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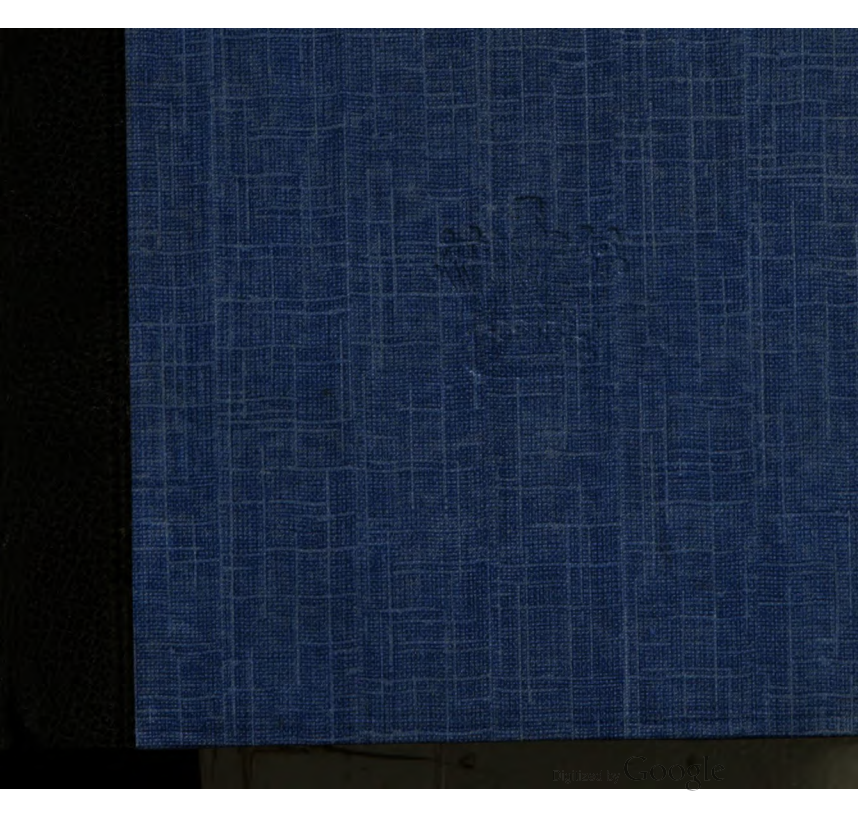
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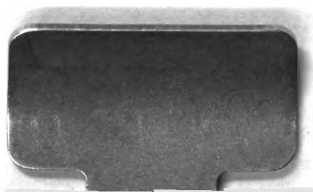
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James Allen 71

William B. B. 14

Thomas R. 7

Wm. D. 3

Wm. D. 2

Wm. D. 30

J. — m. — 5

James H. 5

Wm. D. 2

Wm. D. 1

Wm. D. 1

Wm. D. 1

James *Arthur*
et Select *Thomas*
2^d Ed. COLLECTED of HYMNS, 1832
universally sung in the late
Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels

Collected by
with a



K. Hastings
her Ladyship,
Supplement.

BY AUTHORITY of her LADYSHIP'S TRUSTEES

Wm. G. G. G.
WILAT ME, INEST THOU, O SLEEPER! ARISE, CALL UPON THY GOD. Jonah 1:6

Published for the Benefit of the **CONNEXION FUNDS.**

And Sold by *Jackson & Willford* B. S. Pauls Church Yard.

And at all the Chapels in the Connexion, Sundays excepted.



P R E F A C E.

THIS Collection of Hymns, the profits arising from the sale of which were intended, by the Noble Lady who formed it, "to be appropriated to the carrying on and support of the Gospel," having been published by various persons for their own private emolument, and some of those Editions being incorrect, the pages not corresponding, or being otherwise exceptionable, the Trustees, appointed agreeably to the Countess of Huntingdon's will, for promoting and perpetuating the work which she began, have determined, at the request of some of the best friends of the Connexion, to provide respectable Editions, for accommodating the different descriptions of persons in the several Congregations.

A

It has also been deemed desirable to add a few Hymns to those originally collected by the Countess.

The present publication furnishes an occasion to introduce to more general notice THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON'S COLLEGE. Her Ladyship well knew that an enlightened Ministry was necessary for the propagation of the Gospel: and for the purpose of supplying her various Chapels with such a Ministry, she established and supported a College at Trevecca, in South Wales, which was opened for the worship of God and the admission of Students by that eminent servant of Jesus Christ, the Reverend George Whitefield, on the 24th of August, 1768, being the anniversary of her Ladyship's birth: and in 1792, the year after her decease, the College was removed to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, about fourteen miles from London, by the Trustees who were chosen by her to perpetuate the same after her decease: where it is now supported by the Annual Subscriptions, Donations, and Legacies, of those who are well affected to the cause of Christ.

The late Countess of Huntingdon's Trustees also embrace this opportunity of inviting attention to an Institution, which, it is presumed, must be interesting, not only to the Friends of the Connexion, but to all who esteem the Ministers of Christ "very highly in love for their work's sake," denominated THE PROVIDENT FUND; which was instituted in the year 1807, for the purpose of affording relief to aged and infirm Ministers, and to the Widows and Children of deceased Ministers in the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion.

It is well known in the religious world, with what zeal and liberality the late Countess of Huntingdon embarked in any plan for the glory of God and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom; but it is not perhaps so well understood that the *pecuniary* support which she afforded ceased at her death.

It therefore devolves as a duty on her Trustees to invite the friends of the Gospel in general, and such as are attached to her Connexion in particular, to assist them in carrying on

the important work in which her Ladyship was so long engaged ; and they respectfully acquaint them, and the religious public in general, that their bounty, either by way of Donation, Annual Subscription, or Legacy, will be thankfully received, either for the general purposes of spreading the Gospel in the Connexion—for the College—or for the Provident Fund, by

Rev. JOHN FINLEY, *Tunbridge Wells.*

Mr. H. F. STROUD, 14, *Soley Terrace, Pentonville.*

JOSEPH TRUEMAN, Esq. *Walthamstow.*

OR

Mr. ANTHONY AVIOLET, *Collector, 6, Cold Bath Square.*

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PAINTER, MYDDELTON STREET, SPAFIELDS.



A COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

HYMN 1.

To the Holy Ghost.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light !
Loving Spirit, God of Peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation ;
Hear, O hear, our supplication !

▲

From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend ;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send :
O thou glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination :
Rest upon this congregation.

Come, thou best of all donations
God can give or we implore ;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more :
Come with unction and with power ;
On our souls thy graces shower ;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

Manifest thy love for ever ;
Fence us in on every side ;
In distress be our reliever ;
Guard and teach, support and guide ;
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways ;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

Be our friend on each occasion ;
God, omnipotent to save !
When we die be our salvation ;
Nor forsake us in the grave :
And when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies ;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore thee.

J. C. Jacobi & Co. Leipzig
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HYMN 2.

2. *To the Holy Ghost.* 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine!

Let thy light within me shine;

All my guilty fears remove:

Fill me full of heaven and love.

Speak thy pardoning grace to me;

Set the burthened sinner free;

Lead me to the Lamb of God;

Wash me in his precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart;

Seal salvation on my heart:

Breathe thyself into my breast,

Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,

Keep me in the narrow way:

Fill my soul with joy divine,

Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

J. Stokoe

HYMN 3.

5

3. *Invitation.* 6. 8.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The Gospel's voice attend
While Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room,
No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame :
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame ;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.
Believe the heavenly word,
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And Faithful is his name :

Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Constrained by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep draw near!

Christ calls you from above,

His charming accents hear!

Let whosoever will, now come;

In mercy's breast there yet is room.

4. *The Contrite Heart.* c. m.

THE Lord will happiness divine

On contrite hearts bestow:

Then tell me, gracious God! is mine

A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,

Insensible as steel;

If aught is felt, 'tis only pain

Because I cannot feel.

HYMN 4.

7

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer:
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice, or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

5. *Precious Gospel.* 11s.

THE Gospel brings tidings to each wounded soul,
That Jesus the Saviour can make it quite whole,
And what makes this gospel most precious to me,
It offers salvation so perfectly free.

This gospel says further, God sending his Son
To die for poor sinners, gave all things in one;
This makes then the gospel so precious to me,
'Tis surely a gospel as full as 'tis free.

Since Jesus hath saved me, and that freely too,
I fain would in all things my gratitude shew,
But as for man's merit, 'tis hateful to me,
The gospel I love it, 'tis perfectly free.

Alto. Gospel Mag
777

6. *Redeeming Love.* 7s.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!

[Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love!]

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love!

[Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love!]

Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love!

He subdued the infernal powers ;
His tremendous foes and ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love!

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

7. *Caution to Professors.* L. M.

NOT words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own ;
Nor will a soul, by grace restored,
Return the Saviour words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates bordered round,
The need of holiness expressed,
And called for fruit, as well as sound.

Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain that blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace hath made him free.

8. *Light in Darkness.* C.M.

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

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

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

9. *Helpless Man.* C.M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts came from thee,
And go at thy command.
If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet let me not repine;
Before they were possessed by me
They were entirely thine.
Nor let me drop a murmuring word
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone

What is the world or all things here?

'Tis but a bitter sweet;

When I attempt a rose to pluck,

A piercing thorn I meet.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,

The honey's mixed with gall;

'Midst changing scenes and dying friends

Be thou my all in all. *B. Beddome*

10. *Self-Examination.* c.m.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

HYMN 10.

15

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
Which God alone can fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that make me mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.

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

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

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray :
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase these clouds away !
Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The tokens of thy love ;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

11. *Grace Experienced.* C. M.

OFt hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest.
OfT, when my prayer was scarce begun,
Thou didst thy fire impart,
And make thy pardoning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.

Hymn 12.

17

Why this profusion of thy grace,
To such a worm as I?
Father, I ask in fixed amaze,
Explain the mystery?

Why dost thou to a sinner's cry,
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hearest my Advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

C. W. A. S.

12. *Divine Manifestation in Distress.* 6. 7. 8.

WHEN I travail in distress,
Or grief of any kind,
Burthened with uneasiness,
And anguish on my mind;
One sweet ray of heavenly light
Breaks up the clouds that come between;

Turns to day the gloomy night,
And quite renews the scene.

My complaints with speed remove,
My sorrows turn to joy;
Songs of melody and love
Again my tongue employ;
Then I enter into rest,
Again I call Immanuel mine;
And, like John, upon his breast
My weary head recline.

13. *For Increase in Grace.* C. M.

O JESUS, Jesus, my good Lord,
How wondrous is thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove!

HYMN 13.

19

For, oh ! how faithless is my mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits
Of reasoning and pride.

Yet, dearest Saviour, love me still,
The poorest and the worst :
I know, where sin did once abound,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou art good ;
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I this love withstood.

Saviour of sinners, keep me near,
Nor let me turn away
From thy dear cross and bleeding wounds,
But bind me there to stay.

On me, my King, exert thy power,
Make old things pass away ;
Create all new, and draw me yet
Still nearer, every day.

Lord, speak to me with thy sweet voice,
And give me ears to hear :
Still love, forgive, and pity me,
And hear a sinner's prayer.

14. *For Increase in Grace.* C. M.

O GIVE me, Saviour, give me still
My poverty to know ;
Increase my faith, each day in grace
And knowledge may I grow.
Open still more the mystery
Of thy dear bleeding cross ;
And for this precious pearl, let me
Count all things else but dross.

HYMN 15.

21

O how transcendent is that grace,
Which thou dost then bestow,
When nothing in myself I feel
But misery and woe !

'Tis then indeed, my gracious Lord,
Thy suffering state I see,
And through that veil with joy behold
Thy tenderest love to me. *Glenn Taylor*

15. *The Waiting Soul.* c. m.

BREATHE from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north ;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth !
I wish, thou knowest, to be resigned ;
And wait with patient hope ;
But hope delayed fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirit up.

Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee ;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.

Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it so ;
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar ;
And every door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.

There, till the dear Deliverer come,
I'll wait with humble prayer ;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find me there.

M. Newton

HYMN 16.

23

16. *Invitation.* c. m.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every welcome guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms ;

He calls, he bids you come :

Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;

Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

In him the Father, reconciled,
Invites each soul to come ;

The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

17. *The Good Fight.* 104th.

OUR God is above
Men, devils, and sin :
My Jesus's love
The battle shall win :

HYMN 17

23

So terribly glorious
His coming shall be,
His love all victorious
Shall conquer for me.

He all shall break through;
His truth and his grace
Shall bring me into
The plentiful place;
Through much tribulation,
Through water and fire,
Through floods of temptation,
And flames of desire.

On Jesus, my power,
For strength I rely;
All evil before
His presence shall fly:

If I have my Saviour
He will not depart;
But Jesus, for ever,
Shall hold fast my heart.

18. *The Conquerors.* 6. 8.

BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures
Because young David's God is yours.

Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm the invaders' camp
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

Oh! I have seen the day,
When, with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord;
My soul has quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side!

Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

19. *Protecting Love.* 8s.

WHAT though my frail eye-lids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And, punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep :
A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand :
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

From evil secure and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh ;
And songs his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night-season supply :

HYMN 19.

29

He smiles, and my comforts abound ;
His grace as the dew shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee, for my God I avow ;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast helped me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast proved ;
Nor wilt thou relinquish, at last,
A sinner so signally loved.

Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign ;

If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :
Bright seraphs, despatched from thy throne,
Repair to their stations assigned ;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows ;
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King ;

I, too, at the season ordained
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

20. *On Christ's Love.* 8. 7.

O MY Lord! I've often mused
On thy wonderous love to me;
How I have the same abused,
Slighted, disregarded thee!
To thy church and thee a stranger,
Pleased with what displeased thee:
Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
Wounded, yet no wound could see.
But unwearied thou pursuedest me,
Still thy calls repeated came;
Till on Calvary's mount I viewed thee
Bearing my reproach and blame.

Then o'erwhelmed with shame and sorrow,
 While I view each pierced limb,
 Tears bedew the scourge's furrow
 Mingling with the purple stream.

I no more at Mary wonder
 Dropping tears upon the grave;
 Earnest asking all around her,
 Where is he who died to save?
 Dying love her heart attracted;
 Soon she felt his rising power:
 He who Mary thus affected,
 Bids his mourners weep no more.

*Betty Whiteley
 for this one*

21. *The Believer's Resolution.* 8. 7.

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor!
 Canst thou love a child of wrath!
 Can a hell-deserving creature
 Be the purchase of thy death!

HYMN 21.

33

Is thy blood so efficacious
As to make my nature clean!
Is thy sacrifice so precious
As to free me from my sin!

Sin on every hand surrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Oh! my grief I cannot bear.

Here then is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall:
Here I'll meet with condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall,

Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canst, to wretched me;
Lay aside thy love and pity,
If thou canst, and let me die:

If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

22. *Worthy the Lamb.* 6. 4.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name!
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry, evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name!

We, who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad:
Worthy the Lamb!

Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise;
And shout with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease,
Praising his name:

To him we'll tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

23. *Grace.* S. M.

GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
'Twas grace that wrote my name
In thy eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forced my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

Doddridge & Phelps

24. *For a Renewed Heart.* 8s.

O LORD, how faithless is my heart,
How very apt from thee to stray!
Just like a broken bow I start,

And nature strives to bear the sway:
Was ever one so vile, yet bless'd;
So foul, yet by the Lord caress'd?

Forbid, my Lord, each vain desire,
And bind my passions to thy cross;
Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,

And bid me count my gain but loss:
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
And stablish in my heart thy throne!

Grace, grace shall wipe away my tears,
And speak the tempest to a calm;
Shall warm my heart and charm my fears,
And prove a never failing balm:

The maladies of sin remove,
And fill my soul with holy love.

Henceforth I'd serve thee, if thou'lt please
To gird me with a heavenly power;
I'd sing the glories of thy grace,
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er.
With hallowed fire inspire my tongue,
And love shall be my endless song!

Andal. by 2k.

25. *Thankfulness for Grace.* 6. 8.

WHAT voice is this I hear;
A kind salute of grace,
Which whispers in my ear
The grateful words of peace?
Hail, blessed Lord, 'tis thy sweet voice
Which bids me in thy blood rejoice.

Thou art my chief delight,
A lovely friend indeed,
Most precious in my sight,
My help in every need :
Hereby I am strengthened in the way,
And thank thee for this gospel day.

Unworthy as I am,
And base in my own eyes,
On my account the Lamb
Ascends the upper skies ;
Assumes at God's right hand a seat,
And lets me sit beneath his feet.

My great high priest is gone
Into the holy place ;
The curtain is withdrawn,
Which veiled his lovely face ;

The passage now is clear and free,
The veil is rent for happy me.

26. *For a living Faith.* C. M.

IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
My comfort all in thee;
While here I feel thy mercy nigh,
I know thou guardest me.

Me, not the saints on earth can help,
Nor angels near thy throne;
To thee I run thy help to find,
And trust in thee alone.

I feel the load of sin so vast,
It sinks me to the grave.
But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Mine whom thou camest to save.

On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,
 A living faith bestow;
 That I thy nature's hidden sweets
 May taste, and see, and know!

Triumphant let me live by love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 And faithfully to Jesus give
 The life which he bestowed

27. *Desiring Divine Communion.* C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring word,
 Our fallen spirits' hope,
 After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
 O when shall we wake up?
 Thou, O our God, thou only art
 The life, the truth, the way;
 Quicken our souls, instruct our hearts,
 Our sinking footsteps stay.

All that thou dost on earth bestow
Of Heaven, vouchsafe to give:
Give us, O Lord, thyself to know,
In thee to walk and live.

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

Open the intercourse between
Our longing souls and thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Through all eternity.

28. *Praise.* S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

HYMN 28.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

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

Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing:
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call you hence away
To take his wanderers home.

W. Hammond

29. *Psalm* 100. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
His 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.
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.
Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Walter J. Wessely
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30. *Wrestling Jacob.* 7s.

NAY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my LORD, thou knowest my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many years have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?

Thou hast helped in every need,
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus's sake.

31. *Dedication.* 7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
One in three, and three in one ;
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done !

Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

If so poor a worm as I

May to thy great glory live ;
All my actions sanctify,

All my thoughts and words receive :
Claim me for thy service—claim
All I have, and all I am !

Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel ;

All I think, and speak, and do :
Take my heart—and make it new !

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one !
As by the celestial host,

Let thy will on earth be done!
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

32. *Crucifixion.* 8. 8. 6.

