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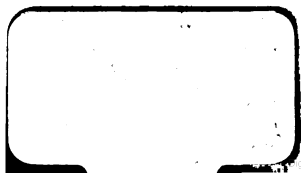


38.

141.

38.

141.



THEORY OF

THEORY OF

THEORY OF

A
SELECTION OF HYMNS,

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY W. GADSBY.

"Sing ye praises with understanding."—Psalm xlvii. 7.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

MANCHESTER:

J. GADSBY, NEWALL'S-BUILDINGS, MARKET-STREET.

LONDON:

R. GROOMBRIDGE, PANYER-ALLEY, PATERNOSTER-BOW.

1838.

Price in Sheep, 4s.; in Calf, 4s. 9d.

ONE-FOURTH ALLOWED TO MINISTERS AND CONGREGATIONS.



MANCHESTER:

**PRINTED BY JOHN GADSBY, NEWALL'S-BUILDINGS,
MARKET-STREET.**

PREFACE.

To be employed, with solemn pleasure, in singing the praises of God with the spirit and with the understanding also, is a blessing peculiar to God's elect; nor can even they be thus engaged, only as the blessed Spirit influences the mind, and favours them with the unction of his grace. It is one thing to have the ear charmed, and another to have the heart engaged in this most delightful part of God's worship, in his Church below. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound."

It may be thought by many a great piece of folly for such an obscure mortal as I to publish a selection of hymns for the public worship of the eternal Three-One God; nor shall I attempt to make many apologies for having done so. Suffice it to say, that the church and people over which the Holy Ghost has made me overseer had been in the constant habit, ever since I came among them, of using Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Rippon's Selection, and Hart's Composition. But though some of these hymns are big with the important truths of God, there are others, especially among Dr. Watts' and Rippon's, which give as legal a sound as if they had been forged at a certain foundry. This was one reason which induced me to publish a selection. Another was, we had three editions of Hart's Hymns amongst us, either differently arranged or differently paged; so that when any of those hymns were given out, one part of the congregation was unable to find them. These circumstances, together with a desire in my own breast and the express wish of others to have a selection of hymns in one book, free from Arminianism and sound in the faith, that the Church might be edified, and God glorified, were what induced me to attempt this work.

The last one hundred and fifty-seven hymns are of my own composing. In the former editions, many of these were too long for public worship, consequently comparatively useless, extending the size of the book without pro-

PREFACE.

ducing a proportionate benefit. In the present edition, I have curtailed them; but, as I have been careful to leave entire, or nearly so, the first verse of each; and as I have not materially altered the language of the remaining verses which still appear, I think but little inconvenience will be experienced, particularly if the hymns be given out from *this* edition, as in that case no verses can be read which are not in *all* the books. It will be seen that I have sometimes taken a line from another author; but for this, not professing perfection, I shall offer no apology.

My reason for putting those of my own composing together was, that I might publish a few copies of them separately from the selection, for the benefit of those who might wish to have them without being obliged to purchase the whole work; so that they may be had as they appeared originally, at full length, together with 112 more, since added, under the title of the "Nazarene's Songs."

The pages gained by the curtailment of my own hymns, as above named, are occupied with a Supplement, consisting of 120 hymns, which have principally been selected from Hart and Berridge, these two men being, I believe, the sweetest and greatest experimental writers that have left any hymns on record. The supplement may be had separately, at a low price, by those who have the former editions of this work.

If the dear Redeemer will be gracious to make this selection of hymns a blessing to his people, I hope the same grace which will accomplish this end, will influence me to feel amply rewarded for my labour, and cheerfully give him the whole of the glory.

WILLIAM GADSBY.

Manchester, November, 1838.

. If any of the Hymns be thought too long to sing at one time, the verses included in brackets, thus [], may be left out, without destroying the sense.

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HYMNS.

1.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Infinity of God.—Ps. cxlvii. 5; 2 Pet. iii. 8; Heb. iv. 13.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!

What worthless worms are we!

**Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee!**

**2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.**

**3 [Nature and time quite naked lie
To thy immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.]**

**4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new!**

**5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thy eternal thought moves on
Thy undisturb'd affairs.**

- 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee!

2.

G. M.

WATTS.

The Eternity of God.—Ps. xc. 2.

- LORD, raise my soul above the ground,
 And draw my thoughts to thee;
 Teach me, with sweet and solemn sound,
 To praise the eternal Three.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
 Jehovah fill'd his throne;
 Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
 The Maker lived alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their prime;
 Eternity's his dwelling-place,
 And ever is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
 The present and the past,
 He fills his own immortal now,
 And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
 And vast destruction come!
 The creatures! look how old they grow,
 And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
 And flame melt down the skies,
 My God shall live an endless day,
 When the old creation dies.

3.

L. M.

BURNHAM.

The Power of God.—Ps. lxxiv. 12; Luke ix. 43.

- God is my everlasting King;
 God is my Strength, and I will sing:
 His power upholds my feeble frame,
 And I'm victorious through his name.
- 2 Devils retreat when he appears;
 Then I arise above my fears,
 And every fiery dart repel,
 And vanquish all the force of hell.
- 3 Through the Redeemer's precious blood,
 I feel the mighty power of God;
 Through the rich aid divinely given,
 I rise from earth, and soar to heaven.
- 4 [Dear Lord, thy weaker saints inspire,
 And fill them with celestial fire:
 On thy kind arm may they rely,
 And all their foes shall surely fly.]
- 5 Now, Lord, thy wondrous power exert,
 And every ransom'd soul support;
 Give us fresh strength to wing our way,
 To regions of eternal day.
- 6 There may we praise the great I AM,
 And shout the victories of the Lamb;
 Raise every chorus to his blood,
 And triumph in the power of God.]

4.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Sovereignty of God.—Rom. ix. 15—18.

KEEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod:

My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave TO BE.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 [Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.]

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

5.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Wisdom of God.—1 Cor. i. 24.

- THE** Lord, descending from above,
 Invites his children near,
 While power, and truth, and boundless love,
 Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
 Fresh wisdom we pursue;
 A thousand angels learn thy name,
 Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
 Thy wonders here we trace;
 Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
 And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
 To our incarnate God;
 And thy revenging justice shows
 Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
 Our warmer thoughts employs;
 Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
 And more exalts our joys.

6.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

The Wisdom and Knowledge of God.—Ps. cxxxix.; Rom. xi. 33.

- God's ways are just, his counsels wise;
 No darkness can prevent his eyes;
 No thought can fly, nor thing can move,
 Unknown to him that sits above.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells;
 Performs his works, the cause conceals;

But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

- 3 In heaven, and earth; and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confess'd,
That what he does is ever best.

- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

7.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Wisdom and Goodness of God.—Prov. viii. 14; Exod. xxxiv. 6.

GOD shall alone the refuge be,
And comfort of my mind;
Too wise to be mistaken, He,
Too good to be unkind.

- 2 In all his holy, sovereign will,
He is, I daily find,
Too wise to be mistaken, still,
Too good to be unkind.

- 3 [When I the tempter's rage endure,
'Tis God supports my mind:
Too wise to be mistaken, sure,
Too good to be unkind.]

- 4 [When sore afflictions on me lie,
He is (though I am blind)
Too wise to be mistaken, yea,
Too good to be unkind.]

- 5 What though I can't his goings see,
Nor all his footsteps find,

Too wise to be mistaken, He,
Too good to be unkind.

6. Hereafter he will make me know,
And I shall surely find,
He was too wise to err, and O,
Too good to be unkind.

8.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

The Justice and Goodness of God.—Rev. xv. 3.

GREAT God! my Maker and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

- 2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees;
Thy threatenings, and thy promises;
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,—
What angels taste, what devils feel:
- 3 Thy terrors, and thy acts of grace;
Thy threatening rod, and smiling face;
Thy wounding and thy healing word;
A world undone, a world restored:
- 4 While these excite my fear and joy;
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

9.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

The Loving-Kindness of God.—Isa. lxiii. 7.

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

B

18

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 [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!]
- 4 [When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!]
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But, though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not!
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

10.

L. M.

Kant

The Everlasting Love of God.—JER. xxxi. 3.

'Twas with an everlasting love
That God his own elect embraced;
Before he made the worlds above,
Or earth on her huge columns placed.

- 2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
 Primeval shades of darkness drove,
 They on his sacred bosom lay,
 Loved with an everlasting love.
- 3 Then, in the glass of his decrees,
 Christ and his bride appear'd as one;
 Her sin, by imputation, his,
 Whilst she in spotless splendour shone.
- 4 O love, how high thy glories swell!
 How great, immutable, and free!
 Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
 Are swallow'd up, O love, in thee!
- 5 [Loved, when a wretch defiled with sin,
 At war with heaven, in league with hell;
 A slave to every lust obscene;
 Who, living, lived but to rebel.]
- 6 Believer, here thy comfort stands.—
 From first to last, salvation's free,
 And everlasting love demands
 An everlasting song from thee.

11.

11s.

MRS. STEELE.

The Mercy of God.—Ps. lxxxix. 1.

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,
 Hath won my affections, & bound my soul fast.

2

Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from hell;
 Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
 'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when he hung on the tree.
 Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

B 2

15

3

[Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But, thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.]

4

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

5

The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor & the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

6

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

12.

8s.

BURNHAM.

The All-Sufficient Mercy of God.—Ps. lxxxix. 28.

ALL glory to mercy we bring,
The mercy that reigns evermore,
The infinite mercy we sing,
The mercy eternal adore.

2 The mercy converting we prize;
In mercy forgiving delight;
For conquering mercy we rise,
We rise, and triumphantly fight.

- 3 [And when we are wounded by sin,
And scarcely a prayer can repeat,
The mercy that heals us again,
Is mercy transportingly sweet.]
- 4 What though in the furnace we fall,
Free mercy the Saviour proclaims;
Free mercy in Jesus we call,
And glorify God in the flames.
- 5 For mercy upholding we pray;
For mercy confirming aspire;
And mercy will bear us away
To God and the glorified choir.

13.

S. S. S.

HART

The Everlasting Mercy of God.—Pa. cxxxvi.

- God's mercy is for ever sure;
Eternal is his name:
His mercy is for ever sure:
As long as life and speech endure,
My tongue this truth proclaim:
His mercy is for ever sure.
- 2 I basely sinn'd against his love,
And yet my God was good:
His mercy is for ever sure:
His favour nothing could remove,
For I was bought with blood:
His mercy is for ever sure.
- 8 [That precious blood atones all sin,
And fully clears from guilt:

* This hymn, and also the 108th, may be sung as Common Meter
by omitting the third and last lines of each verse

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as in eternal brass,
 thy promise shines;
 the powers of darkness raze
 everlasting lines.]

dash whole worlds to death,
 when he please,
 and that almighty breath
 his great decrees.

word of grace is strong
 which built the skies:
 that rolls the stars along
 all the promises.

C. M.

WATTS, & Co.

holiness of God.—Ps. cxi. 9; cxlv. 17.

I praise the eternal God,
 O Infinite Unknown?

ascend his high abode,
 where near his throne?

brightest lamps, with him compared,
 can they look, and dim!

angels have no spots,
 yet compare with him.

in all his works,

with is his delight;

ers, and their wicked ways,
 perish from his sight.

LONDON: His favourites may draw near,

stand in Christ complete;

holy ones shall all appear,

worship at his feet.

His mercy is for ever sure:
 It makes the foulest sinner clean,
 For 'twas for sinners spilt:
 His mercy is for ever sure.]

- 4 He raised me from the lowest state,
 When hell was my desert:
 His mercy is for ever sure:
 I broke his law, and, worse than that,
 Alas! I broke his heart!
 His mercy is for ever sure.
- 5 My soul, thou hast, let what will ail,
 A never-changing Friend:
 His mercy is for ever sure:
 When brethren, friends, and helpers fail,
 On Him alone depend:
 His mercy is for ever sure.

14.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Faithfulness of God.—Ps. lxxxix. 1—8; Numb. xxiii. 19.

- BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound his power abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,
 For wretched, dying men;"
 His hand has writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

- 4 [Engraved, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfil his great decrees.
- 6 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies :
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

15.

C. M.

WATTS, &c.

The Holiness of God.—Ps. cxi. 9; cxlv. 17.

- How shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?
- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps, with him compared,
How mean they look, and dim!
The holy angels have no spots,
Yet can't compare with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners, and their wicked ways,
Shall perish from his sight.
- 4 None but his favourites may draw near,
Who stand in Christ complete;
Those holy ones shall all appear,
And worship at his feet.

16, 17 PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 5 In Jesus' image shining bright,
With rapture they adore
The holy, holy, holy Lord,
In glory evermore.

16.

C. M.

BURNHAM.

The Holiness of the Three-One God.—Rev. iv. 8; 2 Tim. 1. 9

THE Father is a holy God;

His holy Son he gave;

Who freely shed atoning blood,

A guilty world to save.

- 2 The Spirit brings the chosen race

A holy Christ to view;

And while by faith they see his face,

Their souls grow holy too.

- 3 In holiness the saints delight,

While here on earth they dwell;

By faith they wrestle day and night,

More holiness to feel.

- 4 The Holy Spirit leads them on,

His holy truth to know;

Inscribes his laws in every son,

And works obedience too.

- 5 He makes them feel the cleansing grace,

That flows through Jesus' blood;

Unites in love the holy race—

The new-born sons of God.

17.

L. M.

TUCKER.

The Harmony of the Perfections of God.—Ps. lxxxv. 9—13

O LOVE, beyond conception great,

That form'd the vast, stupendous plan,

- Where all divine perfections meet,
To reconcile rebellious man.
- 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains:
Astonish'd, angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ they both harmonious meet:
He paid to justice all its due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.
- 4 Such are the wonders of our God,
And the amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

18.

L. M.

WATTS.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.—2 Cor. iv. 6; Ps. xcviii. 1

- Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thy hands:

The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 [Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme!
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!]

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

19.

C. M.

WATTS.

'A New Song to the Lamb that was slain.—Rev. v. 6—12.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet;
The church adore around;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise,—
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy sacred will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees;
The Son deserves it well;

- Lo! in his hands the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell.]
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain.
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free:
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace .
Are put beneath thy power:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

20.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Deity and Humanity of Christ.—John i. 1, 3, 14, &c.; Col. i. 16.

- ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God;
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 [Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)]
- But, lo! he leaves those heavenly forms:
- 4 The Word descends and dwells in clay,

That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.
- 6 Bless'd angels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

21.

L. M.

WATTS.

A Description of Christ, the Beloved.—Cant. v. 9—16.

THE wondering world inquires to know,
Why I should love my Jesus so:
“What are his charms,” say they, “above
The objects of a mortal love?”

- 2 Yes, my Beloved to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
- 4 [His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 [Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound;

**His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]**

- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds, set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.]**
- 7 [Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now, on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand.]**
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove:
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.]**
- 9 [His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints:
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon, with all its trees.]**
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord;
Must be beloved, and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love him too!**

22.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth.—Cant. vi. 1—3, 12.

WHEN mourners stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

- 2 My best Beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;**

But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

- 3 [In vineyards, planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand :
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.]
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move ;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell, shall make us part.
- 5 [He takes my soul, ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are ;
No chariots of Amminadib,
The heavenly rapture can describe.]
- 6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies ;
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

23.

C. M.

HART.

Christ very God and Man.—John i. 1, 14, 29; 1 John i. 7

- A MAN there is, a real Man,
With wounds still gaping wide,
From which rich streams of blood once ran,
In hands, and feet, and side.
- 2 ['Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
No metaphor we speak:
The same dear Man in heaven now reigns,
That suffer'd for our sake.]
 - 3 This wondrous Man, of whom we tell,
Is true Almighty God,

He bought our souls from death and hell;
The price—his own heart's blood.

- 4 That human heart he still retains,
Though throned in highest bliss;
And feels each tempted member's pains:
For our affliction's his.
- 5 Come, then, repenting sinner, come;
Approach with humble faith;
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
Is cancell'd by his death.
- 6 His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,
And wash our guilt away;
He will present us sound and whole,
In that tremendous day.

24.

G. M.

WATTS.

The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit.—Rom. viii. 14, 16; Eph. i. 13, 14.

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

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;

25, 26 PERSON AND POWER

And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

25.

C. M.

WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.—Ps. cxix. 95.

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

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With thy all-quickenings powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

26.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.—Zech. iv. 6.

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

- 2 Enlight'ned by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thy inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

27.

S. M.

HART.

To the Holy Ghost.—John xvi. 7—15.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 [Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;*
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.]
- 3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle, in our breasts, the flames
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;

* Comforter.

And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

- 5 [Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God,
The eternal Prince of Peace.]
- 6 ['Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.]
- 7 If thou, celestial Dove,
Thy influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law.
- 8 [No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.]
- 9 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

28.

C. M.

HART.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth."—John vi. 63.

- BLESS'D Spirit of truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly Dove,
Who fill'st the soul through Jesus' blood,
With faith, and hope, and love;
- 2 Who comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and sorrow press'd;

- Who to the dead canst life impart,
And to the weary rest;
- 3 [Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy,
Which Satan's power can not control,
Nor all his wiles destroy;]
- 4 Come from the blissful realms above;
Our longing breasts inspire,
With thy soft flames of heavenly love,
And fan the sacred fire.
- 5 [Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain;
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
For whom the Lamb was slain.]
- 6 Breathe comfort where distress abounds,
Make the whole conscience clean,
And heal, with balm from Jesus' wounds,
The festering sores of sin.
- 7 Vanquish our lust, our pride remove,
Take out the heart of stone;
Show us the Father's boundless love,
And merits of the Son.
- 8 [The Father sent the Son to die;
The willing Son obey'd;
The witness Thou, to ratify
The purchase Christ has made.]

29.

8. 8. 6.

HART.

"Led by the Spirit of God."—Rom. viii. 14.

DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove,
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravish'd breasts inspire:

Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

- 2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
'Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad:
Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.
- 3 Conduct, blest Guide, thy sinner-train
To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain,
And with us there abide:
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
And view his wounded side.
- 4 [From which pure fountain if thou draw
Water to quench the fiery law,
And blood to purge our sin;
We'll tell the Father in that day
(And thou shalt witness what we say),
"We're clean, just God, we're clean."]
- 5 Teach us for what to pray, and how;
And since, kind God, 'tis only thou
The Throne of Grace canst move,
Pray thou for us, that we, through faith,
May feel the effects of Jesus' death,
Through faith that works by love.
- 6 [Thou, with the Father and the Son,
Art that mysterious Three-in-One,
God blest for evermore!

Whom though we cannot comprehend,
Feeling thou art the sinner's Friend,
We love thee and adore.]

30.

C. M.

HART.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace," &c.—Gal. v. 22

THE soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after Jesus' love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires,
With breathings from above.

- 2 [Not every one in like degree
The Spirit of God receives;
The Christian often cannot see
His faith, and yet believes.
- 3 So gentle sometimes is the flame,
That, if we take not heed,
We may unkindly quench the same;
We may, my friends, indeed.]
- 4 Blest God! that once in fiery tongues,
Camest down in open view,
Come, visit every heart that longs
To entertain thee too.
- 5 [And though not like a mighty wind,
Nor with a rushing noise,
May we thy calmer comforts find,
And hear thy still small voice.]
- 6 Not for the gift of tongues we pray,
Nor power the sick to heal:
Give wisdom to direct our way,
And strength to do thy will.

- 7 We pray to be renew'd within,
And reconciled to God;
To have our conscience wash'd from sin
In the Redeemer's blood.
- 8 We pray to have our faith increased,
And O, celestial Dove!
We pray to be completely bless'd
With that rich blessing, love.

31.

C. M.

HART.

"For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power."—1 Cor. iv. 20.

- 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.
- 2 Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth
That he has chosen me.
- 3 [Sinners, I read, are justified
By faith in Jesus' blood;
But when to me that blood's applied,
'Tis then it does me good.]
- 4 [To perseverance I agree;
The thing to me is clear;
Because the Lord has promised me
That I shall persevere.]
- 5 [Imputed righteousness I own
A doctrine most divine;
For Jesus to my heart makes known
That all his merit's mine.]

- 6 That Christ is God I can avouch,
 And for his people cares,
 Since I have pray'd to him as such,
 And he has heard my prayers.
- 7 That sinners, black as hell, by Christ
 Are saved, I know full well;
 For I his mercy have not miss'd,
 And I am black as hell.
- 8 Thus, Christians, glorify the Lord.
 His Spirit joins with ours,
 In bearing witness to his word,
 With all its saving powers.

32.

C. M.

HART.

"He shall not speak of himself."—John xvi. 13.

- WHATEVER prompts the soul to pride,
 Or gives us room to boast,
 Except in Jesus crucified,
 Is not the Holy Ghost.
- 2 That blessed Spirit omits to speak
 Of what himself has done,
 And bids the enlightened sinner seek
 Salvation in the Son.
- 3 He never moves a man to say,
 "Thank God, I'm made so good;"
 But turns his eye another way,
 To Jesus and his blood.
- 4 Great are the graces he confers,
 But all in Jesus' name;
 He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
 "Salvation to the Lamb."

33.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity.—Col. ii. 2.

BLESS'D be the Father, and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe,
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
 From whose dear wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe
 Makes living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 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.

34.

L. M.

HART

Hymn and Doxology to the Trinity.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

To comprehend the great THREE-ONE,
 Is more than highest angels can:
 Or what the Trinity has done
 From death and hell to ransom man.

- 2 But all true Christians this may boast,
 (A truth from nature never learn'd)
 That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To save our souls are all concern'd.
- 3 [The Father's love in this we find,
 He made his Son our sacrifice;

The Son in love his life resign'd;
The Spirit of love his blood applies.]

- 4 Thus we the Trinity can praise
In Unity, through Christ our King;
Our grateful hearts and voices raise
In faith and love, while thus we sing:—
- 5 Glory to God the Father be,
Because he sent his Son to die;
Glory to God the Son, that he
Did with such willingness comply;
- 6 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Who to our hearts this love reveals:
Thus God Three-One, to sinners lost,
Salvation sends, procures, and seals.

35.

G. 4.

To Father, Son, and Spirit.—Ps. xlv. 3, &c.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thy almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

- 3 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!
- 4 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!
- 5 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!

36.

^{7s.} Christ's Nativity.—Luke ii. 13—15. ^{J. & C. W.}

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

- 2 Sons of Zion, too, arise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
And with angels, loud proclaim,
"Christ was born in Bethlehem!"

- 3 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Mild he lays his glory by,—
Born that we no more may die!
- 4 Glory to the new-born King,
Let us now the anthem sing;
Peace on earth, &c.

37.

148th.

The Incarnate God.—Matt. i. 23.

LET earth and heaven combine,
Angels and men agree,
To praise, in songs divine,
The incarnate Deity:
Our God, contracted to a span,
Incomprehensibly made man.

- 2 He laid his glory by,
And wrapp'd him in our clay;
Unmark'd by human eye,
The latent Godhead lay:
Infant of Days he here became,
And bore the loved Immanuel's name.
- 3 Unsearchable the love
That hath the Saviour brought;
The grace is far above
Or man's or angel's thought;
Suffice for us, that God we know,—
Our God was manifest below!

38.

S. M.

WATTS.

"Jesus."—Luke i. 30, &c.; ii. 10, &c.

BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd!

Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.]

3 [O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly,
The promised infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie:

6 "With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your King;"
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:—

7 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"

8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:—

- 9 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."]

39.

C. M.

HART.

"Bethlehem."—Luke ii. 7, 12—15.

- COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring;
And celebrate, with one accord,
The birthday of our King.
- 2 Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore our infant God.
- 3 [In swaddling bands the Saviour view!
Let none his weakness scorn:
The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,
Where Jesus Christ is born.]
- 4 No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume
The place where Christ is laid;
A stable serves him for his room,
A manger is his bed.
- 5 The crowded inn, like sinners' hearts,
(O ignorance extreme!)
For other guests, of various sorts,
Had room; but none for him.
- 6 But see what different thoughts arise
In ours and angels' breasts;
To hail his birth they left the skies,
We lodged him with the beasts!

40, 41 INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

7 Yet let believers cease their fears,
Nor envy heavenly powers;
If sinless innocence be theirs,
Redemption all is ours.

40.

11s.

HART.

"And the Word was made flesh."—John i. 14.

How blest is the season at which we appear;
Bow down, sense and reason, faith only reign here.
'Tis heard by mere nature with coldness & scorn,
That God, our Creator, an infant was born.

2

Lost souls to recover, and form them afresh,
Our wonderful Lover took flesh of our flesh;
From sin to release us—that yoke so long worn,
The holy child Jesus of Mary was born.

3

Poor sinners dejected, of comfort debarr'd,
Whose hearts are afflicted because they're so
hard;
Despairing of favour—cold, lifeless, forlorn,
Remember, the Saviour in winter was born.

4

And ye that sincerely confide in the Lamb,
(He loves you most dearly,) rejoice in his name.
No more the believer from God shall be torn;—
To hold him for ever, an infant was born.

41.

11s.

Rejoicing in the Incarnation and Exaltation of Christ.—Luke ii. 11, 12.
My God, my Creator, the heavens did bow,
To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very low;

The body, prepared by the Father, assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.

2

O, wonder of wonders! astonish'd 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!

3

For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd his head;
For thousands of sinners he groan'd and he bled:
My spirit rejoices—the work it is done!
My soul is redeemed—salvation is won!

4

[Dear Jesus, my Saviour, thy truth I embrace—
Thy name and thy natures, thy spirit and grace:
And trace the pure footsteps of Jesus, my Lord,
And glory in him whom proud sinners abhorr'd.]

5

My God is returned to glory on high;
When death makes a passage, then to him I'll fly,
And join in the song of all praise thro' his blood,
To the Three who are One inconceivable God.

42.

C. M.

STENNETT.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.—Matt. xii 11.

LET avarice, from shore to shore,

Her favourite god pursue;

Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 When God the Holy Ghost reveals
The riches it contains,

- And in the conscience safely seals
The grandeur of its lines;
- 3 Then mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 4 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 5 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 6 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us bless'd
Is in this book denied.

43.

8. 7. 4.

NEWTON.

The Word of God.—Ps. xix. 7—10.

- PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword,
Is revealed
In Jehovah's sacred word.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys:
Of excess there is no danger;
Though it fills, it never cloy,

While the Spirit
To my heart its truth applies.

- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines, here I find:

When my Jesus
Shines therein into my mind.

- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While Jehovah
Gives me faith the truth to wield.

- 5 [Vain his threats to overcome me,
When in faith I take the sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,—
Satan trembles at the word,
When my Helper,
Makes me strong in Christ my Lord.]

- 6 [Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser;
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:
Having Jesus,
I have an immortal store.]

44.

L. M.

The Lawful Use of the Law.—Eph. ii. 3—9.

HERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands:

- And on me justly mightst thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.
- 2 But, thanks to God, its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see,
Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress:
Yet in thy gospel plan I see,
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord,
How Christ hath to thy law restored
Those honours, on the atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.
- 5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

45.

C. M.

HART.

Salvation by Christ alone.—Rom. xi. 6.

- How can ye hope, deluded souls,
To see what none e'er saw,
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery law?
- 2 [There ye may toil, and weep, and fast,
And vex your heart with pain;
And, when you've ended, find at last
That all your toil was vain.]
- 3 That law but makes your guilt abound;
Sad help, and (what is worst)

All souls that under that are found,
By God himself are cursed.

4 [This curse pertains to those who break
One precept, e'er so small:
And where's the man, in thought or deed,
That has not broken all?]

5 Fly, then, awaken'd sinners, fly;
Your case admits no stay!
The fountain's open'd now for sin;
Come, wash your guilt away.

6 See how from Jesus' wounded side
The water flows, and blood!
If you but touch that purple tide,
You then have peace with God.

7 Only by faith in Jesus' wounds
The sinner finds release;
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

46.

C. M.

WATTS.

Conviction of Sin by the Law.—Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without thy law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw

How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Was thy eternal law.

- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 Thy gracious throne I bow beneath;
Lord, thou alone canst save!
O break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

47.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Law and Gospel.—Gal. iii. 10; Luke xxiii. 34.

[CURSED be the man, for ever cursed,
That doth one wilful sin commit;
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief, and infinite.

- 2 Thus *Sinai* roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings:
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath
And *Calvary*, say gentler things:
- 3 "Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
And life, and joy, and crowns above,
Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."
- 4 Hark! how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips), "Forgive!"
And every groan and gaping wound
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live!"]
- 5 Go, ye that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there,

Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

- 6 But I'll retire beneath the cross:
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red shall pass me by.

48.

L. M.

WATTS.

The same.—Gal. iii. 10, 11.

WHAT curses doth the law denounce
Against the man who fails but once;
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

- 2 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise lives.

49.

L. M.

BERRIDGE.

The same.—Rom. viii. 3, 4.

THE law demands a weighty debt,
And not a single mite will bate;
But gospel sings of Jesus' blood,
And says it made the payment good.

- 2 The law provokes men oft to ill,
And churlish hearts makes harder still;
But gospel acts a kinder part,
And melts a most obdurate heart.

- 3 Run, run, and work, the law commands,
Yet finds me neither feet nor hands;
But sweeter news the gospel brings,—
It bids me fly, and lends me wings.

- 4 [Such needful wings, O Lord, impart,
To brace my feet, and brace my heart;
Good wings of faith, and wings of love
Will make a cripple sprightly move.]
- 5 With these a lumpish soul may fly,
And soar aloft, and reach the sky;
Nor faint, nor falter in the race,
But cheerly work, and sing of grace.

50.

S. M.

WATTS.

Moses and Christ.—Jno. ii. 17; Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name),
Descending from above.

- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands,
Be strict obedience paid:
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

51.

C. M.

STENNETT.

The Glorious Gospel.—1 Tim. i. 11.

- WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his shining throne on high,
The almighty Saviour comes:

Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt his chosen owed,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There he, our great High Priest, appears
Before his Father's throne;
There on his breast our names he wears
And counts our cause his own.

52.

11s.

HART.

:

The Gospel.—1 Tim. i, 15.

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 holds forth salvation so perfectly free!

2

The gospel declares that God, sending his Son
To die for poor sinners, gave all things in one;
This, too, makes the gospel most precious to me,
Because 'tis a gospel as full as 'tis free!

3

Since Jesus has saved me, and that freely too,
I fain would in all things my gratitude show;
But as to man's merit, 'tis hateful to me!
The gospel—I love it; 'tis perfectly free!

53.

L. M.

WATTS.

"They that hear shall live."—John v. 25.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above:

E 2

51

Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

- 2 Lo! at its sound the dead revive,—
Quickened by grace are made alive;
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 3 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the vile world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change!]
- 4 May but this grace my soul renew!
Let sinners gaze and hate me too!
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

54.

C. M.

WATTS.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.—2 Tim. i. 12.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross!

- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust!
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost!
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,

And in the new Jerusalem,
 Appoint my soul a place.

55.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

Gracious Invitation.—2 Cor. vi. 2; John vi. 37.

COME, guilty souls, and flee away
 To Christ, and heal your wounds;
 This is the welcome gospel-day
 Wherein free grace abounds.

- 2 God loved the church, and gave his Son,
 'To drink the cup of wrath;
 And Jesus says he'll cast out none
 That come to him by faith.

56.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Invitation of the Gospel.—Isa. lv. 1, &c.; Matt. xxii. 4.

[LET every open ear attend,
 And broken heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.]

- 2 O! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast;
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 O! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst,
 With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
 Who work with mighty pain,
 To weave a garment of your own,
 That will not hide your sin;
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
 In robes prepared by God,
 Wrought by the labours of his Son,
 And dyed in his own blood.]
- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines;
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins!
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

57.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.—Rom. i. 16.

- WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his woe?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
 Or form our natures fit for heaven?
 Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
 Make their own powers and passions clean?

- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 [Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.]
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing, and triumph in his name.

58.

C. M.

WATTS.

A Blessed Gospel.— Ps. lxxxix. 15—18.

- BLESS'D are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns;
Thy God for ever lives.

59, 60 THE GOSPEL—ELECTION.

59.

148th.

TOPLADY.

The Jubilee.—Lev. xxv. 8—18; Isa. lxi. 1—3.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let poor insolvents know
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
To burden'd souls proclaim: [The year, &c.
- 3 Ye slaves in Sinai's cell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live: [The year, &c.
- 4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face: [The year, &c.
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad! [The year, &c.

60.

148th.

BURNHAM.

