comfort are;
 And He shall guide me all my days,
 Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus! in whom but Thee above
 Can I repose my trust, my love?
 And shall an earthly object be
 Loved in comparison with Thee?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay,
 Soon shall the world have passed away;
 And what can mortal friends avail,
 When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?

- 6 But O be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

231

Psalm LXXIII.

- T**HY counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 2 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.
- 3 Fainteth my heart, faileth my breath,
Motion and pulse are o'er;
But Thou my portion art in death,
My life for evermore.

232

- T**HOU art the Way—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

- 3 Thou art the Life—the opening tomb
 Proclaims thy conquering arm;
 And those who put their trust in Thee
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
 Grant us that way to know,
 That truth to keep, that life to win
 Whence joys eternal flow.

233

THOU boundless Source of every good!
 Our best desires fulfil;
 Aid us with thine assisting grace,
 To work thy sovereign will.

- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
 Thy bounteous goodness see;
 Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
 Estrange our hearts from Thee.
- 3 In every changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with Thee.
- 4 Do Thou direct our steps aright,
 Help us thy name to fear;
 And give us grace to watch and pray,
 And strength to persevere.
- 5 Then may we close our eyes in death,
 Free from distracting care;
 For death is life, and labour rest,
 If Thou art with us there.

234

A SHAMED of Jesus! can it be?
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
 Scorned be the thought by rich and poor—
 O may I scorn it more and more!

- 2 Ashamed 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 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no sins to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
 And no immortal soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain;
 And O may this my portion be—
 That Saviour not ashamed of me!

235

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 dreadful 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.
- 6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

236

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

- 4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
Father, thy will be done !

- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to heaven!

237

O SUN of righteousness, arise
 With healing in thy wings ;
 To my diseased, my fainting soul
 Thy light salvation brings.

- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
 By thine all-piercing beam ;
 Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart.
 With holy hope inflame.

- 3 My mind by thine all-quickening power
 From low desires set free ;
 Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
 My love entire on Thee.

238

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
 To his feet thy tribute bring ;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like thee his praise should sing ?
 Praise Him ! Praise Him !
 Praise the everlasting King !

- 2 Praise Him for his grace and favour
 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 !

HYMNS.

- 3 Angels, help us to adore Him !
Ye behold Him face to face :
Sun and moon, bow down before Him !
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace !

239

THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow
Gave forth his voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched 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,
Upraised 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 !

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
 Dawned 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 subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in heaven !

HYMNS.

Doxology.

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



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