“ ’TIS finished!” the Redeemer said,
And meekly bowed his dying head;
O wondrous loving pain!
Come, sinners, and mark well the word;
There view the conquests of our Lord,
Complete for helpless man.

Finished the righteousness of grace,
Finished the pain that bought our peace;
The sinner’s debt is paid:
Accusing law cancelled by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim?
 The law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a release can show;
 Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison house a whisper hears :
 Loose him and let him go.

O unbelief, injurious bar!
 Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 " 'Tis finished," still may answer all,
 And silence every cry. *A. Stagnoe*

33. *Crucifixion.* 8s.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done?
 The immortal God hath died for me!
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree;

HYMN 33.

51

The immortal God for me hath died;
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied;
My lord, my love, is crucified!

Is crucified for me and you,
To bring his people back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
His church is purchased with his blood;
Pardon and life flow from his side!
My Lord, my love, is crucified!

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;

All things for him account but dross,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing speak or think beside;
 My Lord, my love is crucified. *Chorus*

34. *Original and Actual Sin.* C. M.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
 And guilt before thine eyes;
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 How high my crimes arise!
 Shouldest thou consign my soul to hell,
 And crush my flesh to dust;
 Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
 And earth must own it just.
 No works nor righteousness of men
 For sin can e'er atone:
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

Then do not from my soul depart,
Nor drive me from thy face ;
Create anew my sinful heart,
And fill my mouth with praise.

35. *Atonement.* 8. 7.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, thou Galilean King,
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring :
Hail, thou precious, precious Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame ;
By whose merit we find favour :
Life is given through thy name !
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid :
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood!
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year;"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

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

36. *Christ's Merits.* 8. 7.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from thee, the sovereign good:
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchased by thy blood.

From thy fulness we receive them ;
 We have nothing of our own ;
 Freely thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy, who have none
 Teach us, by thy patient spirit,
 How to mourn and not despair ;
 Let us, leaning on thy merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in prayer.
 Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please ;
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From security and ease.

37. *For Assurance.* 8s.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
 Attest that I am born again :
 Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
 Let no more doubt or cloud remain :

Give me the sense of sin forgiven,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heaven.

O give the indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine:
That powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

38. *For Christ's Guidance.* 8. 7.

JESUS, lead me by thy power,
Safe into thy promised rest:
Hide my soul within thy bosom,
Let me lean upon thy breast;
Feed me with thy heavenly manna,
Bread that angels eat above;
Let me drink from thee, the fountain,
Draughts of everlasting love.

Through the desert wild conduct me,
With a glorious pillar bright,
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering fire by night;
Be my guide in every peril,
Watch me hourly, night and day,
Else my foolish heart will wander
From thy spirit far away.

Nothing can preserve my going,
But salvation full and free;
Nothing can my soul dishearten,
But my absence, Lord, from thee;
Nothing can delay my progress,
Nothing can disturb my rest,
If I can, whate'er the danger,
Lean my spirit on thy breast.

In thy presence I am happy,
In thy presence I'm secure,
In thy presence all afflictions -
I can easily endure;
In thy presence I can conquer,
I can suffer, I can die;
Far from thee I faint and languish;
O my Saviour keep me nigh.

W. Williams

39. *For Christ's Guidance.* 8. 7.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven! bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;

Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer! strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing;
Come my Jesus; quickly come.
Here vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with thee!

A. Williams & W. Williams

40. *Safety in Christ.* 8. 8. 6.

LIGHT of the world, thy beams I bless;
On thee, bright sun of righteousness,
My faith hath fixed its eye:
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art, always nigh.

Ten thousand snares my path beset,
Yet shall I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given:
Superior to the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

Still may I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence!

My soul into thy hands I give;
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence. *Chorus.*

41. *The Waiting Soul.* c. m.

I WAIT the visits of thy grace,
My Saviour and my God;
O come and shew thy smiling face,
And wash me in thy blood.

Oh! whither can I go to get
A pardon for my sin?
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him.

Oh! that I could but once, by faith,
Behold him on the tree;
And see him languish there to death,
And shed his blood for me.

HYMN 42.

63

Oh! that I might but once be found
In that blest wedding dress;
Which in my ears doth often sound
My Saviour's righteousness!

'Tis this alone can give me ease,
And heal my wounded heart;
An interest in his righteousness,
His sufferings, and his smart.

42. *Imputed Righteousness.* L. M.

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

When from the dust of earth I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived—hath died for me."

*Pro: Grace from
Devine Mercy:
Hymn 42 / Vol 2*

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

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruined nature sinks in years,
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice—
 Now bid thy banished ones rejoice!
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus the Lord our righteousness.

W. by J. Wesley

43. *Backsliding.* C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,

"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,

Unless thou hold me fast;

I feel I must, I shall decline,

And prove like them at last.

Yet thou alone hast power, I know,

To save a wretch like me;

To whom or whither could I go,

If I should turn from thee?

The help of men and angels joined,

Can never reach my case;

Nor can I hope relief to find
But in thy boundless grace,
No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart:
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
What anguish has that question stirred,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy love,
I humbly answer, No!

44. *Jubilee.* 6. 8.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

HYMN 44.

67

Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb!
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace:
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home. *Chorus*

45. *Jubilee.* L.M.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high,
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.

A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic day:

Assert the glories of thy name,
Spoil Satan of his wished-for prey!
Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign:
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.
Fight for thyself, O Jesus fight,
The travail of thy soul regain;
Before the blind make darkness light,
And crooked paths do thou make plain.

46. *Unchangeable Love.* C. M.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
Even when he hides his face!
He trusts, in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.
**Beneath his smiles my heart hath lived,
And part of heaven possessed;**

I thank him for the grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust:
He will not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

But he will own my worthless name
Before his Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Assign my soul a place. *Am.*

47. *The God of Abraham.* 6. 8. 4.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest;

I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

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

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend:
He calls himself my God!

And he will save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

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

48. *Part Second.*

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At his command :
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view :

HYMN 48.

73

And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains ;

D

And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand ;
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land :
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame ;

HYMN 49.

75

And sing in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

49. Part Third.

THE God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"ALMIGHTY KING!
"Who was and is the same,
"And evermore shall be—
"JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM!
"We worship thee."

Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow ;
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace
For ever new :

He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame !
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb !

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
“ Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! ”

They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's God—and mine,
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise. *J. Oliver*

50. *Waiting Faith.* c. m.

THE saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear ;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

HYMN 51.

77

Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
Are taught us in his word ;
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait :
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late. *at last.*

51. Mercy. 11s.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue,
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here ;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair :

But through thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive,

Whene'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins;
And, led by thy Spirit to Jesus's blood,
My sorrows are dried and my strength is renewed.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy sunshine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

Thy mercy is endless, most tender, and free;
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me—
No merit will buy it, nor fear stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and force.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Of mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell.

HYMN 52.

79

'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That opened the channel of mercy for me.

Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And covenant-love of thy crucified Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

52. *Affliction.* 104th.

MY Jesus, my hope,
When will he appear,
A soul to lift up
That waits for him here ;
In much tribulation,
In trouble's excess,
In height of temptation,
And depth of distress.
O when shall I see
An end of my pain ;

HYMN 52.

And triumph in thee,
My Saviour, again?
Lord hasten the hour—
Thy kingdom bring in;
And give me thy power,
And save me from sin.

O Jesus, thou knowest
My sorrowful load;
And seest that I trust
Thy merits and blood :
Thou wilt have compassion,
My burthen remove;
Thy name is Salvation,
Thy nature is love.

Thy nature and name
My portion shall be,

Who humbly lay claim
To all things in thee:
The days of my mourning
And painful distress,
Shall, at thy returning,
Eternally cease. *Closing*

53. *Hardness of Heart.* L. M.

JESUS, thou lovely bleeding Lamb,
To thee I pour out my complaint;
I will not hide from thee my shame;
I own, and blush to own, my want.
If yet thou canst compassion have—
If grace doth more than sin abound,
In me exert thy power to save,
And let me in thy rest be found.

Lay to thy hand, Almighty love;
The work, O God, is worthy thee;
Such sad destruction to remove,
And save a soul so vile as me.

Not without hope, for thee I mourn;
I feel, in part, thy love to me:
Thy love my flinty heart shall turn,
And get itself the victory.

Thou loved'st, before the world began,
This poor unloving soul of mine;
Jesus came down—my God was man,
That I might in his image shine.

My anchor this, which cannot move,
The servant as his Lord shall be:
And I shall live my God to love,
And die in him who died for me.

C. Wesley

54. *Imputed Righteousness.* C. M.

FAIR as the moon my robes appear,
While graces are my dress;
Clear as the sun, while found to wear
My Saviour's righteousness.

My moon-like graces, changing much,
Are soiled with many a spot :
My sun-like glory is not such ;
My Saviour changes not.

In him arrayed, my robes of light
The morning rays outshine :
The stars of heaven are not so bright,
Nor angels half so fine.

Though hellish smoke my duties stain,
And sin deform me quite ;
The blood of Jesus makes me clean,
And his obedience—white.

Then let the law in rigour stand,
 And for perfection call :
 My Lord discharged the whole demand—
 My Surety paid it all.
 Let every high self-righteous thought
 Be utterly cast down :
 Free grace alone the work hath wrought,
 And grace shall wear the crown.
 O may I practically shew,
 My interest in that grace !
 Be all I am, and have, and do,
 Devoted to thy praise ! *A. E. Skinner*

55. *Head of the Church.* P. M.

H EAD of the church triumphant !
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear, thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory :

We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour :
The love divine which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.

The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory
To which thou wilt restore us ;
The world despise for that high prize,
Which thou has set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven. *Edw. Taylor*

56. *The Waiting Soul.* L. M.

WHAT can a sinner do like me,
When struck by an almighty power,
And sunk in deepest misery ?
Nothing but wait at Mercy's door.

What eye can see, what heart can love,
What hand relieve my misery ?
None but the Saviour's from above,
Who for my sins did bleed and die.

Surely in mercy he'll pass by,
And view a wretched slave of sin ;
Pity will move him to come nigh,
And wash a filthy creature clean.

In mercy, Lord, thy creature see,
And condescend my shame to hide ;
O speak the word, and I shall be
Clothed with thy robe and justified.

Then shall my happy soul enjoy
A lasting peace in thee, my God :
Then my whole business and employ
Shall be to speak of Jesu's blood.

S. M. 1757.

57. *Lord's Day.* L. M.

THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
One glorious sabbath more behold;
Dear Shepherd let us meet with thee
Among thy sheep in this thy fold.
Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
And let thy presence fill the throng;
Thine awful voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.
Gather the lambs into thine arms,
And satisfy their every want,
And those with young defend from harms,
And gently lead them lest they faint.
Put forth thy shepherd's crook, and stay
Thy wandering sheep, and bring them back;
Oh! bring the wandering home to-day,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

Let every soul before thee here
Through thee the door now enter in,
Find pasture with our Saviour dear,
Saved from the guilt and power of sin.
Dear tender-hearted Shepherd look,
And let our wants thy bowels move ;
And kindly lead thy little flock
To the green pastures of thy love ;
There sweetly feed our hungry souls
In flowery fields near the still stream,
Whose living water gently rolls
Towards the new Jerusalem.

58. *Holy Desires.* 6. 7. 8.

NOTHING in this world I want,
No treasure here beneath ;
Only, Lord, for thee I pant,
For thee alone I breathe :

Wipe away my nature's sin,
Thine image to my breast restore ;
Thou alone canst make me clean,
And bid me sin no more.

Thou invitest me to come
To share thy people's rest ;
Poor in spirit, I presume,
To press unto the feast ;
Saving faith to me impart,
And clothe me with thy righteousness ;
In the fountain dip my heart,
And sign my glad release.

Fill me with thy perfect love,
And answer each complaint ;
Unbelieving thoughts remove,
And banish all my want.

Lord enable me, by grace,
Every weight to lay aside;
Patiently to run my race,
Till thou dost take thy bride.

59. *Perseverance.* 11s.

STAND fast in the gospel; 'tis Christ makes you
free;

Close joined unto Jesus may every heart be:
The point for the happy eternity's now;
We reap at the last as in time we do sow.

All those of the general assembly above,
Who now with the seraphs are flaming in love,
Were once in distress in this valley of tears,
And came to their bliss through abundance of fears.

Through patience and faith after them let us press,
And trace from their footsteps the highway of grace;

'Tis now called day, but the night will soon come,
When labour must cease, and the labourers go home.

60. *Divine Love.* 7. 6.

O LOVE, come sweetly bind me,
And keep me near thy side;
And evermore remind me,
That thou for me hast died.

I wish to hear thy Spirit,
Of that for ever preach,
That thy love, blood, and merit,
May me obedience teach.

I know that my salvation
Is certain through thy love,
And, oh! on each occasion
May I most faithful prove!

What's past thou hast forgiven,
Shall I forgive it too?
And forward run to heaven,
With only thee in view.

I feel thou'lt not forsake me,
Though I am filled with shame;
Then from this moment take me,
Poor sinner as I am.

O love, thus freely given,
My helpless heart to cheer,
Be this my only heaven,
My Jesus to dwell near!

61. *Crucifixion*, 8s.

'TIS done! the atoning work is done!
Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies

All nature feels the important groan,
Loud echoing through the earth and skies;
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black!

The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his head;
The rocks resent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead.
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.

And shall not we his death partake,
In sympathetic anguish groan?
O Saviour! let thy passion shake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone;
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

C. Wesley

62. *Joy of Faith.* P. M.

HOW happy are we,
Our election who see,
And can venture our souls on thy gracious decree!
In Jesus approved;
From eternity loved;
And held in his hand, whence we cannot be moved!
'Tis sweet to recline
On thy bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine!
While borne from above,
And upheld by thy love,
We with singing and triumph to Sion remove.
As doves we have prest
To the ark of thy breast,
That harbour of safety, that centre of rest:

Thou hast taken us in,
Thou hast cancelled our sin,
And sown the sure seed of salvation within.

Our seeking thy face
Was the fruit of thy grace;
Thy goodness deserves and shall have all the praise:
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee;
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

Effectually drawn,
We came to thy Son;
And thou'lt perfect the work, for the work was thine
Thy breath, from above, [own:
The spark shall improve;
No floods can extinguish our dawning of love.

A. M. L. L. L.

63. *Part Second.*

OUR Saviour and friend,
His love shall extend;
It knew no beginning, and never shall end:
Whom once he receives,
His Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor revokes, nor repents of the grace that he gives.

Through mercy we taste
The invisible feast,
The bread of the kingdom, the wine of the blest:
Who grants us to know
His drawings below,
Will endless salvation and glory bestow.

This proof we can give,
 That thee we receive,
 Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe:
 Thou art precious to us;
 All beside is as dross,
 When compared with thy love and the blood of thy
Jesus. Implied. [cross.
 64. Part Third.

LORD, one thing we want,
 More holiness grant!
 For more of thy mind and thy likeness, we pant:
 Thine image impress
 On thy favourite race;
 Oh, fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.
 Thy workmanship we
 More plainly would be:
 Lord, take us in hand, and conform us to thee!

Thine impression to bear,
Thy likeness to wear,
Be this our ambition, our study, and prayer!

Thou hast made it our will
To resemble thee still:
Turn our hearts to thy Spirit, as clay to the seal!
While onward we move
To thy Canaan above,
Make us holy and humble before thee in love.

All this shall be done;
'Tis already begun!
Thou from conquering to conquer in us wilt go on:
In us, when we die,
Thy grace, from on high,
Will the finishing hand to thine image apply.

We shall still be renewed,
 Till thy Spirit and blood
 Have ripened us quite for the vision of God :
 When that moment is come
 Thou wilt send for us home,
 And thy perfected saints to thy glory assume.
 On Immanuel's land
 We shortly shall stand,
 With crowns on our heads and with harps in our hand :
 His harp, lo, each tunes !
 Lo, we cast down our crowns !
 And with songs of salvation heaven's concave re-
echoing
[sounds !]

65. *For Christ's Presence.* 10. 5.

O JESUS! my God! come, make thine abode
 Within my poor heart.
 O Jesus! come quickly; a Saviour thou art:

Salvation I need; I want to be freed
From all my distress,
And feel in my heart the rich blessings of peace.

I thirst to be thine, to feel thee within
Diffusing abroad
Thy love, that my heart may ascend unto God.
This, Lord, thou canst do, and give me to know
My sins are forgiven,
My treasure laid up in the kingdom of heaven.

Take me just as I am, thy property claim;
My nature refine,
And form my affections and temper divine.
No more would I breathe for objects beneath;
But live to thy praise,
Advancing in knowledge and growing in grace.

66. *Free and Sovereign Mercy.* 7. 6.

O LORD, how great's the favour,
That we, such sinners poor,
Can, through thy death's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome message
Which bids us go in peace!
Lord we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defiled by nature,
Stupid and inly dead;
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

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

We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints;
But ever be entreating
The glorious King of Saints:
Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love:
And pay our grateful homage
With all the saints above.

Then we with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
The amazing, pleasing story,
Of Jesu's love so great:
In this blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation
As none below can tell.

67. *Crucifixion.* L. M.

TIS finished!—the Messiah dies!
Cut off for sins, but not his own!
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done:

Finished the first transgression is
And purged the guilt of actual sin:

And everlasting righteousness
Is brought, for all his people, in.

'Tis finished, all my guilt and pain;
I want no sacrifice beside:
For me, for me, the Lamb is slain,
And I'm for ever justified.

Sin, death, and hell, are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given:
And, lo, I plead the atoning blood,
For pardon, holiness, and heaven.

Close by
68. *Coming to Christ.* C. M.

JESUS, each blind and trembling soul,
Let thy soft voice persuade,
In all distress to come to thee,
We need not be afraid.

Is sin our grief? whatever sin,
No difference it makes:
'Tis all forgiven through that blood
Thou sheddest for our sakes.

Is unbelief the sin we feel?
Above all sin accurst:
Yet when thou sufferedst for sin,
Thou didst include the worst.

Have we, which bitter is indeed,
Forsook thy love when known?
Yet thou a gentle master art,
Nor wilt the weak disown.

Are we o'erwhelmed with thought and care,
Hath sorrow seized our breast?
Though 'tis a shame it should be so,
Yet thou wilt give us rest.

Are we uncertain what's the case,
But feel we are not right?

Our hearts before thee we must lay;
Be children in thy sight.