Election the Fountain of Salvation.—Eph. i. 4.

ALL the elected train
Were chosen in their Head,
To all eternal good,
Before the worlds were made;

Chosen to know the Prince of Peace,
And taste the riches of his grace.

2 [Chosen to faith and hope,
To purity and love,
To all the life of God,
To all the things above;
Chosen to prove salvation sure;
Chosen to reign for evermore.]

3 Nothing but grace appears
In this eternal choice;
It charms the humble saint,
And makes the soul rejoice;
Its endless glories shine so bright,
It makes obedience all delight.

4 Now, Lord, to us reveal,
The all-confirming grace;
And may we all pursue
The shining paths of peace:
Run in the way to joys above,
And ever sing electing love.

61.

L. M.

BURNHAM.

Predestination.—Eph. i. 11.

'Twas fix'd in God's eternal mind,
When his dear sons should mercy find;
From everlasting he decreed
When every good should be convey'd.

2 Determined was the manner how,
Eternal favours he'd bestow;
Yea, he decreed the very place
Where he would show triumphant grace.

- 3 Also the means were fix'd upon,
Thro' which his sovereign love should run:
So time and place, yea, means and mode,
Were all determined by our God.
- 4 Vast were the settlements of grace,
On millions of the human race;
And every favour, richly given,
Flows from the high decree of heaven.
- 5 [In every mercy, full and free,
A sovereign God I wish to see;
To see how grace, free grace has reign'd,
In every blessing he ordain'd.
- 6 Yes, dearest Lord, 'tis my desire
Thy wise appointments to admire;
And trace the footsteps of my God,
Through every path in Zion's road.]

62.

L. M.

CLARKE.

God's Sovereignty displayed in Christ.—1 Cor. vi. 11; Rom. viii. 17.

SPACE and duration God doth fill,
And orders all things by his will;
Respecting all the holy seed,
Chosen in Christ, their blessed Head.

- 2 God's jewels of election-love
Were sanctified in Christ above;
In oneness with his nature pure,
Joint-heirs with him for evermore.

63.

C. M.

WATTS.

All things decreed.—Matt. x. 29—31.

THERE's not a sparrow nor a worm
But's found in God's decrees;

He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them if he please.

2 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays:
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

3 When he reveals the Book of Life,
O may I read my name,
Among the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

64.

7s.

RYLAND.

Rejoicing in God's Decrees.—Ps. xxxi. 14, 15.

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

2 His decree who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

4 [Times of sickness; times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;]

5 [Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste the Saviour's love ;

All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.]

- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

65.

L. M.

TUCKER.

Election in Christ.—2 Tim. i. 9.

EXPAND, my soul, arise and sing
The matchless grace of Zion's King;
His love, as ancient as his name,
Let all thy powers aloud proclaim.

- 2 Chosen of old, of old approved,
In Christ eternally beloved:
Adopted too, and children made,
Ere sin its baleful poison spread.
- 3 Though sin and guilt infest them here,
In Christ they all complete appear;
The whole that justice e'er demands
Received full payment from his hands.
- 4 In him the Father never saw
The least transgression of his law:
Perfection, then, in him we view;
His saints in him are perfect too!
- 5 Then let our souls in him rejoice,
As favour'd objects of his choice;
Redeem'd, and saved by grace, we sing
Eternal praise to Christ our King!

66.

L. M.

Free Election.—Rom. viii. 29.

DEEP in the everlasting mind
The great mysterious purpose lay,
Of choosing some from lost mankind,
Whose sins the Lamb should bear away.

- 2 Them, loved with an eternal love,
To grace and glory he ordain'd;
Gave them a throne which cannot move,
And chose them both to means and end.
- 3 In these he was resolved to make
The riches of his goodness known;
These he accepts for Jesus' sake,
And views them righteous in his Son.
- 4 No goodness God foresaw in his,
But what his grace decreed to give;
No comeliness in them there is
Which they did not from him receive.
- 5 Faith and repentance he bestows
On such as he designs to save:
From him their souls' obedience flows,
And he shall all the glory have.

67.

S. S. G.

ADAMS.

The Elect Ransomed.—Gal. i. 4.

OUR Jesus loves his dear elect:
With glory they shall all be deck'd
Before his Father's face.
Not one of them for whom he bled,
But shall with joy behold their Head,
In heaven, their dwelling-place.

- 2 [They are the travail of his soul;
His sweetest thoughts on them did roll
From all eternity!
And, as the jewels of his crown,
He'll give them honour, peace, renown,
And full felicity.]
- 3 Their sins upon him all were laid,
And he the dreadful debt has paid
(A debt no more to pay);
Their Surety in their law place-stood,
Appeased stern Justice with his blood,
And bore their sins away.

68.

11s.

TOPLADY.

Election Eternal.—Eph. i. 5, 6.

How happy are we, our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approved, eternally loved,
Upheld by his power, we cannot be moved.

2

['Tis sweet to recline on the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine;
While borne from above, & upheld by thy love
With singing and triumph to Zion we move!]

3

Our seeking thy face was all of thy grace;
Thy mercy demands & shall have all the praise!
No sinner can be beforehand with thee;
Thy grace is eternal, almighty, and free!

4

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 ever repents of the grace that he gives.

5

[This proof we would give that thee we receive,
Thou art *precious* alone to the souls that *believe*;
Be precious to us! all beside is as dross,
Compared with thy love & the blood of thy cross.]

6

[Through mercy we taste the invisible feast,—
The bread of the kingdom, the wine of the bless'd!
Who grants us to know his drawings below
Will endless salvation and glory bestow!]

69.

8. 7. 4.

The comfortable Consideration of Election.—Eph. i. 3—7.

Sons we are, through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By eternal destination,
Saving grace we here receive:
Our Redeemer
Does both grace and glory give!

2 Every soul of man, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Form'd and fix'd salvation's plan:
Countless millions,
Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.

3 [Pause, my soul! adore and wonder!
Ask, "O why such love to me!"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:

Hallelujah!

Thanks, Eternal Love, to thee!]

- 4 These are springs of consolation,
To converted sons of grace:
Finish'd, free, and full salvation
Shining in the Saviour's face!
Free grace only
Suits the wretched sinner's case!
- 5 When in that blest habitation,
Which my God for me ordain'd;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
Free grace only
Shall resound through Canaan's land!

70.

S. M.

TOPLADY.

Divine Providence.—Deut. xxxiii. 27; Isa. xxxv. 4.

- THRICE comfortable hope
That calms my stormy breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.
- 2 My fearful heart he reads;
Secures my soul from harms;
While underneath his mercy spreads
Its everlasting arms!
- 3 His skill infallible,
His providential grace,
His power and truth that never fail,
Shall order all my ways.
- 4 [The fictitious power of *chance*
And *fortune* I defy:

My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to his eye.]

O might I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest!

71.

C. M.

WATTS.

Free Grace in Revealing Christ.—Luke x. 31.

JESUS, the Man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise:

2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
That has reveal'd thy Son
To men unlearned; and to babes
Hast made the gospel known.

3 The mysteries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise;
While pride and carnal reasonings join
To swell and blind their eyes."

4 Thus does the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

72.

L. M.

WATTS

The Triumph of Faith.—Rom. viii. 33, &c.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!
- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits above;
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

73.

L. M.

WATTS.

Electing Grace.—Eph. i. 3, &c.

- JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners through his Son!
- 2 "Christ be my first elect," he said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,—
“Blameless in love, a holy seed.”
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race;
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ, our Lord, we share our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,
Till he forgets his first beloved.

74.

C. M.

WATTS.

Election excludes Boasting.—1 Cor. i. 26—31.

- BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thy eyes,
Almighty King of grace!
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of God,
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.
 - 3 He calls the fool and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
 - 4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

75.

L. M.

WATTS,

Election Sovereign and Free.—Rom. ix. 21.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay;
 He forms his vessels as he please:
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.

- 2 [Doth not the workman's power extend
 O'er all the mass which part to choose,
 And mould it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use?]
- 3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
 Dispense his favours as he will?
 Choose some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still?
- 4 [What if, to make his terror known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suffering vile rebels to go on,
 And seal their own destruction sure?]
- 5 [What if he mean to show his grace,
 And his electing love employs,
 To mark out some of mortal race,
 And form them fit for heavenly joys?]
- 6 Shall man reply against his Lord,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,
 The thunder of whose dreadful word
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
- 7 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
 Yet still his written will obey,
 And wait the great decisive day.

- 8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror, shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

76.

L. M.

KENT.

Predestination made known by Calling.—Rom. viii. 30; John x. 16.

- THERE is a period known to God
When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in.
- 2 At peace with hell, with God at war,
In sin's dark maze they wander far,
Indulge their lust, and still go on
As far from God as sheep can run.
- 3 But see how heaven's indulgent care
Attends their wanderings here and there:
Still hard at heel where'er they stray,
With pricking thorns to hedge their way.
- 4 [When wisdom calls, they stop their ear,
And headlong urge the mad career;
Judgments nor mercies ne'er can sway
Their roving feet to wisdom's way.]
- 5 Glory to God, they ne'er shall rove
Beyond the limits of his love:
Fenced with Jehovah's *shalls* and *wills*,
Firm as the everlasting hills.
- 6 The appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to *propose* but *call* by grace;
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn the feet to Zion's hill.

77.

7. 5.

HART.

Election.—John. x. 28.

BRETHREN, would you know your stay,
What it is supports you still?

Why, though tempted every day,
Yet you stand, and stand you will?

Long before our birth,
Nay, before Jehovah laid
The foundations of the earth,
We were chosen in our Head.

- 2 God's election is the ground
Of our hope to persevere:
On this rock your building found,
And preserve your title clear.

Infidels may laugh;
Pharisees gainsay or rail;
Here's your tenure, (keep it safe,)
God's elect can never fail!

78.

L. M.

PAICE.

Predestination.—Eph. i. 5—12.

FIX'D was the eternal state of man,
Ere time its rapid course began:
Appointed by God's firm decree,
To endless joy or misery.

- 2 Fix'd was the vast eternal deep
Between the goats and chosen sheep;
Nor can a union e'er take place,
'Twixt heirs of wrath and heirs of grace.
- 3 [Yet erring men make much ado,
And strive to force a passage through;
But, ah! what vain attempt is this,
To strive to ford that deep abyss.]

- 4 All glory to the great I AM,
 Who chose me in the blessed Lamb,
 Whilst millions of the human race
 Will never know nor taste his grace.
- 5 And blessings on atoning blood,
 By which I'm reconciled to God;
 And praise be to the Spirit given,
 Who frees from sin and leads to heaven.

79.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Glories of Adoption.—1 John iii. 1—3; Gal. iv. 6.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
 The Father hath bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God.
 'Tis no surprising thing
 That we should be unknown:
 The Jewish world knew not their King,—
 God's everlasting Son.

- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine,
 May trials well endure,
 For we, as sons in Christ, are made
 As pure as he is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.

- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves before thy throne;
Our faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

80.

7s.

HUMPHREYS

The Privileges of Adoption.—Rev. i. 5, 6.

- BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransom'd from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have!
- 2 God did love them in his Son
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When in Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away;
They shall stand in God's great day!
- 4 [They produce the fruits of grace,
Clothed in Jesus' righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin:
God's pure seed remains within!]
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun!
- 6 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth:
Yet they have an inward joy;
Pleasures which can never cloy!

81.

S. M.

BERRIDGE.

Spirit of Adoption.—Rom. viii. 15.

WELL, canst thou read thy heart,
And feel the plague of sin?

Does Sinai's thunder make thee start,
And conscience roar within?

- 2 Expect to find no balm
On nature's barren ground;
All human medicines will do harm;
They only skin the wound.
- 3 To Jesus Christ repair,
And knock at mercy's gate;
His blood *alone* can wash thee fair,
And make thy conscience sweet.
- 4 In season due he seals
A pardon on the breast;
The wounds of sin his Spirit heals,
And brings the gospel-rest.
- 5 [So comes the peace of God,
Which cheers the conscience well:
And love shed in the heart abroad,
More sweet than we can tell.]
- 6 Adopted sons perceive
Their kindred to the sky;
The Father's pardoning love receive,
And "Abba, Father," cry.

82.

L. M.

TOPLADY.

The Stability of the Covenant.—Ps. lxxxix. 34; Numb. xxiii. 19.

REJOICE, ye saints, in every state,
Divine decrees remain unmoved;

- No turns of Providence abate
God's care for those he once hath loved.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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!

83.

L. M.

WATTS.

Hope in the Covenant.—Heb. vi. 17—19.

- How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood!
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise!
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up!
A faithful and unchanging God

Lays the foundation of my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood!

84.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Support in the Covenant.—2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 'Tis mine, the covenant of his grace,
And every promise mine!
All flowing from eternal love,
And seal'd by blood divine!
- 2 On my unworthy, favour'd head,
Its blessings all unite:
Blessings more numerous than the stars;
More lasting and more bright!
- 3 That covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song!

85.

C. M.

WATTS.

God keeping Covenant.—Ps. lxxxix. 19—34; Heb. x. 23.

- OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and thou art one;
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son!
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath lived,
And part of heaven possess'd:
I'll praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

86.

S. M.

Covenant Favours.—Deut. iv. 31; Heb. xii. 24.

THE covenant of free grace,
As made with Christ our Head,
Is stored with precious promises,
By which our souls are fed.

- 2 The solemn oath of God
Confirms each promise true;
And Jesus, with his precious blood,
Has seal'd the covenant too!
- 3 Hence all our comforts flow
And balm for every fear;
Grant, Lord, we, by experience, know,
How choice, how rich they are.

87.

148th.

KENT.

Everlasting Love.—Ezek. xxxvii. 25—27.

WITH David's Lord and ours,
A covenant once was made,
Whose bonds are firm and sure,
Whose glories ne'er shall fade!
Sign'd by the sacred Three-in-One,
In mutual love, ere time begun.

- 2 Firm as the lasting hills,
This covenant shall endure,
Whose potent shalls and wills
Make every blessing sure:
When ruin shakes all nature's frame,
Its jots and tittles stand the same.
- 3 [Here the vast seas of grace,
Love, peace, and mercy flow,

'That all the blood-bought race
Of men or angels know.

Oh, sacred deep, without a shore,
Who shall thy limits e'er explore!]

- 4 Here, when thy feet shall fall,
Believer, thou shalt see
Grace to restore thy soul,
And pardon, full and free:
'Thee, with delight, shall God behold,
A chosen sheep in Zion's fold.
- 5 And when through Jordan's flood
Thy God shall bid thee go,
His arm shall thee defend,
And vanquish every foe;
And in this covenant thou shalt view
Sufficient strength to bear thee through.

SECOND PART.

L. M.

- O! THE mysterious depths of grace,
Who shall thy wandering mazes trace?
Surpassing human thought to know
Where this abyss of love shall flow.
- 2 'Twas hid in God's eternal breast,
For all his sons in Jesus blest,
Whose mystic members, from of old,
Were in the book of life enroll'd.
- 3 [Shall one, as now in thy embrace,
Before to-morrow fall from grace?
Be doom'd to Tophet's endless flame,
Where hope or mercy never came?
- 4 No! glory to his name, we say,
He'll love to-morrow as to-day:

- No wrath shall e'er his bosom move
Towards an object of his love.]
- 5 No heights of guilt, nor depths of sin,
Where his redeem'd have ever been,
But sovereign grace was underneath,
And love eternal, strong as death.
- 6 Come, then, ye saints, in strains divine,
Rehearse the same in every line;
Nor fear to sing the charming lay;
You'll sing the same another day.
- 7 No other song will be the employ
Of saints, in worlds of endless joy,
But loud hosannas, round the throne,
To the great sacred Three-in-One.

88.

L. M.

HART.

The Wonders of Redeeming Love.—Eph. i. 7.

- How wondrous are the works of God,
Display'd through all the world abroad:
Immensely great! immensely small!
Yet one strange work exceeds them all!
- 2 [He form'd the sun, fair fount of light;
The moon and stars, to rule the night;
But night and stars, and moon and sun,
Are little works compared with o're.]
- 3 [He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies,
Made valleys sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows clothed with native green,
And bade the rivers glide between.
- 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,

- To wonders man was born to prove—
The wonders of redeeming love?]
- 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel, or angels guess:
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.
- 6 The highest heavens are short of this;
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss:
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.
- 7 Almighty God! sigh'd human breath;
The Lord of life experienced death!
How it was done, we can't discuss,
But this we know, 'twas done for us.
- 8 Blest with this faith, then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise;
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lamb has shed his blood.
- 9 [Trials may press of every sort;
They may be sore, they must be short;
We now believe, but soon shall view,
The greatest glories God can show.]

89.

112th.

HART.

Christ the Saviour of Sinners.—1 Tim. i. 15.

WHEN Adam by transgression fell,
And conscious fled his Maker's face;
Link'd in clandestine league with hell,
He ruin'd all his future race.
The seeds of evil once brought in,
Increased and fill'd the world with sin.

- 2 But lo! the second Adam came,
 The serpent's subtle head to bruise;
 He cancels his malicious claim,
 And disappoints his devillish views;
 Ransoms poor prisoners with his blood,
 And brings the sinner back to God.
- 3 [To understand these things aright,
 This grand distinction should be known—
 Though all are sinners in God's sight,
 There are but few so in their own.
 To such as these our Lord was sent,—
 They're only sinners who repent.]
- 4 [What comfort can a Saviour bring,
 To those who never felt their woe?
 A sinner is a sacred thing;
 The Holy Ghost has made him so: *
 New life from him we must receive,
 Before for sin we rightly grieve.]
- 5 This faithful saying let us own;
 Well worthy 'tis to be believed;
 That Christ into the world came down,
 That sinners might by him be saved.
 Sinners are high in his esteem,
 And sinners highly value him.

90.

Redeeming Love.—Isa. lxiii. 9.

7s.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
 Ye who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

* That is, the Holy Ghost teaches and convinces him what a sinner he is.

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on you move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 [Welcome all, by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.]
- 5 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 6 [He subdued the infernal powers;
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.]
- 7 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Join, ye saints, the hosts above;
Join to praise redeeming love.

91.

L. M.

NEWTON.

Christ a Redeemer and Friend.—Luke xix. 10.

POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name;
He freely loves, and without end.

- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my needs supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies;—
O! what a friend is Christ to me!

92.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Strength of Christ's Redeeming Love.—Cant. viii. 5—7, 13, 14.

- WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from this wilderness?
And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ, our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint:
- 3 "O let my name engraven stand,
Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
Seal me upon thy arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath can never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine,
To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 "But I am jealous of my heart.
Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impress'd,
As a fair signet on my breast.

- 6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me."

93.

8. 7. 4.

J. EVANS.

Finished Redemption proclaimed on the Cross.—John xix. 30.

- HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 "It is finish'd!"—O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord!
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 [Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd, all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.]
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
Saints on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

94.

C. M.

WATTS.

Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.—Isa. xxvi. 1—4

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

2 He raised me from the depths of sin—
 The gates of gaping hell;
 And fix'd my standing more secure
 Than 'twas before I fell.

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

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

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

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

95.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Wonders of Redemption.—Phil. ii. 8.

AND did the Holy and the Just,
 The Sovereign of the skies,

- Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die!
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead:
For man, (O, miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine!
O! take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine.

96.

112th.

J. & C. W.

Redemption Found.—Jer. xxxi. 3.

- Now I have found the ground wherein
My anchor, hope, shall firm remain,—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away
- 2 [O grace, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallow'd up in thee!
Cover'd is my unrighteousness;
From condemnation I am free!

H

85

For Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, eternal mercy, cries.]

- 3 Jesus, I know, hath died for me;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest:
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast!
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy and love are written there.
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn,
Steadfast on this my soul relies,—
Redeeming mercy never dies.
- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay:
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away!
Mercy's full power I then shall prove;
Loved with an everlasting love!

97.

L. M.

TOPLADY.

"It is finished."—John xix. 30.

'Tis finish'd! the Messiah dies!
Cut off for sins, but not his own:
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice;
The great redeeming work is done.

- 2 Finish'd our vile transgression is,
And purged the guilt of all our sin;]
And everlasting righteousness
Is brought, for all his people, in.

- 3 'Tis finish'd, all my guilt and pain;
 I want no sacrifice beside:
 For me, for me, the Lamb was slain,
 And I'm for ever justified.
- 4 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.

98.

7. 6 8.

TOPLADY.

Redeeming Blood.—1 John i. 7.

- LET the world their virtue boast,
 And works of righteousness,
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace.
 Take me, Saviour, as I am,
 And let me lose my sins in thee:
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Full of truth and grace thou art,
 And here is all my hope;
 False and foul as hell, my heart
 To thee I offer up.
 Thou wast given to redeem
 My soul from all iniquity; [Friend, &c.
- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can I thy grace procure;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou knowst, am poor.
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery; [Friend, &c.

99.

7s.

ADAMS.

Salvation by Christ.—1 Cor. i. 27—30.

- BLESSED Jesus! thee we sing;
 Thou of life, the eternal spring;
 Thou art worthy, thou alone;
 Thou the Rock, and Corner-Stone.
- 2 'Tis from thee salvation flows:
 This the ransom'd sinner knows:
 Thou, O Christ, art all his plea,
 When he sees his poverty.
- 3 None shall glory in thy sight,
 Of their labours e'er so bright:
 All who 're taught by thee shall know,
 Living faith from God must flow.
- 4 Grace shall be our lovely theme;
 Free redemption! glorious scheme;
 This will be the song above:—
 Praise to Jesus' bleeding love.

100.

C. M.

WATTS.

Redemption by Price and Power.—John i. 29.

- JESUS, with all thy saints above,
 My tongue would bear her part;
 Would sound aloud thy saving love,
 And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with his blood,
 And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
 In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
 From Satan's heavy chains,

And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

101.

C. M. BERRIDGE.
Freedom from the Law claimed by the Redemption of Christ.—
Rom. iii. 25, 26.

DOES conscience lay a guilty charge,
And Moses much condemn,
And bring in bills exceeding large?
Let Jesus answer them.

- 2 He paid thy ransom with his hand,
And every score did quit;
And Moses never can demand
Two payments of one debt.

- 3 Now justice smiles on mercy sweet,
And looks well reconciled;
Join'd hand in hand, they go to meet,
And kiss a weeping child.

- 4 But ask the Lord for his receipt,
To show the payment good,
Deliver'd from the mercy-seat,
And sprinkled with his blood.

- 5 The law thy feet will not enlarge,
Nor give thy conscience rest,
Till thou canst find a full discharge
Lock'd up within thy breast.

- 6 [The sight of this will melt thy heart,
And make thy eyes run o'er:

102, 103 REDEMPTION—CHRIST'S

A happy, pardon'd child thou art,
And heaven is at thy door.]

102.

148th.

HART.

"Set your affections on things above."—Col. iii. 2.

COME, raise your thankful voice,
Ye souls redeem'd with blood;
Leave earth and all its toys,
And mix no more with mud.

Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.

- 2 Christians are priests and kings,
All born of heavenly birth:
Then think on nobler things,
And grovel not on earth. [Dearly, &c.
- 3 With heart, and soul, and mind,
Exalt redeeming love:
Leave worldly cares behind,
And set your minds above. [Dearly, &c.
- 4 Lift up your ravish'd eyes,
And view the glory given:
All lower things despise,
Ye citizens of heaven. [Dearly, &c.
- 5 Be to this world as dead;
Alive to that to come;
Our life in Christ is hid,
Who soon shall call us home. [Dearly, &c.

103.

L. M.

J. & C. W.

The Imputed Righteousness of Christ.—Isa. lxi. 10.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:

- Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en this shall then be all my plea.
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While through thy blood absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?
- 4 [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.]
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

104.

8.3.

HART.

Christ's Righteousness.—Mark xvi. 16.

RIGHTEOUSNESS to the believer,
Freely given, comes from heaven,
God himself the giver.

- 2 Christ has wrought this mighty wonder;
God and man, by him, can
Meet, and never sunder.

- 3 All the law in human nature
He fulfill'd: reconciled
Creature and Creator.
- 4 Every one, without exemption,
That believes, now receives
Absolute redemption.
- 5 [Robes of righteousness imputed,
White and whole, clothe the soul,
Each exactly suited.]
- 6 'Tis a way of God's own finding;
'Tis his act, and the pact
Cannot but be binding.
- 7 Here is no prevarication;
Justice stands, and demands
Full and free salvation.

105.

C. M.

HART.

"For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin," &c.—
2 Cor. v. 21.

- WHEN I by faith my Maker see
In weakness and distress,
Brought down to that sad state for me
Which angels can't express:
- 2 When that great God to whom I go
For help, amazed I view,
By sin and sorrow, sunk as low
As I, and lower too:
- 3 [For all our sins we his may call,
As he sustain'd their weight:
How huge the heavy load of all,
When only mine's so great!]

- 4 Then ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss.
- 5 [Prostrate I fall, ashamed of doubt,
And worship love divine,
Thus may I always be devout:
Be this religion mine!]
- 6 In this alone I can confide;
Here's righteousness enough!
What's all the boast of nature's pride?
What unsubstantial stuff!
- 7 [Rounds of dead service, forms, and ways,
Which some so much esteem,
Compared with this stupendous grace,
What trivial trash they seem.]
- 8 Lord, help a worthless worm, so weak
He can do nothing good;
May all I act, or think, or speak,
Be sprinkled with thy blood!

106.

L. M.

HART.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"—Zech. iii. 2.

- THUS saith the Lord to those that stand,
And wait to hear his great command,
"I have a sinner to renew,
And, lo! this charge I give to you.
- 2 "Pull his polluted garments off;
Here, soul, here's raiment rich enough;
Clothe thee with righteousness divine—
Not creature's righteousness, but mine.

- 3 "Satan avaunt; stand off, ye foes;
In vain ye rail, in vain oppose;
Your cancell'd claim no more obtrude:
He's mine—I bought him with my blood.
- 4 Sinner, thou standst in me complete;
Though they accuse thee, I acquit:
I bore for thee the avenging ire,
And pluck'd thee burning from the fire."

107.

C. M.

HART.

"Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee."—Matt. ix. 2

- How high a privilege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiven;
To bear about this pledge below—
This special grant of heaven!
- 2 To look on this when sunk in fears,
While each repeated sight,
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,
And makes temptations light;
- 3 Oh! what is honour, wealth, or mirth,
To this well-grounded peace:
How poor are all the goods of earth,
To such a gift as this!
- 4 This is a treasure rich indeed,
Which none but Christ can give;
Of this the best of men have need;
This I, the worst, receive.

108.

8. 6. 8.

HART.

"The Lord our righteousness."—Jer. xxiii. 6.

JEHOVAH is my righteousness;
In him alone I'll boast:

. This Hymn, as also the 13th, may be sung as Common Metre
by omitting the third and last lines of each verse.

Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My tongue his mercy shall confess,
 Who seeks and saves the lost:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

2 When sunk in fears, with anguish press'd,
 Bow'd down with weighty woe,
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My weary soul in him finds rest;
 From him my comforts flow:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

3 I'll lay me down, and sweetly sleep,
 For I have peace with God:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 And when I wake he shall me keep,
 Through faith in Jesus' blood:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

4 Ten thousand and ten thousand foes
 Shall not my soul destroy:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My God their counsels overthrows,
 And turns my grief to joy:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

109.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Robe of Righteousness and Garments of Salvation.—Isa. lxi. 10.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice:
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine;

Upon a poor, polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

- 3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 [How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear;
These ornaments, how bright they shine;
How white the garments are.]
- 5 [The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.]
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three:
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

110.

S. M.

WATTS

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ.—Isa. xlv. 21—25.

- THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne:
“Mercy and Justice are the names
By which I will be known.
- 2 “Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace.”
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,

RIGHTEOUSNESS. 111, 112

“ Our righteousness and strength are found
In thee, the Lord, alone.”

- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven:
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

111.

C. M.

WATTS.

Justification by Faith, not by Works.—Rom. iii. 19—22.

- VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

112.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness.—Phil. iii. 7—9

No more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne;
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

113.

L. M.

KENT.

"The whole need not a physician."—Mark ii. 17.

- WHO, but the soul that's led to know
 How just and holy is the law,
 Will to the cross of Christ repair,
 And seek salvation only there?
- 2 [Jesus, my soul's compell'd to flee
 From all its wrath and curse to thee;
 Though oft, thro' pride, my stubborn will
 To Sinai feels a cleaving still.]
- 3 Sinner, if thou art taught to see
 How great thy guilt and misery,
 In every thought and act impure,
 The blood of Christ thy soul can cure.
- 4 Daily to feel thyself undone,
 Will make thee haste to kiss the Son,
 And on thy knees for pardon sue,
 And praise, and bless, and love him too.

- 5 [To feel thy shame and nakedness,
Will make thee love that glorious dress
That sets from condemnation free,
And from the curse delivers thee.
- 6 Without a seam this garment's wove,
Bequeath'd in everlasting love;
Ere time began, design'd to be
A royal robe to cover thee.]
- 7 We seek no other blood or name,
To cleanse our guilt, and hide our shame,
But that wrought out by Christ the Son,
Which God imputes, and faith puts on.

114.

S. M.

BERRIDGE.

"He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."—1 Cor. i. 31; Prov. xxv. 27

- THE sons of earth delight
To spread their fame abroad,
To glory in their worth and might;
But such are not of God.
- 2 The heavenly word declares—
And faithful is the word—
That Israel's seed, the royal heirs,
Shall glory in the Lord.
 - 3 In Jesus they shall trust;
From first to last, each one,
Through Jesus, shall be counted just,
And boast in him alone.
 - 4 Amen! the word is good;
My trust is in his name;
I have redemption through his blood,
And I will shout his fame.

115, 116 OFFICES, &c.,

- 5 [He hears my sad complaints,
 And heals old wounds and new,
 Hosanna to the King of saints;
 His ways are just and true!
- 6 His worth I love to tell,
 And wish the world to know;
 And where the Son is honour'd well,
 The Father's honour'd too.]

115.

L. M.

BERRIDGE.

"The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God."—Rom. viii. 7.

- [IMPUTED righteousness is strange,
Nor will with human fancies range;
We guess the lurking motive well,
And Paul the hateful truth shall tell.]
- 2 The lofty heart can not submit
To cast itself at Jesus' feet;
It scorns in borrow'd robes to shine,
Though weaved with righteousness divine.
- 3 Proud nature cries, with loathing eyes,
"This imputation I despise;"
And from it she will pertly start,
Till grace has broken down her heart.
- 4 O give me, Lord, thy righteousness,
To be my peace and wedding dress:
My sores it heals, my rags it hides,
And makes me dutiful besides.

116.

A Just God and a Saviour.—1 John ii. 1; iv. 10.

7s.

O, THE power of love divine!
Who its heights and depths can tell—

Tell Jehovah's grand design,
To redeem our souls from hell.

- 2 Mystery of redemption this—
All my sins on Christ were laid;
My offence was reckon'd his;
He the great atonement made!
- 3 Fully I am justified;
Free from sin, and more than free:
Guiltless, since for me he died;
Righteous, since he lived for me.
- 4 Jesus, now to thee I bow:
Let thy praise my tongue employ.
Saved unto the utmost now,
Who can speak my heartfelt joy!

117.

C. M. TOPLADY

Intercession.—Ps. xxi. 1, 5; John xvii. 24.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above!

- 2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthroned in glory now!
- 3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim;

“ Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am!”

- 5 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven:
- 6 Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
The Father smiles on thee;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me!

118.

C. M.

CENFICK.

Melchisedec a Type of Christ.—Ps. cx. 4; Rev. v. 12.

- THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be!
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice;
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec!
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
'Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song!

119.

C. M.

NEATON.

Boldness and Access to God in Christ.—Heb. x. 19.

GREAT God! from thee there's nought con-
 Thou seest my inward frame; [ceal'd,
 To thee I always stand reveal'd,
 Exactly as I am!

- 2 Since I can hardly, therefore, bear
 What in myself I see;
 How vile and black must I appear,
 Most holy God, to thee!
- 3 But since my Saviour stands between,
 In garments dyed in blood;
 'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
 When I approach to God.
- 4 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe,
 He pleads, before the throne,
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.
- 5 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
 In this appointment shine;
 My breaches of the law are his,
 And his obedience mine.

120.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak.—Heb. iv. 15, 16; v. 7; Matt. xii. 20.

- WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness;
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;

He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

121.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ and Aaron.—Heb. vii. & ix.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought,
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;

But thy one offering takes away
For ever, all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.]