69. *Christ's Presence in Death.* C. M.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there:

Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

Jesus, the vision of thy face

Hath overpowering charms:

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

There everlasting spring abides

And never-withering flowers:

Death, like a narrow stream, divides

The heavenly land from our's.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green.
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

O could I make my fears remove,
Those gloomy fears that rise:
And see the Canaan which I love,
With unbecclouded eyes!

Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget to breathe,
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death. *Swath*

70. *Christ the best Friend.* 8. 7.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;

His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name :
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach, us Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

71. *Christ All in All.* L. M.

IN Christ my treasure's all contained;
By him my feeble soul's sustained:
From him I all things do receive;
Through him my soul does daily live.

With him I daily love to walk;
Of him my soul delights to talk:
On him I cast my every care;
Like him, one day, I shall appear.

Bless him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust him to bring thee on thy way:
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him, O never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness;
Make him thy refuge in distress:
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.

Praise him in cheerful grateful songs;
To him your highest praise belongs:
To him who does your heaven prepare,
And him you'll praise for ever there.

72. *God's Covenant.* C. M.

MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire;
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servant shall aspire.

My cares I cast them all on thee,
Take them, dear Lord, thou must;
Well may I leave them all with him
With whom my soul I trust.

I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

73 *For Perseverance.* 8. 8. 6.

LORD, make me faithful to thy call,
In heart still truly give up all,
Myself to thee resign :
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline ! *Sweeten*,

My feet with holy oil anoint ;
The destined path thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then will tread ;
Bedew me with a genial shower,
Into my heart thine influence pour,
With living manna feed. *Sweeten*

A single eye, a faithful heart,
My Jesus to thy child impart,
In every trying hour : *Batty. 1/57*

Reasoning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eyes on thee intent,
'Till sight my faith o'erpower.

74. *The Second Advent.* 8. 7. 4.

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

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.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !

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

Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
The new heaven and earth to inherit.

Take thy pining exiles home ;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come !

Rea

75. *The Second Advent.* 8. 7. 8.

HE comes ! he comes ! the Saviour dear,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near :
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crowned !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face !

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own :
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord !

Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns :

The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore :
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome thee—Great THREE IN ONE !

76. *For the Spread of the Gospel.* 8. 7. 4.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
On a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian—let the Negro—
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Word resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,
From the darkness quickly dawn ;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
To the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting wide dominions

Multiply and still increase ;
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.

77. *Praise to Christ.* 7s.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace :
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven !

Master, see, to thee we bow ;
Thou art Lord, and only thou :
Thou, the blessed virgin's seed :
Glory of thy church and head.

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

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church; and we
Worship in their company.

We, thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore :
Ever with us shew thy love,
'Till we join with those above.

78. *For Faith in Christ.* C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from God's sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

Oh, may we hear the Almighty call,
And run to this relief!
We would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help our unbelief!

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we wash our spotted souls,
From crimes of deepest dye!

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew!

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thy hands we fall!
Be thou our strength and righteousness.
Our Jesus and our all!

79. *The Good Physician.* C. M.

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

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

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief :
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears, he cried,
“ O help my unbelief.”

She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch thee, if we may:
Oh! send us not despairing home—
Send none unhealed away.

80. *Following Christ.* L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No sin, nor sorrow, shall be there.

No, nothing may go up thereon
But travelling souls, and I am one;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Opprest with unbelief and sin.

The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“Come hither, soul, I am the way.”

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

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

81. *Love Divine.* 8. 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast :
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest !
Take away the love of sinning ;
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave :
Thee we would be always blessing ;
Serve thee, as thy hosts above ;
Pray and praise thee without ceasing ;
Glory in thy dying love.

Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Change from glory unto glory,
'Till in heaven we take our place;
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

82. *The Bridegroom's Coming.* 6. 8.

YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your free reward ;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend ;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound :
To see our Lord appear,
Watching may we be found !

With that blest wedding robe endued,
The spotless righteousness of God.

83. *Surrender of Heart.* c. m.

TAKE my poor heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne ;
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

Complete thy work and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove !
And listen to that small still voice,
Which only whispers love—

Which teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do :
Which covers me with shame when I
Do not thy will pursue.

This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord.
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soul-reviving word!

84. *Happiness in Christ.* C. M.

O DEAREST Lord take thou my heart ;
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee ?

If zeal with knowledge in my heart
Thy loving grace doth give ;
Safe in the bush, unhurt, the whole
Will unconsumed live.

If love, that mildest flame, can rest
In hearts so cold as mine ;
Come, blessed Saviour, to my breast,
And all its love be thine.

My Lord hath seized me with sweet force,
His prize and purchase just :
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

O 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heavenly ground.

'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace :
And the blest heaven I hope above,
Is there to see his face.

Drinah Laroock 1741

85. *For Grace.* C. M.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are !
Sunk and distress, they taste and know
Their heaven is only there.

Thus grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will :
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

All we, who now are his were first
Deeply convinced of sin ;
Each felt the plague of his own heart,
The leprosy within.

Then life and righteousness divine
Through faith to us were given ;
Thus we a happy people are,
Co-heirs with Christ of heaven.

Now, dearest Lord! we inly pray,
That in thy service, we
May active, holy, faithful prove,
Deriving strength from thee!

O let us still in thee abide,
For babes we are most weak ;
Poor sinners still, who, without thee,
Can naught think, act, or speak.

We thirst, O Lord ; give us this day
To taste more of this grace ;
More of that stream, which from the rock
Flowed through the wilderness.

'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor :
And, Oh ! that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore.

Esther Fienbuck

86. *Looking to the Deliverer.* 8. 7.

GOD of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity on my pain;
Hear a mournful broken spirit,
Prostrate at thy feet complain;
Many are my foes, and mighty,
Strength to conquer I have none;
Nothing can uphold my goings,
But thy blessed self alone.

Saviour, look on thy beloved;
Triumph over all my foes;
Turn to heavenly joy my mourning;
Turn to gladness all my woes:
Live, or die, or work, or suffer,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and steadfast by thy side.

When temptations fierce assault me,
When my enemies I find,
Sin, and guilt, and death, and Satan,
All against my soul combined;
Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above,
Righteousness, divine atonement,
Peace, and everlasting love.

W. Williams.

87. *Crucifixion.* L. M.

FLOW fast my tears ; the cause is great ;
This tribute claims an injured friend ;
One whom I long pursued with hate,
And yet he loved me to the end.
When death his terrors round me spread,
And aimed his arrows at my head ;
Christ interposed, the wound he bore,
And bade the monster dare no more.

Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide ;
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urged the hand that pierced his side.
Keen pangs and agonizing smart
Oppress his soul and rend his heart ;
While justice armed with power divine,
Pours on his head what's due to mine.

Fast and yet faster flow my tears,
Love breaks the heart and drains the eyes,
His visage marred towards heaven he rears,
And pleading for his murderers dies !
My grief no measure knows nor end,
'Till he appears the sinner's friend ;
And gives me in a happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

88. *Tribulation.* S. M.

THE favoured saints of God,
His messengers and seers,
The narrow path of sufferings trod
And walked this vale of tears.
Through sore afflictions past
To better worlds above ;
And more than conquered all at last,
Through our Redeemer's love.
Sufferers, like them, beneath,
Through much distress and pain,
Through various toils of sin and death,
We come with them to reign :
Jesus, our glorious King,
Shall wipe our tears away,
And call us up his praise to sing,
In everlasting day.

The joys ineffable

That from thy presence flow ;—

The fulness here we cannot tell ;

But, Lord, we die to know.

89. *For Christ's Presence.* 7s.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally ;

Worthy friend of sinners, come,

Fill and make my heart thy home.

Oftentimes for thee I sigh,

Nothing else can give me joy ;

This is still my cry to thee,

Dearest Jesus, come to me.

Could I clearly see above,

What thy saints possess in love ;

All would be but misery,

Except Jesus were with me.

Son of God, my dearest Lord;
All my crown and my reward;
Thou who freely diedst for me,
Shalt alone my bridegroom be.

J. Angelus
St.

90. *Preserving Grace.* L. M.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
To God I cried, when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
My rising fears he did control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand :
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

91. *Unchangeable Love.* L. M.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
So prone to act so base a part,
To harbour one hard thought of thee.
O let me then at length be taught,
What still I am so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But Oh ! my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

92. *Absence from God.* c. m.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :

See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn !
Thyself hast bid me seek thy face ;
Thyself hast said, return.

And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
The word of promise cannot fail,
My tower of safe retreat.

Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray ;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy Spirit's voice impart
A taste of joys divine !

93. *Parting.* C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are joined in heart.
Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace!
Out of his fulness still receive,
And plenteous grace for grace.

But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore :
When vanquished death shall shrink away,
And bodies part no more.

94. *Thanksgiving.* 104th.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise;
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!
How happy the man whose heart is set free;
The people that can be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace;
Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim :

Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy
blood,

Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,

And I also trust to see the glad hour,

My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,

The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,

Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;

For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,

And share in the gladness of all that believe.

95. *Appropriation.* C. M.

A FORM of words, though e'er so sound,

Can never save a soul;

The Holy Ghost must give the wound,

And make the wounded whole.

HYMN 95.

1471

Election is a precious truth:

**But, Lord, I wish to be
Assured by thy own Spirit's mouth,
That thou hast chosen me.**

Sinners, I read, are justified

**By faith in Jesu's blood;
But when to me that blood's applied,
'Tis then I've peace with God.**

Imputed righteousness I own

**A doctrine most divine;
Dear Saviour to my heart make known,
That all thy merit's mine.**

To perseverance I agree—

**No sun-beam is so clear;
Because my Lord hath promised me
That I shall persevere.**

Thus Christians glorify the Lord:
His Spirit joins with ours,
In bearing witness to the word,
With all its saving powers.

96. *Praise to Christ.* 6. 7. 8.

COME, my Father's family,
Ye ransomed of the Lord:
Come, ye sinners, who with me
Are everywhere abhorred:

Let us gladly trace his steps
Who suffered death among the Jews,
Who the friendless soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despised and mean,
Our master let us own:
He the sacrifice for sin,
The Saviour he alone.

Let us take and bear his cross—

Despised disciples let us be;

Mocked and slighted as he was,

For you, my friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,

None else will we adore;

He our PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING—

Shall be for evermore:

None among the heavenly powers,

Nor one on earth our praise may claim:

None but Jesus call we ours,

None but the bleeding Lamb!

97. *Psalm* 113. 3. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies

Let the Creator's praise arise!

Let the Redeemer's name be sung

Through every land, by every tongue!

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

98. *Believers' Blessedness.* L. M.

HOW blest are they whose feet have found
 The way unto Immanuel's ground;
 And steadfast walk the blissful road,
 Far from the path by sinners trod.
 Their weary spirits sweetly rest,
 Contentedly on Jesu's breast;
 They so much of his mercy prove,
 As wins their grateful souls to love.
 His Spirit shews their sins forgiven,
 And seals them for the heirs of heaven;
 And gives them patience here to wait,
 Till Jesus them to bliss translate.

He arms them for the evil day
 That they in heart with him may stay;
 He girds them with his mighty power,
 And brings them through the trying hour.
 Then rest, my soul, upon thy Lord,
 Even Jesus Christ, the living word;
 And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
 Till it break out in endless day.

99. *Temptation.* C. M.

JESUS! Redeemer! Saviour! Lord!
 The weary sinner's friend;
 Come to my help, pronounce the word,
 And bid my troubles end.

Deliverance to my soul proclaim;
 And life and liberty;
 Shed forth the virtue of thy name;
 And Jesus prove to me.

Thy powerful Spirit can subdue
Unconquerable sin ;
Cleanse this foul heart and make it new,
And write thy law within.

While full of anguish and disease,
My weak distempered soul,
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!

To thy great name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
Make my obdurate spirit bow,
My stiff-necked will obey.

Sworn to destroy, let earth assail ;
Nearer to save thou art :
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

100. *Christ our Sacrifice.* 10. 11.

ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh ;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?

Our ransom and peace, our surety he is ;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

He dies to atone for sins not his own ;
The Father hath punished for us his dear Son.

O may we embrace the ransoming grace
Of him who hath suffered and died in our place

With joy we approve the design of his love ;
'Tis a wonder below and a wonder above.

He came from above our curse to remove ;
He hath loved, he hath loved us, because he
would love.

When time is no more, we still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

101. *Second Part.*

LOVE moved him to die, and on this we rely;
Our Jesus hath loved us, we cannot tell why.

But this we can tell, he hath loved us so well,
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

For you and for me, he prayed on the tree ;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am ;
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

He purchased the grace, which now I embrace,
O Father, thou knowest he hath died in my place.

His death is my plea ; my advocate see,
And hear the blood speak which hath answered for me.

My ransom and peace, my surety he is ;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

102. *The Good Physician.*

HEAL me, O my soul's physician,
Whensoever I'm sick or sad ;
All the woes of my condition
By thy balsam be allayed ;

All the ills which Adam wrought,
Or that on myself I've brought;
If thy blood shall only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

Thy dear feet I'll clasp tenacious,
Nor will e'er be dispossessed;
On thy supplicant look gracious,
Grant the wishes of my breast.

**The hands
in from* Monarch of the cross so mild,
Say, "Thy prayer is now fulfill'd;
"All thy grief to joy is changed;
"I have all thy sins expunged."

103. *The Good Shepherd.* c. m.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord, we fain would be;
Our helpless hearts to thee look up,
To thee our shepherd flee,

O might we lean upon that breast,
Which love and pity fill ;
And now become those lambs carest,
That in thy bosom dwell.

How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand,
Which leads to pastures fair ;
Shews Canaan's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock so dear.

As one in heart we all rejoice,
The sinner's friend to praise ;
The Shepherd died, oh, 'tis his voice !
He'll us to glory raise. *Largely illustrated*

104, *Invitation.* 7. 6.

SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He hath seen thy grievous fall,
And heard thy mournful cry.

He hath pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears ;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Hath shed his precious blood?

Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds ;
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds !

See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne surround !
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found :
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says, " there yet is room ;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

105. *The Deliverer.* 8. 7. 4.

HARK ! the voice of my beloved,
Lo, he comes in greatest need,
Leaping on the lofty mountains,

Skiping over hills with speed,
To deliver
Me unworthy, from all woe.
In a dungeon deep he found me,
Without water, without light,
Bound in chains of horrid darkness,
Gloomy thick Egyptian night ;
He recovered
Thence my soul with price immense.
O for this let men and angels,
All the heavenly host above,
Choirs of seraphim elected,
With their golden harps of love,
Praise and worship
My Redeemer without end.
Let believers raise their anthems,
All degrees in one accord,

Mixt with angels and archangels,
Chant their dear redeeming Lord ;
Love thus humbled,
Suffering to redeem the lost.

106. *Lovest thou Christ ?* 7s.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
“ I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
“ Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

" Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

" Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh, for grace, to love thee more!

107. *Desiring to love Christ.* 7s.

" **T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall :
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

108. *Before Sermon.* 8. 7. 4.

WELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,
 Messenger of Jesu's grace:
(O how beautiful the feet of
 Them who bring good news of peace),
 Faithful Herald!
 Sound the gospel-trumpet loud!

Saviour, bless the message to us,
 Give us hearts to hear the sound
Of redemption, dearly purchased
 By thy death and precious wounds.
 O reveal it
 To our poor and helpless souls!

Gracious Lord, give grace and glory
 To thy faithful labourer dear,

Let the incense of our hearts be
Offered up in faith and prayer.

Bless, O bless him :

Now, henceforth, for evermore.

C. of Newburydon Coll. 1847

109. *After Sermon.* C. M.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !

What pleasure to our ears !

A sovereign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

Salvation ! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky

Conspire to raise the sound !

Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.
 Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

110. *Joy in Sorrow.* .C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:

Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only rest for which it pants,
 On the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

I travel my appointed years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in radiant white,
And conquering palms they bear.

Lord, what are all my sufferings here,
If thou but make me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away:
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

111. *For Spiritual Blessings.* L. M.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies;
O let thy cheering countenance shine
On this poor mournful heart of mine!
From feeling misery's depth I cry,
In thy death, Saviour, let me die;
May self, in thy excessive pain,
Be swallowed up, nor rise again!

Jesus! vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
Break nature's bonds, and let me see
That whom thou freest indeed is free.

My heart in thee and in thy ways
Delights, yet from thy presence strays;
My mind would deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm from wandering free.

I know that naught we have avails,
Here all our strength and wisdom fails :
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou, only thou, the Great Supreme.

Lord, well I know thy tender love;
Thou never didst unfaithful prove;
A readiness I find in thee,
From self and sin to set me free.

Still will I long and wait for thee,
Till in thy light the light I see;
Till thou in thy good time appear,
And sav'st my soul from every snare.

All my own schemes and self-design
I to thy better will resign;
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I'm in thee already blest.

When my desires I fix on thee,
And plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
Thy smiling face my heart perceives,
Sweetly refreshed, in safety lives.

So e'en in storms I thee shall find
My sure support, my guardian kind;
And I from age to age shall prove
That God in Christ is perfect love.

112. *The Peace of God.* 8. 7.

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein,
Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of cancelled sin :
Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace to sensual minds unknown,
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne !

Lord, if now thou passest by us,
Stand and call us unto thee ;
Fully, freely, justify us,
Give us eyes thy love to see ;
Love that brought thee down from heaven,
Made our God a man of grief ;
Let it shew our sins forgiven :
Help, O help our unbelief !

Prince of Peace, if thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
By thy swift appearing cheer us,
Quickly let thy kingdom come:
Answer all our expectation,
Give our raptured souls to prove,
Glorious, uttermost salvation,
Heavenly, everlasting love.

113. *Amazing Love.* c. m.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, his creature's sin.

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

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
That debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
O help me so to do!

114. *Melchisedec.* C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee:
No music like thy lovely name,
Can so melodious be!

O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec! Hallelujah.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud
With all his favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song. Hallelujah.

115. *The Ransom.* 8s.

SAY, where's thy hope? thou sinner, say,
Look every where, and ask around;

Who all the mighty debt can pay,
Can a fit ransom e'er be found?
Yes, Lord, before I drew my breath,
The Lamb for me had suffered death!

Far, far away, must Satan fly,
Nor think me captive to detain;
For Jesus, when he deigned to die,
My bondage broke and burst my chain;
And conqueror in the dreadful fight,
My soul from thence became his right.

Take thou possession of my heart,
Jesus, and make me live to thee;
With thee let nothing claim a part,
But thou my all for ever be!
And give me, with thy saints above,
All joy in thee, thou God of love!

*Moravian Hymn Book
Pl. 369.*

116. *To the Holy Ghost.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise!
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondring view reveal
The secret love of God.

Shew us the sinner's Friend,
That rules the courts of bliss;
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
The eternal Prince of Peace.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

117. *Resurrection.* 8s.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

Break off your tears, ye saints! and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains;
Say, "Live for ever wondrous King!
"Born to redeem! and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave!"

118. *Ascension.*

FROM heaven the loud, the angelic song began,
It shook the skies, and reached astonished man;
By man re-echoed, it shall mount again,
While fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.
Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
The deed was done—the Lamb was slain—
The groaning earth the burden bore;
He rose, he lives; he lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless power.
Riches, and all that deck the great,
From worlds unnumbered hither bring;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.

Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He raised the top-stone, shouting grace ;
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.
From heaven, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim ;
Blessings that earth to glory raise ;
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.
Higher, still higher, swell the strain ;
Creation's voice the note prolong !
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign : *Alleluia*
Let hallelujahs crown the song! Hallelujah.

119. *Unchangeable Love.* 104th.

IF Jesus is our's,
We have a true friend,
Whose goodness endures
The same to the end.

Our comforts may vary,
Our frames may decline ;
We cannot miscarry,
Our aid is divine.

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

The hills may depart,
And mountains remove ;
But faithful thou art,
O fountain of love !

The Father hath graven
Our names on thy hands :
Our building in heaven
Eternally stands.

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

Then tune every string
To Jesus's name !
With angels we'll sing
The song of the Lamb :

Thee every believer
Shall joyfully praise,
Thou bountiful giver
Of glory and grace.

120. *Unchangeable Love.* 6. 8

O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears !
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears :
Did Jesus once upon me shine,
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

Unchangeable his will,
Whatever be my frame :
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same :
My soul through many changes goes ;
His love no variation knows.

Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm :
'Midst all my fear, and sin, and woe,
Thy spirit will not let me go.

The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move :
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love !
My soul into thine arms I cast ;
I trust I shall be saved at last.

121. *Praise to Christ.* C. M.

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

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!

Worthy the Lamb our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us!

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

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

122. *Calvary.* S. M.

GO forth, in Spirit go,
To Calvary's holy mount!
See there thy friend, between two thieves,
Suffering on thy account.

Fall at his cross's foot
And say, My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell and view those wounds
Which life for me procured.

Fix on that face thine eye;
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ thou now dost think.

Fear not; for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteousness
Delights to deck the worst.

Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case,
Just as it is display.

That heart our Saviour loves,
Which does not strive to weave
Pretences fair to soothe itself,
And his sharp eyes deceive.

123. *Christ All in All.* 7s.

GENTLE Jesus—lovely Lamb!
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.
Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.
Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness!

Sister O'Leary
1941
John O'Leary

Whom have I on earth below ?
Only thee I'd wish to know :
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
Thou art all in all to me.
All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love :
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite ! unsearchable !
Nothing else may I require ;
Let me thee alone desire :
Pleased with what thy love provides ;
Weaned from all the world besides.

124. *Pleading.* 6. 7. 8.

JESUS, friend of sinners, hear
A feeble creature pray :
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay !

Speak, O speak my kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me weep no more.

Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell, and reach to heaven;
Mercy is above the skies,
And I shall stand forgiven:
Mighty is my guilt's increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store;
Love me freely, &c.

From the oppressive sense of sin
My struggling spirit free:
Blood and righteousness divine
Can rescue even me!
Holy Spirit shed thy grace,
And let me feel the softening shower:

Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me weep no more.

125. *Pleading.* 6. 7. 8.

BY me, O my Saviour, stand
In every trying hour;
Guard me with thy outstretched hand,
And hold me by thy power;
Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow:
Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
And never let me go.

Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With speedy care depart:
Still thy timely help afford,

And all thy loving-kindness shew;
Keep me, keep me, &c.

Let me never leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour stray;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above, and earth below;
Keep me, keep me, &c.

Never let me go till I,
Up-borne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above:
Thou hast passed thy gracious word,
That thou wilt bring me safely through;
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, Lord,
Nor ever let me go.

126. *Public Worship.* L. M.

BELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.
In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.
Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means
To bless a vile and helpless race.
Here manifest thyself in peace;
Thy faithful mercies now make known:
Oh, breathe on us a gale of grace;
And send the cheering blessing down.

We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art;
We bow, as sinners, at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

127. *Before Prayer.* s. m.

DEAR Lord attend our prayer,
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts and dwell thou there,
That thou in us may'st live!
In weakness we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer the sinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with thy peace.
Thou read'st the naked breast :
For liberty we groan ;
We sigh in thee, our Lord, to rest,
And worship thee alone.

If trials vex our mind,
Closer to thee we'll flee;
No refuge can we elsewhere find,
But what we find in thee.

To thee we come, our Friend,
As sinners poor indeed;
On thee for future grace depend,
Our help in every need.

128. *Redeeming Love.* L. M.

HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth;
The King appears, behold him nigh,
The God by nature—Man by birth.
Run to and fro, ye heralds, run,
Proclaim aloud—Prepare the way!
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who his potent arm shall stay?

Make straight the paths before his feet,
And every obstacle remove;
Drop down, ye hills, your cumbrous weight,
And bow before redeeming love.

Then shall the lowly valley rise
Its budding honours spring to view;
Swift the creating fiat flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

Know'st thou the meaning nature's child?
Know'st thou the import of the cry?
Thy heart's the desert waste and wild:
But, lo! the kind Reclaimer's nigh.

Mountains of unbelief and sin
Before him crumble into dust;
Thy humbled heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.

By him exalted, know thy state,
A garden rich in fruit and flower;
Thy gracious Master's loved retreat,
The wonder of redeeming power.

129. *Before Sermon.* 8. 7.

HOLY Ghost, inspire our praises,
Touch our hearts and tune our tongues !
Laud we now thy name, O Jesus,
Heaven shall echo with our songs.
Every state, howe'er distressing,
Shall be profit in the end ;
Every ordinance a blessing ;
Every providence a friend.
Blessed Lord, be thou our teacher,
Helper, counsellor, and guide ;
Speak the promise through the preacher,
And the hearing ear provide.

Vain are learning, parts, or merit ;
Vain the native powers of man.
Jesus! send thy Holy spirit,
To display the gospel plan.

130. *Resurrection.* 8. 7. 8.

U PRISING from the darksome tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come!
The Almighty Prisoner quits the prison;
And angels tell the Lord is risen.

Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear and live;
God's righteous law is satisfied:
And justice now is on your side.

Your surety, thus released by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood :
No new demand, no bar remains ;
But mercy now triumphant reigns :

Believers, hail your rising head,
“ The First-begotten from the dead,”
Your resurrection's sure, through his,
To endless life and boundless bliss.

131 *Resurrection.* 8. 8. 6.

SEE Jesus, our Deliverer great,
Rising, his victory to complete ;
In vain's the seal and stone !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
Here, here thy mighty Conqueror see,
Rising, he leaves the tomb.

Awhile he with his favourites staid,
Strength to their feeble faith conveyed,
Then mounts the starry sky:
The heavens with acclamations ring,
To welcome their triumphant King,
And shout his victory.

Jesus, for all thy favours, now
In gratitude we prostrate bow
Before thy loving face:
Give all assembled in this hour,
To feel thy resurrection's power,
And sing redeeming grace.

Clearly to every heart display
The virtue of thy cross this day;
Each drooping heart inflame:
Refreshed, we'll then unwearied go

Along this wilderness below,
And spread thy glorious fame.

Jesus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy powerful call shall hear,
And round thy throne attend?
When shall we see thee face to face,
And join above to sing thy praise,
Eternity to spend?

132. *The Sinner's Prayer.* 6. 7. 8.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myself I turn my eyes,
The chief of sinners I:
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

133. *Resting under the Cross.* c. m.

CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade
The cross does us afford!
It was for weary sinners made:
We thank thee for it, Lord.
Gethsemane can witness still
How meekly there he cried:
So can the brow of Calvary's hill,
Where our great Master died.
We sing thy righteousness and blood,
And agonizing pain;
We sing thy griefs, thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
We hail thee, thou by Jews reviled;
To thee we bow the knee:
Hail, very God! the promised Child!
The prophets sang of thee.

We are thy living witnesses,
And testify that thou
Art all our righteousness and peace;
For we have proved thee so.

While others sing the unknown God,
We each will sing of thee:
Jesus hath washed me in his blood,
And loved and died for me.

134. *Public Humiliation.* c. m.

WE all the sinner's path have trod ;
Like sheep we all have strayed ;
In sackcloth let us seek to God,
With dust upon our head.

Let shame our guilty souls bow down,
And let us tell our sin :
Who knows, while we our folly own,
But Christ may make us clean.

Behold, O Lamb of God, a race
Of wretched sinners come,
Naked and vile ; O let thy grace
Afford thy children room.

Think on thy gracious covenant ;
And then, though we have sinned,
Kindly forgive us : this we want,
O Lord, our only Friend.

135. *Invitation.* c. m.

SINNERS, attend, attend, I pray,
And hear the gospel word ;
Regard your visitation-day,
And entertain your Lord.

He calls unto the sons of men,
His offered grace to prove,
That they in seeking may obtain
Repentance, faith, and love.

J. Allen. See Divine Mins.
Vol. 2. p. 59. in 7th.

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HYMN 136.

Give me thy heart, the Saviour cries,
Justly he doth it claim ;
Oh ! do not then his call despise,
But give it to the Lamb.

His arms are open to receive
Whoever to him flies ;
Pardon and present peace to give,
And love that never dies.

Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou Friend of sinners, come ;
Descend, kind Comforter, and bring
The great salvation down.

136. *Before Sermon.* 7s.

SOURCE of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine,
Lord, behold thy servant stands ;

Lo! to thee he lifts his hands:
Satisfy his soul's desire;
Touch his lips with holy fire.

Softly fall the healing sound,
Like the dew-drop on the ground,
Drooping plants shall soon revive,
Faith in bud begin to live;
And enlarged shall soon disclose
Beauties of the full-blown rose.

In thy pure and holy way
Heights and greater heights display;
So that while our race we run,
We may think it but begun;
Nor the past contemplate more,
Urgent still on what's before.

Ope thy treasures! so shall fall
Uction sweet on him, on all,

Till, by odours scattered round,
Christ himself be traced and found ;
Then shall every raptured heart,
Rich in peace and joy, depart.

W. W. Shibley

137. *Christ our Sacrifice.* S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away :
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.
Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

138. *The Hidden Life.* c. m.

TO tell the Saviour all my wants
How pleasing is the task;
Nor less to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.
My labouring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose
Such secrets to declare ;
Like precious wines their taste they lose,
Exposed to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear ;
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was ;
And blame the song that thus commends
The Man who bore the cross ?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints ;
Such honour may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

139. *Before Sermon.* 7. 6. 7.

HOLY Comforter, descend !
Unfold the things of God ;
Bid our fears and sorrows end,
Through faith in Jesu's blood :
Thine it is, the blood to apply ;
Thine, to make us feel and see ;
He who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

God and Lord of life and light,
Jesus in us reveal ;
Justify us in his right,
And stamp us with thy seal :
Fill our souls with joy and peace ;
Wisdom, grace, and utterance give :
Make us, through his righteousness,
To life eternal live.

C. Wesley

140. *The shining Light.* S. M.

MY former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
Ah, whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar ;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom ;
Yet sure a friendly whisper says,
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”
I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar ;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way ;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

141. *Offices of Christ.* 6. 8.

ARRAYED in mortal flesh,
Lo ! the great Angel stands !
He holds the promises
And pardons in his hands.
Commissioned from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.
Be thou our Counsellor,
Our pattern and our guide !
And through this desert land
Still keep us near thy side !
O let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye doth keep
Poor wandering souls among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hands,
My soul, commend thy cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Believing souls now free are set,
For Christ hath paid their dreadful debt.

Then let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conquest and a crown :

March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

142. *Free-Grace.* C. M.

FREE-grace to every heaven-born soul,
Will be their constant theme ;
Long as eternal ages roll,
They'll still adore the Lamb.

Free-grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes—
Can raise our souls from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.

Free-grace can death itself outbrave,
And take its sting away :
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heaven convey.

Our Saviour, by free-grace alone,
His building shall complete ;
He shall bring forth the topmost stone,
Midst shouts, Grace, grace to it.

May I be found a living stone
In Salem's streets above,
And help to sing before the throne
Free grace and dying love.

143. *Exhortation to Praise.* C. M.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore—
Come kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

144. *After Sermon.* 5. 5. 10.

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be adored
For all the rich blessings conveyed through thy
word!

In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The language of mercy—salvation through blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.

The people who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.

Their anguish and smart
And sorrows depart
Who find his salvation inscribed on the heart.

The people are blest
Who lean on his breast,
And have a rich foretaste of his promised rest.

This blessing be mine
Through favour divine:
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praise!
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

145. *Retirement.* c. m.

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

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

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

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

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine ;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store;
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

146. *Admonition.* 8. 7.

LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,
See what hosts your camp surround;
Arm to battle—lag no longer—
Hark! the silver trumpet's sound.
Wake, ye sleepers; wake, what mean you?
Sin besets you round about:
Up, and search—the world's within you:
Slay, or chase the traitor out.
What enchants you—pelf or pleasure?
Pluck right eyes—with right hands part;
Ask your conscience, where's your treasure?
For, be certain, there's your heart.

Give the fawning foe no credit,
Lo! the bloody flag's unfurled;
That base heart (the word has said it)
Loves not God, that loves the world.

God and Mammon—oh! be wiser;
Serve them both? It cannot be:
Ease in warfare—saint and miser,
These will never well agree.
Shun the shame of foully falling;
Cumbered captives clogged with clay,
Prove your faith—make sure your calling;
Wield the sword, and win the day.

147. *For Divine Assistance.* 11s.

COMPASSIONATE Saviour! my Shepherd and Friend,
My soul from the fury of Satan defend;

Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
And further within me the work thou'st begun ;
Then let the vain world me reject or despise,
Thy grace for my wants, Lord, shall ever suffice.

Still go thou before me, and guide me aright ;
Thy peace be my comfort, thyself my delight :
Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my aim,
And this be my glory, the blood of the Lamb.

This, this be my portion, thy beauty my song,
Thy name and thy praises still dwell on my tongue ;
Direct by thy Spirit my actions and ways,
So shall I inherit thy blessing always.

148. *Seeking Jesus.* C. M.

TO those who know the Lord I speak,
Is my Beloved near?
The Bridegroom of my soul I seek,
Oh! when will he appear?
Though once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne;
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth and heaven have known.
Grace flies before, and love attends,
His steps where'er he goes;
Though none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.
Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
Oh may he shine on you!
And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

149. *The World a Wilderness.* C. M.

LORD ! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.
But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow ;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.
Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land ;
Lord ! we would keep that heavenly road,
And run at thy command.
Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet :
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam ;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road,
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.

Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget the troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come !
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome travellers home !

There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

150. *Ascension.* L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in !
Who is the King of glory, who ?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
Who is the King of glory, who ?
The Lord of glorious power possest ;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

151. *Safety in a Storm.* L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say—"Peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love and faithful care,
Are all that save me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

152. *Pleading.* L. M.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water floods prevail
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

153. *Praise to Christ.* c. m.

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

With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh, amazing love !)
He came to our relief.

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

Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

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

154. *Crucifixion.* 7s.

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne ;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn :
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee :
There thy every sin he bore :
Weeping souls, lament no more.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice :
There the incarnate Deity,
Numbered with transgressors see ;
There his Father's absence mourns ;
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

See thy God his head hang down ;
Hear the man of sorrows groan ;

For thy ransom there condemned ;
Stript, derided, and blasphemed :
Bleeds the guiltless for th' unclean ;
Made an offering for thy sin.

Cast thy guilty soul on him ;
Find him mighty to redeem ;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and care away :
Now by faith the Son embrace ;
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

Lord, thy arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed :
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me !
At thy feet myself I lay ;
Shine, oh shine my fears away !

155. *Psalm 150.*—7. 6. 7.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness shew.
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power :
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name :
Let the trumpet's martial sound
Him Lord of Hosts proclaim :
Praise him, every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art :
All the powers of music bring,
The music of the heart.

Him in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored !
Praise the Lord in every breath ;
Let all things praise the Lord !

156. *Jesus Precious.* 6. 8.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind !
To adore the great atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesus ! transporting sound !

The joy of earth and heaven :

No other help is found,

No other name is given,
which we can salvation have ;
t Jesus came the world to save.

esus ! harmonious name !

It charms the hosts above ;

'hey evermore proclaim,

And wonder at his love :
all their happiness to gaze,
heaven to see our Jesu's face.

is name the sinner hears,

And is from guilt set free :

is music in his ears,

'Tis life and victory.

New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

157. *The Reign of Grace.* C. M.

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

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

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

and joined to that harmonious throng
which fills the choirs above,
shall we tune our golden harps,
and every note be love.

158. *Submission.* C. M.

ORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
health, and comfort, to thy will,
make thy pleasure mine.
Should I shrink at thy command,
since love forbids my fears?
Unable at the gracious hand
wipes away my tears?
I would rather freely yield
most I prize to thee;
never hast a good withheld,
It withheld from me.

Thy favour all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

159. *To the Trinity.* 6. 4.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father, all-glorious,

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O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us
Ancient of days!

Jesus, our Lord, arise!
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed :
Lord, hear our call!

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

L

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

To the Great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

160. *Nativity.* 7s.

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 triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

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 the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die!

Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

161. *Nativity.* 8. 5. 6.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;
Each heavenly power
Proclaims the glad hour;
Lo, Jesus, the Saviour, is born!
All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due;
The promise is sealed,
The Saviour's revealed,
And proves that the record is true.

Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad earth
At Jesus's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.

Now the good will of heaven is shewn
Towards Adam's helpless race;
Messiah is come
To ransom his own,
To save them by infinite grace.

Then let us join the heavens above,
Where hymning seraphs sing;
Join all the glad powers,
For their Lord is our's,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

Sir English Dolbeard 17
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162. *The Fountain opened.* C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins!
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

163. *Rejoicing in Hope.* 8. 8. 6.