5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, (but not his own,)
Aaron within the veil appears!
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.]

7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns,
On Zion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

122.

148th.

WATTS.

The Offices of Christ glorious.—Heb. i. 4.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

105

- 2 But O, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commission'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue 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.]
- 5 [Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!]
- 6 [I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.]

- 7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.]
- 10 [My dear, almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.]
- 11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down!
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on,
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays
 Superior power and guardian grace.

123.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Priesthood of Christ.—Luke xxiii. 34.

- BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
 "Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries;
 But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
 Speaks peace as loud from every vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
 Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
 And rebels that deserve his sword,
 Become the favourites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
 Who gave his life a sacrifice;
 Now he appears before our God,
 An for our pardon pleads his blood.

124.

G. M.

WATTS.

The Offices of Christ.—Heb. vii. 1-3.

- WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with truth and grace;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
 Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We reverence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his blood,
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King!
 How sweet are his commands;
 He guards our souls from hell and sin
 By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
 Who saves by different ways;
 His mercies lay a sovereign claim
 To our immortal praise.

125.

S. M.

WATTS.

Faith in Christ, our Sacrifice.—Heb. ix. 12; x. 4.

Not all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine;
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the accursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

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

126.

C. M.

WATTS

The Personal Glories and Government of Christ.—Ps. xlv.

I'LL speak the honours of my King;

His form divinely fair;

None of the sons of mortal race

May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace

Upon thy lips is shed;

Thy God with blessings infinite

Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince;

Ride with majestic sway;

Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,

And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;

Thy word of grace shall prove

A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,

To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,

But mercy is thy choice:

And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill

With most peculiar joys.

127.

148th.

The Kingdom of Christ.—Phil. iv. 4; Ps. cxlix. 2.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;

Your God and King adore;

Mortals, give thanks and sing,

And triumph evermore!

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,

Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above: [Lift up, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given: [Lift up, &c.
- 4 [He all his foes shall quell;
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy: [Lift up, &c.]
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

128.

C. M.

NEWTON.

The Priesthood and Perfections of Christ.—Rom. v. 11, 12, 18.

CHRIST bears the name of all his saints,
Deep on his heart engraved;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has saved.

- 2 In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfection shine:
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet;
A Saviour all divine.
- 3 The blood, which, as a priest, he bears
For sinners, is his own;

The incense of his prayers and tears
Perfumes the holy throne.

- 4 In him my weary soul has rest,
Though I am weak and vile,
I read my name upon his breast,
And see the Father smile.

129.

104th.

HART.

"For thine is the kingdom."—Matt. vi. 13.

YE souls that are weak, and helpless, and poor,
Who know not to speak, much less to do more,
Lo! here's a foundation for comfort and peace—
In Christ is salvation; the kingdom is his.

2 With power he rules, and wonders performs;
Gives conduct to fools, and courage to worms,
Beset by sore evils, without and within,
By legions of devils, and mountains of sin.

3 Then be not afraid; all power is given
To Jesus, our Head, in earth and in heaven:
Thro' him we shall conquer the mightiest foes:
Our Captain is stronger than all that oppose.

4 [His power from above he'll kindly impart;
So free is his love, so tender his heart;
Redeem'd with his merit, we're wash'd in his
blood;

Renew'd by his Spirit, we've power with God.]

5 Thy grace we adore, Director divine;
The kingdom, & power, & glory are thine.
Preserve us from running on rocks or on shelves,
From foes strong and cunning, and most from
ourselves.

6 Reign o'er us as King, accomplish thy will,
 And powerfully bring us forth from all ill;
 Till, falling before thee, we laud thy loved name,
 Ascribing the glory to God and the Lamb.

130.

S. M.

HART.

Character and Offices of Christ.—Col. iii. 11.

CHRIST is the eternal Rock,
 On which his church is built;
 The Shepherd of his little flock;
 The Lamb that took our guilt;
 Our Counsellor, our Guide,
 Our Brother, and our Friend;
 The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
 Who loves her to the end.

2 [He is the Son to free;
 The Bishop he to bless;
 The full Propitiation he;
 The Lord, our Righteousness;
 His body's glorious Head;
 Our Advocate that pleads;
 Our Priest that pray'd, atoned, and bled,
 And ever intercedes.]

3 Let all obedient souls
 Their grateful tribute bring;
 Submit to Jesus' righteous rules,
 And bow before the King.
 Our Prophet, Christ, expounds
 His and our Father's will;
 This good Physician cures our wounds
 With tenderness and skill.

- 4 [When sin had sadly made,
 'Twixt wrath and mercy, strife,
 Our dear Redeemer dearly paid
 Our ransom with his life.
 Faith gives the full release;
 Our Surety for us stood:
 The Mediator made the peace,
 And sign'd it with his blood.]
- 5 [Soldiers, your Captain own;
 Domestics, serve your Lord;
 Sinners, the Saviour's love make known;
 Saints, hymn the incarnate Word;
 The Witness sure and true
 Of God's good will to men;
 The Alpha and the Omega too;
 The First and Last. Amen.]
- 6 Poor pilgrims shall not stray,
 Who frighted flee from wrath:
 A bleeding Jesus is the Way,
 And blood tracks all the path.
 Christians in Christ obtain
 The Truth that can't deceive:
 And never shall they die again,
 Who in the Life believe.

131.

Christ, the Head of the Church.—Eph. v. 23; Isa. ^{7. 7. 4.} xliii. 2.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,

We joyfully adore thee;

Till thou appear, thy members here,
 Shall thirst for greater glory.

- 2 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation;

And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

3 While in 'affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire;
Thy love we praise, which tries our ways,
And ever brings us higher.

4 We lift our hands, exulting
In thy almighty favour;
The love divine which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

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

6 [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.]

7 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us,
The world despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.

8 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.

132.

C. M.

SWAIN.

Christ, a True Friend.—Eph. ii. 4, 5.

A FRIEND there is, your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name!

Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame!

2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end nor measure knows;
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same, it flows
From one eternal source!

4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

5 And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,—
Himself he gives us still!

6 [Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains:
'The wildest storm his word obeys;
His word its rage restrains.]

133.

8. 7. 7.

NEWTON.

The same.—Prov. xviii. 24.

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.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a Friend in need!
- 3 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften:
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above!
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will praise thee as we ought.

134.

L. M.

BREWER.

Christ the Sinner's Hiding-place.—Isa. xxxii. 2.

- HAIL, sovereign Love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man!
 Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding-place!
- 2 [Against the God who rules the sky
 I fought with hand uplifted high;
 Despised the mention of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place!
- 2 But thus the eternal council ran,
 "Almighty love, arrest that man!"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding-place!
- 4 Indignant Justice stood in view;
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
 But Justice cried, with frowning face,
 This mountain is no hiding-place!

- 5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appear'd:
She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place!]
- 6 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.
- 7 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell:
He bore it for a chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

135.

C. M.

NEWTON.

The Name of Jesus.—Sol. Songs i. 3.

- How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of 'grace.

136.

C. M.

STERLE.

God our Refuge.—Ps. ix. 9.

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

- 2 [To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal:
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.]
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 [Hast thou not bid me seek thy face,
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.]
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

137.

S. S. C.

The Church's Safety.—Ps. xlv. 3, 4.

How happy is the little flock,
 Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
 In all commotions rest;
 When war and tumult's waves run high,
 Unmoved above the storm they lie;
 They lodge in Jesus' breast.

- 2 Whatever ills the world befall,
 A pledge of endless love we call,
 A sign of Jesus near;
 His chariot will not long delay;
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 Triumphant Lord, appear!

- 3 Appear, and thy own flock protect;
 Avenge thy own despised elect,
 And make thy glory known!
 Gird on thy sword, thou King of kings,
 And smite through all inferior things.
 That dare usurp thy throne.

138.

C. M.

DODDREDGE.

Jesus precious.—Ps. lxxiii. 25; 1 Pet. ii. 7.

JESUS, I love thy charming name;
 'Tis music in my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust:
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

- 3 O may thy name upon my heart,
 Shed a rich fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all my wounds,
 The cordial of my care.
- 4 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
 With my last labouring breath;
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death!

139.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ our Shepherd.—Ps. xxiii. 23.

- My Shepherd will supply my need;
 Jehovah is his name!
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways;
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay;
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth still my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thy oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days:
 O may thy house be my abode
 And all my work be praise!

140, 141 OFFICES, &c.,

- 6 [There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come,)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.]

140.

S. M.

WATTS.

Safety in God.—Ps. lxi. 1—6.

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

- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade!
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot,
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

141.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ, the Foundation of the Church.—Ps. cxviii. 22, 23; Isa. xxviii.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear
And saints adore the name;

They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

142.

L. M.

WATTS.

Characters of Christ, borrowed from Inanimate Things in Scripture.—
Ps. xlv. 2; Phil. ii. 10, 11.

Go worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compared to Wine or Bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a Tree? the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]
- 5 [Is he a Rose? not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:

- Or if the Lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a Vine? his heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.]
- 7 [Is he a Head? each member lives
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a Fountain? there I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 9 [Is he a Fire? he'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- 10 [Is he a Rock? how firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.]
- 11 [Is he a Way? he leads to God?
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]
- 12 [Is he a Door? I'll enter in;
Behold, the pasture's large and green;
A paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

- 13 [Is he design'd the Corner-stone,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my Foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 14 [Is he a Temple? I adore
The indwelling majesty and power;
And still to his most holy place
Whene'er I pray I'll turn my face.]
- 15 [Is he a Star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,—
I know the bright, the Morning Star.]
- 16 [Is he a Sun? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns, the incarnate God.
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

143.

78.

TOPLADY.

Rock Smitten; or, the Rock of Ages.—1 Cor. x. 4.

Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,

Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.'

2 [Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.]

3 [Nothing in my hand I bring!
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!]

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me, &c.

144.

L. M.

CENNIOT.

Christ, the Way.—John xiv. 6; Isa. xxxv. 8.

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

2 [The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.]

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;

My grief my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God."

145.

7s.

KENT.

Peace made by the Blood of the Cross.—Heb. vii. 22.

CHRIST, exalted, is our song,
Hymn'd by all the blood-bought throng;
To his throne our shouts shall rise;
God with us by sacred ties.

- 2 Shout, believer, to thy God;
He hath once the wine-press trod;
Peace procured by blood divine;
Cancell'd all thy sins and mine.
- 3 Here thy bleeding wounds are heal'd;
Sin condemn'd, and pardon seal'd:
Grace her empire still maintains;
Christ without a rival reigns.
- 4 [Through corruption, felt within;
Darkness, deadness, guilt, and sin;

Still to Jesus turn thy eyes—
Israel's hope and sacrifice.]

- 5 In thy Surety thou art free;
His dear hands were pierced for thee;
With his spotless vesture on;
Holy as the Holy One.
- 6 Oh! the heights, the depths of grace,
Shining with meridian blaze:
Here the sacred records show,
Sinners black, but comely too.
- 7 Saints, dejected, cease to mourn;
Faith shall soon to vision turn;
Ye the kingdom shall obtain,
And with Christ exalted reign.

146.

148th.

BERNARD.

Christ, the Sinner's Hiding-Place.—1 Cor. vi. 11.

WHERE must a sinner fly,
Who feels his guilty load,
And stands condemn'd to die,
Out of the mouth of God?
Can any door of hope be found?
Not any, sure, on nature's ground.

- 2 What if he mend his life,
And pour out floods of tears,
And pray with fervent strife?
These pay no past arrears.
The law, with unrelenting breath,
Declares the wage of sin is death.
- 3 Who then shall reconcile
Such jarring things as these?

Say, how can Justice smile
At Mercy on her knees?
Or how can Mercy lift her head,
If all the legal debt is paid?]

- 4 Jesus, thy helping hand
Has made the contest cease,
Paid off each law demand,
And bought the blest release:
Stern Justice, satisfied by thee,
Bids Mercy bring the news to me.
- 5 O tidings, sweet of grace,
To sinners lost and poor,
Who humbly seek thy face,
And knock at Mercy's door;
Who taste the peace thy blood imparts,
And feel the Saviour in their hearts.
- 6 All hail! we bless thee now,
Who bought us with thy blood!
Our gracious Shepherd, thou,
To bring us home to God.
On earth we sing thy bleeding love,
And long to see thy face above.

147.

7a.

BERRIDGE.

Christ, a Protector of the Wretched.—1 Sam. xxii. 2.

ALL in debt, or in distress,
Discontented more or less;
All who would protection have,
Post away to David's cave.

- 2 All who find their sinful debt
Deep and deeper growing yet;

- All who have been Satan's tool—
 Much his madman or his fool;
- 3 All who discontented are,
 Full of guilt and full of fear;
 Every soul who would not die,
 Unto Jesus' cave must fly.
- 4 [Jesus all your debts will pay;
 Chase your legal duns away;
 Every foe he will subdue—
 World, and flesh, and devil too.]
- 5 Haste, and seek the Saviour's face;
 Rise, and bless him for his grace;
 To his scorned cave repair;
 He will wash and feast you there.

148.

8. 8. 6.

BERBRIDGE.

Christ, his People's Surety.—Heb. vii. 22; Mark xv. 34.

- FOR wretched strangers, such as I,
 The Saviour left his native sky,
 And Surety would become:
 He undertakes for sinners lost,
 And, having paid the utmost cost,
 Returns triumphant home.
- 2 A judgment-bond against me lay,
 Law-charges, too, which he must pay,
 But found a smarting debt:
 The garden scene begins his woes,
 And fetcheth agonizing throes,
 And draws a bloody sweat.
- 3 His back with hardy stripes is hew'd,
 Till flakes of gore, and streams of blood,
 Besmear the frighted ground!

A scornful and a smarting crown
His holy head is thrust upon,
And thorns begird it round.

- 4 He smarts with nails that pierce his feet,
And smarts with hanging all his weight
Upon the cursed tree!
He smarts beneath a Father's rod,
And roars aloud, "Why, O my God,
Hast thou forsaken me?"
- 5 [May all my Saviour's love and smart
Be sweetly graven on my heart,
And with me fast abide:
And let me sing thy praises well,
And love thee more than I can tell,
And trust in none beside.]

149.

8. 8. 6.

BERRIDGE.

Christ, a Friend that sticketh closer than a Brother.—Prov. xviii. 24.

THERE is a Friend, who sticketh fast,
And keeps his love from first to last,
And Jesus is his name:
An earthly brother drops his hold,
Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,
But Jesus is the same.

- 2 He loves his people, great and small,
And, grasping hard, embraceth all,
Nor with a soul will part:
No tribulations which they feel,
No foes on earth, nor fiends of hell,
Shall tear them from his heart.

- 3 His love before all time began,
 And through all time it will remain,
 And evermore endure;
 Tho' rods and frowns are sometimes brought,
 And man may change, he changeth not;
 His love abideth sure.
- 4 [A method strange this Friend has shown,
 Of making love divinely known
 To rebels doom'd to die;
 Unask'd, he takes our humblest form,
 And condescends to be a worm,
 To lift us up on high.]
- 5 [The law demanded blood for blood,
 And out he lets his vital flood,
 To pay the mortal debt!
 He toils thro' life, and pants thro' death,
 And cries, with his expiring breath,
 "'Tis finish'd," and complete!]
- 6 [Let all the ransom'd of the Lord
 Exalt his love with one accord,
 And hallelujah sing:
 Adore the dying Friend of man,
 And bless him highly as you can:
 He is your God and King.]

150.

104th.

BEXBRIDGE.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John i. 29.

THE sweet Lamb of God comes forth to be slain,
 And offers his blood to purge off our stain;
 With bitterest anguish and groans on the tree,
 The Saviour did languish for sinners like me.

- 2 **Look on him, my soul, and gaze on his smart ;**
His cries may control the lusts of thy heart :
His blood has set often the worst broken bones ;
His love too can soften hearts harder than stones.
- 3 **[Right worthy indeed he is of high fame,**
And saints have all need to trust in his name ;
Not feed on their graces, nor strut with a frame,
But fall on their faces, and worship the Lamb.]
- 4 **Lo! here is a feast of delicate food ;**
For prodigals dress'd, yet costly and good !
Our Father provided this Lamb for a treat ;
And if you are minded, you freely may eat.
- 5 **None other repast my spirit would have ;**
Thy flesh let me taste, sweet Lamb, & yet crave ;
Thy blood ever flowing my pleasant cup be ;
Thy fleece on earth growing make clothing for me.
- 6 **Thus cover'd & fed at thy proper cost, [host ;**
That path I would tread which pleaseth my
Thy patience inherit, thy lowliness prove,
Catch all thy sweet Spirit, & burn with thy love.

151.

C. M.

HART.

Christ, the Believer's Surety.—Matt. i. 21.

- WHAT slavish fears molest my mind,**
And vex my sickly soul :
How is it, Lord, that thou art kind,
And yet I am not whole ?
- 2 **[Ah! why should unbelief and pride,**
With all their hellish train,
Still in my ransom'd soul abide,
And give me all this pain ?

M

133

- 3 Thy word is past, thy promise made;
 With power it came from heaven;
 "Cheer up, desponding soul," it said,
 Thy sins are all forgiven.
- 4 "Behold, I make thy cause my own;
 I bought thee with my blood:
 Thy wicked works on me be thrown,
 And I will work thy good.
- 5 "I am thy God, thy Guide till death,
 Thy everlasting Friend:
 On me for love, for works, for faith,—
 On me for all depend."]
- 6 Thy blood, dear Lord, has bought my peace,
 And paid the heavy debt;
 Has given a fair and full release,
 But I'm in prison yet.
- 7 Unjustly now these foes of mine
 Their devillish hate pursue;
 They made my Surety pay the fine,
 Yet plague the prisoner too.
- 8 What right can my tormentors plead,
 That I should not be free?
 Here's an amazing change indeed!
 Justice is now for me.
- 9 Lord, break these bars that thus confine—
 These chains that gall me so;
 Say to that ugly gaoler, Sin,
 "Loose him, and let him go."

152.

S. M.
 "I am the Way," &c.—John xiv. 6.

HART.

"I AM," saith Christ, "the Way:"
 Now, if we credit him,

All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 "I am," saith Christ, "the Truth:"
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 "I am," saith Christ, "the Life:"
Let this be seen by faith;
It follows, without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceived, nor die.

153.

On the Passion.—L. M. HART.
Matt. xxvi. 36—45; Mark xiv. 32—41; Luke xxii. &c.

COME, all ye chosen saints of God,
That long to feel the cleansing blood;
In pensive pleasure join with me,
To sing of sad Gethsemane.

2 [Gethsemane, *the olive press!*
(And why so call'd, let Christians guess:)
Fit name! fit place! where vengeance strove,
And griped and grappled hard with love.]

3 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
And sigh'd, & groan'd, & pray'd, & fear'd;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough, and none to spare.

4 The powers of hell united press'd,
And squeezed his heart, & bruised his breast!

- What dreadful conflicts raged within,
When sweat and blood forced thro' the skin.
- 5 [Dispatch'd from heaven an angel stood,
Amazed to find him bathed in blood ;
Adored by angels, and obey'd,
But lower now than angels made.
- 6 He stood to strengthen, not to fight;
Justice exacts its utmost mite :
This Victim vengeance will pursue;
He undertook, and must go through.]
- 7 [Three favour'd servants, left not far,
Were bid to wait, and watch the war:
But Christ withdrawn, what watch we keep !
To shun the sight they sunk in sleep.]
- 8 Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some help from man:
Or wish'd, at least, they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortured soul.
- 9 [Whate'er he sought for, there was none ;
Our Captain fought the field alone:
Soon as the Chief to battle led,
That moment every soldier fled.]
- 10 Mysterious conflict ! dark disguise !
Hid from all creatures' peering eyes ;
Angels, astonish'd, view'd the scene :
And wonder yet, what all could mean.
- 11 O Mount of Olives, sacred grove !
O Garden, scene of tragic love !
What bitter herbs thy beds produce
How rank their scent, how harsh their juice !

- 12 [Rare virtues now these herbs contain:
The Saviour suck'd out all their bane:
My mouth with these if conscience cram,
I'll eat them with the paschal Lamb.]
- 13 O Cedron, gloomy brook, how foul
Thy black polluted waters roll!
No tongue can tell, but some can taste,
The filth that into it was cast.
- 14 In Eden's garden there was food
Of every kind for man while good;
But banish'd thence, we fly to thee,
O garden of Gethsemane.

SECOND PART.

AND why, dear Saviour, tell me why,
Thou thus wouldst suffer, bleed, and die;
What mighty motive could thee move?
The motive's plain; 'twas all for love.

- 2 For love of whom? Of sinners base,
A harden'd herd, a rebel race;
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,
And wanton'd with the wounds of God.
- 3 [When rocks & mountains rent with dread,
And gaping graves gave up their dead;
When the fair sun withdrew his light,
And hid his head to shun the sight;
- 4 Then stood the wretch of human race,
And raised his head, and show'd his face,
Gazed unconcern'd when nature fail'd,
And scoff'd, & sneer'd, & cursed, & rail'd.]

- 5 Harder than rocks and mountains are,
More dull than dirt and earth by far,
Man view'd unmoved thy blood's rich stream,
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.
- 6 [Such was the race of sinful men,
That gain'd that great salvation then;
Such, and such only, still we see;
Such they were all; and such are we.
- 7 The Jews with thorns his temples crown'd,
And lash'd him when his hands were bound:
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands
By us were furnish'd to their hands.
- 8 They nail'd him to the accursed tree;
(They did, my brethren, so did we;)
The soldier pierced his side, 'tis true:
But we have pierced him thro' and thro'.]
- 9 O love of unexampled kind!
That leaves all thoughts so far behind;
Where length, & breadth, & depth, & height,
Are lost to my astonish'd sight.
- 10 For love of me the Son of God
Drain'd every drop of vital blood.
Long time I after idols ran;
But now my God's a martyr'd man.

154.

7s.

HART.

"Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."—Lam. i. 12.

MUCH we talk of Jesus' blood;
But how little's understood!
Of his sufferings so intense,
Angels have no perfect sense.

Who can rightly comprehend
 Their beginning or their end?
 'Tis to God, and God alone,
 That their weight is fully known.

- 2 [O thou hideous monster, Sin,
 What a curse hast thou brought in!
 All creation groans through thee,
 Pregnant cause of misery.
 Thou hast ruin'd wretched man,
 Ever since the world began:
 Thou hast God afflicted too;
 Nothing less than that would do.
- 3 Would we then rejoice indeed,
 Be it that from thee we're freed,
 And our justest cause to grieve
 Is that thou wilt to us cleave.
 Faith relieves us from thy guilt;
 But we think whose blood was spilt:
 All we hear, or feel, or see,
 Serves to raise our hate to thee.]
- 4 Dearly we are bought, for God
 Bought us with his own heart's blood.
 Boundless depths of love divine!
 Jesus, what a love was thine!
 Though the wonders thou hast done
 Are as yet so little known,
 Here we fix, and comfort take,—
 Jesus died for sinners' sake.

155.

104th.

HART.

Christ, the Fountain for Sin and Uncleaness.—Zech. xiii. 1.

THE fountain of Christ, assist me to sing;
 The blood of our Priest, our crucified King;

Which perfectly cleanses from sin & from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear, he'll freely impart;

Unlock'd by the spear, it gush'd from his heart,
With blood and with water; the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter; the fountain's but one.

3 [This fountain is such (as thousands can tell),
The moment we touch its streams we are well.
All waters beside them are full of the curse;
For all who have tried them swell, rot, and
grow worse.]

4 [This fountain, sick soul, recovers thee quite:
Bathe here and be whole, wash here and be
Whatever diseases or dangers befall, [white:
The fountain of Jesus will rid thee of all.]

5 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure;
But, if guilt removed return, and remain,
Its power may be proved again and again.

6 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all
That long to be heal'd, the great & the small.
Here's strength for the weakly, that hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly; here's life for the dead.

7 This fountain, tho' rich, from charge is quite
clear;

The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here:
Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and
bare:

You can't come too filthy—come just as you are.

8 This fountain in vain has never been tried;
 It takes out all stain whenever applied;
 The water flows sweetly with virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely, tho' leprous as mine.

156.

C. M.

HART.

The Wish.—Heb. ii. 9.

- If dust and ashes might presume,
 Great God, to talk to thee;
 If in thy presence can be room
 For crawling worms like me;
 I humbly would my *wish* present
 For *wishes* I have none;
 All my desires are now content
 To be comprised in one.
- 2 The single boon I would entreat,
 Is, to be led by thee,
 To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
 In sad Gethsemane.
 To view (as I could bear at least)
 Thy tender, broken heart,
 Like a rich olive, bruised and press'd
 With agonizing smart.
- 3 [To see thee bow beneath my guilt;
 (Intolerable load!)
 To see thy blood for sinners spilt,
 My groaning, gasping God!
 With sympathizing grief to mourn
 The sorrows of thy soul;
 The pangs and tortures by thee borne
 In some degree condole.]

- 4 There, musing on thy mighty love,
 I always would remain;
 Or but to Golgotha remove,
 And thence return again.
 In each dear place the same rich scene
 Should ever be renew'd;
 No object else should intervene,
 But all be love and blood.
- 5 For this one favour oft I've sought;
 And if this one be given,
 I seek on earth no happier lot,
 And hope the like in heaven.
 Lord, pardon what I ask amiss;
 For knowledge I have none,
 I do but humbly speak my wish:
 And may thy will be done.

157.

.8.7

BURNHAM

Christ's Blood a cleansing Fountain —John xix. 3, 4.

- MOURNING souls, by sin distressed,
 Lost and ruin'd, void of good,
 You can never be released,
 But by faith in Jesus' blood.
- 2 Richly flow'd the crimson river,
 Down Immanuel's lovely side;
 And that blood will you deliver,
 Whensoever 'tis applied.
- 3 Christ is ready to receive you;
 See his bloody Cross appear,
 From your sins he will relieve you,
 And dissolve your every fear.

- 4 O, behold the Lord expiring,
 See the suffering Lamb of God;
 And that love be much admiring,
 Which appears in streams of blood.

158.

8. 7.

ROBINSON.

Waiting at the Foot of the Cross, in Love.—Cant. ii. 3; Heb. xii. 2

- SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend,
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend;
 May I sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

159, 160 SUFFERINGS, &c.,

159.

8s. SWAIN.
The Sufferings and Death of the adorable Jesus.—Luke xxii. 44; xxiii. 46

How willing was Jesus to die,
That we fellow-sinners might live,
The life they could not take away,
How ready was Jesus to give!
They pierced his hands and his feet;
His hands and his feet he resign'd;
The pangs of his body were great,
But greater the pangs of his mind.

- 2 That wrath would have kindled a hell
Of never-abating despair,
In millions of creatures, which fell
On Jesus, and spent itself there.
'Twas justice that burst in a blaze
Of vengeance on Jesus, our Head:
Divinity's in-dwelling rays,
Sustain'd him till nature was dead.

- 3 Divinity back to his frame,
The life he had yielded restored,
And Jesus, entomb'd, was the same,
With Jesus in glory adored.
No nearer we venture than this,
To gaze on a deep so profound,
But tread, whilst we taste of the bliss,
With reverence, the hallowed ground.

160.

C. M. COWPER.
The Fountain Opened.—Zech. xiii. 1; 1 John i. 7.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die,
- 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

161.

11s.

C. W.

Christ, our Sacrifice.—2 Cor. v. 21; Lam. i. 12; John x. 15.

THE Lord, in the day of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
He died to atone for our sins,—not his own;
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son!

2

With joy we approve the design of his love;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above!
Our Ransom, our Peace, and our Surety he is:
Come, see if there ever were sorrow like his!

3

He came from above, the law's curse to remove,
He loved, he hath loved us, because he would love;
And when time is no more, we still shall adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

N

145

Love moved Him to die; and on this we rely,
 Our Jesus hath loved us, we cannot tell why;
 But this we can tell, that he loved us so well,
 As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

162.

8s.

SWAIN.

The Soul melted with Love.—1 Pet. i. 11.

WHEN on my Beloved I gaze,
 So dazzling his beauties appear,
 His charms so transcendently blaze,
 The sight is too melting to bear!
 When from my own vileness I turn
 To Jesus exposed on the tree;
 With shame and with wonder I burn,
 To think what he suffer'd for me.

- 2 My sins, O, how black they appear,
 When in that dear bosom they meet!
 Those sins were the nails and the spear
 That wounded his hands and his feet.
 'Twas Justice that wreath'd for his head
 The thorns that encircled it round:
 Thy temples, Immanuel, bled,
 That mine might with glory be crown'd.
- 3 The wonderful love of his heart,
 Where he has recorded my name,
 On earth can be known but in part;
 Heaven only can bear the full flame!
 In rivers of sorrow it flow'd,—
 And flow'd in those rivers for me;
 My sins are all drown'd in his blood;
 My soul is both happy and free.

163.

Looking to Christ.—John iii. 14, 15.

8. 8. 8.

GREAT God! if thou shouldst bring me near
To answer at thy awful bar,
 And my own self defend;
 If Jesus did himself withdraw,
 I know thy holy, fiery law
 My soul to hell would send!

- 2 A sinner self-condemn'd I come,
 Worthy that thou shouldst me consume;
 But oh! one thing I plead!
 The every mite to thee I owed,
 Christ Jesus, with his own heart's blood,
 In pity for me paid!
- 3 Now shouldst thou me to judgment call,
 Though Moses faced me there, and all
 My dreadful sins appear'd,
 I should not fear, but boldly stand;—
 Through Jesus' pierced heart and hands
 I know I should be spared!
- 4 My full receipt should there be show'd,
 Written with iron pens in blood
 On Jesus' hands and side!
 I'm safe! I'll shout! O law and sin,
 Ye cannot bring me guilty in,
 For Christ was crucified!

164.

L. M.

WATTS

Christ's Passion, and Sinners' Salvation.—Ps. lxi.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
 Behold! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

- 2 In loud complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their cursed design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live.
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

165.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ and his Cross.—1 Cor. i. 23, 24; iii. 6, 7.

- CHRIST and his Cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlight'ned from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath:
Believing, they rejoice in him,
The antidote of death.

- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
 Like showers of heavenly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

166.

L. M.

WATTS.

Salvation in the Cross.—Isa. xii. 2.

- HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
 I lay my soul beneath thy love;
 Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
 Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
 With rage and lightning in their eyes
 Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,
 Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
 Moveless and firm this heart shall lie;
 Resolved (for that's my last defence)
 If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear:
 Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
 Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
 Nor Satan dares my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
 And all my foes shall lose their aim:
 Hosanna to my dying God,
 And my best honours to his name!

167.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.—Heb. ix. 28; Rom. vi. 10.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring;

- 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side;
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dyed.]
- 4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]
- 5 Down to the shades of death,
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 [There his full glories shine,
With uncreated rays;
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes,
To everlasting days.]

168.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Victory, Death, and Dominion.—Ps. lxxviii. 18.

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

169.

C. M.

BERNARD.

A Saving Knowledge of Christ crucified desirable.—Hos. vi. 3.

- SOME wise men of opinions boast,
 And sleep on doctrines sound;
 But, Lord, let not my soul be lost
 On such enchanted ground.
- 2 [Good doctrines can do me no good,
 While floating in the brain;

170 **SUFFERINGS, &c.,**

Unless they yield my heart some food,
They bring no real gain.]

8 O, may my single aim be now
To live on him that died:
And nought on earth desire to know
But Jesus crucified.

4 [Disputings only gender strife,
And gall a tender mind;
But godliness, in all its life,
At Jesus' cross we find.]

5 Lord, let thy wondrous cross employ
My musings all day long,
Till, in the realms of purest joy,
I make it all my song.

170.

7a.

BERRIDGE.

Fellowship with Christ's Sufferings.—Acts xvii. 3; Phil. iii. 10.

WHAT a doleful voice I hear!
What a garden-scene is there!
What a frightful, ghastly flood!
Jesus, weltering in his blood!

2 Groaning on the ground he lies;
Seems a slaughter'd sacrifice!
Tells me, with a feeble breath,
"Sorrowful, yea, unto death!"

3 [How his eyes astonish'd are;
Sure they witness huge despair!
On his face what sadness dwells!
Sure he feels a thousand hells!]

4 O, my Jesus, let me know
What has brought this heavy woe!

Swords are piercing through thy heart;
Whence arose the torturing smart?