I SHALL not always make my moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But I shall live to prove

Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of thy redeeming love.

Oh, that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness!

Now, Oh my Joshua, bring me in;
Sprinkle thy blood, forgive my sin,
My unbelief remove:
The purchase of thy death divide,
And, Oh with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love!

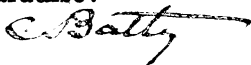
164. *For Grace.* 8. 7.

O THOU tender, loving Jesus,
Now thy saving grace impart;
From the world and Satan save us,
Save us from our evil heart!
Throw thy arms in mercy open,
Bid, O bid us, Jesus, come;
Let our flinty hearts be broken,
Falling on the corner-stone!

Here for ever let us centre,
Steady, though assailed by sin;
Forward may we boldly venture,
Till eternal life we win:
Banish every reasoning scruple,
Scatter every gathering cloud;
Our poor hearts, O Jesus, sprinkle
With thy precious, precious blood.

When our cheering feelings sicken,
And a veil our soul o'erspreads,
Then with grace our spirits quicken,
To raise up our drooping heads:
Should our foolish hearts e'er wander
From the source of real joy,
Call us back, but not in anger,
Lest thy frowns should us destroy!

Arm us from thy heavenly storehouse,
Still display thy banner high!
March victorious on before us,
Make the world and Satan fly:
When the angel, drawing near us,
Seals in peace the pilgrim's eyes,
In that trying moment bear us
Safely to thy paradise!



165. *Temptation*, 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, Oh 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 !

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness !
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within .
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee !
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

166. *Prayer.* 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

167. *Offices of Christ.* 6. 8.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

What kind endearing words,
What condescending ways,

Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace !
My soul with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for thee !

Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name !
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died ;
Thou guilty sinner, seek
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

My dear Almighty Lord !

My Conqueror and my King !

Thy matchless power and love,

Thy saving grace we sing :

Thine is the power ;—O may we sit

In willing bonds beneath thy feet !

168. *Efficacy of Christ's Blood.* c. m.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks

A heart as hard as stone,

Or warms a heart as cold as ice?

'Tis Jesu's blood alone.

One drop of this can truly cheer

And heal the wounded soul ;

What multitudes of broken hearts

This living stream makes whole.

Hark, O my soul ! what sing the choirs

Around the glorious throne?

Hark! the slain Lamb for evermore
 Sounds in the sweetest tone!
 The elders there cast down their crowns,
 And all both night and day
 Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
 And washed their guilt away.
 And this, while here, will we proclaim,
 Cheerful in our degree;
 That through the blood of God's dear Lamb
 Each soul may happy be.
 But thou, O Lord! make every day
 Thy grace to us more sweet;
 Till we behold thy wounded side,
 And worship at thy feet.

169. *Efficacy of Christ's Blood.*

JESUS, Jesus, King of saints,
 Known to thee are all my wants;

*Ludolph, Ernest
 Schlicht 17.
 7s. all organs
 My Book
 p. 2*

Self-convicted, self-ahorred,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim ;
With an eye of love look down ;
Help me, Lord, and help me soon.

Break, oh break this heart of stone,
Form it for thy use alone :
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed ;
All my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.

This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick ;

Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my every want.

Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the shepherd's care ;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

170. *Precious Christ.* 6. 8.

JESUS is all my hope,
His death is all my boast ;
But for his sovereign grace
I should be ever lost :
Redeeming blood, and dying love,
Here be my theme, and when above.

All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,

To worship and adore
My Saviour, God, and King ;
Each stripe, each bruise, each bleeding wound,
Speaks love and peace to all around.

O happy, sweeter name
Than e'er the world did know,
More of thy smiling grace
Freely on me bestow ;
And let me taste that ardent love
Which saints and martyrs taste above.

So all my doubts and fears
Shall wholly flee away,
And every mournful night
Be turned to joyful day ;
And all the world shall plainly see
Thou art a faithful friend to me.

W. Williams

171. *For Spiritual Mindedness.* 6. 8.

LORD, let my Spirit dwell,
While I reside below,
Above this wretched world
Of misery and woe,
So that its griefs may ne'er dismay,
Nor charms delude my heart away.

I take my happy rest
In thee, my God, alone,
And all my misery
I spread before thy throne;
I groan, and sigh, and long to see
My happy morn of liberty.

O mercy ! mercy ! Lord,
While yet the light is near ;

My weary soul, involved
In deep confusion cheer;
And raise me up, I long to be
Within a blessed view of thee,

My Lord, thyself alone
Canst take me by the hand,
And lead me safely on
Into the promised land.
Thy power can subdue my foes,
Allay and sweeten all my woes.

Conduct me safely home,
My Saviour and my God;
Mercy is all I crave,
The merits of thy blood;
Redemption full I only see,
Out of myself alone in thee.

W. Williams

172. *Come, Lord Jesus.* 8. 7.

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

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

173. *Thanksgiving.* C. M.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestowed ;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

174. *Nativity.* 11s.

O JESUS, my Saviour, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy spirit and grace,
And trace the dear footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in him whom the nations abhorred.

O wonder of wonders ! astonished I gaze,
To see in the manger the Ancient of days ;
And angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born.

My God, my Creator, the heavens did bow
To ransom offenders, and stooped very low ;
The body prepared by his Father assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.

For thousands of sinners the Lord bowed his head,
For thousands of sinners he groaned and he bled :
My Spirit rejoices, the work it is done ;
My soul is redeemed, Salvation is won.
My God is returned to glory on high ;
When death makes a passage, then to him I'll fly ;
And gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all shall be joined.

175. *Longing for Christ.* L. M.

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God !
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but thee :
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne!
Decked with a never-fading crown?

O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought:
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense! unsearchable!

First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow :
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die—thine may we live.

176. *Advent.* c. M.

HARK! the glad sound—Messiah comes!
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

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

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with his righteousness and blood
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arch shall ring
With thy beloved name.

177. *Witnessing of Christ.* S. M.

THE God whose smiles we court,
From whom we favour claim;
Whose love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heavenly flame,

Is none but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord;
Whose grace and Spirit still remain
To bless us in his word.

His promise is the same,
His church below to bless,
When they assemble in his name
To supplicate his grace.

A train of sinners poor
He will not cast behind;
But keeps his word for evermore,
And bears us on his mind.

To our relief he flies,
He flies from realms above;
Answers our prayers in sweet replies,
And tokens of his love.

Shall we not witness bear
How faithful he hath been;
And boldly to the world declare,
Salvation we have seen?

Yes, if thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy name we will confess;
And speak of Christ the living Word,
The Lord our righteousness.

We'll mention to his praise
The triumphs of his death;
And sing his everlasting grace
E'en with our latest breath.

178. *Psalm 90.* c. m.

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

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

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, "Return,"
'Tis instantly obeyed.

But "I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My saints shall safe abide:
"Nor will I e'er forsake my own,
"For whom the Saviour died."

Though every scene of life and death,
Thy promise is our trust:
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

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 !

179. *The Pilgrim.* G. 8.

JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

What though the seas are broad,
What though the waves are strong,
What though tempestuous winds
Distress me all along ;
Yet what are seas or stormy wind
Compared to Christ, the sinner's friend ?

Christ is my Pilot wise,
My compass is his word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.
I trust his faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ shall safely keep
And guide me with his eye.
How can I sink with such a prop
As bears the world and all things up?

By faith I see the land,
The haven of endless rest;
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast!

Oh may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more !

Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And all my storms subside ;

Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side.

For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, heavenly wind, and blow

A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below

To heaven my destined place.

Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

180. *Prayer.* s. m.

BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;

There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be to bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold ?

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;

Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

181. *Assurance.* 8s.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on
My person and offering to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete ;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

182. *Christ's Care for his People.* 11s.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save;

With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

Loud roaring the billows, now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

O fearful! O faithless! in mercy he cries;
My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name,
Engraved on my heart, doth for ever remain:
The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones :
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain ;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure ;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak, are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer ;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring ;
The deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.

183. *Day of Judgment.* 8. 7. 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons will the sinner's heart confound

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for thine!

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his look, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee?

Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,

In that awful day will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.
But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served, the Lord below;
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever shall my love and glory know."

184. *Reconciliation.* C. M.

DEAREST of all the names above
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

"Tis by the merits of thy death
The father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find :
The holy, just, and sacred THREE,
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins :
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

While some on their own works rely,
And some of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

185. *Ebenezer.* 8. 7.

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

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—Oh fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And, I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love.
Here's my heart, Oh take and seal it!
Seal it from thy courts above!

186. *Crucifixion.* L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

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

187. *Christ's Humiliation.* C. M.

WHAT object's this that meets my eyes
From out Jerusalem's gate:
Which fills my mind with such surprise,
As wonder to create?
Who can it be that groans beneath
A ponderous cross of wood?
Whose soul's o'erwhelmed in pains of death,
And body bathed in blood?
Is this the Man, can this be he,
The prophets have foretold
Should with transgressors numbered be,
And for their crimes be sold?

Yes, now I know 'tis he, 'tis he!
Even Jesus, God's dear Son!
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes that I had done.

Oh blessed sight! Oh lovely form!
To sinful souls like me;
I'll creep beside him as a worm,
And see him die for me.

I'll hear his groans and view his wounds,
Until, with happy John,
I on his breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon. *W. B. Bailey*

188. *God Omniscient.* C. M.

O LORD, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is my repose,
That he, my mortal frame who reared,
Its various weakness knows.

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load:
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

Supported by thy changeless love,
We tend to realms of peace:
Where every sorrow shall remove,
And every sin shall cease.

The more my frailty here is tried,
The more I toil and grieve,
The more thy grace is glorified,
Which shall the victory give!

189. *Christ our Kinsman.* 8s.

JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
Our Kinsman, near allied in blood;
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God:

And lo ! we lay us at thy feet,
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

Partaker of my flesh below,
To thee, O Jesus, I apply,
Thou wilt thy poor relations know,
Thou never can'st thyself deny,
Exclude me from thy guardian care,
Or slight a sinful beggar's prayer !

Thee, Saviour, in my greatest need,
I trust my greatest friend to prove :
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love.
Under thy wings protecting take,
And save me for thy mercy's sake.

Hast thou not underta'en my cause,
Lord over all, to worms allied ?

Answer me from that bleeding cross,
Demand thy dearly-ransomed bride :
And let my soul, betrothed to thee,
Thine, wholly thine, for ever be.

190. *Faith's Review and Expectation.* C. M.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come :
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home,

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

191. *The Good Shepherd.* 8s.

THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,
The joy of the contrite in heart ;
For closer communion they pine,
Still, still to reside where thou art ;
The pasture, oh ! when shall we find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
Are screened from the heat of the day ?
Ah ! shew us that happiest place—
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God !

Thy love for lost sinners declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
Our spirits to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.
'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only we'd covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
'Tis there we would always abide,
And never a moment depart ;
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

192. *Bethesda's Pool.* S. M.

BESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others, round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.

How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.
Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try ;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die ?
No ; he is full of grace ;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

193. *Looking unto Christ.* 8. 7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'd sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye ;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe :
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know !

194. *The Name of Jesus.* c. m.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

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.

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

. 195. *Morning.* s. m.

TO thee, O Lord, I give
Myself this day anew,
As thy own ransom, dearly bought,
Thy spoil and purchase due.

That with me thou mayest do
What's pleasing in thy sight ;
And from me take whate'er thou wilt,
Whate'er thou seest not right.

How very weak I am
My Saviour well can see ;
Ah ! how 'exceeding short I fall
Of what I ought to be.
Compassionate High Priest,
To thee I must appeal ;
My numberless infirmities,
Oh ! kindly haste to heal.

It is his daily care
His helpless sheep to feed ;
To purify their spotted souls,
And tend, and gently lead :

This makes me firmly trust
Thou'lt lead me farther still ;
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Sion's hill.

Thou hast me, sinner poor,
Snatched to thy heart in haste,
With tenderest mercy fetched me home,
And graved me on thy breast.
My business then is this,
Oh may I it fulfil !

Thee to exalt with all my strength,
And eye thee only still. *Esther Greenback*

196. *Morning or Evening.* C. M.

JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
Be thou my heart's delight ;
Ever to me the same remain,
My joy by day and night !

Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour ;
Humble in heart, and happy kept
By thine Almighty power !

Oh ! may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am ;
From death and hell redeemed by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad
The love of my Incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me ;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My daily manna be.

B. Hughes

197. *Alarm.* 7. 6. 7.

STOP, poor sinner ! stop and think,
Before you farther go !
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?

All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye ;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?

Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes ?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame ?

Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass :
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace)
“ Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.”

But as yet there is a hope
You may his mercy know ;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow :
’Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come ;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, “ There still is room.”

198. *Parting.* c. m.

THROUGH Christ when we together came,
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one ;
And each to each in Jesus joined,
We happily go on.
Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh ;
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We Abba, Father ! cry.
Oh ! may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
In all our travels, still
Direct, and be our constant guard,
To Zion's holy hill.

Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
 Beyond these changing shades !
 White are the robes we then shall wear,
 And crowns upon our heads.

Haste, Lord, and bring us to the day
 When we shall dwell at home :
 Come, O Redeemer ! come away :
 O Jesus, quickly come!

199. *Affliction.* 8s.

ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine;
 Disheartened with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load :
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

See: "God shall consolation bring"

Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I :
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice ;
Thy presence is fair to behold :
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.

If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep :
While harassed, and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar—
“ The Lord hath forsaken thee quite ;
“ Thy God will be gracious no more.”

Yet, Lord, if thy love hath designed
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some sweetness in waiting for thee ?
Almighty to rescue thou art ;
Thy grace is my only resource ;
If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,
Thy Spirit must take it by force.

200. *The Christian's Journey.* 8s.

STRANGERS and sojourners below,
We travel through this wilderness,
Seeking the promised rest to know,
In Christ the fountain of true bliss :
We seek a place beyond the skies,
An everlasting paradise.

In this pursuit we stand in need
Of daily fresh supplies of grace ;
Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace ;
So shall each pilgrim gladly move
Onward unto his home above.

No earthly bliss is worth our stay,
Or struggle for another breath ;
These comforts vanish and decay,
And yield no solid joy in death :
While others vain delights pursue,
We taste God's love for ever new.

His cross inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel sin :
Peace, love, and joy hence richly flow,
And cause sweet melody within.

Dependent on the God of power,
We glory in a suffering hour.

The new Jerusalem appears,
Her citizens resplendent shine ;
For God hath wiped away their tears,
And filled them with the life divine :
With them may we his glory see,
And praise him through eternity.

201. *Weak Believers encouraged.* s. m.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take :
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine :
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong ;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.

Or, should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come ;
Blest is the sorrow—kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

The people of his choice
He will not cast away ;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control :
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

202. *Part Second.*

NO wonder, when God's love
Pervades your kindling breast,
You wish for ever to retain
The heart-transporting guest.
Yet learn, in every state,
To make his will your own ;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

By anxious fear depressed,
When from the deep ye mourn,
“ Lord, why so hasty to depart,
“ So tedious in return ?”

Still on his plighted love,
At all events rely ;
The very hidings of his face
Shall train thee up to joy.

Wait till the shadows flee :
Wait thine appointed hour :
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with power.

The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But that it flowed for thee.

Tarry his leisure then,
Although he seem to stay :
A moment's intercourse with him
Thy grief will overpay.
Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

203. *Rest in Heaven.* c. m.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known :
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.
Celestial Spirit ! make me know
That I shall enter in ;
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And wash me from my sin !

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

Come, O my Saviour, come away !
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from thy creature stay.
My Author and my end !

204. *Enquiring, the Way to Heaven.* 8s.

TELL me, ye souls, who now appear
In milky robes, and joyful stand
Around the throne, from danger far,
In triumph at the Lord's right hand !
How did you in those courts arrive ?
For in those courts I fain would live.

And thou, fair Hebrew captive, well
Esteemed in Babel's stately court;
Greatly beloved Daniel, tell,
How didst thou gain the heavenly port?
And let thy fellows, princely wise,
Relate their way to Paradise.

Chief minister to Gentiles sent,
Once persecutor of the faith
Of Christ, whose days so much were spent
In doing good, describe the path
Which led thee to the shining prize,
That I may trace thee to the skies.

Could I, amidst the angelic choir,
Like favoured John, to heaven soar;
Of every saint would I inquire,
How they attained that happy shore:

“They all (to John the word was given)
“Through tribulation came to heaven.”

205. *Happiness of Heaven.* 11s.

BLEST Spirits above, whose garments appear
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb
clean and fair.

You now in full triumph his conquests can sing,
And I, a poor pilgrim, my mite will cast in.

Like him, you do shine, and him face to face see;
I envy you not when by faith he meets me ;
His smiles you enjoy, now unclad from your clay ;
He loves me, and pities my sorrows each day.

You hail him in light, at his feet your crowns fall ;
At his feet as a sinner I there find my all :

He now makes my heaven while earth me sur-
rounds, [bounds.

Like a hart o'er these mountains he skips and he

My griefs and my sorrows his tender heart bears,
In fellowship sweet I cast on him my cares :
On his bosom my head shall recline night and day;
With him I will suffer while here I do stay.

He soon shall exchange this vile body of mine,
With yours to be fashioned in glory divine ;
From earth into heaven his praises I'll bear,
His death and his merits our joy shall declare.

206.. *Growth in Grace.* 10s.

SINNERS' Redeemer, whom we inly love !
Father of thine below, and thine above :
Brother of worms, who earthly vessels bear,
Saviour of happy souls, who simple are !

O let us day by day with rapture feel
What grace, what love is, what thy Spirit's seal :
What fervent zeal that prudently aspires,
What heavenly drawings, what seraphic fires !

A manly spirit, too, dear Lord, impart ;
A face anointed, and a glowing heart ;
Let all our powers speak forth an holy shame,
And inward life and cheerfulness proclaim.

Tr. of Luther's hymn by Kitchin

207. *Jesus our High Priest.* c. m.

JESUS, our great High Priest and Head,
Clothed with our flesh and blood,
Who still dost intercede for us
Before the throne of God :

We know thou never canst forget
Thy poor weak members here ;

But when we suffer in the least,
A part with us thou'lt bear.

Thou with great tenderness art touched
At what thy children feel ;
When by temptations we are pressed,
Thou knowest our sufferings well.

Thou hast a tender sympathy
With every smart and pain ;
For when thou wast a man on earth
Thou didst our griefs sustain.