- 5 "Sinner, thou hast done the deed;
Thou hast made the Saviour bleed!
Justice drew its sword on me;
Pierced my heart to pass by thee!
- 6 "Now I take the deadly cup;
All its dregs am drinking up:
Read my anguish in my gore;
Look, and pierce my heart no more."
- 7 O, thou bleeding love divine,
What are other loves to thine?
Theirs a drop, and thine a sea,
Ever full, and ever free!
- 8 If I loved my Lord before,
I would love him ten times more;
Drop into his sea outright,
Lose myself in Jesus quite.

171.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

"Him hath God exalted."—Acts v. 31.

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God! prepare each heart and voice
In Him for ever to rejoice.

- 2 Of Him what wondrous things are told!
In Him what glories I behold:
For Him I gladly all things leave;
To Him, my soul, for ever cleave.
- 3 In Him my treasure's all contain'd;
By Him my feeble soul's sustain'd;

- From Him I all things now receive;
Through Him my soul shall ever live.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 Take Him for strength and righteousness;
Make Him thy refuge in distress;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.
- 7 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To Him your highest praise belongs;
'Tis He who does your heaven prepare,
And Him you'll sing for ever there.

172.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

"Though I be nothing."—2 Cor. xii. 11.

- JEHOVAH's awful name revere,
In humble praise, with holy fear;
In glory throned divinely bright,
All worlds are nothing in his sight.
- 2 [The numerous proud, self-righteous host,
Who fondly of their something boast,
Will find their something nothing more
Than what will prove them blind and poor.
- 3 O may my soul such folly shun,
Nor ever boast what I have done;

But at God's footstool humbly fall,
And Jesus be my all in all.]

- 4 Though of myself I nothing am,
I'm dear to God, and to the Lamb;
Though I have nothing, I confess,
All things in Jesus I possess.
- 5 I can do nothing, Lord, 'tis true,
Yet, in thy strength can all things do:
Nothing I merit, Lord, I own,
Yet shall possess a heavenly throne.
- 6 [Thus something, Saviour, may I be,
Nothing in self, but all in thee;
And when in glory I appear,
Be something, and yet nothing, there.]

173.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

"He shall be for a sanctuary."—Isa. viii. 14.

JESUS, before thy face I fall,
My Lord, my life, my hope, my all;
For I have no where else to flee;
No sanctuary, Lord, but thee.

- 2 In thee I every glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too:
Beloved Saviour, ever be
A sanctuary unto me.
- 3 Whatever woes and fears betide,
In thy dear bosom let me hide;
And, while I pour my soul to thee,
Do thou my sanctuary be.
- 4 Through life and all its changing scenes,
And all the grief that intervenes,

'Tis this supports my fainting heart,
That thou my sanctuary art.

5 Apace the solemn hour draws nigh,
When I must bow my head and die;
But O, what joy this witness gives,
Jesus, my sanctuary, lives.

6 He from the grave my dust will raise;
I in the heavens will sing his praise;
And when in glory I appear,
He'll be my sanctuary there.

174.

L. M.

Mudlar.

"Unto you he is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

JESUS is precious, saith the word;
What comfort doth this truth afford!
And those who in his name believe,
With joy this precious truth receive.

2 To them he is more precious far,
Than life and all its comforts are;
More precious than their daily food;
More precious than their vital blood.

3 Not health, nor wealth, nor sounding fame,
Nor earth's deceitful, empty name,
With all its pomp and all its glare,
Can with a precious Christ compare.

4 He's precious in his precious blood,
That pardoning and soul-cleansing flood;
He's precious in his righteousness,
That everlasting, heavenly dress.

5 In every office he sustains,
In every victory he gains,

In every council of his will,
He's precious to his people still.

6 As they draw near their journey's end,
How precious is their heavenly Friend:
And, when in death they bow their head,
He's precious on a dying bed.

7 In glory, Lord, may I be found,
And, with thy precious mercy crown'd,
Join the glad song, and there adore
A precious Christ for evermore.

175.

L. M.

ADAMS.

Christ All in All.—Col. iii. 11.

CHRIST is my All, my sure Defence,
Nor shall my soul depart from thence:
He is my Rock, my Refuge too,
In spite of all my foes can do!

2 Christ is my All, and he will lead
My soul in pastures green to feed:
'Tis he supplies my every want,
And will all needful blessings grant.

3 Christ is my All: where should I go?
Without him I can nothing do!
Helpless and weak, a sinner great,
Yet in his righteousness complete.

176.

O. M.

MEDLEY.

"All my springs are in thee."—Ps. lxxxviii. 9.

Now, dearest Lord, to praise thy name,
Let all our powers agree;
Worthy art thou of endless fame:
Our springs are all in thee.

- 2 Here in thy love will we rejoice;
 All sovereign, rich, and free;
 Singing, we hope with heart and voice,
 Our springs are all in thee.
- 3 To whom, dear Jesus, O, to whom
 Shall needy sinners flee,
 But to thyself, who bidst us come?
 Our springs are all in thee.
- 4 Some tempted, weak, and trembling saint
 Before thee now may be;
 Let not his hopes or wishes faint;
 His springs are all in thee.
- 5 The poor supply, the wounded heal,
 Let sinners, such as we,
 Salvation's blessings taste and feel;
 Our springs are all in thee.
- 6 When we arrive at Zion's hill,
 And all thy glory see,
 Our joyful songs shall echo still,
 Our springs are all in thee.

177.

7s.

BERRIDGE.

Christ altogether lovely.—Cant. v. 16.

- Soon as faith the Lord can see,
 Bleeding on the cross for me,
 Quick my idols all depart,
 Jesus gets and fills my heart.
- 2 None among the sons of men,
 None among the heavenly train,
 Can with Jesus then compare—
 None so sweet, and none so fair.

- 8 Then my tongue would fain express
All his love and loveliness;
But I lisp and falter forth
Broken words, nor half his worth.
- 4 Vex'd, I try and try again;
Still my efforts all are vain:
Living tongues are dumb at best:
We must die to speak of Christ.
- 5 [Blessed is the upper saint,
Who can praise and never faint,
Gazing on thee evermore,
And with flaming heart adore.]
- 6 Let the Lord a smile bestow,
On his lisping babes below;
That will keep their infant tongue
Prattling of him all day long.

178.

S. S. 6.

BERNARD.

Nothing gathering to profit but with Christ.—Rom. x. 3.

ABUNDANCE of good folk, I find,
Are gathering goodness for the wind
To scatter it about;
They seek, with human care and skill,
Their vessels with good wine to fill,
But all the wine leaks out.

- 2 A fretful soul his fault may spy,
And struggle much, and often try
Some patience to obtain;
Yet after many toilsome years,
And many sighs, and many tears,
He has not got a grain.

- 3 He that with Jesus gathers not,
 May plough, and sow, and weed his plot,
 But scatters all his corn:
 No real goodness long can stand,
 Which planted is by human hand;
 It dies as soon as born.
- 4 They reap and scatter all the while;
 They reap and gather nought but toil:
 'Tis labour lost, I see!
 O Lord, do thou instruct my heart
 With my own reaping-hook to part,
 And gather all with thee.
- 5 In Christ my treasure gather'd is;
 My wisdom, wealth, and might are his,—
 My peace at his command:
 With him is free and plenteous store,
 And faith may have enough, and more,
 When gather'd from his hand.

179.

7s.

HART.

Jesus our All.—1 Cor. ii. 3.

- JESUS is the chiefest good;
 He hath saved us by his blood;
 Let us value nought but him;
 Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 Jesus, when stern Justice said,
 "Man his life has forfeited,
 Vengeance follows, by decree,"
 Cried, "Inflict it all on me."
- 3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
 Faith, and love, and holiness;

Every blessing, great or small,
Jesus freely gives us all.

- 4 Jesus, therefore, let us own;
Jesus we'll exalt alone;
Jesus has our sins forgiven,
And will take us safe to heaven.

180.

8. 7.

HART.

Christ the Believer's All.—Phil. iii. 8, 9; Gal. vi. 14.

LAMB of God, we fall before thee;

Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory;

All things else are dung and dross;
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,—
Only Source of all that's good!

Every grace and every favour
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

- 2 [Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heaven;
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
“Son, thy sins are all forgiven.”

Faith he gives us to believe it;
Grateful hearts his love to prize:
Want we wisdom? He must give it;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.]

- 3 [Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands inspires.

All our prayers, and all our praises,
Rightly offer'd, in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.]

- 4 When we live on Jesus' merit,
 Then we worship God aright;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we savingly unite.
 Hear the whole conclusion of it;
 Great or good, whate'er we call,
 God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
 Jesus Christ is All in All.

181.

C. M.

HART.

"Who of God is made unto us wisdom," &c.—1 Cor. i. 30.

- BELIEVERS own they are but blind;
 They know themselves unwise;
 But wisdom in the Lord they find,
 Who opens all their eyes.
- 2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried;
 But God himself declares
 In Jesus they are justified;
 His righteousness is theirs.
- 3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
 We sorely feel the fall;
 But Christ has holiness enough
 To sanctify us all.
- 4 Exposed by sin to God's just wrath,
 We look to Christ, and view
 Redemption in his blood by faith,
 And full redemption too.
- 5 [Some this, some that good virtue teach,
 To rectify the soul,
 But we first after Jesus reach,
 And richly grasp the whole.]

- 6 To Jesus join'd, we all that's good
 From Him, our Head, derive;
 We eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
 And by and in him live.

182.

112th.

HART.

Dependence on Christ alone.—1 Pet. i. 3—5

- IF ever it could come to pass,
 That sheep of Christ might fall away,
 My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
 Would fall a thousand times a day:
 Were not thy love as firm as free,
 Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me.
- 2 I on thy promises depend;
 At least I to depend desire;
 That thou wilt love me to the end;
 Be with me in temptation's fire;
 Wilt for me work, and in me too,
 And guide me right, and bring me through.
- 3 No other stay have I beside;
 If these can alter, I must fall;
 I look to thee to be supplied
 With life, with will, with power, with all.
 Rich souls may glory in their store,
 But Jesus will relieve the poor.

183.

8s.

KENT.

"Look unto me."—Isa. xiv. 22.

- "By cov'nant, transaction, and blood,"
 Saith Jesus, "my people are mine;
 Their sin-bearing victim I stood,
 Yea, for them my life did resign!"

The curse of the law I sustain'd,
 Did them from all cursings set free,
 That when by stern Justice arraign'd,
 The sinner should look unto me.

2 "When darkness envelops the mind,
 And troubles rush in as a flood,
 Protection in me they shall find,
 And peace in my peace-speaking blood.
 For wisdom, their course to direct,
 As well as their danger to see,
 My sheep, by my Father elect,
 I'll teach them to look unto me.

3 "When thirsty or faint in the way,
 Or groping 'twixt hope and despair,
 To faith I'll my fulness display,
 And bid the poor sinner look there:
 When lost in themselves and undone,
 Like doves to my wounds they shall flee;
 For all that the gospel makes known,
 The sinner shall look unto me.

4 "By crosses I'll scourge them for sin,
 Not flowing from wrath, but in love;
 Yet, while they the furnace are in,
 The strength of my grace they shall prove.
 And when at my footstool, at last,
 They come with the suppliant knee,
 Their sorrowful eyes they shall cast,
 And look for salvation in me."

184.

104th.

FAWCETT.

The Fulness of Christ.—Col. i. 19; John i. 16.

A FULNESS resides in Jesus our Head,
 And ever abides to answer our need;

The Father's good pleasure hath laid up in store
A plentiful treasure, to give to the poor.

2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints his mercy will hear:
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.

3 The fountain o'erflows; our woes to redress
Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace:
His gifts in abundance we daily receive;
He has a redundancy for all that believe.

4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow
As still shall support us and silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

5 When troubles attend, or danger, or strife,
His love will defend and guard us thro' life;
And when we are fainting, and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting, his grace will supply.

185.

S. M.

WATTS.

Christ All and in All.—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

My God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call:

I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are:

'Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And no where else but there.]

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 [Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.]

8 [To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

186.

C. M.

WATTS.

God my only Happiness.—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

My God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All.

I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!

- There's nothing here deserves my joys;
There's nothing like my God.]
- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.]
- 4 [And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me!
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone!
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

187.

7s.

BURNHAM.

Jesus draws by effectual Grace.—Jer. xxxi. 3.

JESUS draws the chosen race
By his sweet, resistless grace;

167

Causing them to hear his call,
And before his power to fall.

2 From the blissful realms above,
Swift as lightning flies his love;
Draws them to his tender breast;
There they find the gospel-rest.

3 Then how eagerly they move
In the happy paths of love!
How they glory in the Lord,
Pleased with Jesus' sacred word!

4 When the Lord appears in view,
Old things cease, and all is new;
Love divine o'erflows the soul;
Love doth every sin control.

188.

C. M.

COWPER.

Evangelical Obedience.—Phil. ii. 13.

No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success!

3 [Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.]

4 [Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;

Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.]

- 5 What shall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
What shall I render to the Lord?
Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Will prove a slave to be a child;
Change duty into choice.

189.

C. M.

ROZELL.

Regeneration.—Ps. xi. 3.

O! LET my voice proclaim the joys
My heart has known and felt!
And let my tongue declare the woes,
My soul has known by guilt!

- 2 Long in the paths of sin I trod,
And, in her foulest way,
Provoked a kind and gracious God,
And grieved him day by day;
- 3 I tried his patience with my crimes,
By days and years of sin;
Resolved to mend in aftertimes,
And wash the leper clean.
- 4 [I tried, resolved, and toil'd, and tugg'd,
But filthier still I grew;
My darling sins in secret hugg'd,
Nor how to leave them knew.]
- 5 But when the Lord his arm made bare,
And took my heart in hand,

190, 191 REGENERATION

Effectual cleansing work was there,
Which I could not withstand.

- 6 He doom'd me in the dust to lie,
In sorrows sharp and long;
Then changed my sadness into joy,
My mourning to a song.

190.

C. M.

WATTS.

New Birth.—James i. 18; John i. 13; iii. 3.

- Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death!
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

191.

C. M.

BURNHAM.

Grace Sovereign in Conversion.—John xv. 16.

- O! WHY did Jesus show to me
The beauties of his face?
Why to my soul did he convey
The blessings of his grace?
- 2 O, how could he so sweetly smile
On such a wretch as I?
I who his name did once revile,
And his dear truth deny?

- 3 But 'twas because he loved my soul,
Because he died for me,
Because that nothing could control
His great, his firm decree.
- 4 Lord, for thy manifested grace,
I'll raise a cheerful song;
Till I shall see thy brighter face,
'Midst the celestial throng.

192.

C. M.

WATTS.

A Description of God's Children.—Ps. cxix. 77.

- As new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the Word relates;
They love the men the Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls to vice:
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.]
- 4 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]
- 5 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

- 6 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
 Call me a child of thine;
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
 To form my heart divine.
- 7 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
 And make my comforts strong;
 Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
 With an unwavering tongue.

193.

C. M.

NEWTON.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."—John xi. 25.

- "I AM," saith Christ, your glorious Head,
 (May we attention give,)
 "The Resurrection of the dead,
 The Life of all that live.
- 2 "By faith in me the soul receives
 New life, though dead before;
 And he that in my name believes,
 Shall live to die no more.
- 3 "The sinner sleeping in his grave
 Shall at my voice awake;
 And when I once begin to save,
 My work I'll ne'er forsake."
- 4 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
 On us assembled here;
 Put forth thy Spirit with the word,
 And cause the dead to hear.
- 5 [Preserve the power of faith alive
 In those who love thy name;
 For sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.

6 Thy power and mercy first prevail'd
 From death to set us free,
 And often since our life had fail'd,
 Had not it been in thee.]

7 To thee we look, to thee we bow;
 To thee for help we call;
 Our Life and Resurrection thou;
 Our Hope, our Joy, our All.

194.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

Grace Invincible.—Ps. xlv.

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

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

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

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

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

195.

L. M.

M. A. K.

Grace exalted in the New Birth.—James i. 18; John. i. 18.

ASSIST my soul, my heavenly King,
 Thy everlasting love to sing;
 And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
 As one, through grace, that's born of God.

- 2 [No, it was not the will of man
 My soul's new heavenly birth began;
 Nor will nor power of flesh and blood
 That turn'd my heart from sin to God.]
- 3 Herein let self be all abased,
 And sovereign love alone confess'd;
 This be my song through all the road,
 That born I am, and born of God.
- 4 O may this love my soul constrain,
 To make returns of love again;
 That I, while earth is my abode,
 May live like one that's born of God.
- 5 [May I thy praises daily show,
 Who hath created all things new,
 And wash'd me in a Saviour's blood,
 To prove that I'm a son of God.]
- 6 And when the appointed hour shall come,
 That thou wilt call me to my home,
 Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
 And die as one that's born of God.
- 7 Then shall my soul triumphant rise
 To its blest mansion in the skies,
 And in that g'orious, bright abode,
 Sing then as one that's born of God.

196.

S. M.

NEWTON.

The Lamentation of a New-born Soul.—Job xl. 4; Rom. vii. 24.

O, LORD! how vile am I;

Unholy and unclean!

How can I dare to venture nigh,

With such a load of sin!

2 Is this polluted heart

A dwelling fit for thee?

Swarming, alas! in every part,

What evils do I see!

3 [If I attempt to pray,

And lisp thy holy name,

My thoughts are hurried soon away;

I know not where I am.]

4 [If in thy word I look,

Such darkness fills my mind,

I only read a sealed book,

And no relief can find.]

5 [Thy gospel oft I hear,

But hear it still in vain;

Without desire, or love, or fear,

I like a stone remain.]

6 Myself can hardly bear

This wretched heart of mine;

How hateful, then, must it appear

To those pure eyes of thine!

7 And must I, then, indeed,

Sink in despair and die?

Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed

For such a wretch as I.

197, 198 . SALVATION AND

8 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thy own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.

9 Low at thy feet I bow;
O, pity and forgive!
Here will I lie, and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

197.

104th.

TOPLADY.

Invincible Grace.—Ps. cx. 3.

How mighty thou art, O Lord, to convert!
'Thou only couldst conquerso stubborn a heart!
For thy love to lost man alone could constrain
So stiff-neck'd a rebel to love thee again!

2 Thro' thee I embrace the ransoming grace,
Of him who hath suffer'd & died in my place!
Tho' I strove to withstand the force of thy hand,
Thy Spirit would conquer, & I was constrain'd.

3 In vain I withstood, and fled from my God,
For mercy would save me thro' Jesus's blood.
I felt it applied, and I joyfully cried,
Me, me thou hast loved, & for me thou hast died!

4 For sinners like me thy mercy is free,
Who hunger & thirst for redemption by thee:
Lord, gather in more, make this the glad hour,
Compel them to yield in the day of thy power.

198.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Faith's View.—1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me;

- I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and shares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace!
- 5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow;
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine!

199.

8. 7.

ROBINSON.

Free Grace.—1 Sam. vii. 12.

- COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount! O, fix me on it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;

200, 201 SALVATION AND

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 save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

- 3 O to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be:
Let that grace, Lord, 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, Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

200. Amazing Grace.—1 Cor. xv. 10. L. M.

AN. but for free and sovereign grace,
I still had lived estranged from God,
Till hell had proved the destined place,
Of my deserved but dread abode.

- 2 But, O! amazed, I see the hand
That stopp'd me in my wild career;
A miracle of grace I stand;
The Lord has taught my heart to fear!
- 3 To fear his name, to trust his grace,
To learn his will be my employ;
Till I shall see him face to face;
Himself my heaven, himself my joy!

201. S. M. DODDRIDGE
Grace.—Eph. ii. 5—8.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear:

- Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
'To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan!
- 3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And pardoning love to know;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

202.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Reigning Grace.—Rom. v. 21.

- Now may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stammering tongues
To make his sovereign, reigning grace
The subject of our songs!
- 2 No sweeter subject can invite
A sinner's heart to sing,
Or more display the glorious right
Of our exalted King.
- 3 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins;
To melt the hardest hearts;

203, 204 SALVATION AND

And from the work it once begins
It never more departs!

4 [The world and Satan strive in vain
Against the chosen few;
Secured by grace's conquering reign,
They all shall conquer too!]

5 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first;
By grace thus far we're come;
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home!

203.

S. M. BURNHAM.
The Influence of Grace.—Rom. iii. 24.

FREE grace! melodious sound!
How it delights my ear;

It cheers my soul, revives my hope,
And drowns my every fear!

2 Through grace I conquer hell,
And break infernal chains;
Through grace my soul aspires to heaven,
Where the Redeemer reigns!

3 From his abounding grace
I daily draw supplies;
Grace is the never-ceasing spring
Of all my swelling joys.

4 And when we meet our Lord,
In yon celestial throng,
Grace shall inspire our souls to sing,
And grace be all our song!

204.

Free Grace.—1 Cor. xv. 10. L. M.
SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity:

But if I lisp a song of praise,
Each note shall echo, Grace, free grace.

2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead;
'Twas grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings a sense of pardon'd sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.

3 Grace reconciles to every loss,
And sweetens every painful cross;
Defends my soul when danger's near:
By grace alone I persevere.

4 When from this world my soul removes
To mansions of delight and love,
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout, Free grace, free grace alone.

205.

B. 7. 4.

TOPLAND.

Free Salvation.—2 Tim. i. 9; 1 Pet. ii. 9.

JESUS is our great salvation;
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has saved his favourite nation;
Join to sing aloud of him!
He has saved us!

Christ alone could us redeem!

2 When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound!

He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

3 [Let us never, Lord, forget thee;
Make us walk as children here:

We will give thee all the glory,
 Of that love that brought us near:
 Bid us praise thee,
 And rejoice with holy fear.]

- 3 Free election, known by calling,
 Is a privilege divine:
 Saints are kept from final falling;
 All the glory, Lord, be thine:
 All the glory!
 All the glory, Lord, is thine!

206. Salvation is of grace.—Eph. ii. 8. C. M.

How sovereign is the love of God
 To Israel's favour'd race;
 Paid is the mighty debt they owed:
 Salvation is of grace.

- 2 His love, without beginning, knew
 Each chosen sinner's case;
 And sent his equal Son to show
 Salvation is of grace.
- 3 Immanuel had not bled and died,
 Nor suffer'd in our place,
 But for this truth, (O, sound it wide!)
 Salvation is of grace.
- 4 We had not known and loved the Son,
 Nor sung his worthy praise,
 But that himself the work begun:
 Salvation is of grace.

207.

C. M.

WATTS

Glorious Salvation.—Rom. v. 8, 9; 1 Pet. iii. 22.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies!

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motion speaks thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone—
The justice or the grace.

5 When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
O, the dear mysteries of his cross;
The triumph of his groans!

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Inmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O, may I bear some glorious part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

208.

8. 7. 4.

ADAMS.

Salvation.—Deut. xxxiii. 3; Eph. iii. 17—19.

JESUS, Lover of thy nation;
Saviour of thy people free!

Visit us with thy salvation;
Let us, Lord, thy glory see!

O, revive us,
That we may rejoice in thee!

2 Let us find thy love surrounding
Us, thy fickle children, here;
And thy mighty grace abounding,
Leading us in holy fear.

Guide us, Jesus!
To our souls be ever near!

3 May we never more forget thee;
(Base ingratitude indeed!)
Keep us with thy arm almighty,
Us in verdant pastures lead:
Be our Guardian,
Till from this vain world we're freed!

4 Then, O sweetest, lovely Jesus!
When in heaven we see thy face,
Who from all our bondage freed us,
We will give thee all the praise!
All the glory
Shall redound to thy free grace!

209.

C. M.

Trust in God's Grace.—2. Cor. xii. 9.

GRACE, like a fountain, ever flows,
Fresh succours to renew:
The Lord my wants and weakness knows,
My sins and sorrows too.

2 He sees me often overcome,
And pities my distress;

And bids affliction drive me home,
To anchor on his grace.

- 8 'Tis he directs my doubtful ways,
When dangers line the road:
Here I my Ebenezer raise,
And trust the gracious God.

210.

S. M.

WATTS.

Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ.—Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

- SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to his Cross,
And brought us liberty.

211.

L. M.

WATTS.

Salvation by Grace in Christ.—2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- Now to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honour given;
He saves from hell (we bless his name);
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's councils known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy!
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

212.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sufficiency of Pardon.—1 John i. 7.

- WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that try your faith,
And nourish your despair?
- 2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise:
 - 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its cursed foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell;
 - 4 See, here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold, a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase!

- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills;
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults;
And pardoning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

213.

C. M.

WATTS.

Salvation.—Isa. xlv. 17.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

214.

148th.

"Lord, remember me."—Luke xxiii. 42.

DEAR Lord! remember me,
A sinner weak and vile,
Full of impiety,
And fraught with sin and guile;
I cannot hope but in thy blood,
Remember me, O Lord, for good.

- 2 Unable to depend
 On nature-strength and power,
 Jesus, my soul befriend,
 Teach me to trust thee more:
 Save me from sin and all its smart;
 O save me from my treacherous heart!
- 3 Upon thy oath I rest;
 My feeble soul secure:
 By sin I am oppress'd,
 But thy salvation's sure:
 Though like a bottle in the smoke,
 I know thy vessels can't be broke.
- 4 ['Tis true, dear Lord, I am
 A sinner vile indeed;
 Yet hoping in the Lamb,
 Who deign'd for such to bleed:
 And while the Spirit seals my heart,
 My soul believes we ne'er shall part.]
- 5 Christ ever will defend
 The people of his choice,
 He loves them without end,
 And in them doth rejoice:
 For them he shed his precious blood,
 And will present them all to God

215.

C. M

Free Grace.—Zech. iv. 7.

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

- 2 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes;
Can raise our souls from guilty fears
To joy that never dies.
- 3 Free grace can death itself outbrave,
And take its sting away;
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heaven convey.
- 4 Our Saviour, by free grace alone,
His building shall complete;
With shouting bring forth the head stone,
Crying, Grace, grace to it.
- 5 May I be found a living stone,
In Salem's streets above;
And help to sing, before the throne,
Free grace and dying love.

216.

S. S. G.

Exalting in a View of complete Salvation by Grace.—Ps. xxxiv. 1—6, 22

- LORD, come in thy appointed ways,
And teach me now to sing thy praise,
For thou art dear to me;
And all the openings of thy love,
In coming from thy courts above,
Prove I was dear to thee.
- 2 Dear in primeval glory, when
Neither were angels made nor men,
Nor aught exist but God!
E'en then thy heart was fix'd on me,
And now, through grace, I fix on thee,
By faith in Jesus' blood.

- 3 In this I make my greatest boast,
 Though once to human reason lost,
 That I am saved by grace:
 With this bright hope I walk below,
 That I thy purest love shall know,
 And see thee face to face.
- 4 [Dear Lord, more drops of honey send,
 From Christ thy Son, the sinner's Friend,
 And larger make my share;
 More grapes from Eschol may I bring,
 And of the heavenly Canaan sing,
 Whilst I am station'd here.
- 5 And thus, with many foretastes blest,
 Of yonder everlasting rest,
 Held for me in thy hand,
 May I thy house below resort,
 And give my friends a good report
 Of Canaan's heavenly land.
- 6 And in these galleries of thy grace,
 Show us, dear Lord, thy smiling face,
 And bring thy presence near:
 Nor from these earthly courts remove,
 But send more showers of heavenly love,
 Upon thy garden here.]

217.

S. S. S.

KENT.

Boasting Excluded.—Titus iii. 5—7; Rom. iii. 24.

LET Zion, in her songs, record
 The honours of her dying Lord,
 Triumphant over sin:

How sweet the song there's none can say,
But he whose sins are wash'd away,
Who feels the same within.

2 We claim no merit of our own,
But, self-condemn'd, before thy throne,
Our hopes on Jesus place:
In heart, in lip, in life depraved,
Our theme shall be a sinner saved,
And praise redeeming grace.

3 We'll sing the same while life shall last,
And when, at the archangel's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise,
Then, in a song for ever new,
The glorious theme we'll still pursue,
Throughout the azure skies.

4 [Prepared of old, at God's right hand,
Bright everlasting mansions stand,
For all the blood-bought race:
And till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but this,—
A sinner saved by grace!]

218.

C. M.

HART.

"He frankly forgave them both."—Luke vii. 41, 42.

MERCY is welcome news indeed

To those that guilty stand;
Wretches that feel what help they need
Will bless the helping hand.

2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
Must give them to the poor!
None but the wounded patient knows
The comforts of his cure.

- 3 We all have sinn'd against our God;
 Exception none can boast;
 But he that feels the heaviest load
 Will prize forgiveness most.
- 4 No reckoning can we rightly keep,
 For who the sum can know?
 Some souls are fifty pieces deep,
 And some five hundred owe.
- 5 But, let our debts be what they may,
 However great or small,
 As soon as we have nought to pay,
 Our Lord forgives us all.
- 6 'Tis perfect poverty alone
 That sets the soul at large:
 While we can call one mite our own,
 We have no full discharge.

219.

S. M.

HARR.

The Prodigal.—Luke xv. 11—32.

- Now for a wondrous song,
 (Keep distance, ye profane;
 Be silent, each unhallow'd tongue,
 Nor turn the truth to bane,)
- 2 The prodigal's return'd—
 The apostate bold and base;
 That all his Father's counsel spurn'd,
 And long abused his grace.
- 3 What treatment since he came?
 Love, tenderly express'd:
 What robe is brought to hide his shame?
 The best, the very best.

- 4 Rich food the servants bring;
Sweet music charms his ears:
See what a beauteous, costly ring
The beggar's finger wears!
- 5 [Ye elder sons be still;
Give no bad passion vent:
My brethren, 'tis our Father's will,
And you must be content.
- 6 All that he has is yours;
Rejoice, then, not repine;
That love which all your state secures,
That love has alter'd mine.]
- 7 Dear Lord! are these thy ways?
If rebels thus are freed,
And favour'd with peculiar grace,
Grace must be free indeed!

220.

8s.

HART.

"If there arise among you a prophet," &c.—Dent. xiii. 1, &c.

- No prophet, nor dreamer of dreams,
No master of plausible speech,
To live like an angel who seems,
Or like an apostle to preach;
No tempter, without or within,
No spirit, though ever so bright,
That comes crying out against sin,
And looks like an angel of light;
- 2 Though reason, though fitness he urge,
Or plead with the words of a friend,
Or wonders of argument forge,
Or deep revelations pretend;

Should meet with a moment's regard,
But rather be boldly withstood,
If anything, easy or hard,
He teach, save the Lamb and his blood.

3 [Remember, O Christian, with heed,
When sunk under sentence of death,
How first thou from bondage wast freed—
Say, was it by works, or by faith?
On Christ thy affections then fix'd,
What conjugal truth didst thou vow?
With him was there anything mix'd?
Then what wouldst thou mix with him now?

4 If close to thy Lord thou wouldst cleave,
Depend on his promise alone;
His righteousness wouldst thou receive?
Then learn to renounce all thy own.
The faith of a Christian indeed,
Is more than mere notion or whim;
United to Jesus, his Head,
He draws life and virtue from him.]

5 [Deceived by the father of lies,
Blind guides cry, Lo here! and, Lo there!
By these our Redeemer us tries,
And warns us of such to beware.
Poor comfort to mourners they give,
Who set us to labour in vain;
And strive, with a "Do this and live,"
To drive us to Egypt again.]

6 But what says our Shepherd divine?
(For his blessed word we should keep)

"This flock has my Father made mine;
 I lay down my life for my sheep:
 'Tis life everlasting I give;
 My blood was the price my sheep cost:
 Not one that on me shall believe,
 Shall ever be finally lost."

7 This God is the God we adore;
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And knows neither 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.

221.

104th.

HART.

Free Grace.—Rom. xi. 6.

YE children of God, by faith in his Son,
 Redeem'd by his blood, & with him made one;
 This union with wonder and rapture be seen,
 Which nothing shall sunder, without or within.

2 This pardon, this peace, which none can
 destroy,

This treasure of grace, this heavenly joy,
 The worthless may crave it; it always comes free;
 The vilest may have it,—'twas given to *me*!

3 'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor
 frames;

From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's:
 No goodness, no fitness, expects he from us;
 This I can well witness, for none could be worse.

4 Sick sinner, expect no balm but Christ's blood;
 Thy own works reject—the bad and the good;
 None ever miscarry that on him rely,
 Though filthy as Mary,* Manasseh, or I.

222.

C. M.

HART.

“Because thou sayest I am rich,” &c.—Rev. iii. 17.

- WHAT makes mistaken men afraid
 Of sovereign grace to preach?
 The reason is, if truth be said,
 Because they are so rich.
- 2 [Why so offensive in their eyes
 Does God's election seem?
 Because they think themselves so wise,
 That they have chosen him.]
- 3 [Of perseverance why so loath
 Are some to speak or hear?
 Because, as masters over sloth,
 They vow to persevere.]
- 4 [Whence is imputed righteousness
 A point so little known?
 Because men think they all possess
 Some righteousness their own.]
- 5 Not so the needy, helpless soul
 Prefers his humble prayer;
 He looks to Him that works the whole,
 And seeks his treasure there.
- 6 His language is, “Let me, my God,
 On sovereign grace rely;
 And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
 On one so vile as I.

* Mary Magdalene.

- 7 " Election! 'tis a word divine;
 For, Lord, I plainly see,
 Had not thy choice prevented mine,
 I ne'er had chosen thee.
- 8 [" For perseverance strength I've none,
 But would on this depend,
 That Jesus, having loved his own,
 Will love them to the end.]
- 9 " Empty and bare, I come to thee
 For righteousness divine;
 O, may thy matchless merits be,
 By imputation, mine.
- 10 [Thus differ these; yet hoping each
 To make salvation sure.
 Now most men will approve the rich,
 But Christ has blest the poor.]

223.

8. 8. 6.

HART.

The Outcasts of Israel.—Isa. lxiii. 16.

LORD, pity outcasts, vile and base,
 The poor dependants on thy grace,
 Whom men disturbers call;
 By sinners and by saints withstood;
 For these too bad, for those too good;
 Condemn'd or shunn'd by all.

- 2 Though faithful Abraham us reject,
 And though his ransom race elect
 Agree to give us up,
 Thou art our Father, and thy name
 From everlasting is the same:
 On that we build our hope.

224.

L. M.

Perseverance the Effect of Grace.—Rom. iv. 16.

GRACE is Jehovah's sovereign will,
 In an eternal covenant sure;
 Which for his seed he will fulfil,
 Longer than sun and moon endure.

- 2 Grace is a firm but friendly hand,
 Put forth by God to save his own;
 And by that grace, through faith, we stand,
 Adoring at our Father's throne.
- 3 There grace its peaceful sceptre wields,
 Inviting souls to venture near;
 There Christ his saving Spirit yields,
 To those whose sins he deign'd to bear.
- 4 Lord, help us on thy grace to stand,
 And every trial firm endure;
 Preserved by thy sovereign hand,
 And by thy oath and covenant sure.
- 5 Thy willingness to save thy seed,
 Is as they stand in Christ, their Head:
 No act thy grace can supersede,
 For thine must live, though they were dead.
- 6 Thanks, everlasting thanks be given
 To God, to Christ, to matchless grace;
 And to that Dove who seals for heaven,
 All who shall sing Jehovah's praise.

225.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Faith.—2 Pet. i. 1.

FAITH! 'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd;

- It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Come, Holy Spirit, and make known
The power of faith in me.

226.

C. M.

WATTS.

Faith the Evidence of Things unseen.—Heb. xi.

- FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands;

And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

227.

8. 8. 6.

TOPLADY.

Faith takes Comfort in Christ's Atonement.—Isa. liii. 10; Ps. cxvi. 7.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief?

Hast thou, O Father, put to grief

Thy spotless Son for me?

And will the righteous Judge of men

Condemn me for that debt of sin

Which, Lord, was charged on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,

And to the utmost farthing paid

Whate'er thy people owed:

How then can wrath on me take place,

If shelter'd in thy righteousness,

And sprinkled with thy blood?

3 [If thou hast my discharge procured,

And freely in my room endured

The whole of wrath divine,

Payment God cannot twice demand,

First at my bleeding Surety's hand,

And then again at mine.]

4 Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest;

The merits of thy great High Priest

Speak peace and liberty:

Trust in his efficacious blood,

Nor fear thy banishment from God,

Since Jesus died for thee.

228.

Origin and Acts of Faith.—Heb. xii. 2. C. M.

FAITH owes its birth to sovereign grace,

And lives beneath the throne,

- Where grace maintains her dwelling-place,
And reigns supreme alone.
- 2 [Faith yields to grace the glory due,
Nor dares assume her place;
But owns all doctrines must be true,
That spring from sovereign grace.]
- 3 The precious cleansing blood of Christ
Is a delightful theme:
When faith is lifted up the highest,
She sings of none but him.
- 4 Faith owns the sceptre through the cross,
And yields obedience true;
Counts all things else but earth and dross,
To keep the Lamb in view.
- 5 To live upon his precious death
Is faith's divine repast;
The language of his dying breath,
"See, how she holds it fast!"
- 6 Faith views him dead upon the tree;
Then buried in the grave;
And waits around the tomb, to see
Him rise with power to save.
- 7 Then to the Mount of Olives go;
There faith, with eager eye,
Beholds her Lord leave all below,
To dwell and reign on high.
- 8 With tears of joy, faith now believes
The day will surely come,
When he who Jesus' cross receives
Shall see him crown'd at home.

229.

104th. J. & C. W.
The Fight of Faith.—Rom. viii. 37.

OMNIPOTENT Lord! my Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, thy righteousness bring;
Thy promises bind thee compassion to have:
Now, now let me find thee almighty to save.

2 Lord, thou art my hope; o'erwhelmed with grief
To thee I look up for certain relief;
I dread no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial if Jesus be here.

3 Yes! God is above men, devils, and sin;
My Jesus's love the battle shall win:
So terribly glorious his coming shall be,
His love all victorious shall conquer for me.

230.

Trust in God's Faithfulness.—Mal. iii. 6. C. M.

WHY should my fears so far prevail,
When they my hopes accost?
My faith, though weak, can never fail,
Nor shall my hopes be lost.

2 A thousand promises are wrote
In characters of blood;
And those emphatic lines denote
The ever-faithful God.

3 Through those dear promises I range;
And, blessed be his name,
Though I, a feeble mortal, change,
His love is still the same.

231.

L. M. WATTS.
"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v. 7

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;

Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

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

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

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

232.

104th.

NEWTON.

"I will trust and not be afraid"—Isa. xii. 2.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear!

By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:

Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, [thro'.
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite

4 Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death.

And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

5 [Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive;
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live.
His way was much rougher & darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, & shall I repine?]

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food:
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

233.

8s.

HART.

Saving Faith.—Acts xvi. 31; 1 Pet. ii. 6.

THE sinner that truly believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His justification receives,
Redemption in full through his blood;
Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 Not all the delusions of sin
Shall ever seduce him to death;
He now has the witness within,
Rejoicing in Jesus by faith.
This faith shall eternally fail
When Jesus shall fall from his throne;

- For hell against both must prevail,
 Since Jesus and he are but one.
- 3 The faith that lays hold on the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name;
 The work of God's Spirit it is:
 A principle, active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upwards to God.
- 4 [It treads on the world and on hell;
 It vanquishes death and despair;
 And, what is still stranger to tell,
 It overcomes heaven by prayer:
 Permits a vile worm of the dust
 With God to commune as a friend;
 To hope his forgiveness is just,
 And look for his love to the end.]
- 5 [It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
 That stand betwixt God and the soul;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes their sore consciences whole:
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;
 And proves such a sinner as I
 As pure as an angel of light.]

234.

8. 6. 8.

H&A.T.

Difference and Degrees of Faith.—2 Cor. xiii. 5; Gal. iii. 25—27.

HE that *believeth* Christ, the Lord,
 Who shed for man his blood,

- By giving credence to his word,
 Exalts the truth of God;
 So far he's right, but let him know,
 Farther than this he yet must go.
- 2 He that believes *on* Jesus Christ,
 Has a much better faith!
 His Prophet now becomes his Priest,
 And saves him by his death:
 By Christ he finds his sins forgiven,
 And Christ has made him heir of heaven.
- 3 But he that *into* Christ believes,
 What a rich faith has he!
 In Christ he moves, and acts, and lives,
 From self and bondage free:
 He hath the Father and the Son,
 For Christ and he are now but one.
- 4 Till we attain to this rich faith,
 Though safe, we are not sound:
 Though we are saved from guilt and wrath,
 Perfection is not found.
 Lord, make our union closer yet,
 And let the marriage be complete.

235.

7. 4.

HART.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."—1 Pet. v. 9.

IN all our worst afflictions,
 When furious foes surround us;
 When troubles vex, and fears perplex,
 And Satan would confound us:
 When foes to God and goodness,
 We find ourselves, by feeling,
 206

To do what's right, unable quite,
And almost as unwilling:

- 2 When, like the restless ocean,
Our hearts cast up uncleanness:
Flood after flood, with mire and mud,
And all is foul within us:
When love is cold and languid,
And different passions shake us:
When hope decays, and God delays,
And seems to quite forsake us:

- 3 Then to maintain the battle
With soldier-like behaviour;
To keep the field, and never yield,
But firmly eye the Saviour;
To trust his gracious promise,
Thus hard beset with evil,
This, this is faith will conquer death,
And overcome the devil.

236.

S. M.

HART.

True and False Faith.—Rom. v. 1, 2.

FAITH's a convincing proof;
A substance sound and sure;
That keeps the soul secured enough,
But makes it not secure.

- 2 [Notion's the harlot's test,
By which the truth's reviled;
The child of fancy, finely dress'd,
But not the living child.]

- 3 Faith is by knowledge fed,
And with obedience mix'd;

Notion is empty, cold, and dead,
And fancy's never fix'd.

- 4 True faith's the life of God;
Deep in the heart it lies:
It lives and labours under load;
Though damp'd, it never dies.
- 5 Opinions in the head,
True faith as far excels
As body differs from a shade,
Or kernels from the shells.
- 6 [To see good bread and wine,
Is not to eat and drink:
So some, who hear the word divine,
Do not believe, but think.]
- 7 True faith refines the heart,
And purifies with blood;
Takes the whole gospel, not a part,
And holds the fear of God.

237.

8. 7.

HART.

Faith and Repentance.—Rom. iv. 18.

LET us ask the important question,
(Brethren, be not too secure,)
What it is to be a Christian,
How we may our hearts assure.
Vain is all our best devotion,
If on false foundations built;
True religion's more than notion—
Something must be known and felt.

- 2 ['Tis to trust our well-beloved,
In his blood has wash'd us clean;

'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
Though we feel it rise within:
To believe that all is finish'd,
Though so much remains to endure;
Find the dangers undiminish'd,
Yet to hold deliverance sure.]

3 ['Tis to credit contradictions;
Talk with him one never sees;
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease:
'Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the victory hope to gain;
To believe that Christ has cleansed us,
Though the leprosy remain:]

4 ['Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
Prompting us to secret prayer;
To rejoice in Jesus' merit,
Yet continual sorrow bear;
To receive a full remission
Of our sins for evermore;
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
Begging mercy every hour.]

5 To be steadfast in believing;
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake;
Every moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak:
To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
Ever sinking, yet to swim;
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves, or else for him.

SECOND PART.

GREAT High Priest, we view thee stooping
 With our names upon thy breast;
 In the garden groaning, drooping;
 To the ground with horrors press'd;
 Wondering angels stood confounded
 To behold their Maker thus;
 And can we remain unwounded,
 When we know 'twas all for us?

2 On the cross thy body broken
 Cancels every penal tie;
 Tempted souls produce this token,
 All demands to satisfy.
 All is finish'd; do not doubt it,
 But believe your dying Lord,
 Never reason more about it;
 Only take him at his word.

3 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely;
 'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;
 Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly;
 Take and make us what thou wilt.
 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
 Pass'd on man's devoted race:
 True belief and true repentance,
 Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

238.

L. M.

FAWCETT.

Repentance.—Acts xvi. 30.

WITH melting heart, and weeping eyes,
 My guilty soul for mercy cries;
 What shall I do, or whither flee,
 To escape the vengeance due to me.

- 2 Till late, I saw no danger nigh;
I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die!
Wrapp'd up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years:
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due!
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live!
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O, save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

239.

11s.

Repentance, the Gift of God.—Acts v. 31.

THE Lamb is exalted repentance to give,
That sin may be hated, while sinners believe;
Contrition is granted, and God justified,
The sinner is humbled, and self is denied.

2

Repentance flows freely thro' Calvary's blood,
Produced by the Spirit and goodness of God.
The living possess it, thro' faith, hope, and love,
And own it a blessing sent down from above.

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 not seem,
 Scripture saith;
 of him.

C. M. HART.
 "repentance,"—2 Cor. vii 10.

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8. 8. 6.
 2 Thess. ii. 16; Rom. xii. 12.
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 given;

3

All born of the Spirit are brought to repent;
 Free grace can make adamant hearts to relent:
 Repentance is granted, God's justice to prove;
 Remission is given, and both from his love.

4

The vilest of sinners forgiveness have found;
 For Jesus was humbled that grace might abound;
 Whoever repents of his sin against God,
 Shall surely be pardon'd thro' Calvary's blood.

240.

C. M.

HART.

Repentance.—Matt. ix. 13; Luke xiii. 3.

- WHAT various ways do men invent,
 To give the conscience ease;
 Some say, Believe; and some, Repent;
 And some say, Strive to please.
- 2 [But, brethren, Christ, and Christ alone,
 Can rightly do the thing;
 Nor ever can the way be known,
 Till he salvation bring.]
- 3 [What mean the men that say, Believe,
 And let repentance go?
 What comfort can the soul receive
 That never felt its woe?]
- 4 Christ says, "That I might sinners call
 To penitence, I'm sent;"
 And, "Likewise ye shall perish all,
 Except ye do repent."
- 5 Those who are call'd by grace divine,
 Believe, but not alone;
 Repentance to their faith they join,
 And so go safely on.

- 6 But should repentance, or should faith,
Should both deficient seem,
Jesus gives both, the Scripture saith;
Then ask them both of him.

241.

C. M.

HART.

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance."—2 Cor. vii 10.

REPENTANCE is a gift bestow'd,
To save a soul from death:
Gospel repentance towards God
Is always join'd to faith.

- 2 Not for an hour, a day, or week,
Do saints repentance own;
But all the time the Lord they seek,
At sin they grieve and groan.
- 3 Nor is it such a dismal thing
As 'tis by some men named;
A sinner may repent and sing,
Rejoice and be ashamed.
- 4 'Tis not the fear of hell alone,
For that may prove extreme:
Repenting saints the Saviour own,
And grieve for grieving him.
- 5 If penitence be quite left out,
Religion is but halt;
And hope, though e'er so clear of doubt,
Like offerings without salt.

242.

8. 8. 6.

Good Hope, through Grace.—2 Thess. ii. 16; Rom. xii. 12.

GOOD hope, thro' grace, the saints possess,
The fruit of Jesus' righteousness,
And by his Spirit given;

Faith eyes the promise firm and sure,
 And hope expects for evermore
 To dwell with Christ in heaven.

- 2 Good hope is born of sovereign grace,
 And lives in Jesus' righteousness,
 With faith, and peace, and love:
 What faith believes, good hope desires,
 And after perfect bliss aspires,
 In the bright world above.
- 3 [All through the wilderness below,
 Good hope expects more good to know,
 And thus is kept alive
 The soul, that many a trial bears,
 And conflicts hard with doubts and fears
 Till joy and peace arrive.]
- 4 [When sore temptations haunt the soul,
 Good hope shall all their power control,
 And save from sad despair;
 While faith looks up to Jesus' blood,
 Good hope rides safely o'er the flood,
 Nor dreads destruction there.]
- 5 When gloomy death, in dread array,
 Appears to call the saint away,
 Faith looks beyond the flood;
 And when the soul to march prepares,
 Good hope sends out her fervent prayers,
 And dies in peace with God!

243.

11s.
 Hoping on the ground of Eternal Adoption.—Ps. lxxi. 14; Gal. iv. 5.

GREAT Father of glory, how rich is thy grace
 What wonderful love is display'd in thy face

In Jesus thy image with brightness we view,
And hope to be form'd to that likeness anew.

2

By favour adopted, thy sons we appear,
And led by thy Spirit, we boldly draw near;
In Jesus beloved, and wash'd in his blood,
With hope we adore at the footstool of God.

3

The man who is blessed with hope in the cross,
Is freed from the bondage of guilt and the curse;
The blood of his Surety by faith he reviews,
While hope in that fountain his spirit renews.

4

The world knows us not, but in this we rejoice,
To God we're no strangers, but objects of choice!
His love from eternity gave us a home,
Where now we are hoping in safety to come.

5

Array'd in obedience, all wrought by the Lamb,
By Christ our Jehovah, the ancient I AM: [on,
With boldness we journey, while Christ leads us
And hope soon in glory to praise the Three-One.

244.

C. M.

BURNHAM.

Hope.—Lam. iii. 24.

OUR Jesus is the God of hope;
He works it by his power;
It holds the weak believer up,
In the distressing hour.

2 The darkest cloud hope pierces through,
And waits upon the Lord,
Expects to prove that all is true
Throughout the sacred word.

215

- 3 True hope looks out for blessings great;
 And, though they're long delay'd,
 Yet hope's determined still to wait,
 Until they are convey'd.
- 4 Hope long will wait, and wait again,
 And ne'er can give it up,
 Till the bless'd Lamb, who once was slain,
 Appears the God of hope.

245.

L. M.

"An anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. vi. 18, 19.

- WE travel through a barren land,
 With dangers thick on every hand;
 But Jesus guides us through the vale:
 The Christian's hope can never fail.
- 2 Huge sorrows meet us as we go,
 And devils aim our overthrow;
 But vile infernals can't prevail:
 The Christian's hope shall never fail.
- 3 Sometimes we're tempted to despair,
 But Jesus makes us then his care:
 Though numerous foes our souls assail,
 The Christian's hope shall never fail.
- 4 We trust upon the sacred word—
 The oath and promise of our Lord;
 And safely through each tempest sail:
 The Christian's hope shall never fail.

246.

8s.

B. FRANCIS.

On Love to Christ, as a Redeemer, &c.—John xxi. 17

- My gracious Redeemer I love;
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,

And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name:
 To gaze on his glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ, ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

2. He freely redeem'd with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell:
 To shine with the angels of light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing;
 To view with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside,—
 A darksome and restless abode;
 Molested with foes on each side,
 And longing to dwell with my God.
 O, when shall my spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Through realms of ineffable day.

PAUSE.

4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing crowd:
 O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above,
 To gaze on thee, world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love

- 5 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
 Shall ever molest me again;
 Perfection of glory reigns there.
 This soul and this body shall shine,
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God his full beauty displays.
- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away:
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows,—
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine!

247.

C. M.

J. RYLAND

Desiring to love and delight in God.—Ps. xxxvii. 4.

- O LORD, I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near,
 A fountain which will ever run
 With waters sweet and clear?

- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose words can never fail.
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, I can't be poor;
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

248.

8s.

C. W.

Brotherly Love.—Eph. v. 2; Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

- JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree:
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid all jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word—
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care;
Each another's burdens bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

249.

8. 8. 6.

C W.

Love to God earnestly desired.—Isa. lxiii. 9.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?

I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh, for this I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

250.

Speaking the Truth in Love.—2 Cor. v. 14. Ca.

THOUGH justly of wrongs we complain,
Or faithfully sinners reprove,

Yet still we do all things in vain,
 Unless we do all things in love.
 'Tis love makes us humble and meek;
 The wounds of ill usage it cures;
 It pities the falls of the weak,
 The pride of the lofty endures.

- 2 Has God a command a fulfil,
 Which nature untoward would shun?
 Love brings to compliance the will,
 And causes the deed to be done.
 From Jesus the blessing must flow,
 To creatures beneath and above;
 May he his good Spirit bestow,
 And we shall do all things in love.

251.

C. M.

HART.

"And the Lord went his way as soon as he had left communing with Abraham, and Abraham returned to his place."—Gen. xviii. 33.

WHEN Jesus, with his mighty love,
 Visits my troubled breast,
 My doubts subside, my fears remove,
 And I'm completely blest.

- 2 I love the Lord with mind and heart,
 His people and his ways;
 Envy, and pride, and lust depart,
 And all his works I praise.
- 3 Nothing but Jesus I esteem;
 My soul is then sincere;
 And everything that's dear to him,
 To me is also dear.
- 4 But ah! when these short visits end,
 Though not quite left alone,

- I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone.
- 5 I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel;
I tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn,
And am but barren still.
- 6 More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last:
I can do nothing without thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste.

252.

C. M.

Fear of God.—Ps. cxix. 32.

- FEAR is a grace which ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 2 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his Father's will,
And loves as much as fears.
- 3 Let fear and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

253.

S. M.

BERRIDGE.

Singleness of Eye.—Matt. vi. 21—23.

- To Canaan art thou bound?
Walk on in Jesus' might;
But mark, the way is holy ground,
And needs a heart upright.

- 2 Make Jesus all thy peace,
 And make him all thy arm;
 Rely alone upon his grace,
 To guard from every harm.
- 3 [To Jesus some will pray,
 Yet not with single eye;
 They squint and peep another way,
 Some creature-help to spy.
- 4 In darkness such are held,
 And bound in legal fear;
 A double eye is in the child,
 The heart is not sincere.
- 5 Such find no gospel-rest,
 But into bondage fall;
 The Lord will not uphold thy breast,
 Till he is all in all.]
- 6 Lord, give me single sight,
 And make it strong and clear;
 So will my soul be full of light,
 And feel the Saviour near.

254.

104th.

HART.

"The fear of the Lord."—Prov. x. 27; xiv. 26, 27; xix. 23, &c.

THE fear of the Lord our days will prolong;
 In trouble afford a confidence strong;
 Will keep us from sinning, will prosper our ways,
 And is the beginning of wisdom and grace.

- 2 The fear of the Lord preserves us from death,
 Enforces his word, enlivens our faith;
 It regulates passion, and helps us to quell
 The dread of damnation and terrors of hell.

3 The fear of the Lord is soundness and health;
 A treasure well stored with heavenly wealth;
 A fence against evil, by which we resist
 World, flesh, and the devil, and imitate Christ.

4 [The fear of the Lord is clean and approved;
 Makes Satan abhorr'd, and Jesus beloved:
 It conquers in weakness; is proof against strife;
 A cordial in sickness; a fountain of life.]

5 [The fear of the Lord is lowly and meek;
 The happy reward of all that him seek;
 They only that fear him the truth can discern,
 For, living so near him, his secrets they learn.]

6 [The fear of the Lord his mercy makes dear,
 His judgments adored, his righteousness clear:
 Without its fresh flavour, in knowledge there's
 fault;

In doctrines no savour; in duties no salt.]

7 [The fear of the Lord confirms a good hope;
 By this are restored the senses that droop;
 The deeper it reaches, the more the soul thrives;
 It gives what it teaches, & guards what it gives.]

8 The fear of the Lord forbids us to yield;
 It sharpens our sword, & strengthens our shield.
 Then cry we to heaven, with one loud accord,
 That to us be given the fear of the Lord.

255.

L. M.

HART.

The same.—Isa. xl. 2, 3,

HAPPY the men that fear the Lord;
 They from the paths of sin depart;
 Rejoice and tremble at his word,
 And hide it deep within their heart.

- 2 They in his mercy hope, through grace;
Revere his judgments, not contemn:
In pleasing him their pleasure's placed,
And his delight is placed in them.
- 3 This fear, a rich and endless store,
Preserves the soul from poisonous pride:
The heart that wants this fear is poor,
Whatever it possess beside.
- 4 This treasure was by Christ possess'd;
In this his understanding stood;
And every one that's with it bless'd
Has free redemption in his blood.

256.

L. M.

HART.

"The fear of the Lord is to hate evil."—Prov. viii. 13.

- In vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view,
In all they say and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord;
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.
 - 3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root:
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree."
 - 4 Never did men, by faith divine,
To selfishness and sloth incline:
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

257.

L. M.

STEELE.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit."—Matt. v. 3.

YE humble souls, complain no more;
 Let faith survey your future store:
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest.

- 2 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hope deride:
 In vain they boast their little stores;
 Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.
- 3 [A kingdom of immense delight,
 Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
 Where undeclining pleasures rise,
 And every wish hath full supplies.]
- 4 [A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
 While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
 The state which power and truth sustain,
 Unmoved for ever must remain.]
- 5 There shall your eyes with rapture view
 The glorious Friend that died for you—
 That died to ransom, died to raise
 To crowns of joy and songs of praise.
- 6 Jesus! to thee I breathe my prayer;
 Reveal, confirm my interest there:
 Whate'er my humble lot below,
 This, this my soul desires to know.

258.

8. 7.

BURNHAM

Christ's Example.—Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

JESUS, Source of our salvation,
 May we now thy nature know:

Then, more bowels of compassion
 We to thy dear saints shall show.
 May the grace thou hast imparted,
 In relieving our complaints,
 Make us kind and tender-hearted
 To the feeblest of thy saints.

2 When they are severely tempted,
 We their sorrows would assuage,
 Knowing we are not exempted
 From the tempter's furious rage.
 If by sin they're overtaken,
 We'd their faults to them declare;
 But in strains of much compassion,
 Lest we drive them to despair.

3 Keep us from a proud appearance,
 In whate'er we do or say;
 Fill us with divine forbearance;
 Then how happy we shall be!
 Hand in hand we would be walking,
 Eyeing Jesus' new command;
 Of his love we'd e'er be talking,
 Till we reach fair Canaan's land

259.

C. M.

COWPER

Resignation.—Job v. 19.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

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

227

- 3 No; let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me!
- 4 Thy favour all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
 . Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth.
- 6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway,
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

260.

C. M.

STEELE.

Filial Resignation.—Heb. xii. 7.

- AND can my heart aspire so high
 To say, "My Father, God?"
 Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let every anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene;
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.

261.

C. M.

GREENE.

"It is the Lord," &c.—1 Sam. iii. 18.

It is the Lord, enthroned in light,
 Whose claims are all divine,
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.

2 [It is the Lord; should I distrust
 Or contradict his will—
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still?]

3 [It is the Lord who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load;
 From whom assistance I obtain
 To tread the thorny road.]

4 [It is the Lord whose matchless skill
 Can from afflictions raise
 Matter eternity to fill
 With ever-growing praise.]

5 It is the Lord, my covenant God—
 Thrice blessed be his name!—
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.

6 His covenant will my soul defend,
 Should nature's self expire;
 And the great Judge of all descend
 In awful flames of fire.

7 [How can my soul, with hopes like these,
 Be sullen, or repine?
 My gracious God, take what thou please,
 But teach me to resign.]

262.

104th.

TOPLADY.

"The Lord is good unto them that wait for him," &c.—Lam. iii. 25.

THOU Fountain of bliss, thy smile I entreat;
O'erwhelm'd with distress, I mourn at thy feet:
The joy of salvation, when shall it be mine?
The high consolation of friendship divine!

- 2 Awaken'd to see the depth of my fall,
For mercy on thee I earnestly call:
'Tis thine the lost sinner to save and renew;
Faith's mighty beginner and finisher too.
- 3 Thy Spirit alone repentance implants,
And gives me to groan at feeling my wants:
Midst all my dejection, dear Lord, I can trace
Some marks of election, some tokens of grace.
- 4 Thou wilt not despise a sinner distress'd;
All-kind and all-wise, thy season is best.
To thy sovereign pleasure, resign'd I would be,
And tarry thy leisure, and hope still in thee.

263.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

"Blessed are they that mourn."—Matt. v. 4.

- JESUS, the glorious Head of grace,
Knows every saint's peculiar case;
What sorrows by their souls are borne,
And how for sin they daily mourn.
- 2 He knows how deep their groanings are,
And what their secret sighs declare;
And, for their comfort, has express'd
That all such mourning souls are bless'd.
- 3 They're bless'd on earth; for 'tis by grace
They see and know their mournful case;

Bless'd mourners! they shall shortly rise
To endless comfort in the skies.

- 4 There all their mourning days shall cease,
And they be fill'd with joy and peace:
Comforts eternal they shall prove,
And dwell for ever in his love.
- 5 [Dear Lord, may I a mourner be,
Over my sins and after thee;
And when my mourning days are o'er,
Enjoy thy comforts evermore.]

264.

L. M.

WATTS.

"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."—Gen. xlix. 18.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand,
In fragrant rows, at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs by thy side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
- 5 Bless'd Jesus! what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!

Never did angels taste above,
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.

- 6 Hail, great Immanuel! all divine!
 In thee thy Father's glories shine:
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

265.

L. M.

WATTS.

"My heart rejoiceth in the Lord."—1 Sam. ii. 1.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
 Shines through the beauties of thy face,
 And lights our passion to a flame!
 Lord, how we love thy charming name!

- 2 When I can say, "My God is mine,"
 When I can feel thy glories shine,
 I tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
 Our raptured eyes and soul employs;
 Here we could sit and gaze away
 A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
 To the fair coasts of perfect light;
 Then shall our joyful senses rove
 O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
 And pluck new life from heavenly trees!
 Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
 A drop of heaven on worms below.]
- 6 [Send comforts down from thy right hand,
 While we pass through this barren land,

And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

266.

C. M.

WATTS.

Doubts scattered; or, Spiritual Joys restored.—Ps. xl. 3.

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine;
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved, mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

267.

7s.

CENNICK.

Rejoicing in Hope.—Isa. xxxv. 10.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 [O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes.]
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

268.

S. M.

BERRIDGE

The Drawings of Christ's Love sweetly followed.—Cant. ii. 13.

- IF Jesus kindly say,
And with a whispering word,
"Arise, my love, and come away,"
I run to meet my Lord.
- 2 My soul is in my ears;
My heart is all on flame;
My eyes are sweetly drown'd in tears,
And melted is my frame.
- 3 My raptured soul will rise,
And give a cheerful spring,
And dart through all the lofty skies,
To visit Zion's King.

- 4 He meets me with a kiss,
And with a smiling face!
I taste the dear enchanting bliss,
And wonder at his grace!
- 5 The world now drops its charms;
My idols all depart;
Soon as I reach my Saviour's arms,
I give him all my heart.
- 6 A soft and tender sigh
Now heaves my hallow'd breast;
I long to lay me down and die,
And find eternal rest.

269.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's tender Care of his Church.—Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

- Now shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Zion-hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb?
And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

- 5 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
 And mothers monsters prove,
 Zion still dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting love.

270.

8. 7.

HART.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—Eph. vi. 11; 1 Tim. vi. 12.

- GIRD thy loins up, Christian soldier;
 Lo! thy Captain calls thee out:
 Let the danger make thee bolder;
 War in weakness; dare in doubt.
 Buckle on thy heavenly armour;
 Patch up no inglorious peace;
 Let thy courage wax the warmer,
 As thy foes and fears increase.
- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
 Truth, to keep thee firm and tight;
 Never shall the foe confound thee,
 While the truth maintains thy fight.
 Righteousness within thee rooted,
 May appear to take thy part;
 But let righteousness imputed
 Be the breast-plate of thy heart.
- 3 Shod with gospel-preparation,
 In the paths of promise tread;
 Let the hope of free salvation,
 As a helmet, guard thy head.
 When beset with various evils,
 Wield the Spirit's two-edged sword;
 Cut thy way through hosts of devils,
 While they fall before the Word.

- 4 But when dangers closer threaten,
 And thy soul draws near to death;
 When assaulted sore by Satan,
 Then object the shield of faith:
 Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
 Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force in patience,
 Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.
- 5 Though to speak thou be not able,
 Always pray and never rest:
 Prayer's a weapon for the feeble;
 Weakest souls can wield it best.
 Ever on thy Captain calling,
 Make thy worst condition known:
 He shall hold thee up when falling,
 Or shall lift thee up when down.

271.

L. M.

STENNETT.

Captain of Salvation.—Eph. vi. 13—17.

My Captain sounds the alarm of war—
 Awake! the powers of hell are near!
 "To arms, to arms!" I hear him cry,
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

- 2 Roused by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around;
 Make haste to gird my armour on,
 And bid each trembling fear be gone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet; Christ my shield;
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

272, 273 TRIBULATION, &C.,

- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
Resolved to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
His bleeding Cross is all my boast;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To victory and a victor's crown!

272.

8. 7.

NEWTON.

"Behold the blood of the covenant."—Exodus xxiv. 8.

DEAREST Saviour! we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,—
Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance;—
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

273.

7a.

NEWTON.

To the Afflicted.—Isa. liv. 5—11.

- PENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what Christ the Saviour says;
Every word should joy impart—
Change thy mourning into praise.
Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee;
May he help thee to believe;
Then thou presently wilt see,
Thou hast little cause to grieve:—
- 2 "Fear thou not, nor be ashamed;
All thy sorrows soon shall end;

I, who heaven and earth have framed,
 Am thy Husband and thy Friend :
 I, the High and Holy One,
 Israel's God, by all adored,
 As thy Saviour will be known,
 Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

3 "For a moment I withdrew,
 And thy heart was fill'd with pain,
 But my mercies I'll renew;
 Thou shalt soon rejoice again:
 Though I seem to hide my face,
 Very soon my wrath shall cease;
 'Tis but for a moment's space,
 Ending in eternal peace!

4 "Though afflicted, tempest-toss'd,
 Comfortless a while thou art,
 Do not think thou canst be lost;
 Thou art graven on my heart;
 All thy wastes I will repair,—
 Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;
 And in thee it shall appear
 What the God of love can do."

274.

S. M.

ADAMS.

The Afflicted secure in Christ.—Job v. 19.

THE Lord in Zion reigns,
 And will his people keep:
 'Tis he the universe sustains,
 And well secures his sheep.

2 Though with afflictions sore,
 He may them exercise;

Yet still his hand they shall adore,
And still his love shall prize.

- 3 Should poverty, and loss
Of every kind of good,
Conspire to make our weighty cross,
Our helper still is God.

- 4 May we for ever trust
And glory in his name:
Jesus, the faithful, true, and just,
For ever is the same!

275.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

"Be still, and know that I am God."—Ps. xlv. 10.

LET me, thou sovereign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;
And while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still and know that thou art God.

- 2 Let me not murmur nor repine,
Under these trying strokes of thine!
But while I walk the mournful road,
Be still and know that thou art God.
- 3 When and wherever thou shalt smite,
Teach me to own thy sovereign right:
And underneath the heaviest load,
Be still and know that thou art God.
- 4 Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err nor be unkind;
And thus approve thy chastening rod,
And know thou art my Father, God!
- 5 When this afflicted soul shall rise
To ceaseless joys above the skies,

I shall, as ransom'd by thy blood,
For ever sing, "Thou art my God!"

276.

8s.

NEWTON.

The care God takes of his People.—1 Kings xvii. 6.

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,
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, secured from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

- 2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens, which live upon prey;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way.
This instance to those may be strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail!
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.
- 3 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 commands!
Then let us rejoice in his name,
And leave all our cares in his hands.

277.

7s.

NEWTON.

"He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

Now I see, whate'er betide,
All is well if Christ be mine;

He has promised to provide;
May he teach me to resign.

- 2 When a sense of sin and thrall
Forced me to the sinner's Friend,
He engaged to manage all,
By the way and to the end.
- 3 "Cast," he said, "on me thy care;
'Tis enough that I am nigh;
I will all thy burdens bear;
I will all thy wants supply."
- 4 Lord, I would indeed submit;
Gladly yield my all to thee;
What thy wisdom sees most fit,
Must be, surely, best for me.
- 5 Only, when the way is rough,
And the coward flesh would start,
Let thy promise and thy love
Cheer and animate my heart.

278.

S. M.

NEWTON.

Inward Conflict.—Rom. vii. 19.

- I KNOW the Lord is nigh,
And would but cannot pray,
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft,
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.
 - 3 I would, but cannot love,
Though wooed by love divine:

No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

- 4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still!
- 5 O could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;
I *would* but *cannot*,—Lord, relieve!
My help must come from thee.
- 6 [By nature prone to ill,
Till thy appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.]
- 7 [Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou hast begun?
And with the will afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?]

279.

L. M.

HAMMOND.

Legal Conflict.—Gal. v. 17.

- How shall I pour out my complaint,
Or tell the Lord my sore distress?
Yet he espies my every want—
My weakness, sin, and foolishness.
- 2 Stupid, secure, and hard, and blind,
Wither'd and dead, and rooted up;
To endless death I seem consign'd;
So destitute of cheering hope.
- 3 Uneasy when I feel my load;
Uneasy when I feel it not;

Dissatisfied for want of God,
Though oft of him I've not a thought.

- 4 I cannot frame a good desire,
If all the world to me was given;
I cannot to a wish aspire,
If one good wish would purchase heaven
- 5 Sometimes I follow after God;
Sometimes I carelessly retreat;
For mercy now I cry aloud,
And now in stubborn silence sit.
- 6 O Prince of life, with power descend;
Thy blood apply; my conscience clear;
Then shall this legal conflict end,
And perfect love cast out sad fear.

280.

7s.

HAMMOND.

The same.—Matt. xiv. 31.

WILL my doubting ne'er be o'er?
Will the Lord return no more?
When shall I the Saviour see,
And be sure he died for me?

- 2 How I waver to and fro,
Rising high and sinking low;
Now to heaven I aspire,
Now to shades of death retire.
- 3 When a glimpse of hope appears,
Soon 'tis lost in doubts and fears;
O, I fear 'tis all a cheat:
Keep me, Lord, from self-deceit.
- 4 Lord, thy light, thy love display;
All my darkness chase away;

Everlasting peace restore;
 Bid me disbelieve no more.

- 5 Put thy Spirit in my heart;
 Bid my doubts and fears depart;
 When thy face shall on me shine,
 I shall know and feel thee mine.

281.

C. M.

COWPER.

"Contrite heart."—Isa. lvii. 15.

THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow:
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart, or no?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain;
 Insensible as steel;
 If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined
 To love thee, if I could;
 But often find another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few;
 I fain would strive for more:
 But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer:
 I sometimes go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O, make ~~this heart rejoice~~ or ache,
 Decide this doubt for me;

282, 283 TRIBULATION, &c.,

And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

282.

7a.

COWPER.

Welcome Cross.—1 Pet. i. 6, 7; Heb. xii. 8.

'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the Cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet;
'Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?
- 5 Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not if he might.

283.

7a.

NEWTON.

Breathing after Love to Christ.—John xxi. 16.

'Tis a point I long to know,
(Oft it causes anxious thought,)
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

- 2 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.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 [When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do:
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 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?]
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray:

284, 285 TRIBULATION, &c.,

If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

284.

7s.

LANGLEY.

The Mourner's Comfort.—Rev. xii. 20.

WHEN shall all my sorrows end?
When my days of mourning cease?
When shall I to Christ ascend?
Only place of happiness.

- 2 Thirsting, panting after home,
Longing for that happy day;
Still I cry, "My Saviour, come!
Come, Lord Jesus, come away."
- 3 See! what tribulations rise;
Earth and sin beset me round;
Sorrows, trickling from my eyes,
Moisten all the weary ground.
- 4 Lord, thy pardoning love reveal;
Let my cry ascend thy ears:
Sin, alas! I deeply feel!
Sin! but ah! thy blood appears!
- 5 Blood, that answers every claim,
Tells me, Jesus died for me:
Then, in his delightful name,
Sin's subdued, and I am free!

285.

L. M.

HORNE

Complaint.—Lam. i. 16.

O FOR a heart to seek my God,
Encouraged by his gracious word,
To view my Saviour all complete,
And lie submissive at his feet.

- 2 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
My Rock and Refuge, would I flee:
Now tides of sorrow, rolling high,
Appear to mingle earth and sky.
- 3 To see thy saints in mourning clad,
And foes by their distress made glad,
O'erwhelms my soul with poignant grief:
Lord, send thy servants sweet relief.
- 4 Though safe in Christ thy saints abide,
Nor can their life be e'er destroy'd,
While thy dear cause is thus suppress'd,
My burden'd soul can take no rest.
- 5 Arise, O God, thy cause defend;
Deliverance unto Zion send:
Arise, arise, O God of might,
And put thy threatening foes to flight.
- 6 Pity thy poor dejected few;
Our souls revive, our strength renew;
Collect thy scatter'd flock once more,
And open wide the gospel-door.

286.

L. M.

SWAIN.

The Pilgrim's Consolation.—Heb. xi. 13.

- PILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound;
Our journey lies along this road;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.
- 2 And here as travellers we meet,
Before we reach the fields above,
To sit around our Master's feet,
And tell the wonders of his love.

- 3 Oft have we seen the tempests rise;
The world and Satan, hell and sin,
Like mountains seem'd to reach the skies,
With scarce a gleam of hope between.
- 4 But still, as oft as troubles come,
Our Jesus sends some cheering ray;
And that strong arm shall guard us home,
Which thus protects us by the way.
- 5 A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.

287.

S. M.

HART.

"Pride."—Prov. xxix. 23.

- INNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God;
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous, galling load.
- 2 [Temptations, too, without,
Of various kinds, assault;
Sly snares beset his travelling feet,
And make him often halt.
- 3 From sinner and from saint
He meets with many a blow;
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.]
- 4 But though the host of hell
Be neither weak nor small,
One mighty foe deals wondrous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.

- 5 'Tis pride, accursed pride,
The spirit by God abhorr'd;
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 [It blows its poisonous breath,
And bloats the soul with air;
The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.]
- 7 [Awake, nay, while we sleep,
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad:
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find
The hand of heaven not slack;
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.]
- 9 ['Tis hurtful when perceived;
When not perceived 'tis worse:
Unseen or seen, it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.]
- 10 [Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the prayer:
Against it preach, it prompts the speech;
Be silent, still 'tis there.]
- 11 [In every outward act,
In every thought within,
The heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.]
- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill;

That wounded thee, though thou ~~wast~~ free,
And grieves thy Spirit still.

13 Our condescending God,
(To whom else shall we go?)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,
And lay and keep us low.

14 [Thy garden is the place
Where pride can not intrude;
For should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.]

288.

C. M.

NEWTON.

The Prisoner.—Ps. cxv. 2; cxlii. 7.

WHEN the poor prisoner, through a grate,
Sees others walk at large,
How does he mourn his lonely state,
And long for a discharge!

2 Thus I, confined in unbelief,
My loss of freedom mourn;
And spend my hours in fruitless grief,
Until my Lord return.

3 The beam of day which pierces through
The gloom in which I dwell,
Only discloses to my view,
The horrors of my cell.

4 [Ah, how my pensive spirit faints,
To think of former days,
When I could triumph with the saints,
And join their songs of praise.]

5 Dear Saviour, for thy mercy's sake,
My strong, my only plea,

These gates and bars in pieces break,
And set the prisoner free.

289.

L. M.

FAWCETT.

"And he led them forth by a right way."—Ps. cvii. 7; Deut. viii. 2.

- THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 [Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares oft make me sigh;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.]
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?
- 6 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

290.

L. M.

COWPER.

Temptation.—James i. 12.

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.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill:
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee:
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

291.

C. M.

ROZZEL.

"Be strong; fear not."—Isa. xxxiv. 4.

How prone the mind to search for ill,
To fancy mighty woes;
Shortly the cup of life will fill,
And rob it of repose.

- 2 [How sharp and numerous are the pangs
Imagination gives;
So sharp, that life itself oft hangs
In doubt, nor dies, nor lives.]
- 3 [Could we our woes with truth divide—
The sterling and ideal,
What crowds would stand on fancy's side—
How few upon the real.]
- 4 Creatures of fear, we drag along,
And fear where no fear is;
Our griefs we labour to prolong,
Our joys in haste dismiss.
- 5 Spirit of power, thy strength impart:
This fearful spirit chase

Far off, and make my feeble heart
Thy constant dwelling-place.

- 6 O, if to me thy strength be given,
If thou be on my side,
Then hell as soon shall conquer heaven
As I can be destroy'd.

292.

7. 6.

ROZZEL.

The Pilgrim.—Heb. xi. 13—16.

AMIDST ten thousand dangers,
Which everywhere abound,
The pilgrims and the strangers
Alone secure are found;
For on their Lord they're waiting,
They seek him night and day;
His aid they're supplicating
In his appointed way.

- 2 How signal are the blessings
My Saviour has bestow'd;
He taught me wisdom's lessons,
When I had lost the road,
From death he hath me raised,
By his almighty power,
Let his great name be praised,
Both now and evermore.
- 3 Through Christ, the Mediator,
To God access we find;
The Spirit's own dictator,
Who knows the Father's mind.
Thus through this world of trouble
His saints in safety go;

They count the world a bubble,—
All vanity below.

293.

8s.

TO FLADY.

Breathing for God's Presence in Soul-Trouble.—Ps. lxi. 2.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
And tempted all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
That I in thy beauty may shine;
Disheart'ned 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.

- 2 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.
- 3 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."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
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 immortal and free;
 Lord, succour and comfort my heart,
 And make me live wholly to thee.

294.

148th.

TOPLADY.

The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.—Isa. xli. 2.

JESUS, at thy command
 I launch into the deep;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep:
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
 My compass is thy word;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord:
 I trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
 Through all my passage lie;
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye:
 My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
 And I each boisterous storm outide.
- 4 By faith I see the land—
 The port of endless rest:
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast!

O may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more.

- 5 [Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.]

- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my destined place;
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

295.

L. M.

NEWTON.

Prayer answered by Crosses.—Acts xiv. 22.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

- 2 ['Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.]
- 3 I hoped, that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And, by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,

- And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in me."

296.

L. M.

BADDOME.

Inconstancy.—Ps. cix. 21, 22.

- THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Both represent the unstable mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 [Our outward walk and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same:
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold; now freeze, now burn;

In deep distress, then raptures feel;
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.]

- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we'd confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more fixed be—
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd on thee.

297.

104th.

KENT.

The Trial of Faith.—Mal. iii. 3.

JEHOVAH hath said, 'tis left on record,

"The righteous are one with Jesus the Lord;"
At all times he loves them; 'twas for them he died;
Yet oftentimes he proves them, for grace must be
tried.

- 2 When faint in the way, or lifeless and cold,
Or sunk in dismay, and none to uphold;
Yet firm to his promise thy God shall abide;
But grace, tho' the smallest, shall surely be tried.

- 3 Temptations and sins in legions shall rise,
As spears in thy side, or thorns in thy eyes;
And oft, to thy sorrow, his face he shall hide,
For God has determined his grace shall be tried.

- 4 With him on the mount to-day thou shalt be,
Indulged by thy Lord his glory to see;
There he may caress thee, & call thee his bried,
Yet grace, tho' he bless thee, shall surely be tride.

- 5 The tempest shall blow, the billows shall swell,
Thy soul, full of woe, shall pass as thro' hell,
And all this to prove thee, to stain thy cursed pride;
Yet still he will love thee; but grace must be tried.

- 6 He'll ne'er thee forsake, but surely perform
His word, tho' he take his way in the storm:

Yea, oft in the clouds of dejection he'll ride,
For he has determined his grace shall be tried.

7 He'll cause thee to bring thy griefs to his throne,
But answers of peace to thee shall send none;
Then sorrow and sadness thy heart shall divide,
Because he's determined his grace shall be tried.

8 As gold from the flame, he'll bring thee at last
To praise him for all thro' which thou hast past;
Then love everlasting thy griefs shall repay,
And God, from thy eyes, wipe all sorrows away.

298.

8s.

KENT.

"The Canaanites would dwell in that land."—Josh. xvii. 12.

THE Canaanites still in the land,
To harass, perplex, and dismay,
Brought Israel of old at a stand,
For Anak was stronger than they.
What God had design'd, they possess'd
Supported and kept by his hand;
Yet, lest on their lees they should rest,
The Canaanites dwelt in the land.

2 'Tis thus with thy Israel on earth,
Who groan with a body of sin,
Partake of a spiritual birth,
The work of God's Spirit within;
To-day, with a taste of his love,
Jehovah their souls will expand;
To-morrow he'll give them to prove
The Canaanites still in the land.

3 [Corruptions like vapours shall rise:
Light, love, and delight shall be gone;

The sun shall be dark in the skies,
And hell, with its legions, come on:
Yet all things shall work for their good,
Afflictions, temptations, or pain;
And still, through the Lamb and his blood,
Their cause they shall ever maintain.]

- 4 [Like Gad, by a troop overcome,
They fall, through the workings of sin;
Yet glory they not in their shame,
But mourn their defilement within.
On Zion's bright summit above,
Victorious at last they shall stand,
Though now for a season they prove
The Canaanites still in the land.]
- 5 [A thorn in the flesh they shall have,
Their roving affections to win,
To teach them how Jesus can save,
And show them the depth of their sin;
Yea, down to the Jordan of death,
His foes shall the Christian withstand,
And feel, when resigning his breath,
The Canaanites still in the land.]
- 6 [To them he his oath shall fulfil,
A poor, little, faint-hearted band;
For 'tis of their Father's good will,
The Canaanites dwell in the land:
Their place of repose is on high,
No Canaanite enters therein,
To drink of the rivers of joy,
Remote from the regions of sin.]

299.

C. M.

BERRIDGE.

"Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled."—Ps. xxx. 7.

- IF but a single moment's space,
 My Lord himself withdraws,
 Dark clouds and storms come on apace,
 And debts, and broken laws.
- 2 My heart reveals its dross and dung,
 And loathsome is my breath;
 My harp is on the willows hung,
 And Esau vows my death.
- 3 My eyes refuse to lend a tear;
 My throat is hoarse and dry:
 I lisp and falter in my prayer,
 And sick and faint am I.
- 4 If Jesus loves the gospel-poor,
 That broken-hearted be,
 A mourner waiteth at thy door,
 Who wants a sight of thee.
- 5 Look from the windows of thy grace,
 And cheer a drooping heart;
 A single smile from thy sweet face,
 Will bid my griefs depart.
- 6 Thou art the life of all my joys;
 Thy presence makes my heaven;
 Whatever else my Lord denies,
 Thy presence, Lord, be given.

300.

C. M.

BERRIDGE.

"Tribulation worketh patience."—Rom. v. 3.

How simple are thy children, Lord,
 Unskill'd in what they pray;

- Full oft they lift a hearty word,
Yet know not what they say.
- 2 For patience when I raised a cry,
Fresh burdens made me roar;
My foolish heart would then reply,
For patience pray no more.
- 3 So much my master seem'd to blame,
I thought to leave his school;
But now I learn to blush for shame,
And see myself a fool.
- 4 [I fancied patience would be brought
Before my troubles rose;
And by such granted help I thought
To triumph o'er my woes.
- 5 But Christ has clear'd my misty sight,
And, taught by him, I find
That tribulations, working right,
Produce a patient mind.]
- 6 When our dear Master would bestow
Much patience on his friends,
He loads their shoulders well with woe,
And thus obtains his ends.
- 7 I must expect a daily cross:
Lord, sanctify the pain;
Bid every furnace purge my dross,
And yield some patient gain.

301.

7s.

BRANTON.

Inconstancy.—Ps. xxxix. 5—7.

WELL; at length I plainly see,
Every man is vanity:

In his best and brightest form,
But a shadow or a worm.

- 2 Such a shade I am in view,
Empty, dark, and fleeting too:
Such a worm of nothing worth,
Crawling out and in the earth.
- 3 [Very foolish, very base,
Notwithstanding Jesus' grace!
Murmuring oft for gospel-bread,
Growing wanton, when full fed.]
- 4 [Brisk and dull in half an hour;
Hot and cold, and sweet and sour:
Sometimes grave at Jesus' school,
Sometimes light, and play the fool.]
- 5 What a motley wretch am I,
Full of inconsistency!
Sure the plague is in my heart,
Else I could not act this part.
- 6 Let me come unto my Lord,
Self-condemned and abhorr'd;
Take the sinner's safe retreat—
Lie and blush at Jesus' feet.
- 7 [If my heart is broken well,
God will surely with me dwell;
Yet amazed I would be,
How the Lord should dwell with me.]

302.

8. 8. 6.

BERRIDGE.

Pressing to Jesus through the Crowd.—Phil. III. 12—14.

If unto Jesus thou art bound,
A crowd about him will be found,
Attending day and night;

A worldly crowd to din thy ears,
And crowds of unbelieving fears,
To hide him from thy sight.

- 2 Yet all the vain and noisy crowd
Is but a thin and lowering cloud;

A mist before thy eyes:
If thou press on, the crowds will fly,
Or, if thou faint, to Jesus cry,
And he will send supplies.

- 3 This only way can pilgrims go,
And all complain, as thou wilt do,
Of crowds that daily come;
Yet, though beset by crafty foes,
And passing through a thousand woes,
They get securely home.

- 4 [But such as seem to run the race,
And meet no crowd to check their pace,
Are only rambling still;
Not fairly enter'd on the list,
The gate and narrow way they miss'd,
Which lead to Zion's hill.]

- 5 O Lord, a cheering look bestow,
Or lend a hand to help me through,
And draw me up to thee:
And when, through fear, I only creep,
Or dare not move a single step,
Yet thou canst come to me.

303.

7s.

J. & C. W.

Tempted; but flying to Christ, the Refuge.—Ps. lvi. 1.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the raging billows 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;
O receive my soul at last.

2 [Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.]

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 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.

304, 305 TRIBULATION, &c.,

304.

L. M.

HART

Unsettledness.—Ps. lv. 1, 2.

LORD, what a riddle is my soul!
 Alive when wounded, dead when whole!
 Fondly I flee from pain, yet ease
 Cannot content, nor pleasure please.

- 2 Thou hid'st thy face; my sins abound;
 World, flesh, and Satan all surround:
 Fain would I find my God, but fear
 The means, perhaps, may prove severe.
- 3 If thou the least displeasure show,
 And bring my vileness to my view,
 Timorous and weak, I shrink, and say,
 "Lord, keep thy chastening hand away."
- 4 If reconciled I see thy face,
 Thy matchless mercy, boundless grace,
 O'ercome with bliss, I cry, "Remove
 That killing sight, I die with love."
- 5 My dear Redeemer, purge this dross;
 Teach me to hug and love the cross;
 Teach me thy chastening to sustain,
 Discern the love, and bear the pain.
- 6 Nor spare to make me clearly see
 The sorrows thou hast felt for me:
 If death must follow, I comply;
 Let me be sick with love, and die.

305.

C. M.

HART.

Tribulation.—2 Tim. iii. 12.

THE souls that would to Jesus press,
 Must fix this firm and sure,

That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree:
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 [The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.]

4 [Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow;
Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.]

5 [Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wandering heart;
And seldom do we see the snares
Before we feel the smart.]

6 But let not all this terrify;
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong;
His promises are true:
We shall be conquerors all ere long,
And more than conquerors too.

306.

7. 6.

HART

"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."—Matt. viii. 2, &c.

O THE pangs by Christians felt,
When their eyes are open;

z 3

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When they see the gulphs of guilt
They must wade and grope in;
When the hell appears within,
Causing bitter anguish,
And the loathsome stench of sin
Makes the spirits languish.

- 2 Now the heart, disclosed, betrays
All its hid disorders;
Enmity to God's right ways,
Blasphemies and murders;
Malice, envy, lust, and pride,
Thoughts obscene and filthy,
Sores corrupt and putrified,—
No part sound or healthy.

- 3 [All things to promote our fall
Show a mighty fitness;
Satan will accuse withal,
And the conscience witness;
Foes within, and foes without,
Wrath, and law, and terrors,
Rash presumption, timid doubt,
Coldness, deadness, errors.]

- 4 Brethren, in a state so sad,
When temptations seize us,
When our hearts we feel thus bad,
Let us look to Jesus.
He that hung upon the Cross,
For his people bleeding,
Now in Heaven sits, for us
Always interceding.

- 5 Vengeance, when the Saviour died,
 Quitted the believer;
 Justice cried, "I'm satisfied,
 Now, henceforth, for ever."
 "It is finish'd," said the Lord,
 In his dying minute:
 Holy Ghost, repeat the word;
 Full salvation's in it.
- 6 [Leprous soul, press through the crowd,
 In thy foul condition:
 Struggle hard, and call aloud
 On the great Physician.
 Wait till thy disease he cleanse;
 Begging, trusting, cleaving!
When, and where, and by what means,
 To his wisdom leaving.]

307.

148th.

HABT.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."—Jas. i. 12.

AND must it, Lord, be so?
 And must thy children bear
 Such various kinds of woe,
 Such soul-perplexing fear?
 Are these the blessings we expect?
 Is this the lot of God's elect?

- 2 [Boast not, ye sons of earth,
 Nor look with scornful eyes;
 Above your highest mirth,
 Our saddest hours we prize;
 For though our cup seems fill'd with gall,
 There's something secret sweetens all.]

- 3 How harsh soe'er the way,
 Dear Saviour, still lead on,
 Nor leave us till we say,
 "Father, thy will be done:"
 At most we do but taste the cup,
 For thou alone hast drank it up.
- 4 Shall guilty man complain?
 Shall sinful dust repine?
 And what is all our pain?
 How light compared with thine!
 Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;
 Choose thou the way, but still lead on.

308.

S. M.

HART.

The Narrow Way.—Matt. vii. 13, 14.

- WIDE is the gate of death;
 The way is large and broad;
 And many enter in thereat,
 And walk that beaten road.
- 2 Because the gate of life
 Is narrow, low, and small;
 The path so press'd, so close, so strait,
 There seems no path at all.
- 3 [This way, that's found by few,
 Ten thousand snares beset,
 To turn the seeker's steps aside,
 And trap the traveller's feet.]
- 4 [Before we've journey'd far,
 Two dangerous gulphs are fix'd;
 Dead sloth, and pharisaic pride,
 Scarce a hair's breadth betwixt.]

- 5 [False lights delude the eyes,
And lead the steps astray:
That traveller treads the surest here,
That seldom sees his way.]
- 6 [Guides cry, "Lo here!" "Lo there!"
"On this, on that side keep;"
Some overdrive, some frighten back,
And others lull to sleep.]
- 7 [On the left hand, and right,
Close cragged rocks are seen,
Distrust and self-wrought confidence;
'Tis hard to squeeze between.]
- 8 [Sometimes we seem to gain
Great lengths of ground by day;
But find, alas, when night comes on,
We quite mistook the way.]
- 9 [Sometimes we have no strength;
Sometimes we want the will;
And sometimes, lest we might go wrong,
We choose to stand quite still.]
- 10 [Again, through heedless haste,
We catch some dangerous fall;
Then, fearing we may move too fast,
We hardly move at all.]
- 11 [Deep quagmires choke the way;
Corruptions foul and thick;
Whose stench infects the air, and makes
The strongest traveller sick.]
- 12 [Through these we long must wade,
And oft stick fast in mire;

- Now heat consumes; now frost benumbs;
As dangerous as the fire.]
- 13 [Spectres, of various forms,
Allure, enchant, affright;
Presumption tempts us every day;
Despair assaults by night.]
- 14 [Companions if we find,
Alas! how soon they're gone!
For 'tis decreed that most must pass
The darkest paths alone.]
- 15 Distress'd on every side
With evils, felt or fear'd;
We pray, we cry, but cannot find
That prayers or cries are heard.
- 16 Thickets of briers and thorns
Our feeble feet inclose;
And every step we take, betrays
New dangers and new foes.
- 17 When all these foes are quell'd,
And every danger past,
That ghastly phantom, Death, remains
To combat with at last.

SECOND PART.

- If this be, Lord, thy way,
Then who can hope to gain
That prize such numbers never seek,
Such numbers seek in vain?
- 2 'Tis thy almighty grace
That can suffice alone,

Thou givest us strength to run the race,
And then bestow'st a crown.

- 3 Cheer up, ye travelling souls;
On Jesus' aid rely;

He sees us when we see not him,
And always hears our cry.

- 4 [Without cessation pray;
Your prayers will not prove vain:
Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
But cannot long refrain.]

- 5 [Sudden he stands confess'd;
We look, and all is light;
The foe, confounded, swift as thought
Sneaks off, and skulks from sight.]

- 6 [His presence cheers the soul,
And smooths the rugged way,
He often makes the crooked straight,
And turns the night to day.]

- 7 [We then move cheerful on;
The ground feels firm and good;
And, lest we should mistake the way,
He lines it out with blood.]

- 8 [Again we cannot see
His helping hand, but feel;
And though we neither feel nor see,
His hand sustains us still.]

- 9 He gently leads us on;
Protects from fatal harms;
And, when we faint, and cannot walk,
He bears us in his arms.

- 10 [He guides and moves our steps,
For, though *we* seem to move,
His Spirit all the motion gives,
By springs of fear and love.]
- 11 The meek with love he draws;
Restrains the rash by fear;
Searches and finds the wandering out,
And brings the distant near.
- 12 When for a time we stop,
Perplex'd and at a loss,
He, like a beacon on a hill,
Erects his bloody cross.
- 13 Forward again we press,
And, while that mark's in view,
Though hosts of foes beset the way,
We boldly venture through.
- 14 When all these foes are quell'd,
And every danger past,
Though Death remains, he but remains
To be subdued at last.

309.

11. 9.

HART.

The Christian's Life, a Paradox.—Gal. v. 17.

- How strange is the course that a Christian
must steer,
How perplex'd is the path he must tread
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.
- 2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be waved,
And his best resolutions be cross'd;

Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.

- 3 When all this is done, and his heart is assured
Of the total remission of sins,
When his pardon is sign'd and his peace is
procured,
From that moment his conflict begins.

310.

C. M.

HART.

"Create in me a clean heart."—Psalm li. 10.

LORD, when thy Spirit descends to show
The badness of our hearts,
Astonish'd at the amazing view,
The soul with horror starts.

- 2 [The dungeon, opening foul as hell,
Its loathsome stench emits;
And, brooding in each secret cell,
Some hideous monster sits.]
- 3 [Swarms of ill thoughts their bane diffuse,
Proud, envious, false, unclean;
And every ransack'd corner shows
Some unsuspected sin.]
- 4 Our staggering faith gives way to doubt;
Our courage yields to fear;
Shock'd at the sight, we straight cry out,
"Can ever God dwell here?"
- 5 None less than God's almighty Son
Can move such loads of sin;
The water from his side must run,
To wash this dungeon clean.

311, 312 TRIBULATION, &C.,

- 6 O come, thou much-expected guest!
 Lord Jesus, quickly come!
 Enter the chamber of my breast;
 Thyself prepare the room.
- 7 For shouldst thou stay till thou canst meet
 Reception worthy thee,
 With sinners thou wouldst never sit—
 At least I'm sure with me.
- 8 When, when will that blest time arrive,
 When thou wilt kindly deign
 With me to sit, to lodge, to live;
 And never part again?

311.

S. M.

HART.

Faith is the Victory.—1 John v. 4, 5.

- WHOE'ER believes aright
 In Christ's atoning blood,
Of all his guilt's acquitted quite,
 And may draw near to God.
- 2 But sin will still remain;
 Corruptions rise up thick;
And Satan says the medicine's vain,
 Because we yet are sick.
- 3 But all this will not do;
 Our hopes on Jesus cast;
Let all be liars and him be true,
 We shall be well at last.

312.

S. M.

HART.

Temptation.—Matt. iv. 3—10.

YE tempted souls, reflect
Whose name 'tis you profess;

Your Master's lot you must expect,—
Temptations more or less.

- 2 Dream not of faith so clear
As shuts all doubtings out;
Remember how the devil dared
To tempt e'en Christ to doubt.
- 3 ["If thou'rt the Son of God,"
(O what an IF was there!)
"These stones here, speak them into food,
And make that Sonship clear."]
- 4 [View that amazing scene!
Say, Could the tempter try
To shake a tree so sound, so green?—
Good God! defend the dry!]
- 5 Think not he now will fail
To make us shrink and droop;
Our faith he daily will assail,
And dash our every hope.
- 6 [That impious IF he thus
At God incarnate threw,
No wonder if he cast at us,
And make us feel it too.]
- 7 To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his powers,
Against hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, must be ours.
- 8 *Buts, ifs, and hows* are hurl'd
To sink us with the gloom
Of all that's dismal in this world,
Or in the world to come.

- 9 But here's our point of rest;
 Though hard the battle seem,
 Our Captain stood the fiery test,
 And we shall stand through him.

313.

148th.

HART.

"The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy."—James iv. 5.

- WHAT tongue can fully tell
 That Christian's grievous load,
 Who would do all things well,
 And walk the ways of God,
 But feels within foul envy lurk,
 And lust, and work, engendering sin?
- 2 [Poor, wretched, worthless worm!
 In what sad plight I stand!
 When good I would perform,
 Then evil is at hand.
 My leprous soul is all unclean,
 My heart obscene, my nature foul.]
- 3 To trust to Christ alone,
 By thousand dangers scar'd,
 And righteousness have none,
 Is something very hard.
 Whate'er men say, the needy know
 It must be so, it is the way.
- 4 Thou all-sufficient Lamb,
 God, blest for evermore,
 We glory in thy name,
 For thine is all the power.
 Stretch forth thy hand, and hold us fast
 Our first and last, in thee we stand.

314.

S. M.

HART.