And though thou art exalted now,
Yet to us thou art near ;
Thou knowest our weaknesses and wants,
And listenest to our prayer.

Nor only to us art thou nigh,
But with us thou art one,

O wondrous condescending grace :
One spirit, flesh, and bone.

What shall we say for this thy love,
But low adoring lie;
And thank thee that thou wast a man,
To all eternity.

208. *Stability of the Covenant.* L. M.

REJOICE, ye saints, in every state,
Divine decrees remain unmoved;
No turns of providence abate
God's care for those he once hath loved.

Firmer than heaven his covenant stands,
Though earth should shake and skies depart
You're safe in your Redeemer's hands,
Who bears your names upon his heart.

Our Surety knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a sacrifice :
The souls, once sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that never dies.
Though darkness spread around our tent,
Though fear prevail, and joy decline,
God will not of his oath repent:
Dear Lord, thy people still are thine.

209. *Nativity.* L. M.

JESUS, all praise is due to thee
That thou wast pleased a man to be ;
A virgin's womb thou didst not scorn,
And angels shout to see thee born.
The blessed Father's only Son
Chooseth a manger for his throne ;
Behold ! the high and mighty God
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood.

Whom earth could not contain, nor skies,
In low estate the Saviour lies ;
And who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little Infant made.

The Father's brightness comes in sight,
Gives to the world its saving light ;
And drives the clouds of sin away,
To make us children of the day.

The Son, the Almighty God confest,
In his own world became a guest ;
And opened, through himself, the way,
A passage to eternal day.

And therefore poor on earth he came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endless bliss,
With all those chosen saints of his.

HYMN 210.

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For us these wonders he hath wrought,
To shew his love surpassing thought !
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our loving God and King. Hallelujah.

210. Nativity. L. M.

YE simple men, of hearts sincere,
Shepherds, who watch your flocks by night,
Start not to see an angel near,
Nor tremble at this glorious light.

An herald from the heavenly King
I come, your every fear to chase ;
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
Great joy unto the fallen race !

For you is born, on this glad day,
A Saviour by our host adored :

Our God in Bethlehem survey ;
Make haste to worship Christ the Lord.

By this the Saviour of mankind,
The incarnate God, shall be displayed ;
In swathes the infant ye shall find,
And humbly in a manger laid.

211. *The Good Shepherd.* C. M.

THOU, Saviour, my good Shepherd art,
Thy voice, dear Lord, I know ;
When justice aimed the sword at me,
Thy heart received the blow.
My heart was broke with shame and grief,
Thy pity felt my pain,
Bound up my wounds, my strength renewed,
And gave me health again.

Thou me dost lead and gently tend,
And feed in pastures good,
And bring me to the living stream
Of thy most precious blood.

Thy blood ! Oh pleasing sound to me,
And all thy helpless sheep ;
There lies my sure defence by day,
My shelter when I sleep.

212. *Christ the only Refuge.* 8s.

TO whom shall I fly for relief ?
To him that hath loved me so well ;
And who, when I sink into grief,
Doth all my infirmities feel.
O Lover of sinners, on thee
My burden of trouble I cast ;
Whose care and compassion for me
For ever and ever shall last.

Thine anger for what I have done,
O Father, I mournfully bear ;
But look to thy innocent Son,
Who ever entreats thee to spare.
Be mindful of Jesus and me ;
He suffered, my pardon to buy,
And what he procured on the tree,
Demands for his people on high.

213. *The Christian's Race.* L. M.

A WAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone,
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

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

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

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

214. *Crucifixion.* L. M.

THE cross ! the cross ! Oh that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain ;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified—
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

What wondrous cause could move thy heart
 To take on thee my curse and smart;
 Well knowing that my soul would be
 So cold, so negligent of thee?

The cause was love, I sink with shame
 Before my sacred Jesu's name,
 That thou should'st bleed and slaughtered be
 Because—because thou lovedst me!

Charles Doyle

215. *Everlasting Love.* 8s.

NOW I have found the blessed ground
 Where my soul's anchor may remain:
 The Lamb of God, who for my sin
 Was from the world's foundation slain.
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away!

O love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I am free:
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy—free boundless mercy—cries.

By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast:
Away sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is only written there.

Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength and health, and friends be gone
Tho' joys be withered all and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn,

Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away.
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love !

216. *After Sermon.* 8. 7. 4.

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.

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 !
So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away ;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

217. *Looking to Jesus crucified.* L. M.

LADEN with guilt, sinners, arise,
And view the bleeding sacrifice ;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath his people's crimes he stood,
Signed their acquittances in blood ;
Hereby God's justice is appeased !
Sinners, look up and be released.

Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face ;
Here look till love dissolve your heart,
And bid your slavish fears depart.

Oh ! quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms :
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

218. *Invitation.* L. M.

HO ! every one that thirsts draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race,)
Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wanderers home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.
See, from the rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls :
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

219. *Looking to Jesus.* 104th.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his throne !
His labours are o'er,
His battles are won :

A kingdom is given
Into the Lamb's hand,
His children in heaven
For ever shall stand.

Then sinners below,
Oh trust in the Lord ;
Look up to his arm,
His honour, his word ;
Athirst for his favour,
His Godhead adore ;
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore.

220. *Public Worship.* 7s.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend :
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those that weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

Grant that those who seek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

221. *The Sinner's only Hope.* 7. 6. 7.

WHOM have I in heaven but thee
That can thy creature bless?
What were all the earth to me
If stranger to thy peace?
All is vanity but Christ,
Pain, and darkness, and despair,
Rankling in a sinner's breast,
Till thou art present there.
If my Lord his love reveal,
No other bliss I want;
He my every wound can heal,
And silence each complaint.

He that suffered in my stead
Must the great Physician be :
I cannot be comforted,
Till comforted by thee.

Thee, thou know'st, I wish to love,
For which thy name I bless !
Pour thy Spirit from above
Upon my waiting fleece !
Gentle as descending dew,
Welcome as reviving showers ;
Let him my election shew ;
And gild my gloomy hours.

Yet if, Lord, thou seest fit,
'Tis best for me to mourn !
Still my hold I cannot quit,
Nor from my refuge turn ;

This, through grace, my song shall be,
As I to thy kingdom go;
Whom have I in heaven but thee,
And whom but thee below?

222. *Unbounded Mercy.* 8s.

O THOU, whose mercy knows no bound,
(Else hadst thou ne'er redeemed thy foe)
Whose love's a fathomless profound,
Which known, we wish still more to know;
That mercy, Lord, that love reveal,
And let thy Spirit stamp the seal.
From wavering doubts, from chilling fear,
Save us, thou God of truth and light;
Thy word is sure; O bring it near,
Nor let us mourn in endless night;
Let the day dawn, the day star rise,
And pour all heaven upon our eyes.

Far off thy cross we dimly view,
Nor know our interest in thy blood :
Whilst thus our hearts thy grace pursue,
Oh let us feel the present God.
Come, come like lightning from the east,
Warm—animate each drooping breast.
Behold, like wax before the fire,
Our melting hearts dissolve with grief ;
To thee, O Lord, is our desire ;
From thee alone we hope relief.
Thy mercy and thy love reveal ;
And let thy Spirit stamp the seal.

223. *Boundless Love.* L. M.

HOW shall I speak my Saviour's worth,
Or tell the love he bears to me ?
Shall I begin to sing his birth,
And follow him to Calvary ?

P

Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his grace ;
For now his righteousness is near,
And free for all who seek his face.

His tender arms are open still,
Returning sinners to receive ;
Steady his mind and fixed his will,
To save whoever shall believe.

Ye prisoners, to the refuge fly,
And find a covert from the storm ;
Why should you languish here and die,
When saved you may be from all harm ?

He waits with pardon in his hand,
And longs that you the same may share :
Come, sinners, at his mild command ;
His name forbids your hearts to fear.

S. M.

224. *God is love.* P. M.

LORD, thine image thou hast lent me
In thy never-failing love,
When I fell, yet thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above :
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! to bliss thou hast ordained
Me, ere I began to be ;
God of love ! thou'st not disdained
To become a man like me.
Love almighty and divine !
I would be for ever thine.

Love ! who hast for me endured
All the pains of death and hell :
Love ! whose sufferings have procured

More for me than tongue can tell ;
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! my life and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal Word !
Thou alone dost consolation

To my sinking soul afford :
Love almighty and divine !
I would be for ever thine.

To thy blessed yoke thou'rt tying
Me with cords of grace and love,
While my heart is ever crying,

May I true and faithful prove :
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! who wilt for ever love me,
Intercessor for my soul !

Who sustain'st me, light or heavy,
On the priestly breast and roll :
Love almighty and divine !
I would be for ever thine.

Love ! who wilt hereafter raise me
From the grave, a bed of dust ;
Love ! whose final zeal arrays me
With a garment 'mong the just :
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

225. *Panting after God.* 8s.

THOU 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 can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share,
Oh ! take 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.

Oh, 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 !

O love ! thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from distracting 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.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say—
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

226. *Triumph of Faith.* 11s.

THE God of salvation—Jehovah by name,
Who yesterday, now, and for ever's the same,
From guilt and from hell me a sinner hath saved,
And death of its sting hath my Jesus bereaved.

Death's name and his conquests no longer I fear,
His might and pale aspect e'en lovely appear ;
Deprived of his power, with all his sad train :
My Jesus is King, and for ever must reign.

His blood is my ransom, the captive is his,
Redeemed from my bondage to enter on bliss ;
A son by new birth—by adoption an heir,
The kingdom of glory with Jesus to share.

His Spirit, as witness, as earnest, as seal,
Of all these rich blessings, I inwardly feel :
His whispers divine do my freedom proclaim,
And open a union with God and the Lamb.

A union whose bonds are both steadfast and sure,
In which I, thro' grace, can live happy tho' poor ;
The Bridegroom's embraces with rapture I know,
And all thro' the blood which from Jesus did flow.

What though I'm so helpless, I know he'll supply
My weakness with grace, and on him I rely ;
And I shall be happy the Lord to adore,
To praise him now, henceforth, and for evermore.

227. *Invitation.* 8s.

SWEET as the Shepherd's tuneful reed
From Sion's mount I heard the sound ;
Gay sprang the flowerets of the mead,
And gladdened nature smiled around.
The voice of peace salutes mine ear ;
Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.

Behold the precious balm is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
Unburden here the weighty load ;

Here find thy refuge and thy rest,

Safe on the bosom of thy God.

Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word !

Who sheaths the avenger's glittering sword.

As spring the winter, day the night,

Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away ;

And smiling joy, a seraph bright,

Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay,

While glory weaves the immortal crown,

And waits to claim thee for her own. *W. H. Hiley*

228. *Sovereignty of Christ.* 8. 7.

JESUS, whose almighty sceptre
Rules creation all around,

In whose bowels love and mercy,
Grace and pity full are found ;
In my spirit rule and conquer,
There set up thy endless throne ;
Win my heart from every creature,
Thee to love, and thee alone.

In thy strength I'd only conquer,
In thy righteousness confide ;
Wise and simple in thy wisdom,
Strong and dauntless by thy side ;
In thy bleeding wounds most happy,
Naught will do for wretched me,
But a Saviour full of mercy,
Dying, innocent, and free.

Climb, my soul, unto the mountain,
Ever-blessed Calvary,

See the wounded victim bleeding,
Nailed to the accursed tree :
Love to miserable sinners,
Love unfathomed, love to death,
Was the only end and motive,
W. Williams To resign his gracious breath.

229. *Thanksgiving.* 104th.

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.

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.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne ;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son :
Our Jesus's praises the Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
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.

230. *Lamentation.* c. m.

AUTHOR of true and saving faith,
That grace to me impart ;
Grant me an interest in thy death,
A new believing heart.
Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
My reasoning voice controul ;
Approve thyself the sinner's Friend,
And bless my helpless soul.

Long have I sought thy peace to find,
But all my search was vain :
For unbelief still veiled my mind,
And dwelling gnawed within.

At times thy word's attracting beams
Have drawn my soul above ;
Diffusing through my heart the streams
Of everlasting love.

Sometimes I've had a little taste,
And thought thy coming nigh ;
But ah ! the blessing did not last,
The visitant passed by.

And must I ever mourning go,
A stranger to thy love ?
Shall I be joined with saints below,
And not with saints above ?

Shall I beneath thy gospel stay,
And hear the call of grace,
And, at the awful judgment day,
Be banished from thy face ?

Oh ! may I feel a glimmering hope,
Ere long thou wilt me bless,
And at the last wilt raise me up,
A kingdom to possess.

231. *Faith in Exercise.* s. m.

MY Saviour, thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me ;
Oh dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to thee.
Thou callest me, O Lord,
To come to thee and live :
I therefore come with all my sins ;
I know thou canst forgive.

My Lord and Saviour dear !
I long to see thy face ;
To know thee more and more by faith,
And daily grow in grace.

And when this life is o'er,
Oh ! may I dwell with thee,
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
Who lived and died for me.

Anne Glaggett. Nov. A.D. 1741

232. *Redemption.* 8. 8. 6.

BRIDE of the Lamb, up to the skies
Let daily praise like incense rise,
To join with theirs above.
Worthy is he who once was slain,
A race of rebels to regain,
To have our choicest love.

Into this ark, with great amaze,
The winged seraphs, wondering, gaze,
 Redeeming love to trace :
Should mortals, who in part have found
Redemption through the Saviour's wounds,
 Refuse to shout free grace ?

Cry then to our Redeemer dear,
He loves his people's voice to hear,
 They are his joy and crown ;
Ere long we him in clouds shall see,
Clothed in pomp and majesty,
 His ransomed flock to own.

Shower down thy grace, O Jesus, now ;
Through every vessel let it flow,
 Each sickening plant to cheer :

Rooted in thee, oh may we stand,
Unshaken, waiting thy command,
And love thy voice to hear.

Freedom to every soul proclaim :
In every heart, O Jesus, reign,
And set the prisoners free :
Now, Lord, relieve each burthened mind,
And give us all with joy to find
Eternal life in thee. *C. Batty*

233. *Before Sermon.* 8. 8. 6.

O JESUS, now we humbly pray,
Be gracious to thy church to-day,
Thy saving health impart ;
The dew of heaven on us distil,
With love each empty vessel fill,
And cheer the drooping heart.

Cut every cord that binds us here,
Us from our every hinderance tear,
Give each a single heart ;
Give grace to tread down self and sin,
Give grace eternal life to win,
Ere we from hence depart.

234. *Redeeming Love.* 104th.

OUR Shepherd alone,
The Lord, let us bless,
Who reigns on the throne,
The Prince of our peace ;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood ;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God !

We daily will sing
Thy glory, thy praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace;
Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell;
And say, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
While here we abide;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
Till joyful we see
The beautiful vision
Completed in thee.

J. C. C. C.
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235. *Aspiring after Christ.* S. M.

O PATIENT, spotless Lamb,
My heart in patience keep,
To bear the cross so easy made,
By wounding thee so deep.
Bring me, my Shepherd, where
Thy choicest flocks abide ;
From wandering save my foolish heart,
And keep it near thy side.
My Friend, thou hast enough
My misery to relieve :
Though sin and guilt oppress me sore,
The balm is thine to give.
Do thou, my Lord, unite
My heart so firm to thee,
That every where, and at all times,
Thy love my all may be.

236. *Christ's Presence delightful.* 10s.

O DEAREST Saviour ! please to look on me,
And draw my heart with cords of love to
thee ;

O save me from this world's ensnaring bait,
And grant that I may humbly on thee wait.

Thou knowest how apt I am, O Lord, to change,
How oft my thoughts on worldly objects range ;
Keep them, dear Jesus, keep them constantly,
Steady, unshaken, ever fixed on thee.

Sometimes I taste of thy refreshing grace,
And then for other things there is no place ;
My heart doth sweetly flow with love to thee,
I prove the grace for every comer free.

Oh that I were but always in this frame ;
How could I love and praise my Saviour's name !

Thus, thus, O Jesus, let it ever be,
Then will I sing thy praise eternally.

237. *Christ bore our Griefs.* 8. 8. 6.

THINK now, dear Jesus, on the pain,
The toil, the smart, thou didst sustain
To ransom my poor heart ;
Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come,
And make my heart thy constant home,
Nor ever more depart.

No more let sable clouds of night
Arise to intercept my light,
Or earth my heart detain :
By thy dear cross still let me stay,
Here let me sing each happy day,
And die to live again.

238. *Meditation on God's Love.* C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end :
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !

239. *In Darkness of Soul.* 8s.

COME, holy, celestial Dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest :
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of election to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
With me if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin,
Resolved, by the force of thy love,
My worthless affection to win :
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.

Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free ;
And groaned the unspeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in thee,
Fulfil the imperfect desire :
Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

If when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy goodness hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned ;
Compassionate Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and restore ;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall, and to grieve thee no more.

If now I lament after God,
And long for a sense of thy love,
If Jesus hath paid down his blood,
To gain me a mansion above ;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
Sweet witness of mercy divine !
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine.

240. *Invitation.* c. m.

OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here :
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring !
Here love, unchanging love, abounds ;
A deep, celestial spring.

“ Whoever will,” (Oh gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake :
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu's sake.

This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts ;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
And drink, adore, and bless.

To him, who gives our souls to feel
The drawings of his love,
Be constant praise, while here we dwell,
And nobler songs above. *S. Moody*

✓ 241. *Comfort of God's Love.* c. m.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
That peace of God, which Christ hath bought
That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remained there ;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand,
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, is love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And though he does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between;
And could my faith but pierce those clouds,
It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And thou for ever shine;
I have thine own dear pledge for this,
Lord, thou art ever mine.

242. *Morning.* 8. 6. 6.

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker!
Angels praise;
Join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

Father, Lord of every spirit,
In thy light,
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

O my Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,
Till I see
Thee in Salem's city.

Holy Ghost, divine Instructor,
Guide me still ;
Let thy will
Be my sole conductor.

Thou this night wast my Protector :
With me stay
All the day,
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver,
 Of all good,
 Life and food,
 Reign adored for ever.
 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,
 One in three,
 Give we thee,
 Never, never, ceasing.

243. *Evening Hymn.* 8. 6. 6.

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry favour
 This day shewed
 By my God,
 I will bless my Saviour.
 O my Lord, what shall I render
 To thy name
 Still the same,
 Gracious, good, and tender !

Leave me not, but ever love me :
Let thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy salvation ;
Let thy care
Still be near,
Round my habitation.

Be my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep
While I sleep,
Me with all thy power.

Save, oh save me from the hidings
Of thy face ;
Let thy grace
Cancel my backslidings.

So, whene'er in death I slumber,
I shall rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Let me know
Thee below,
Thee above inherit.

244. *Safety of God's People.* 6. 7. 8.

GOD, the omnipresent God,
Our strength and refuge stands ;
Mighty to support our load,
And bear us in his hands :
Readiest when we need him most,
When to him distressed we cry ;
All who on his mercy trust,
Shall find deliverance nigh.

God most merciful, most high,
Doth in his Sion dwell ;
Kept by him, her towers defy
The strength of earth and hell :
Built on her eternal rock,
Who shall her foundations move ?
Who her great defender shock,
The Almighty God of love ?

All that on this rock are stayed,
The world assaults in vain ;
Ever present with his aid,
He shall his own sustain :
Guardian of the chosen race,
Jesus doth his church defend ;
Saves them by his timely grace,
And saves them to the end.

For his people in distress
The God of Jacob stands :
Bears us, till our troubles cease,
In his Almighty hands :
He for us his power hath shewn,
He doth still our refuge prove ;
Jacob's God still loves his own,
And will for ever love.

245. *Public Worship.* L. M.

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

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of the chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

O let thine all-commanding word
Bid Sion stretch her cords abroad ;
Come then, and fill that wider space,
And bless her with a large increase.

Lord, manifest that thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And let thy saving power be known.

246. *Faith.* L. M.

EMBARKED upon a stormy sea,
Jesus, aloud we call for thee ;
Say to the raging waves, be still,
And shew that they obey thy will.

Now we are sinking to the deep ;
Though Jesus seems to be asleep,
He wants but to be called to come,
And bear us to our destined home.

To pray by faith is Gilead's balm,
For Christ the Lord can make it calm :
The winds and waves obey his word,
And shew that he's the sovereign Lord.

247. *Elijah fed by Ravens.* 8s.

ELIJAH'S example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,

The saints may commit all their cares
To him who will surely provide :
When rain, long withheld from the earth,
Occasioned a famine of bread,
The prophet, secure from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.
More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey ;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way :
This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail ;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.
Nor is it a singular case,
The wonder is often renewed ;
And many can say to his praise,
He sends them by ravens their food :

Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,
Though greedy and selfish their mind,
If God has a servant to feed,
Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
Who croaks in the ears of the saints,
Compelled by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants :
God teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel :
This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
Has helped me to many a meal.

How safe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely ;
He gives them out strength for their day,
Their wants he will surely supply :

He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command ;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

248. *The Good Physician.* C. M.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case ;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine ;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin ?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper—sin.

Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free ;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to love like me ?

249. *Sacrament.* 8s.

ENCOURAGED by the word of grace,
We meet thee at thy table, Lord ;
Oh let us see thy smiling face,
And one reviving look afford :
To us the bread of life be given,
The bread which cometh down from heaven.

We are unworthy, we confess,
One crumb of children's bread to taste,
But clothed in thy righteousness
We humbly venture to the feast.

Amidst thy saints, dear Lord, appear,
And manifest thy presence here.

With heavenly food our souls refresh,
To us be known in breaking bread :
Tasting the symbol of thy flesh,
May we on purchased mercy feed :
Remind us how thy precious blood
Was shed to seal our peace with God.

250. *Sacrament.* S. M.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board :
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
For food he gives his flesh :
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favour ! matchless grace !
Of our redeeming God.

Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

251. *Sacrament.* L. M.

PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word,
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.

Lord, in thy house I read there's room :
And vent'ring hard behold I come ;
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Among thy children, room for me ?

I eat the bread and drink the wine :
But Oh ! my soul want more than sign ;
I faint, unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for me.

For sinners, Lord, thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed !
Lord, I believe thy grace is free,
Oh magnify it now in me.

252. *Sacrament.* 7s.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesu's cross subdued !
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood !
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
Murdered God's eternal Son !

Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fixed him there ;
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear ;
Made his soul a sacrifice ;
For a sinful world he dies !

Shall I let him die in vain ?

Still to death pursue my God ?

Open tear his wounds again,

Trample on his precious blood ?

No ; with all my sins I'll part :

Jesu's love hath broke my heart.

253. *Sacrament.* 7. 6.

JESUS, Master of the feast,
The feast itself thou art :

Now receive the meanest guest,

And comfort every heart !

Give us living bread to eat,

Manna that from heaven comes down,

Fill us with immortal meat,

And make thy nature known.

In this barren wilderness,
Thou hast a table spread,
Furnished with the richest grace,
Whate'er our souls can need.
Still sustain us by thy love,
Still thy servants' strength repair,
Till we reach the courts above,
And feast for ever there.

254. *Sacrament.* C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain.
To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me he died, for me!

Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings :
We eat the bread and drink the wine ;
But think on nobler things.
Oh tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing Hosanna to the Lamb—
The Lamb that died for me.

255. *Sacrament.* C. M.

THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup ;
The juices of the living vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.
Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed ;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

R

The vile, the lost—he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear !
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.
Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you ;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.
If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place ;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

256. *Sacrament.* L. M.

TWAS on that dark that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes :

Before the mournful scene began,

He took the bread, and blessed, and brake :
What love through all his actions ran !

What wondrous words of grace he spake !

“ This is my body, broke for sin,

“ Receive and eat the living food : ”

Then took the cup and blessed the wine :

“ ’Tis the new covenant in my blood. ”

“ Do this, ” he cried, “ till time shall end,

“ In memory of your dying Friend ;

“ Meet at my table, and record

“ The love of your departed Lord. ”

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,

We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat

The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

257. *Sacrament.* 7. 6.

FAITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb!
By thy Church beloved ;
Manifest thy sweetest name,
To each heart approved.
Crown this ordinance of thine
With a solemn blessing ;
Let our feast be all divine,
Each thyself possessing.
Cause that bleeding sacrifice,
Once for sinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earnest of our heaven.
We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profession ;
Of the inward grace the sign,
Symbols of thy passion.

We commemorate thy death
While we are receiving,
Feeding in our hearts by faith,
With unfeigned thanksgiving.

✓ 258. *Sacrament.* L. M.

COME, sinner, to the gospel feast,
Jesus invites you for his guest;
Oh taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh and drink his blood!
See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His pardoning love, make haste, embrace;
And freely now be saved by grace.
Ye, who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him and he with you;
Come to the feast, be saved from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

259. *Sacrament.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give;
And to my inmost soul reveal
The death by which I live :
I want the dear Redeemer's grace,
I seek the crucified ;
The man that suffered in my place,
The God that groaned and died.
Spectator of the pangs divine,
Oh that I now may be ;
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree.
Give me to understand that sound,
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and rent the ground,
And broke the rocks in twain.

Repeat my dying Saviour's cry,
Unto my heart so loud,
That my whole soul may now reply,
"This is the Son of God!"

260. *Sacrament.* c. m.

COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
And realize the sign;
Thy life infuse into the bread—
Thy power into the wine.
Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To each believing heart.

261. *Sacrament.* c. m.

THIS was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew!

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne :
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor will his saints forget.

Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesu's dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

262. *Sacrament.* L. M.

WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God
Comes marching downward from the skies
Arrayed in garments rolled in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?
The Lord, the Saviour, yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious man, that died for me,
Drenched deep in agonies and tears.
Lo! he reveals his shining breast,
I own these wounds, and I adore :
Lo! he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!
Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine
This heavenly flesh, this sacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nailed him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love,
Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

263. *Prospect of Death.* c. m.

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

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.

These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee?

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below;
What raptures must the church above
In Jesu's presence know!

Oh may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away.

264. *The departed Saint.* 8s.

A H lovely appearance of death!
No sight upon earth is so fair!
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare :
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind,
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me

This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
The quiet immoveable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more ;
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat ;
It never shall flutter again !

The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep :
These fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free,
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

265. *Funeral.* C. M.

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

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Why should we wish the hours more slow
That keep us from our love ?

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

The grave of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shewed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

266. *Funeral.* c. m.

GREAT God! I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs ;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

The mighty conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat ;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh ;
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

267. *Funeral.* C. M.

HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free !
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.
Worthy the Lamb, aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God :
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The merit of his blood.
With wondring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past :
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.
They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where'er they see him go :
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given :
And I, with them, will shout thy praise,
Through all the courts of heaven.

Psalm 113 & 114.
268. *Funeral.* S. M.

THE spirits of the just,
Confined in bodies groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done.

Jesus, who came to save—
The Lamb for sinners slain—
Perfumed the chambers of the grave,
And made e'en death our gain.

Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay ?
In quiet rests our brother's dust,
And thus it seems to say :

“ Forbear, my friends, to weep,
“ Since death hath lost its sting ;
“ Those Christians that in Jesus sleep,
“ Our God will with him bring.”

269. *Funeral.* c. m.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.
'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave.
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.

Peace all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

270. *The Spirit of Prayer.* C. M.

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.
Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle, till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go."

I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And say, "I died for thee."

Then let me, on the mountain-top,
Behold thy open face;
"Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

271. *Prayer.* L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within ;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.
And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our prayer
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there.
If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee; pray.

Depend on Christ : thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not—his merits must prevail ;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

272. *To the Holy Ghost.* c. m.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love :
Come, Holy Ghost for moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth—(Thyself the key !)
Unseal the sacred book :
Water with heavenly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour :
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
And bid it come with power.

Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Saviour room;
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

273. *Trinity.* L. M.

BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.
Glory to thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore :
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

274. *The Anchor of Hope.* C. M.

NO more with trembling heart I try
A multitude of things ;
Still wishing to find out that point
From whence salvation springs.
My anchor's cast within the veil,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labours of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.
What is my anchor—do you ask ?
A hope that stays the mind,
Diving with misery from its weight,
Till firmest ground it find.

What is my ground ? 'Tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er ;
Yet there poor sinners anchor may,
And ne'er be shaken more.

275. *Salvation in Christ.* S. M.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne ;
“ Justice and mercy are the names
“ Whereby I will be known :
“ Ye dying souls, that sit
“ In darkness and distress,
“ Look from the borders of the pit
“ To my recovering grace.”
Sinners shall hear the sound,
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our righteousness and strength are found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven :
God shall pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

276. *Christ's Compassion.* C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears,

And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame :
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Mich.

277. *The Angel of the Covenant.* S. M.

THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed ;
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransomed people lead.

Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character ;
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light :
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above ;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

278. *Comfort in Death.* 7. 6.

WHEN I obtain permission
To leave this vale of tears,
Be thou my good Physician,
At hand to soothe my fears !

O let my soul, expiring,
On thy dear breast recline;
And be true life acquiring
From that pierced heart of thine.

Saviour, apply the merit
And comfort of thy blood,
When I give up my spirit
To thee, my Judge and God :
If with me in my passage
Thou art, how glad and bold
Shall I receive the message
And let my limbs grow cold !

The soul, on thee believing,
Goes safe to Paradise ;
The body too, retrieving
A purer frame, shall rise :

Spite of the grave's corruption,
I shall thy glory see ;
And sing of my adoption
To all eternity. *Gospel Song 1970*

279. *The Witnessing Spirit.* C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter ! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven ?
Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
May thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

280. *Grace.* c. m.

RICH grace, free grace, most sweetly calls
Directly come who will,
Just as you are ; for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
And oh ! that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore.

281. *To the Holy Ghost.* 7. 6. 7.

HOLY GHOST, by him bestowed,
Who suffered on the tree,

Take of my Redeemer's blood,
And shew it unto me !

Thou the great revealer art,
Of his righteousness divine :
Now assure my sprinkled heart,
That God, through him, is mine.

Esther Burdett.

282. *Trust in God.* c. m.

WHY should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplexed ?
Who saved me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next :

Will save, till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond temptation's power
To my Redeemer's breast.

283. *Pardon for the Vilest.* C. M.

MY sins are many like the stars,
Or sands upon the shore ;
But yet the mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalen,
Were pardoned all by thee ;
I read it, and believe it : Lord,
In mercy pardon me.

284. *For Fellowship with Christ.* L. M.

THIS pure free grace to me, my God,
To know the merit of thy blood :
Lord, keep me ever, through this grace,
At thy dear feet, that happy place !

Sweet is the privilege to be,
My Lord, in fellowship with thee :

This blessing let me always find,
And feel thee near, and prove thee kind.

285. *Happiness in Christ.* c. m.

THOU say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints,
Who love thy face to see,
Shall have, whilst in this vale of tears,
Kind visits oft from thee.

Then let my soul with thee converse,
Who art my chief delight ;
For sure the world can't ease my heart,
If banished from thy sight.

286. *Fellowship.* c. m.

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

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

Rev. G. Stonehouse 1741

287. *Praise to Christ Jesus.* L. M.

BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

288. *Praise.* 7s.

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

289. *Mercy.* C. M.

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
O let thy mercy come.

290. DOXOLOGIES. 7. 6. 7.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore ;
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore.

Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One and One in Three ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee.

291. 6. 8.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise ;
With all our powers, eternal King,
While faith adores, thy name we sing.

. 292. 8s.

TO God, who reigns enthroned on high,
To his dear Son, who deigned to die,
Our guilt and misery to remove :
To the blest Spirit who life imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be endless glory, praise, and love.

293. 104th.

O FATHER of heaven, be ever adored,
Thy mercy we find, in sending our Lord

To ransom and bless us ; thy goodness we praise
For sending, in Jesus, salvation by grace.

O Son of his love ; who deignest to die,
Our curse to remove, our pardon to buy,
Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
Who openest heaven to all that believe.

O Spirit of love, of health, and of power !
Thy working we prove, thy grace we adore ;
Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's blood,
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

294. P. M.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever,
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah !
Praise the Lord.

295. 8s.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee.

296. L. M.

O GOD of glory ! God of love !
In essence One, in person Three !
With all the shining hosts above,
Let dust and ashes worship thee !

297. L. M.

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

298. *The Church Triumphant.* L. M.

- Q. **E**XALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
My wondring soul says, who are they ?
- A. These are the saints, beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood ;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.
- Q. Brighter than angels, lo ! they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine :
Tell me their origin, and say,
Their order what, and whence came they ?
- A. Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame ;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

- Q. And does the cross thus prove their gain ;
And shall they thus for ever reign ;
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace ?
- A. Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain ;
To wells of living waters led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.
- Q. Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The secret glories of their King :
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise ?
- A. Jesus the Saviour is their theme ;
They sing the wonders of his name ;
To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

Amen, they cry to him alone
Who reigns upon his Father's throne;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

299. *Glorying in Jesus.* L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more and more.
Ashamed of Jesus—of that Friend
On whom for heaven my hopes depend?
It must not be—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
Ashamed of Jesus—yes I may
When I've no crimes to wash away!
No tears to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain :
And, oh ! may this my portion be—
That Saviour not ashamed of me !

300. *Crowning Jesus.* c. m.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of All.
Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of All.
Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of All.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call :
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of All.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him, who saved you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of All.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call ;
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown him Lord of All.

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

Let every tribe, and every tongue
That bound creation's ball,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of All.

301. *Divine Wisdom.* Mark vii, 37. L. M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

All worlds his glorious power confess
His wisdom all his works express ;
But, O his love, what tongue can tell ;—
My Jesus hath done all things well.

How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
Has been this love to sinful me !
This plucked me from the jaws of hell :
My Jesus hath done all things well.

I spurned his grace, I broke his laws :
And yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel :—
My Jesus hath done all things well.

And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies hath he made me prove,
Mercies which do all praise excel :—
My Jesus hath done all things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God
Has on me laid his gentle rod ;
I know, in all that has befel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

Though many a fiery flaming dart
The tempter levels at my heart ;
With this I all his rage repel :
My Jesus hath done all things well.

Sometimes my Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray, or kill my pride :
Yet then it on my mind doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies :
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

302. *Omnipotence of God.*

THERE's no created soul can flee
The presence of a holy God ;
Who through eternity can see,
And sways all kingdoms with his nod.

How awful when his powerful hand
Makes the tremendous thunder roll ;
Mountains and rocks can ne'er withstand
The power which spreads from pole to pole.

Now bow to God with filial fear ;
High as his throne are all his ways :
Ye saints, who are his special care,
Repeat his name in raptured praise.

Great is the Lord's extended arm,
Large as immensity his power ;
Sure as his throne it shall remain,
When rolling years shall be no more.

303. *Public Worship.* 6. 6. 8.

HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
“Come let us seek our God to-day !”

T

Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
Well, haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

Zion, thrice happy place !
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round :
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise—and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He make the sinner sad,
He bids the saint be glad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

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

My tongue, repeat thy vows,
“ Peace to this sacred house,”
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

304. *In Affliction.* C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When, groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily ;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day :
For good remember me.

Distress with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Hear and remember me.

If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be ;
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

The hour is near, consigned to death,
I own the just decree:
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry—remember me.

305. *Rest in Heaven.* L. M.

LORD, when shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious rest,
Partake the triumphs of the sky,
And holy, holy, holy, cry?

With all the angelic hosts, with all
Thy blessed saints, we then shall fall,
And sing in ecstasy unknown,
And praise thee on thy dazzling throne.

306. *Knowledge of Christ.* L. M.

TO know my Jesus crucified,
By far excels all things beside
All earthly good I count but loss,
And triumph in my Saviour's cross.
Knowledge of all terrestrial things,
Ne'er to my soul true pleasure brings ;
No peace—but in the Son of God,
No joy—but through his pardoning blood.
O could I know and love him more,
And all his wondrous grace explore,
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,
But part with all and follow him.
Although my trials should increase,
Ne'er may I wish their number less :
But e'er be bold in thy grand cause,
And feel my heaven in thine applause.

307. *Resignation.* c. m.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow beneath thy chastening rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to rest above ?

How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross !
Avaunt, thou unbelieving fear !
Nor call my gain my loss.

Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name ;
My Jesus yesterday, to-day,
For ever is the same.

308. *Confidence in God.* C. M.

✕ **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled ;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all :
There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

309. *Joys of Heaven.* L. M.

O HAPPY saints who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus clothed in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life ;
An open cage to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.
And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains :
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.
They gaze upon his beauteous face,
His lovely mind and charming grace,
And gazing hard, with ravished eyes,
His form they catch, and taste his joys.

He cheers with his eternal smile ;
They sing hosannas all the while,
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

Ah ! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep,
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

310. *A propitious Gale.* L. M.