"O wretched man that I am," &c.—Rom. vii. 24.

How sore a plague is sin,
 To those by whom 'tis felt:
 The Christian cries, "*Unclean, unclean!*"
 E'en though released from guilt.

- 2 O wretched, wretched man!
 What horrid scenes I view!
 I find, alas! do all I can,
 That I can nothing do.
- 3 When good I would perform,
 Through fear or shame I stop:
 Corruption rises like a storm,
 And blasts the promised crop.
- 4 [Of peace if I'm in quest,
 Or love my thoughts engage,
 Envy and anger in my breast
 That moment rise and rage.]
- 5 [When for an humble mind
 To God I pour my prayer,
 I look into my heart, and find
 That pride will still be there.]
- 6 How long, dear Lord, how long
 Deliverance must I seek?
 And fight with foes so very strong,
 Myself so very weak?
- 7 I'll bear the unequal strife,
 And wage the war within;
 Since death that puts an end to life,
 Shall put an end to sin.

315, 316 TRIBULATION, &c.

315.

7. 6.

HART.

"But thou shalt know hereafter."—John. xiii. 7; 2 Cor. v. 7.

RIGHTEOUS are the works of God;

All his ways are holy;

Just his judgments, fit his rod

To correct our folly.

- 2 All his dealings wise and good,
Uniform, though various;
Though they seem, by reason view'd,
Cross, or quite contrarious.
- 3 These are truths, and happy he
Who can well receive them;
Brethren, though we cannot see,
Still we should believe them.
- 4 Why through darksome paths we go,
We may know no reason;
Yet we shall hereafter know,
Each in his due season.
- 5 Could we see how all is right,
Where were room for credence?
But by faith and not by sight,
Christians yield obedience.
- 6 Let all fruitless searches go,
Which perplex and tease us;
We determine nought to know,
But a bleeding Jesus.

316.

L. M.

HART.

Stony Heart.—Isa. lxiv. 1; Ezek. xi. 19.

O! FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away!

And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed!
And that dear something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

317.

L. M.

WATTS.

Distinguishing Love.—Rom. ix. 15.

FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down:
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

- 2 Amazing work of sovereign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

- 3 To thee, to thee, Almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay;
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

318.

S. M.

WATTS.

God's Unchangeable Love.—Ps. cvi. 7, 8, 12, 14, 43, 45.

- GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways:
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy and grace.
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now, with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduced them low.
- 4 Yet, when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book;
He saved them from their foes;
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race:
And Christians join the solemn word,
Amen, to all the praise.

319.

8s.

SWAIN.

Comfort under Affliction.—Zeeh. iii. 2.

- How light, while supported by grace,
 Are all the afflictions I see,
 'To those the dear Lord of my peace,
 My Jesus, has suffer'd for me:
 'To him every comfort I owe,
 Above what the fiends have in hell;
 And shall I not sing as I go,
 'That Jesus does every thing well?
- 2 [*That* Jesus, who stoop'd from his throne,
 'To pluck such a brand from the fire,
 A wretch that had nought of his own,
 Not even a holy desire:
 My only inheritance, sin,
 A slave to rebellion and lust;
 Polluted without and within,
 A child of corruption and dust.
- 3 Such was I when Jesus look'd down,
 When none but himself could relieve:
 What could I expect but a frown?
 Yet kindly he smiled, and said, "Live!"
 And shall I impatiently fret,
 And murmur beneath his kind rod?
 His love and his mercy forget,
 And fly in the face of my God?]
- 4 Dear Jesus! preserve me in love,
 And teach me on thee to rely;
 Give wisdom and strength from above,
 Nor let me against thee reply:

Then I thy great name will adore,
 And cheerfully bear up the cross,
 Nor wish thee to lessen the power,
 Which purges my conscience from dross.

320.

C. M.

COWPER.

Light shining out of Darkness.—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

- God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast;
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

321.

104th.

MEDLEY.

"The Lord will appear."—Lev. ix. 4.

My soul, Lord, inflame with zeal from above,
 Thy praise to proclaim and sing of thy love;
 To lift up my voice in thanksgiving sincere,
 This truth to rejoice in, The Lord will appear

2 How joyful this sound, while daily I find
 Afflictions abound in body and mind;
 It oft has afforded relief from my fear,
 To find it recorded, The Lord will appear.

3 I have, as I seem, when left in the dark,
 Of light not a beam, of love not a spark;
 And, though thus in pain for an evidence clear
 I can't wait in vain, for The Lord will appear.

4 A warfare I find without and within,
 With legions combined, world, Satan, and sin;
 Tho' sore they annoy me, I'll be of good cheer;
 They cannot destroy me, The Lord will appear.

5 My fears sometimes say, I never shall find,
 In death's awful day, true peace in my mind;
 But tho' thus surrounded, yet, when I come there,
 I can't be confounded, The Lord will appear.

6 My dust he will raise, and glory he'll give,
 And I, to his praise, in heaven shall live;
 There he will deliver my soul from all fear,
 And to me, for ever, The Lord will appear.

322.

104th.

MEDLEY.

"Tis all for the best.—Rom. viii. 28.

My soul, now arise, my passions take wing,
 Look up to the skies, and cheerfully sing;

Let God be the object in praises address'd,
And this be my subject, 'Tis all for the best.

2 Search all the world thro', examine and see,
And what canst thou view more suited to thee,
Than this declaration, in Scripture express'd,
That God, thy Salvation, Does all for the best?

3 Tho' here, day by day, his love shall see good,
Upon thee to lay his fatherly rod;
Yet be not dejected, however oppress'd:
Though sorely afflicted, 'Tis all for the best.

4 The beams of his grace are passing all worth;
The smiles of his face are heaven on earth;
When to me he shows them, what joy fills my
breast; [best.

And when he withdraws them, 'Tis all for the
5 But O, the blest day! and soon 'twill arise,
When, freed from my clay, I mount to the
skies;

Then gladly I'll enter my heavenly rest,
And there sing for ever, 'Tis all for the best.

323.

L. M.

COWPER.

Return of Joy.—Isa. liv. 7—10.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

- 3 O! let me then at length be taught
 (What I am still so slow to learn)
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But O, my Lord! one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

324.

104th.

NEWTON.

"The Lord will provide."—Gen. xxii. 14; Matt. vi. 26, 34.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright;
 Tho' friends should all fail and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, The Lord will provide.

2 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
 He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
 This heart-cheering promise, The Lord will
 provide.

3 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;

325, 326 ENCOURAGEMENT.

But when such suggestions our spirits have
plied [vide.
This answers all questions, The Lord will pro-
4 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.
5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side;
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will pro-
vide.

325.

C. M.

WATTS.

Assistance and Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.—Ps. cxliv. 1, 2.

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

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

3 A Friend and Helper so divine,
Doth my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

326.

L. M.

WATTS.

Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength.—2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"

- Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me:
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there:
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

327.

C. M.

WATTS.

Jehovah the Strength of his People.—Isa. xl. 27—31.

- WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot the almighty name
'That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;

But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

328.

L. M.

FAWCETT.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 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 days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
'That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;

He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

329.

11s.

K.

Exceeding great and precious Promises.—2 Pet. i. 4.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2

In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
“As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3

“Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4

“When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5

“When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6

“E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;

And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7

“The soul that on Jesus has lean’d for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, tho’ all hell should endeavour to shake,
*I’ll never, no never, no never forsake.**

330.

S. M.

TOPLADY.

Weak Believers encouraged.—Ps. xxvii. 14; Isa. xlix. 23.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, “*For me.*”
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then;
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.

* Agreeably to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xiii
294

- 6 [Blest is the man, O God,
Whose mind is stay'd on thee:
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.]

331.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Choosing the Better Part.—Luke x. 42.

- BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Christ, my better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

332.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Temptations moderated, a Proof of God's Fidelity.—1 Cor. x. 13.

- Now let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage,

A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day;
And when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood;
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

333.

8. 7. 4.

FAWCETT.

Cast down, yet hoping in God.—Ps. xliii. 3—5.

O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee, day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within:
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou treadst the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
 Therefore praise him;
 Praise the great Redeemer's name
- 5 O that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love!
 Happy songsters!
 When shall I your chorus join?

334.

8s.

KENT

The Church coming from the Wilderness.—Cant. viii. 5

- BEHOLD, from the desert of sin,
 The world, and the curse of the law,
 A fair one, whose garments are clean,
 Does with her Beloved withdraw;
 Retiring from thence, she appears
 Dejected, and often complains,
 Surrounded with sorrows and fears,
 Yet on her Beloved she leans.
- 2 Thus up from the desert she goes,
 Sustain'd both in fire and in flood;
 Victorious, to vanquish her foes,
 And all through the Lamb and his blood;
 By faith, she's enabled to view
 Fair Canaan's delectable plains,
 And faint, yet her course shall pursue,
 When on her Beloved she leans.

- 3 [When darkness envelops her mind,
By faith she shall hold on her way;
And, in the sweet promise, shall find
Her strength shall suffice for the day:
No fiery affliction shall burn,
Beyond what his wisdom ordains,
But times of refreshing return,
When on her Beloved she leans.]
- 4 Her woes are permitted of God,
Her faith and her patience to prove;
The kiss, or a stroke of his rod,
Is all from immutable love:
By crosses and losses, at last
From self her affections he weans,
That on him her hopes may stand fast,
While on her Beloved she leans.
- 5 When foil'd by the tempter, she goes
And makes the atonement her plea;
There pardon eternally flows,
And love wipes her sorrows away;
And when with her pardon she's bless'd,
Communion with Jesus she gains,
No longer a sinner distress'd,
For on her Beloved she leans.

335.

S. M.

BERRIDGE.

Crosses at the Control of Christ.—Heb. xii. 5.

Poor angry bosom, hush,
Nor discontented grow;
But at thy own sad folly blush,
Which breedeth all thy woe.

- 2 If sick, or lame, or poor,
Or by the world abhorr'd,
Whatever cross lays at thy door,
It cometh from the Lord.
- 3 The lions will not tear;
The billows cannot heave;
The furnace shall not singe thy hair,
Till Jesus give them leave.
- 4 The Lord is just and true,
And upright in his way;
He loves, but will correct us too,
Whene'er we run astray.
- 5 [With caution we should tread,
For as we sow we reap,
And oft bring mischief on our head,
By some unwary step.]
- 6 Lord, plant a godly fear
Before my roving eyes,
Lest some hid snake, or wily snare,
My heedless feet surprise.
- 7 Or should I start aside,
And meet a scourging God,
Let not my heart grow stiff with pride,
But weep and kiss the rod.

336.

C. M.

BERRIDGE.

God's Presence makes Glad.—Pa. xxx. 5—12.

WHEN I can sit at Jesus' feet,
And he anoints my head,
Such peace ensues, so calm and sweet,
I think my foes all dead.

- 2 My simple heart then fondly dreams,
It will see war no more:
Too firm to shrink my mountain seems,
And every storm blows o'er.
- 3 [While thus a queen in state I sit,
Self hunts about for praise;
Talks much of frames and victories great,
That you may hear and gaze.]
- 4 Then Jesus sends a trying hour,
This lurking pride to quell:
My dead foes rise with dreadful power,
And drag me down to hell.
- 5 Now faints my heart within me quite,
My mountain disappears;
All grace is vanish'd from my sight,
And faith seems lost in fears.
- 6 At length, my Lord, with sweet surprise,
Returns to loose my bands,
Brings kind compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.
- 7 I drop my vile head in the dust,
And at my Lord's feet fall;
His grace is now my song and boast,
And Christ my all in all.

337.

S. M.

NEWTON

The Pilgrim's Song.—Heb. xi. 13.

FROM Egypt, lately freed,
By the Redeemer's grace,
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.

- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well:
This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell.
- 3 The promised land of peace,
Faith keeps in constant view;
How different from the wilderness:
We now are passing through.
- 4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we shall have unclouded skies,—
Our sun will always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears distress us sore;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints;
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepared for suffering saints,
Will make amends for all.

338.

148th.

COWPER.

"Jehovah Nissi"—the Lord my banner.—Exod. xvii. 15.

[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.

- 2 '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.]

3 [Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,
With arms of little worth—
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.]

4 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 quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 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 servant to the end.

339.

148th.

HAMMOND.

The Immutability of God's will.—Phil. i. 6; Judges vii. 20.

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.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 thy arms I cast;
 I trust I shall be saved at last.

340.

8s.

TOPLADY.

Saints' final Perseverance.—Rom. viii. 38, 39; Isa. xlix. 15, 19

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
 My person and offerings 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.

- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;

341, 342 PERSEVERANCE.

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.

- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase,
Impress'd 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.

341.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

Perseverance desired.—Ps. cxix. 117.

LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

- 2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,
Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

342.

7a.

"My Beloved is mine, and I am his."—Cant. ii. 16.

CHRIST is mine, and I am his;
Centre, source, and sum of bliss:

Earth and hell in vain combine
Me and Jesus to disjoin.

2 Thou my fortress art and tower;
Having thee I want no more:
Strong in thy full strength I stand;
None can pluck me from thy hand.

3 Nothing in myself I am;
All I have is in the Lamb:
While his face on me doth shine,
All in heaven and earth is mine.

4 In my Jesus' arms secure,
To the end I shall endure;
Join with me, ye angels, join!
Praise his name in hymns divine.

343.

104th.

HAMMOND.

"The mountains shall depart," &c.—Isa. liv. 10.

IF Jesus is ours, 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.

2 Though God may delay to show 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.

3 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.

4 A moment he hid the light of his face,
Yet firmly decreed to save us by grace:

344, 345 PERSEVERANCE.

And though he reprov'd us, and still may reprove,
For ever he loved us, and ever will love.

344.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

Perseverance.—Ps. lxxxix. 28—34.

FOR us the dear Redeemer died;
Why are we then ashamed?
We stand for ever justified,
And cannot be condemn'd.

- 2 Though we believe not, he is true;
The work is in his hand;
His gracious purpose he will do,
And all his word shall stand.
- 3 If once the love of Christ we feel
Upon our hearts impress'd,
The mark of that celestial seal
Can never be erased!
- 4 The Lord will scourge us if we stray,
And wound us with distress:
But he will never take away
His covenant of peace.
- 5 The peace which Jesus' blood secures,
And fixes in our hearts,
To all eternity endures,
Nor finally departs.

345.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ knows and keeps his Sheep.—John x. 27—30.

My soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

- 2 "I know my sheep," he cries;
 "My soul approves them well:
 Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
 And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 "I freely feed them now
 With tokens of my love,
 But richer pastures I prepare,
 And sweeter streams above.
- 4 "Unnumber'd years of bliss
 I to my sheep will give;
 And while my throne unshaken stands,
 Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 "This tried almighty hand
 Is raised for their defence;
 Where is the power can reach them there?
 Or what can force them thence?"
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
 Let faith triumphant cry;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.

346.

8a.

TOPLADY.

Divine Protection.—Ps. iii. 3—6.

A SOVEREIGN Protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand:
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command!
 He smiles, and my comforts abound;
 His grace as the dew shall descend;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The souls he delights to defend!

- 2 Kind author and ground of my hope,
 Thee, thee for my God I avow;
 My glad Ebenezer set up,
 And own thou hast help'd 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!

347.

7s.

ADAMS.

Safety in Christ.—Ps. iii. 1—3; Prov. xxi. 31.

- LORD, how many are my foes!
 Many they that me oppose!
 Thou my strong Protector be;
 All my safety is in thee.
- 2 Satan and my wicked heart,
 Often use their treacherous art!
 Fain would make my soul to flee;
 But my safety is in thee.
- 3 Thou hast said, and thou art true,
 "As I live, ye shall live too:"
 Thou my Rock wilt ever be;
 All my safety is in thee.
- 4 I'm a pilgrim here below;
 Guide me all the desert through;
 Let me, as I journey, see
 All my safety is in thee.
- 5 Then, when landed on that shore,
 Where my mind was fix'd before,
 In sweet raptures I shall see
 All my safety was in thee!

348.

C. M.

The same.—Ps. cxxxvii. 5.

- THY purchased people, gracious Lamb,
Thou never canst forget;
The piercing nails have wrote their name
Upon thy hands and feet!
- 2 Satan, in vain, with rage assails
Thy dear peculiar ones;
For them thy righteousness avails;
For them thy blood atones.
- 3 Vainly against the sheep he strives,
And wars with the Most High;
Their glorious Head for ever lives,
Nor can his members die.
- 4 Jesus shall his elect avenge,
Nor from his own remove;
Nor cancel his decree, nor change
His everlasting love.

349.

8. 7. 4.

ADAMS.

Seeking Christ.—John x. 28.

- JESUS, Shepherd of thy people,
Lead us through this desert land;
We are weak, and poor, and feeble,
Yet we trust thy mighty hand;
Great Protector!
By thy power alone we stand!
- 2 All thy sheep shall come to Zion;
With them thou wilt never part:
Beasts of prey, nor roaring lion,
None shall pluck them from thy heart:

All thy chosen
 Cost thee wounds, and blood, and smart
 3 In thy bosom, safely lodged,
 Thine shall rest from danger free;
 They shall never more be judged,
 Nor shall condemnation see:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us thus rejoice in thee.

350.

11. 8.

H. FOWLER.

“The righteous shall hold on his way.”—Job. xvii. 9.

- YE pilgrims of Zion, and chosen of God,
 Whose spirits are fill'd with dismay,
 Since ye have eternal redemption thro' blood,
 Ye cannot but hold on your way.
- 2 As JÉSUS, in covenant love, did engage
 A fulness of grace to display,
 The powers of darkness in malice may rage,—
 The righteous shall hold on his way.
- 3 This truth, like its Author, eternal shall stand,
 Though all things in nature decay;
 Upheld by Jehovah's omnipotent hand,
 The righteous shall hold on his way.
- 4 They may on the main of temptation be toss'd;
 Their sorrows may swell as the sea;
 But none of the ransom'd shall ever be lost;
 The righteous shall hold on his way.
- 5 Surrounded with sorrows, temptations, & cares,
 This truth with delight we survey,
 And sing, as we pass thro' this valley of tears,
 The righteous shall hold on his way.

351.

C. M.

HART.

"Having loved his own, he loved them to the end."—John xiii. 1.

THE sinner that, by precious faith,
Has felt his sins forgiven,
Is, from that moment, pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of heaven.

2 [Though thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.]

3 Not as the world the Saviour gives;
He is no fickle friend;
Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
But loves him to the end.

4 [The spirit that would this truth withstand,
Would pull God's temple down,
Wrest Jesus' sceptre from his hands,
And spoil him of his crown.

5 Satan might then full victory boast;
The church might wholly fall:
If one believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.

6 But Christ, in every age, has proved
His purchase firm and true;
If this foundation be removed,
What shall the righteous do?]

7 Brethren, by this, your claim, abide—
This title to your bliss;
Whatever loss you bear beside,
O! never give up this.

352.

L. M.

HART.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away," &c.—Matt. xiv. 32.

THE moon and stars shall lose their light,
 The sun shall sink in endless night;
 Both heaven and earth shall pass away;
 The works of nature all decay.

- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,
 And shelter in his wounded side,
 Shall see the danger overpast,
 Stand every storm, and live at last.
- 3 What Christ has said must be fulfill'd;
 On this firm rock, believers build;
 His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
 And not one jot nor tittle fail.
- 4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear):
 "Believe on me, and banish fear;
 Cease from your own works, bad or good,
 And wash your garments in my blood."

353.

148th.

HART.

"Thou hast guided them in thy strength," &c.—Exod. xv. 13.

- MISTAKEN men may brawl
 Against the grace of God,
 And threat with final fall
 The purchase of his blood;
 But, though they own the Saviour's name,
 From him such gospel never came.
- 2 Shall babes in Christ be reft
 Of God's rich gift of faith?
 Be to their own will left,
 And sin the sin to death?
 Shall any child of God be lost,
 And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost?

- 3 Dark unbelief and pride,
With pharisaic zeal,
We lay you all aside,
And trust a surer seal:
We rest our souls on Jesus' word,
And give the glory to the Lord.
- 4 Led forth by God's free grace,
And guided by his power,
We reach his holy place,
And live for evermore:
'Twas *this* place Moses had in view;
Of this he sang, and we sing too.

354.

C. M.

WATTS.

Saints in the Hand of Christ.—John x. 28, 29

- FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

355.

C. M.

HART.

"Let God be true, and every man a liar."—Rom. iii. 4.

- THE God I trust is true and just;
His mercy has no end;

Himself has said my ransom's paid,
And I on him depend.

2 Then why so sad, my soul? though bad,
Thou hast a Friend that's good;
He bought thee dear (abandon fear);
He bought thee with his blood.

3 So rich a cost can ne'er be lost,
Though faith be tried by fire:
Keep Christ in view; let God be true;
And every man a liar.

356.

7a.

NEWTON.

Rest for Weary Souls.—Matt. xi. 28.

DOES the gospel-word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim;
Sure, that promise speaks to thee.
Marks of grace I cannot show;
All polluted is my breast;
Yet I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest!

2 Burden'd with a load of sin;
Harass'd with tormenting doubt;
Hourly conflicts from within;
Hourly crosses from without:
All my little strength is gone;
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth there's none
Can more weary be than I!

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;

REST FOR THE WEARY. 357, 358

Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the ark of grace,
Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

357.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Lord's Day.—Ps. lxxxiv. 1, 2, 10.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

358.

8. 8. 6.

HART.

The Sabbath.—Deut. v. 14, 15.

God thus commanded Jacob's seed,
When, from Egyptian-bondage freed,
He led them by the way:—

2 D 2

315

“Remember, with a mighty hand
I brought thee forth from Pharaoh’s land;
Then keep my Sabbath Day.”

- 2 [In six days God made heaven and earth;
Gave all the various creatures birth,
And from his working ceased;
These days to labour he applied;
The seventh he bless’d and sanctified,
And call’d the day of rest.]
- 3 To all God’s people now remains
A Sabbatism, a rest from pains,
And works of slavish kind:
When tired with toil, and faint through fear,
The child of God can enter here,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 To this, by faith, he oft retreats;
Bondage and labour quite forgets,
And bids his cares adieu;
Slides softly into promised rest,
Reclines his head on Jesus’ breast,
And proves the Sabbath true.
- 5 [This, and this only, is the way
To rightly keep the Sabbath Day,
Which God has holy made.
All keepers that come short of this,
The substance of the Sabbath miss,
And grasp an empty shade.]

359.

S. M.

STANNETT.

Social Worship.—Ps. lxxxiv. 1, 2.

How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,

Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared to this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 [To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.]
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace;
The servants of my God.

360.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints.—Ps. lxxxvii.

God in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;

But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

- 3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

361.

G. M.

WATTS.

Church of Christ.—Ps. c. 4.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!”

- 2 I love her gates; I love the road:
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And, while his awful voice

Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God my Saviour reigns.

362.

122nd.

WATTS.

The same.—Ps. cxxii.

How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
“Come, let us seek our God to-day!”
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion’s hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

- 2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn’d with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel’s joyful sound.
- 3 There David’s greater Son
Has fix’d his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad;
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thy increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 5 My tongue repeats her 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.

363.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Church the Garden of Christ.—Cant. iv. 12, 14, 15; v. 1.

- WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume:
Spirit divine, descend, and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour, God;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

- 5 [Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.]
- 6 [Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.]
- 7 "Eat of the tree of life, my friends;
The blessings that my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love."]
- 8 [Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongue can give.]

364.

L. M.

WATTS.

God the Glory and the Defence of Zion.—Isa. lx. 18—21.

- HAPPY the church, thou sacred place;
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore

- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of men or hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run:
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

365.

L. M.

WATTS.

At the Settlement of a Church.—Ps. cxxxii. 5, 13—18.

- WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God;
A dwelling for the eternal mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion, for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still:
His church is with his presence bless'd.
 - 3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.
 - 4 "Here I will meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.
 - 5 "Girded with truth, and full of grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

- 6 "The saints, unable to contain
 Their inward joys, shall shout and sing:
 The Son of David here shall reign,
 And Zion triumph in her King."

366.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Church the Dwelling of God.—Ps. cxxxii.

- [THE Lord in Zion placed his name;
 His ark was settled there:
 To Zion the whole nation came
 To worship thrice a year.
- 2 But we have no such lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad;
 Where'er thy saints assemble now,
 There is a house for God.]
- 3 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest:
 Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
 Thus to be own'd and bless'd.
- 4 Enter with all thy glorious train,—
 Thy Spirit and thy Word;
 All that the ark did once contain,
 Could no such grace afford.
- 5 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
 Here let thy praise be spread;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.
- 6 Here let the Son of David reign;
 Let God's anointed shine:
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and power divine.

- 7 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
 And, as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

367.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

On Opening a new Place of Worship.—Zech. viii, 7—9.

- GREAT God! thy glory and thy love
 Our humble songs employ;
 Propitious from thy throne above,
 Look down, and aid our joy.
- 2 Thy presence and thy glories, Lord,
 Fill all the realms of space;
 O let thy presence, by thy word,
 Divinely fill this place.
- 3 Sacred to thy eternal name,
 Behold, these walls we raise:
 Long may they stand to show thy fame,
 And echo to thy praise.
- 4 This day begins the solemn sound
 Of sacred worship here;
 May every saint with joy abound,
 And reverential fear.
- 5 Dear Jesus! Zion's holy King,
 Enter with all thy train,
 And here thy choicest blessings bring,
 And long may they remain.
- 6 Eternal Spirit! heavenly Dove!
 Enter and fill this place;
 Reveal Immanuel's matchless love,
 And open all his grace.

368.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The same.—Mal. iii. 1.

O LORD, descend and fill this place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace!
 These walls we to thy honour raise;
 Long may they echo with thy praise.

- 2 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of his train;
 While power divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

369.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.—Ps. lxxxiv. 1—7.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are:
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
 Around the throne of majesty:
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate:
 God is their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon their helper, God.

370.

L. M.

WATTS.

The same.—Ps. lxxxiv. 8—12.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs;

To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 3 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 4 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts in heaven obey;
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

371.

122nd.

SWAIN.

Social Worship.—Ps. ix. 9—11.

How pleasant is the gate
Where willing converts wait
For fellowship with Zion here;
Where they with wonder tell
How they escaped from hell,
And hope in glory to appear.

- 2 With wonder we attend,
While they the sinner's Friend,
With tears of holy joy, extol;
Each heart, once hard as steel,
Now made for sin to feel,
Bears tokens of a ransom'd soul.

- 3 No more of self they boast,
But humbly own the cost

Of their salvation freely paid:
 The sins which make them groan,
 And must have sunk them down,
 They now behold on Jesus laid.

372.

8. 7.

NEWTON

Zion.—Ps. lxxxvii. 3; Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!

He, whose word can not be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode:

On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.

373, 374 THE CHURCH.

- 4 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

373.

L. M.

Prayer for a Minister.—2 Thess. iii. 1, 2.

- WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless; his soul secure;
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;
O, love him, save him to the end!
Ner let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert:
That thousands, yet unborn, may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

374.

148th.

BERRIDGE.

Prayer for an Increase of Faithful Ministers.—Matt. ix. 32.

- SEND help, O Lord, we pray,
And thy own gospel bless;

For godly men decay,
And faithful pastors cease:
The righteous are removed home,
And scorers rise up in their room.

2 While Satan's troops are bold,
And thrive in number too,
The flocks in Jesus' fold,
Are growing lank and few:
Old sheep are moving off each year,
And few lambs in the fold appear.

3 Old shepherds, too, retire,
Who gather'd flocks below,
And young ones catch no fire,
Or worldly-prudent grow:
Few run with trumpets in their hand,
To sound alarms by sea and land.

4 O Lord, stir up thy power,
To make the gospel spread;
And thrust out preachers more,
With voice to raise the dead;
With feet to run where thou dost call;
With faith to fight and conquer all.

5 [The flocks that long have dwelt
Around fair Zion's hill,
And thy sweet grace have felt,
Uphold and feed them still;
But fresh folds build up every where,
And plenteously thy truth declare.]

6 As one Elijah dies,
True prophet of the Lord,

Let some Elisha rise
 To blaze the gospel-word;
 And fast as sheep to Jesus go,
 May lambs recruit his fold below.

. This Hymn was occasioned by the death of Mr. Whitfield.

375.

C. M.

BERRIDGE.

At a Christian Marriage.—John ii. 1, 2.

OUR Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage feast;
 And, Lord, we ask thy presence here,
 To make a wedding-guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal-pair look down,
 Who now have plighted hands;
 Their union with thy favour crown,
 And bless the nuptial-bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow;
 (Of all rich dowries best!)
 Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
 To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
 And link'd in kindly care,
 To render family burdens light,
 By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed
 In prayer, and faith, and hope;
 And see with joy a godly seed,
 To build thy household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
 A pattern chaste and kind;
 So may this new-met couple live,
 In faithful friendship join'd.

376.

7s.

NEWTON.

* I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—Gen. xxxii. 26.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow!
Do not turn away thy face;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 [Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.]
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace; thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:—
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then;
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now:
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No; I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

377.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

Encouragement to pray.—Isa. xlv. 19—25.

- MY soul, take courage from the Lord;
Believe and plead his holy word:
To him, alone, do thou complain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 2 Upon him call in humble prayer,
Thou still art his peculiar care:
He'll surely turn and smile again,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 3 However sinful, weak, and poor,
Still wait and pray at mercy's door;
Faithful Jehovah must remain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 4 [Though the vile tempter's hellish rage
Will, with his darts, thy soul engage,
God through the fight shall thee sustain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.]
- 5 [Though the corruptions of thy heart
Daily new cause of grief impart,
Pray that thy lusts may all be slain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.]
- 6 [Though sharp afflictions still abound,
And clouds and darkness thee surround,
Still pray, for God will all explain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.]
- 7 In him, and him alone, confide;
Still at the throne of grace abide;
Eternal victory thou shalt gain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

378.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Beggar's Prayer.—Matt. viii. 2.

A BEGGAR poor, at mercy's door,
Lies such a wretch as I:
Thou know'st my need is great indeed;
Lord, hear me when I cry.

2 With guilt beset, and deep in debt,
For pardon, Lord, I pray;
O, let thy love sufficient prove,
To take my sins away.

3 A wicked heart is no small part
Of my distress and shame;
Let sovereign grace its crimes efface,
Through Jesus' blessed name.

4 [My dark'ned mind, I daily find,
Is prone to go astray;
Lord, on it shine, with light divine,
And guide it in thy way.]

5 [My stubborn will opposes still
Thy wise and holy hand;
Thy Spirit send to make it bend
To thy supreme command.]

6 Affections wild, by sin defiled,
Oft hurry me away;
Lord, bring them home, nor let them roam
From Christ, the living way.

7 [A conscience hard does oft retard
My walk in holy peace;
Let it by thee made tender be,
And all its hardness cease.]

336

- 8 [My memory bad, but, what is sad,
Can folly still retain;
O fill it, Lord, with thy sweet word,
And let it there remain.]
- 9 Before thy face I've told my case:
Lord, help, and mercy send;
Pity my soul, and make me whole,
And love me to the end.

379.

7s.

NEWTON.

"Ask what I shall give thee."—1 Kings iii. 5.

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.
- 2 [Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.]
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear;
Print thy own resemblance there.

- 6 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.
- 7 Show me what I have to do ;
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith ;
 Let me die thy people's death.

380.

8s.

BURNHAM.

Praying for Confidence.—Mark ix. 23, 24.

- O JESUS, thou Fountain of grace,
 Enlighten, enliven my heart,
 And show the sweet smiles of thy face,
 And from me bid evil depart:
 Pronounce, O pronounce I am thine ;
 A sinner once purchased by blood ;
 And may I for ever recline
 On the bosom of Jesus, my Lord.
- 2 Thou great and compassionate King,
 Drive all my sad doubtings away ;
 And let me with confidence sing,
 "The Saviour expired for me."
 The witness, that I am thy child,
 O Jesus, to me now impart ;
 The pleasing sensation will yield
 Unspeakable joy to my heart.
- 3 Bestow this rich blessing on me,
 And heaven below I shall prove ;
 I'll then go exulting in thee,
 And tell of thy wonderful love.

Lord, teach me thy cause to maintain;
 For constant support to thee fly;
 And fight till the conquest I gain,
 Resolved for thy glory to die.

381.

L. M.

COWPER.

The House of Prayer.—Mark xi. 17.

THY mansion is the Christian's heart,
 O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
 Bid the unruly throng depart,
 And leave the consecrated door.