AT anchor laid remote from home,
Toiling I cry, Sweet spirit, come :
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.
Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below :
But I can only spread my sail ;
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale !

311. *Invitation.* 7s.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die ;
What melodious sounds I hear !
Bursting on my ravished ear ;
 “ Love’s redeeming work is done,
 “ Come and welcome, sinner, come.”
Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On my pierced body laid ;
Justice owns the ransom paid :
 Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored ;
To thy Father’s bosom prest,
Yet again a child confest ;

Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day :
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

312. *Praise.* c. m.

COME, come, ye happy, happy saints,
The heavenly Lamb adore ;
Dwell on his everlasting love,
And praise him evermore.
Spread his dear name through all the earth,
Sing his eternal power ;
Shout the rich fountain of his blood,
And praise him evermore.

Up to the courts, where now he reigns,
May all our spirits soar ;
Fully survey his mercy-seat,
And praise him evermore.

Hark, how the angels chaunt his name,
See how they all adore ;
Triumph and wonder, gaze and sing,
And praise him evermore.

Saints, who surround his dazzling throne,
Their tuneful voices raise :
Higher than angels bear their songs,
The glorious songs of praise.

Come, O my spirit, higher still
Swell the celestial lays ;
Higher than all the heights of heaven,
Sound Jesu's endless praise.

313. *Praise.* L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

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

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

314. *Loving Kindness.* L. M.

AWAKE my soul to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free !
He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all :
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great !

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose ;
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving kindness, O how strong !

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

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

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

315. *Adoration.* 8s.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

316 *Praise.* 8s.

ILL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

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

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind :
He sends the labouring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoners sweet release.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;

Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

317. *Judgment.* 10. 11.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ;
From east to west his sovereign orders spread,
Through distant ; worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices

No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;
His vengeance sleeps no more, behold the day !
Behold, the Judge descends ! his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.

When God appears, all nature shall adore him,
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near ; let all things
come

To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom :
But gather first my saints (the Judge commands),
Bring them, ye angels, from the distant lands.
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful pas-
sion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salva-
tion.

Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
And signed with all their names, the Greek, the
Jew!
That paid the ancient worship or the new.

There's no distinction here, join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven re-
joices.

Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their
thrones,

And near me seat my favorites and my sons :

Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared
Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.

When Christ returns, wake every cheerful pas-
sion,

And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

318. *Expostulation.* L. M.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown ?
Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly ?

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

Jesus, thy Saviour and thy God,
Becomes a man of grief for thee ;
For thee he sheds his sacred blood,
And hangs a curse upon the tree.

Give me thy heart, my son, he cries,
And kindly waits to take thee in ;
With love and pity in his eyes,
He weeps to save thee from thy sin.

319. *Death and Judgment.* C. M.

PAST is the dire decree ! to die
Appointed, man, thou art ;
And after death for judgment nigh,
Sinner prepare thy heart.

Conscious of evils, many, great,
My spirit faints with fear ;
Before thy awful judgment-seat,
Lord, how shall I appear ?

“ Look to my cross,” the Saviour said,
I died that thou should’st live :
Thy sins were on my body laid,
I peace and pardon give.

Friend of my heart, believe, adore ;
Enter my promised rest ;
And let dark guilt and fear no more
Disturb that throbbing breast.

On my bright throne I soon shall come,
Complete salvation bring;
And take my ransomed people home:
Prepare to meet your King.

Come quickly, Lord, all praise to thee,
I've naught to apprehend :
Since in the Judge himself I see
My Saviour and my friend.

320. *The Dying Christian,*

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! I hear my Saviour say,
"Come my ransomed, come away ;"
Lord, thy love o'ercomes me quite,
Fills my spirit with delight :
O receive me ! take my breath,
And let me come to thee through death.

The world recedes, it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Jesus ! to thee I mount, I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

321. *Christ's Victory over Satan.* c. m.

HOSANNA to our conquering King !
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep ;
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

Hosanna to our conquering King !
All hail incarnate love !

Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

322. *Jesus Weeping.* S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
He wept that we might weep :
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

323. *Review of our Ways.* 8s.

WHEN all my past days to review,
And ponder my ways I begin,
The farther the search I pursue,
I trace but corruption and sin.
Soon as from the womb I was brought,
My race was in evil begun,
My spirit with frowardness fraught,
And falsehood beguiled my tongue.

To manhood from youth as I grew,
My reason to passion the slave,
As custom, as fashion still drew,
I rushed down the steep to the grave.
My conscience, that monitor true,
Remonstrates, but little avails ;
The good which I would, I can't do ;
The evil I would not prevails.
Then take me, Lord, such as I am,
And make me just what I should be ;
I'll take to myself all the shame,
And give all the glory to thee.

324. *The Lord will provide.* 104th.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied
So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.

We all may like ships by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost :
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The scripture engages—the Lord will provide.

His call we obey, like Abram of old,
We know not the way but faith makes us bold ;
For tho' we are strangers we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers—the Lord will provide.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
This heart-cheering promise,—“the Lord will provide.”

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name,
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power—the Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through,
No fearing, or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will provide.

325. *Strength for the Day.* L. M.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say,
“How shall I stand the trying day?”
He has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy day, thy strength shall be.

When called to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy day, thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy day, thy strength shall be.

326. *Divine Forbearance.* 7s.

LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell !
Still does thy good Spirit strive !
With the chief of sinners dwell !
Tell it, unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair !
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer.
Tell it, &c.

O the length and breadth of love !
Jesus, Saviour, can it be ?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.
Tell it, &c.

See a bush that burns with fire,
Unconsumed amid the flame !
Turn aside, the sight to admire,
I the living wonder am !
Tell it, &c.

See a stone that hangs in air,
See a spark in ocean live !
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give.
Ever unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

327. *God's Foundation.* 7s.

GOD'S foundation standeth sure,
We shall to the end endure,
Safely will the Shepherd keep
Those he purchased for his sheep.
God's foundation, &c.

Known to him before the sun
First began his course to run,
Chosen, called from above,
Objects of eternal love.
God's foundation, &c.

Put thy seal upon each heart,
Thy blest image, Lord, impart ;
All thyself in us reveal,
We the clay, and thou the seal.
God's foundation, &c.

Every evil, Lord, subdue,
By thy grace our souls renew :
Then, from base affections free,
Dead to sin, we'll live to thee.
God's foundation standeth sure,
We shall to the end endure.

328. *A Hiding Place.* L. M.

HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace !
That gave my soul a hiding place.
Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high :
Despised the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
Enwrap in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure, without a hiding place.
But thus the eternal counsel ran :
“ Almighty love, arrest that man ! ”
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cried with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding place."

Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel form appeared.
She led me on with placid pace,
To Jesus as my hiding place.

Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the songs of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

329. *The Joyful Sound.* C. M.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound,
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives !

330. *Lord's Day.* L. M.

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

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize our breast ;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

Our hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy works, and bless thy word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

O may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below ;
May all our powers find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal world of joy.

331. *For the King and Royal Family.* 8.8. 6.

LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign:
Rulers, and govenors, and powers;
And, lo, in faith, we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
And through the path of heavenly peace,
To life eternal lead.

Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy;

But shower on him thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.

To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he see thy high abode,
Late to his heaven remove :
Of virtues full and happy days,
Accounted worthy, by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.

And when thou dost his soul receive,
O give us in his offspring, give
Us back our king again ;
Preserve them, Providence divine,
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.

Secure us, of his royal race,
A man to stand before thy face,

And exercise thy power ;
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bless,
Till time shall be no more.

332. *Before Sermon.* 8s.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word :
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear :
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above :
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread :
Thus, Lord, &c.

To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy ;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear :
Thus, Lord, &c.

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

333. *Before Sermon.* L. M.

O BLESS thy servant, dearest Lord,
While he shall preach the gospel-word ;
May he declare delightful things
Of Christ, the glorious King of kings.

O grant him bright celestial views,
While he proclaims the gospel news !
With fiery zeal his soul inflame,
While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.

Give him clear light and burning love,
Pour down thy blessings from above ;
May we all hear the Saviour's voice,
And all believe, and all rejoice.

334. *Before Sermon.* 8. 5. 6.

BLEST Spirit, now on us descend,
Thine influence let us feel :
May Jesus our Lord,
Here shine through his word,
His presence now to us reveal.

O God, we oft have seen thy face
In this thy house of prayer ;

Now open our ears,
Dispel all our fears,
And free us from each sinful care.
And when from hence we shall remove,
Be with us then, O Lord ;
Thy aid still impart,
To each contrite heart,
And help us to feed on thy word.

335. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

LORD, while we hear thy sacred word,
Apply it by thy power :
Then heavenly truths we shall regard,
And thy great name adore.
May the bright beams of sovereign love
With heavenly splendour shine :
And may this place a Bethel prove
To every saint of thine.

336. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

BELOVED Saviour, Prince of Life !
To us thy Spirit give ;
We long to hear that cheering voice,
Which bids poor sinners live.

337. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

TOUCH with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word ;
And bid each hearer humbly keep
Attention to thee, Lord,

338. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

O LORD, thy sovereign power impart,
And give thy word success :
Write thy salvation on each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

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

339. *Before Sermon.* S. M.

FATHER of earth and heaven,
Thy waiting people feed ;
Thy grace be to our spirits given,
That true immortal bread.

O fill our mouths with praise,
And give us now to prove
The sweetness of thy pardoning grace,
The manna of thy love.

340. *After Sermon.* C. M.

ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;

Record his mercies, every heart :
Sing, every tongue the same.

Lay up his sacred word,
To feed thereon and grow,
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

341. *Dismission.* 8. 7. 4.

NOW we'd all with grateful spirits,
Join to bless the Prince of peace,
Praise him for imparted favours,
Praise him for displays of grace ?
Lovely temple,
When the Saviour's in the place.

Lord we wait the happy moment,
Wait to rise at thy command,

Where thy chosen shall for ever
Dwell in one united band ;
And triumphant,
Sing in Canaan's happy land.

There, in purer, sweeter concord,
We thy saints shall e'er abide,
And through one eternal sabbath,
Join to praise the Crucified !
Then how glorious
Will appear thine honoured bride !

Each dear saint shall swell the concert,
Striving each to praise thee most,
And the fervent hallelujahs
Charm the whole angelic host ;
Ever praising,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

342. *Dismission.* L. M.

DISSMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, Thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

343. DOXOLOGY,

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

ORIGINAL HYMNS.

344. *National.* L. M.

O LORD our refuge, always near
In times of great distress to hear;
To thee we cry, O help afford!
Make bare thine arm, fulfil thy word.

With shame our sin and guilt we own,
In justice would thy wrath draw down;
But, Lord, thy mercies never fail,
O let thy mercies now prevail.

Though desolations spread around,
Our years with goodness still are crowned;
To Jacob's God our prayer we make,
Who spears can snap, and bows can break.

Thine arm's not short, thine ear not dull,
Thou still art kind, and merciful ;
We wait as sinners at thy throne,
Thy grace and power, O Lord, make known.
Stretch forth thine arm, and peace restore,
Let it extend from shore to shore :
O let the nations of the earth
Enjoy the fruits of Jesu's birth.

345. *National.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY Lord of heaven and earth,
Our Father and our God !
On thy great name we humbly call,
Beneath thy chastening rod.
Thine awful justice we adore,
But oh ! restrain thy wrath ;
Nor send thy righteous vengeance down
To crush our souls to death.

Our sins, with sorrow we confess,
Their number none can tell :
Our aggravated guilt, we own,
Deserves the deepest hell.

Melt down each flinty heart, O Lord,
Dissolve our souls in grief ;
And let thy mercy sweetly flow,
To bring us quick relief.

Pardon through Jesu's blood we crave,
And sanctifying grace :
O let thy judgments be removed,
And shew thy smiling face.

346. *National.* L. M.

PROSTRATE before thy face we fall,
Thou great Jehovah, Lord of all ;
O let thy ear attentive be,
While we confess our sins to thee.

All ranks among us have transgressed
Forsaken thee, the ever-blest ;
Despised thy precepts, scorned thy grace,
And proved ourselves a rebel race.

Our sins like pointed mountains rise ;
Our guilt surmounts these lower skies ;
Against thy light, against thy love,
Ungrateful we have basely strove.

With fasting we would seek thy face,
By prayer would supplicate thy grace :
Turn us, good Lord, and let us be
Henceforth devoted unto thee.

O may we learn thy name to fear,
Thy sacred sabbaths to revere !
Pardon through Jesu's blood impart,
And circumcise each sinful heart.

Then let thy judgments be removed,
Be thou adored, obeyed, and loved :
May thy defence surround our shore,
And we provoke our God no more !

347. *National.* C. M.

GREAT God ! who dost all nations rule,
And their affairs control :
Thy power is known through all the earth,
Thy love from pole to pole :
Our native land in pity view,
On sinners, Lord, look down ;
Thy mercy's great and ever new,
In Christ thine only Son.
Let blessings fall in copious showers
Upon our Sovereign's head ;
Our rulers guide, O let them be
In paths of wisdom led.

Thou God of peace, speak but the word,
And war shall cease to rage :
Let us to thee our refuge fly,
To thee our hearts engage.

348. *Baptism.* c. m.

FROM the first Adam we derive
Pollution, guilt, and death ;
And to God's just and holy law
We forfeit every breath.

Water, the instituted sign
Of purifying grace,
Succeeds the circumcising knife,
Ordained in its place.

But blood alone can guilt remove,
And make the conscience clean ;
The precious blood of God's dear Son,
Which takes away all sin.

Buried with Christ, and in him raised,
We bring forth fruit to God :
While his good Spirit in our hearts
Sheds his own love abroad.

O heavenly Dove! who didst descend
On our baptized Lord,
To all assembled here this day,
Thy quickening grace afford.

Baptize our souls with holy fire,
Give each thy power to feel ;
Smile on this ordinance divine,
And set thereto thy seal.

349. *Baptism.* L. M.

JESUS, encouraged by thy word,
Our offspring now we bring to thee :

Kindly receive them, gracious Lord,
And thy dear children let them be.

Thy Spirit's renovating grace,
O grant that they may all partake;
Help them to run the heavenly race,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

350. *Baptism.* c. m.

DEAR Lord! behold, we bring to thee
Our helpless infant race,
Receive them in thine arms of love,
And bless them with thy grace.

O wash them in thy precious blood,
Shew all their sins forgiven:
And may thy Spirit sanctify,
And seal them heirs of heaven!

x

Then, Lord, before thy Father's face,
Triumphant they'll proclaim,
"We conquered sin, and death, and hell,
Through thy beloved name."

351. *On behalf of Youth.* L. M.

O GOD of sovereign Grace and Truth,
To thee we now commend our youth :
Regard our plea : thy Spirit give,
Before thee, Lord, O may they live.
Convince them of their nature's sin,
That they indeed are all unclean,
And from thy laws have run astray,
Despising Christ, to life the way.
O shew them where their course must end,
If they reject the only friend,
Who saves from sin and endless woe,
And guards his own from every foe.

O lead them to the Lamb of God,
And wash them in that precious blood
Which from his pierced side did burst,
To cleanse the vile, and save the worst.

Come, Holy Ghost, thy life impart,
Renew the will, and change the heart :
Let our dear youth thy grace receive ;
Before thee may they ever live !

352. *For the use of Youth.* c. m.

SINCE Thou has taught my lips to speak,
And make their prayer to thee ;
I'll cry, and thus thy favour seek,
“ O Lord ! remember me ! ”

In growing years, O may my tongue
Tuned to thy praises be ;
And this my constant, humble song,
“ Dear Lord, remember me ! ”

From youthful sins, that wound the soul,
May I be helped to flee;
And when I feel their vile control,
“O Lord remember me.”

When with life's heavy load oppress,
I bend the trembling knee :
Then give my suffering spirit rest :
“Dear Lord remember me !”

Oh! let me thus, in life and death
Thy great salvation see!
And cry, with my expiring breath,
“Dear Lord remember me !”

353. *For the use of Youth.* c. M.

BLEST be the God of providence
That here our feet are found ;
Blest be the God of love and grace,
For mercy's joyful sound.

Though young in years, our feet have run
In sin's destructive way,
O lead them, now, in holy paths,
And never let them stray.

'Tis not from childhood or from youth
We date our guilt and sin,
We trace transgression's outward act
To native seeds within.

These in our nature deeply fixed,
Nourished with every breath,
Grow, and produce the awful fruits
Of sin, and shame, and death.

O Lord, thy mercy we implore ;
O lead us in thy truth ;
Through Jesus pardon all our sins,
And sanctify our youth.

Be every holy gift and grace
By thy good Spirit given ;
Thee may we serve and love on earth,
And glorify in heaven.

354. *Children praising Christ.* C. M.

THOUGH in the temple some are found
Who bid us hold our peace,
Hosanna loud, our lips resound,
To Christ the God of grace.

Hosanna ! ever be our cry
To David's Son and Lord ;
Save, now thou art exalted high ;
Thy gracious help afford.

Out of the mouths of very babes
Thou hast ordained praise,
To sing thy power, thy grace, and love,
We now our voices raise.

Hosanna ! still we'll cry aloud,
To Christ enthroned on high :
May we at last surround his throne,
And Hallelujah cry.

355. *Children Coming to Christ.* L. M.

UP to the Lord, in cheerful lays,
Awake our hearts to sing his praise ;
For though he's great, his ear attends,
When praise from youthful hearts ascends.
When Jesus came, man's curse to bear,
Young children did his kindness share ;
His followers would have sent them home,
But Jesus suffered them to come.
“ Of such,” he said “ the kingdom is ;
The child-like shall enjoy its bliss :
And all who shall in heaven live,
Must, as a child, the gift receive.”

A child-like spirit, Lord, impart,
Forgive my sin, renew my heart ;
Thy word hath said, " Ask and receive ;"
Give faith, O Lord, let me believe.

356 *For the use of Youth.* L. M.

OUR youthful tongues to God we raise,
And loud resound our Maker's praise ;
He gave us birth, and life prolongs,
To him alone the praise belongs.
Though we have sinned, he still is good :
He gives us health, he sends us food ;
And will eternal life impart,
To all who seek him with the heart.
Come Holy Ghost, thine influence give,
And make us all in Christ to live,
That we may here God's praise proclaim,
And ever live to adore his name.

FINIS.

PAINTER, MYDDELTON STREET, SPAFIELDS, LONDON.

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