- 2 Devoted as it is to thee,
 A thievish swarm frequents the place;
 They steal away my joys from me,
 And rob my Saviour of his praise.
- 3 There, too, a sharp designing trade,
 Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;
 Nor cease to press me, and persue
 To part with ease and purchase pain.
- 4 I know them, and I hate their din;
 Am weary of the bustling crowd;
 But while their voice is heard within,
 I cannot serve thee as I would.
- 5 O for the joy thy presence gives!
 What peace shall reign when thou art here!
 Thy presence makes this den of thieves
 A calm, delightful house of prayer.
- 6 And if thou make thy temple shine,
 Yet, self-abased, will I adore:
 The gold and silver are not mine;
 I give thee what was thine before.

382.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Throne of Grace.—Heb. iv. 16.

- DEAR Lord! to us assembled here
Reveal thy smiling face,
While we, by faith, with love and fear,
Approach the Throne of Grace.
- 2 Thy house is call'd the house of prayer—
A solemn, sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at the Throne of Grace.
- 3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the Throne of Grace.
- 4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our heavenly Friend address
Upon the Throne of Grace.
- 5 [His tender pity and his love
Our every fear will chase;
And all our help, we then shall prove,
Comes from the Throne of Grace.]
- 6 Dear Lord, our many wants supply;
Attend to every case;
While humbled in the dust we lie,
Low at the Throne of Grace.
- 7 We bless thee for thy word and laws;
We bless thee for thy peace;
And we do bless thee, Lord, because
There is a Throne of Grace.

383.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Ground and Foundation of Prayer.—Heb. vii. 25.

- WHEREWITH shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
By trusting in his faithful word,
And pleading Christ alone.
- 2 The blood, the righteousness, and love
Of Jesus, will we plead;
He lives within the vale above,
For us to intercede.
- 3 Sure ground, and sure foundation too,
We find in Jesus' name;
Herein we every blessing view,
And every favour claim.
- 4 Then let his name for ever be
To us supremely dear;
Our only all-prevailing plea,
For all our hope is there.
- 5 This is the name the Father loves
To hear his children plead;
And all such pleading he approves
And blesses them indeed.

384.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

"O save me, for thy mercies' sake."—Ps. vi. 4.

- REGARD, great God! my mournful prayer,
Make my poor trembling soul thy care;
For me in pity undertake,
And save me, for thy mercies' sake.
- 2 [My soul's cast down within me, Lord,
And only thou canst help afford;

Let not my heart with sorrow break,
But save me, for thy mercies' sake.]

- 3 Such dismal storms are raised within,
By Satan, and in-dwelling sin,
Which all my soul with horror shake;
O save me, for thy mercies' sake.
- 4 [I've foes and fears of every shape,
Nor from them can my soul escape;
Upon me, Lord, some pity take,
And save me, for thy mercies' sake.]
- 5 [I've scarce a glimmering ray of light,
With me 'tis little else but night;
O, for my help do thou awake,
And save me, for thy mercies' sake.]
- 6 To me, dear Saviour, turn once more;
To my poor soul thy joys restore;
Let me again thy smiles partake;
Lord, save me, for thy mercies' sake.

385.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."—Luke xviii. 13.

HEAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,
For I have no where else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in thee;
"O God, be merciful to me!"

- 2 [To thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door;
Indeed, I've no where else to flee;
"O God, be merciful to me!"]
- 3 [To thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;

From fear and weakness set me free;
 "O God, be merciful to me!"

4 [To thee I come, a sinner vile;
 Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile;
 Mercy, through blood, I make my plea;
 "O God, be merciful to me!"]

5 [To thee I come, a sinner great,
 And well thou knowest all my state;
 Yet full forgiveness is with thee;
 "O God, be merciful to me!"]

6 To thee I come, a sinner lost,
 Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
 But where thou art, Lord, I would be;
 "O God, be merciful to me!"

7 To glory bring me, Lord, at last,
 And there, when all my fears are past,
 With all thy saints I'll then agree,
 God has been merciful to me!

386.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

"I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord."—Ps. cxix. 174.

WEARY of earth, myself, and sin,

Dear Jesus, set me free,
 And to thy glory take me in,
 For there I long to be.

2 Burden'd, dejected, and oppress'd,
 Ah, whither shall I flee
 But to thy arms, for peace and rest;
 For there I long to be.

3 Empty, polluted, dark, and vain,
 Is all this world to me;

May I the better world obtain ;
For there I long to be.

4 Lord, let a tempest-tossed soul
That peaceful harbour see,
Where waves and billows never roll ;
For there I long to be.

5 Let a poor labourer here below,
When from his toil set free,
To rest and peace eternal go ;
For there I long to be.

387.

L. M.

SWAIN.

The Sweetness of waiting at the Throne of Grace.—Ps. cxix. 103

How sweet to wait upon the Lord,
While he fulfils his gracious word,
To seek his face, and not in vain,
To be beloved, and love again !

2 To see, while prostrate at his feet,
Jehovah on the mercy-seat ;
And Jesus, at the Lord's right hand,
With his divine atonement stand !

3 " Father," he cries, " I will that these
Before thee on their bended knees,
For whom my life I once laid down,
Be with me soon on this my throne."

4 Amen ! our hearts with rapture cry,
May we with reverence look so high ;
Ascended Saviour, fix our eyes,
By faith, upon this glorious prize !

- 5 With this delightful prospect fired,
We'll run, nor in thy ways be tired;
And all the trials here we see,
Will make us long to reign with thee.

388.

C. M.

NEWTON.

An Approach to the Mercy-Seat.—Ps. xxxii. 5—7.

- APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin;
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 [O wondrous love! to bleed and die;
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still;
My promised grace receive;
I'll work in thee both power and will;
Thou shalt in me believe."]

389.

7s.

ADAMS.

Drawn by Divine Love.—Cant. i. 4.

DRAW my soul to thee, my Lord;
 Make me love thy precious word!
 Bid me seek thy smiling face;
 Willing to be saved by grace.

2 Dearest Jesus! bid me come;
 Let me find thyself my home;
 Thou the refuge of my soul,
 Where I may my troubles roll.

3 Lord, thy powerful work begun,
 Thou wilt never leave undone:
 Teach me to confide in thee:
 Thy salvation's wholly free.

390.

7. 6. 8.

C. W.

Praying for Restoration.—Ps. xxxviii.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep!
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep:

Let me be by grace restored;
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart!
 Give, what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy love unknown!
 Turn, and look upon me, &c.,

- 3 Look as when thy pitying eye
 Was closed, that we might live;
 "Father," (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd) "forgive!"
 Surely, with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done."
 O, my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks the heart of stone.

391.

7. 6. 8.

J. & C. W.

The same.—Hos. xiv. 4.

- JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear
 A feeble creature pray;
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay!
 Speak, O speak my kind release;
 A poor, backsliding soul restore;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And let me rove no more.
- 2 [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.]
- 3 From the oppressive weight 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, &c.

392.

C. M.

STERLE.

Confession.—Jer. lli. 22.

- How oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wander'd from the Lord!
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word;
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
 Dear Lord, and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
 To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious, how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine!
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore;
 O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

393.

C. M.

Craving a Crumb of Mercy.—Matt. xv. 27.

- A CRUMB of mercy, Lord, I crave,
 Unworthy to be fed
 With dainties such as angels have,
 Or with the children's bread.
- 2 Have pity on my needy soul;
 Thy peace and pardon give;

- Thy love can make the wounded whole,
And bid the dying live.
- 3 Behold me prostrate at thy gate;
Do not my suit deny;
With longing eyes for thee I wait;
O, help me, or I die!
- 4 When thou dost give a heart to pray,
Thou wilt incline thy ear;
From me turn not thy face away,
But my petition hear.
- 5 So shall my joyful soul adore
The riches of thy grace;
No sinner needed mercy more,
That ever sought thy face.

394.

L. M.

COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.—1 Thess. v. 17.

- WHAT various hinderances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 [While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;

But when, through weariness, they fail'd.
That moment Amalek prevail'd.]

- 5 [Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures' ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."]

395.

S. M.

NEWTON.

The Throne of Grace.—Heb. iv. 16.

BEHOLD the Throne of Grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows his smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 That rich atoning blood
Which, sprinkled round, I see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless!
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

396.

8. 7.

NEWTON

The Prayer of Necessity.—Ps. xci. 15, 16.

COULD the creatures help or ease us,
 Seldom should we think of prayer;
 Few, if any, come to Jesus,
 Till reduced to self-despair.
 Long we either slight or doubt him,
 But, when all the means we try
 Prove we cannot do without him,
 Then at last to him we cry.

- 2 Fear thou not, distress'd believer;
 Venture on his mighty name:
 He is able to deliver,
 And his love is still the same!
 Can his pity or his power
 Suffer thee to pray in vain?
 Wait but his appointed hour,
 And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

397.

7s.

NEWTON.

The Power of Prayer.—Ps. i. 15; Jas. v. 16—18.

- IN themselves as weak as worms,
 How can poor believers stand,
 When temptations, foes, and storms,
 Press them close on every hand?
- 2 Weak indeed, they feel they are,
 But they know the Throne of Grace;
 And the God who answers prayer,
 Helps them when they seek his face.
- 3 Though the Lord awhile delay,
 Succour they at length obtain;

He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

- 4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do;
Bring relief in deepest straits!
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates.
- 5 For the wonders he has wrought,
Let us now our praises give;
And, by sweet experience taught,
Call upon him while we live.

398.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Prayer Meeting.—Isa. lvi. 7.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

- 2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

- 5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

399.

L. M.

Praying for Christ to be Revealed.—Gal. i. 15, 16.

- AMIDST ten thousand anxious cares,
The world and Satan's deep-laid snares,
This my incessant cry shall be,
Jesus, reveal thyself to me.
- 2 When Sinai's awful thunder roll'd,
And struck with terror all my soul,
No gleam of comfort could I see,
Till Jesus was reveal'd to me.
- 3 When by temptations sore oppress'd,
Distressful anguish fills my breast!
All, all is grief and misery,
Till Jesus is reveal'd to me.
- 4 When various lusts imperious rise,
And my unguarded soul surprise;
I'm captive led, nor can get free,
Till Christ reveals himself to me.
- 5 When darkness, thick as beamless night,
Hides the loved Saviour from my sight,
Nothing but this my ardent plea,
Jesus, reveal thyself to me.
- 6 'Tis he dispels the dismal gloom;
Gives light and gladness in its room;
Then have I joy and liberty,
As Christ reveals himself to me.

400.

7s.

NEWTON.

Prayer for Spring.—Cant. ii. 10—13.

LORD, afford a spring to me;
 Let me feel like what I see;
 Ah! my winter has been long!
 Chill'd my hopes and stopp'd my song.
 Winter threatens to destroy
 Faith, and love, and every joy;
 If thy life was in the root,
 Still I could not yield thee fruit.

- 2 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
 Make my drooping soul rejoice:
 O, beloved Saviour, haste,
 Tell me all the storms are past!
 On thy garden deign to smile;
 Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
 Soon thy presence will restore
 Life to what seem'd dead before.

401.

L. M.

WATTS.

Hope in Darkness.—Ps. xiii.

How long, O Lord, shall I complain
 Like one that seeks his God in vain?
 Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
 And I still pray and be denied?

- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
 As one whom thou regardest not?
 Still shall my soul thy absence mourn,
 And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
 Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?

And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low ?

- 4 How would the powers of darkness boast
Should but one praying soul be lost !
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.
- 5 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

402.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praying for Quickening Grace.—Ps. cxix. 25, 37, 107, 156, 40, 159, 93.

My soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine :
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in my way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers :
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road ?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?

And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

403.

148th.

STENNETT.

A Song of Praise to Christ.—Rom. viii. 34.

COME, every gracious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all, who fear the Lord below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.
- 4 From thence he'll quickly come;
His chariots will not stay;
And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day:

There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

404.

104th.

Praise to the Prince of Peace.—Ps. cvii. 1, 2; lxxi. 22, 23.

OUR Saviour alone, the Lord, let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of our
peace;

Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood,
All hail, holy Jesus! our Lord and our God.

2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful Spring of pity and grace;
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
And say, our dear Saviour redeem'd us from hell.

3 Preserve us in love, while here we abide;
O, never remove thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see,
With joy, the bless'd vision completed in thee.

405.

L. M.

KENT.

Exulting in Eternal Union with Jesus.—John xvii. 21—23.

'TWIXT Jesus and the chosen race,
Subsists a bond of sovereign grace,
That hell, with its infernal train,
Shall ne'er dissolve nor rend in twain!

2 This sacred bond shall never break,
Though earth should to her centre shake:
Rest, doubting saint, assured of this,
For God has pledged his holiness.

3 [He swore but once; the deed was done;
'Twas settled by the great Three-One;

Christ was appointed to redeem
All that his Father loved in him.]

- 4 Hail, sacred union, firm and strong:
How great the grace; how sweet the song;
That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity.
- 5 One in the tomb; one when he rose;
One when he triumph'd o'er his foes;
One when in heaven he took his seat,
While seraphs sung all hell's defeat.
- 6 This sacred tie forbids their fears,
For all he is or has is theirs;
With him, their Head, they stand or fall—
Their Life, their Surety, and their All.
- 7 [The sinner's Peace, the Daysman he,
Whose blood should set his people free;
On them his fond affections ran,
Before creation-work began.]
- 8 Bless'd be the wisdom and the grace,
The eternal love and faithfulness,
That's in the gospel-scheme reveal'd,
And is by God the Spirit seal'd.

406.

8. 8. 6.

KENT

Reigning Grace.—Rom. v. 21.

HARK! how the blood-bought hosts above
Conspire to praise redeeming love,
In sweet harmonious strains:
And while they strike the golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That grace triumphant reigns.

355

- 2 Join thou, my soul, for thou canst tell
 How grace divine broke up thy cell,
 And loosed thy native chains;
 And still, from that auspicious day,
 How oft art thou constrain'd to say,
 That grace triumphant reigns.
- 3 [Grace, till the tribes redeem'd by blood
 Are brought to know themselves and God,
 Her empire shall maintain;
 To call when he appoints the day,
 And from the mighty take the prey,
 Shall grace triumphant reign.]
- 4 When call'd to meet the King of dread,
 Should love compose my dying bed,
 And grace my soul sustain,
 Then, ere I quit this mortal clay,
 I'll raise my fainting voice, and say,
 Let grace triumphant reign.

407.

L. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.—1 John i. 9; Ps. cvii. 1, 2.

DEAR Lord! my panting soul inflame,
 To spread abroad thy matchless fame,
 And with a solemn pleasure tell,
 The grace which saves from death and hell.

- 2 Here's pardon full for sin that's past;
 It matters not how black their cast;
 And O, my soul, with wonder view,
 For sins to come here's pardon too.
- 3 The nation, thus redeem'd from sin,
 Was chosen, loved, and bless'd in him;

They ne'er shall die while Jesus lives;
His covenant life eternal gives.

- 4 Let saints prepare to crown his brow
With bright immortal trophies now;
And let their songs record his name,
His honours, and his deathless fame.

408.

104th.

J. & C. W.

Thanksgiving.—Ps. lxxxix. 14—17.

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.

2 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.

3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness
claim: [thy blood,
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, their glory & power;
And I also trust to see the glad hour;
My soul's new creation, alive from the dead;
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thy 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.

409.

118th.

WATTS.

A Song of Praise to the eternal Three.—Eph. i. 3, 4.

- To Him that chose us first,
 Before the world began;
 To Him that bore the curse,
 To save rebellious man;
 To Him that form'd our hearts anew,
 Is endless praise and glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
 Through our immortal songs;
 We bring to God the Son,
 Hosannas on our tongues;
 Our lips address the Spirit's name,
 With equal praise, and zeal the same.
- 3 Let every saint above,
 And angel round the throne,
 For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three-in-One;
 Thus heaven shall raise his honours high,
 When earth and time grow old and die.

410.

L. M.

MRDLEY.

"He hath done all things well."—Mark vii. 37.

- O! FOR a heart prepared to sing,
 To God, my Saviour and my King;
 While with his saints I join to tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 [All worlds his glorious power confess;
 His wisdom all his works express;
 But O, his love what tongue can tell:
 My Jesus has done all things well.]
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
 Is all his love to sinful me;

He pluck'd me as a brand from hell
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove;
Mercies which all my praise excel:
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 [Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Has on me laid his gentle rod,
I know, in all that has befel,
My Jesus has done all things well.]

6 [Sometimes he's pleased his face to hide
To make me pray, or stain my pride.
Yet am I help'd on this to dwell—
My Jesus has done all things well.]

7 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 has done all things well.

8 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Among the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

411.

C. M.

KENT.

"He hath made with me an everlasting covenant."—2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

COME, saints, and sing in sweet accord,
With solemn pleasure tell,
The covenant made with David's Lord;
In all things order'd well.

2 This covenant stood ere time began,
That God with man might dwell;

Eternal wisdom drew the plan;
In all things order'd well.

3 This covenant, O believer, stands,
Thy rising fears to quell;
Seal'd by thy Surety's bleeding hands;
In all things order'd well.

4 'Twas made with Jesus, for his bride,
Before the sinner fell;
'Twas sign'd, and seal'd, and ratified;
In all things order'd well.

5 When rolling worlds depart on fire,
And thousands sink to hell,
This covenant shall the saints admire;
In all things order'd well.

6 In glory, soon, with Christ their King,
His saints shall surely dwell;
And this blest covenant ever sing;
In all things order'd well.

412.

S. M.

KENT.

"It shall be well with the righteous."—Isa. iii. 10.

WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when call'd to die.

3 [Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;

Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount of God.]

- 4 [Well when the gospel yields
Pure honey, milk, and wine;
Well when thy soul her leanness feels,
And all her joys decline.]
- 5 ['Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.]
- 6 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.
- 7 'Tis well when they can sing
As sinners bought with blood;
And when they touch the mournful string,
And mourn an absent God.
- 8 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.
- 9 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise."

413.

C. M.

K&NT

"He hateth putting away."—Mal. ii. 16.

LET Zion songs of triumph sing;
Let gladness crown the day;

- Jehovah is her God and King;
He hates to put away.
- 2 'Graved on his hands divinely fair,
Who did their ransom pay,
The golden letters still appear,—
He hates to put away.
- 3 Think not that he'll thy suit reject,
Or spurn thy humble plea;
He hears the groans of his elect,
And hates to put away.
- 4 [When loathsome in thy sins and blood,
He did thy state survey,
And for a stranger Surety stood;—
He hates to put away.]
- 5 Salvation's of the Lord alone;
Grace is a shoreless sea;
In heaven there's ne'er a vacant throne;—
He hates to put away.

414.

11s.

WATTS.

Praise to the Saviour.—Heb. iii. 13, 18.

I LONG for a concert of heavenly praise,
To Jesus my God, the omnipotent Son!
My soul should awake in harmonious lays,
Could it tell half the wonders that Jesus has
done.

2

I'd sing how he left his own mansions of light;
The robes made of glory that dress'd him above;
Yet pleased with his journey & swift in his flight,
He came on the pinions of covenant love!

3

Quick down to the place of our distant abode,
 He came, we adore him, to raise us on high;
 He came to atone the dread justice of God,
 And took up a life to be able to die!

4

All hell and its lions stood roaring around,
 His flesh and his spirit with malice they tore,
 While oceans of sorrow lay pressing him down,
 As vast as the burden of guilt which he bore.

5

Fast bound in the chains of imperious death,
 The Infinite Captive a prisoner lay:
 The Infinite Captain arose from the earth,
 And leap'd to the hills of ethereal day!

6

Then mention no more of the vengeance of God,
 The lions of hell, and their roaring no more;
 We lift up our eyes to his shining abode;
 Our loudest hosannas his name shall adore!

7

His conquest is crown'd with the honours he won;
 Hosanna through all the ethereal groves;
 The God and the Man, how he fills up his throne!
 How he shines! how he smiles! how he looks!
 how he loves!

415.

8. 4.

"Worthy the Lamb."—Ps. cxlviii. 13; Rev. v. 12, 13

GLORY to God on high!
 Let earth and skies reply,
 Praise ye his name!

His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrow bore;
 Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load:
 Praise ye his name!
 Tell what his arm has done,
 What spoils from death he won;
 Sing his great name alone:
 Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name,
 Ye who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound his dear fame abroad:
 Worthy the Lamb!

416.

8. 7. 7.

NEWTON.

Praise for Atoning Blood.—1 Cor. vi. 11, 20.

LET us love, and sing, and wonder:
 Let us praise the Saviour's name;
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder;
 He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame:
 He has wash'd us in his blood;
 He has brought us home to God!

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us;
 Pitied us when enemies;
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us;
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
 He has wash'd us, &c.

- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threatens hard to bear us down;
Jesus is our strong salvation:
He will surely give the crown:
He has wash'd us, &c.
- 4 [Let us wonder! grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store:
When, through grace, in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more:
He has wash'd us, &c.]
- 5 Let us praise and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high:
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
He has wash'd us, &c.
- 6 Yes, we praise thee, gracious Saviour;
Wonder, love, and bless thy name:
Pardon, Lord, our poor endeavour;
Pity, for thou know'st our frame:
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God!

417.

104th.

SWAIN.

The Pilgrim's Joy.—Isa. xxxv. 10.

- To Zion we go, the seat of our King,
And yet while below we cannot but sing:
Though few here esteem us, the God we adore
Has died to redeem us! what could he do more?
- 2 What Jesus has done to save us from hell;
What conquests he won, when he himself fell;
The depths of his sorrow; the heights of his love;
Can never be known till we sing them above!

418.

C. M.

STEEL.

Praise to the Redeemer.—Phil. ii. 7—9.

To our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song;
 O may his love (immortal flame!)
 Tune every heart and tongue.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach—
 What mortal tongue display?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away!
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high!
 Left the bright realms of bliss!
 And came to earth to bleed and die!
 Was ever love like this!
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 The Saviour died for me.

419.

L. M.

WATTS.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.—Ps. xviii. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46

- JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
 Great Rock of my secure abode:
 Who is a God beside the Lord?
 Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might;
 Gives me his holy sword to wield;
 And while with sin and hell I fight,
 Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock)—
 The God of my salvation lives:

The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

- 4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name ;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend ;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their Head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

420.

S. M.

WATTS

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.—Ps. ciii. 1—7

O ! BLESS the Lord, my soul !

Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

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

The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress'd.

- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known:
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

421.

S. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Preserving Grace.—Jude 24, 25.

- To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His council and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

422.

L. M.

WATTS.

Joy in Heaven over a Repenting Sinner.—Luke xv. 7—10

- Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,

To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love:
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew:
And saints and angels join to sing,
The growing empire of their King.

423.

S. M.

WATTS

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. i. 8.

Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord:
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face:
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

424.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Victory.—Hos. xiii. 14.

HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep;
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

425.

S. M.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself."—Matt. xvi. 24

- WITH pleasure we behold
Immanuel's offspring come;
As sheep are gather'd to the fold,
And left no more to roam.
- 2 The way the Shepherd trod
They freely choose to go;
Moved by the powerful love of God,
They leave this world below.
- 3 This watery path they own;
Their Saviour's cross they view;
And, resting on his blood alone,
By faith they journey through.
- 4 Among the flock they rest,
In pastures fresh and green;
With peace and safety ever blest,
And pleasures all serene.

426.

C. M.

"We see Jesus."—Heb. ii. 9.

- How great and solemn is the thing,
 For which we here are come;
 To view the death of Zion's King,
 And gaze upon his tomb.
- 2 To see him, under death's arrest,
 Enter the dismal grave;
 Awhile in that dark cell to rest,
 Our mortal flesh to save.
- 3 To see him in his grave-clothes lie,
 His life and glory gone;
 To ask ourselves the reason why
 This wondrous deed was done.
- 4 To view the wounds of which he died,
 And own our sins the cause;
 To honour Christ the crucified,
 Adhering to his laws.
- 5 To trace him rising from the tomb,
 In victory over all;
 The first-born Son of nature's womb
 That rose no more to fall.
- 6 Here, humble saints, your tribute pay;
 A risen Saviour sing:
 Come, be baptized without delay,
 In honour of your King.

427.

L. M.

GREGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.—Mark viii. 38.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise!
Whose glories shine to endless days!

- 2 [Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds his beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.]
- 3 [Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.]
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe; no good to crave;
No fears to quell; no soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.
- 7 [His institutions would I prize;
Take up my cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

428.

S. 7.

FAWCETT.

Baptism.—Acts. ii. 38; xxii. 16.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
372

Hear the voice of revelation;
 Tread the path that Jesus trod,
 Flee to him, your only Saviour;
 In his mighty name confide;
 In the whole of your behaviour,
 Own him for your sovereign guide.

- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you;
 Listen to his gracious voice;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.
 Jesus says, "Let each believer
 Be baptized in my name:"
 He himself, in Jordan's river,
 Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay;
 Gladly his command embracing;
 Lo! your Captain leads the way.
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesus' grave before you lies;
 Be interr'd at his commanding;
 After his example rise.

429.

C. M.

FELLOWS.

The same.—Matt. iii. 13—17.

DEAR Lord! and will thy pardoning love
 Embrace a wretch so vile?
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
 And bless me with thy smile?

- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured
 And all its shame despised?

And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways!

430.

8. 8. 6.

NORMAN.

"Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."—Matt. iii. 15.

'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
We make these ways our favour'd choice,
And thus with zeal pursue:
No; Zion's great and gracious Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

2 Thou everlasting, gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing,
And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all the exulting tribes are bless'd
With one great choral day.

431.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

"Can any man forbid water," &c.—Acts x. 47.

COME, ye beloved of the Lord,
Behold the Lamb, the incarnate Word;
He died and rose again for you!
What more could your Redeemer do?

- 2 We to this place are come to show
 What we to boundless mercy owe;
 The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
 And tread the path he trod before.

432.

L. M.

WATTS.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.—Rom. vi. 3, &c.

Do we not know that solemn word,
 That we are buried with the Lord;
 Baptized into his death, and then
 Put off the body of our sin?

- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
 So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
 Over our mortal flesh again:
 The various lusts we served before,
 Shall have dominion now no more.

433.

S. 7.

FELLOWS.

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death."—Rom. vi. 4

JESUS, mighty King in Zion!

Thou alone our Guide shalt be;
 Thy commission we rely on;
 We would follow none but thee.

- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy victory o'er the grave,
 We, who know thy great salvation,
 Are baptized beneath the wave.

- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue;
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

434.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

"I will run the way of thy commandments."—Ps. cxix. 32.

- How great, how solemn is the work
 Which we attend to-day;
 Now for a holy, solemn frame,
 O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 [O may we feel as once we felt;
 When pain'd and grieved at heart,
 Thy kind, forgiving, melting look
 Relieved our every smart.
- 3 Let graces, then in exercise,
 Be exercised again;
 And, nurtured by celestial power,
 In exercise remain.]
- 4 Awake, our love, our fear, our hope;
 Wake, fortitude and joy;
 Vain world, be gone, let things above
 Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
 To all around we own;
 Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
 Each traitor from thy throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds; our wills subdue;
 To heaven our passions raise;
 That hence our lives, our all may be
 Devoted to thy praise.

435.

L. M.

WATTS.

Remember Jesus!—Luke xxii. 19.

THE Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God!

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

436.

S. M.

BERRIDGE.

For the Lord's Presence.—John xiv. 21.

THE table now is spread;
We meet around the board;
Dear Jesus, bless the wine and bread,
And heavenly life afford.

- 2 O may the Lord appear,
With looks divinely mild,
And whisper in each humble ear,
"I love thee well, my child."

437.

S. M.

WATTS.

Communion with Christ and with Saints.—1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

- 2 [For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace!
Of our descending God.]

- 3 This holy bread and wine
 Maintain our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
 Christ and his members one,
 We the young children of his love,
 And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts
 Of the same broken bread;
 One body hath its several limbs,
 But Jesus is the Head.
- 6 Let all our powers be join'd
 His gracious name to raise;
 Pleasure and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

438.

C. M

WATTS.

Christ's dying Love.—Isa. lxiii. 9.

- THIS was compassion like a God,
 That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 He pity ne'er withdrew.
- 2 Now though he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great;
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor let his saints forget.
- 3 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
 As kind as when he died;
 And see the sorrows of his soul
 Bleed through his wounded side.]

439.

L. M.

WATTS.

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

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

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

440.

C. M.

WATTS.

Divine Love making a Feast.—Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

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

- 2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts, and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
“Lord, why was I a guest?
- 4 “Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;

441—443 THE LORD'S

When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"]

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

441.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

"Jesus wept."—John xi. 35.

So fair a face bedew'd with tears;
What beauty e'en in grief appears;
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?

- 2 Enthroned above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow!
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

- 3 Still his compassions are the same;
He knows the frailty of our frame!
Our heaviest burdens he sustains;
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

442.

7s.

BERRIDGE.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."—John xiv. 27.

ERE we leave thy table, Lord,
Drop us down a pledge of peace;
Give us all a parting word,
Sealed with a parting kiss.

443.

104th.

BERRIDGE.

"This is my blood of the new testament," &c.—Mark xiv. 24.

THE Lord of the feast we solemnly bless,
And pray that each guest may grow in his grace
Thanks for his preparing this banquet of love
O, may we all share in the banquet above.

444.

S. M.

BERRIDGE.

The Leper's Prayer.—John v. 6, 7.

DEFILED I am indeed;
 Defiled throughout by sin;
 Thy purple fountain, Lord, I need,
 To wash a leper clean.

- 2 The fountain open stands,
 Yet on its brink I dwell;
 Oh, put me in with thy own hards,
 And that will make me well.

445.

148th.

HART.

The Love of Christ.—John xv. 13.

JOIN, every tongue, to sing
 The mercies of the Lord;
 The love of Christ, our King,
 Let every heart record.
 He saved us from the wrath of God,
 And paid our ransom with his blood.

- 2 What wondrous grace was this!
 We sinn'd; and Jesus died:
 He wrought the righteousness,
 And we were justified:
 We ran the score to lengths extreme,
 And all the debt was charged on him.
- 3 Hell was our just desert,
 And he *that* hell endured;
 Guilt broke his guiltless heart
 With wrath that we incurr'd;
 We bruised his body, spilt his blood,
 And both became our heavenly food.

446.

S. M.

HART.

The Bread of Heaven.—John vi. 5, 8.

WHEN through the desert vast
 The chosen tribes were led,
 They could not plough, nor till, nor sow,
 Yet never wanted bread.

- 2 Around their wandering camp,
 The copious manna fell;
 Strew'd on the ground, a food they found,
 But *what* they could not tell.
- 3 But better bread by far
 Is now to Christians given;
 Poor sinners eat immortal meat,
 The living bread from heaven.
- 4 We eat the flesh of Christ,
 Who is the bread of God:
 Their food was coarse compared with ours,
 Though theirs was angels' food.

447.

L. M.

H. T.

Sighing for the Substance of the Lord's Supper.—Luke xiv. 22.

- 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.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
 And, venturing hard, behold I come;
 But can there, tell me, can there be,
 Amongst thy children, room for me?
 - 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine;
 But oh! my soul wants more than sign!

- I faint unless I feed on thee,
And drink the blood as shed for me.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou camest to bleed;
And I'm a sinner vile indeed.
Lord, I believe thy grace is free:
O magnify that grace in me.

448.

148th.

HART.

Tokens of Christ's Love.—John xv. 9.

- WHEN Jesus undertook
To rescue ruin'd man,
The realms of bliss forsook,
And to relieve us ran,
He spared no pains, declined no load,
Resolved to buy us with his blood.
- 2 No harsh commands he gave;
No hard conditions brought;
He came to seek and save,
And pardon every fault.
Poor trembling sinners hear his call:
They come, and he forgives them all.
- 3 When thus we're reconciled,
He sets no rigorous tasks;
His yoke is soft and mild,
For love is all he asks:
E'en *that* from him we first receive,
And well he knows we've none to give.
- 4 This pure and heavenly gift,
Within our hearts to move,
The dying Saviour left
These tokens of his love;
Which seem to say, "While this you do,
Remember him that died for you."

383

449.

104th.

HART.

The Banqueting Song.—2 Thess. ii. 13, 14.

WHAT creatures beside, are favour'd like us?
 Forgiven, supplied, and banqueted thus
 By God, our good Father, who gave us his Son,
 And sent him to gather his children in one.

2 Salvation's of God, the effect of free grace,
 Upon us bestow'd before the world was:
 God *from* everlasting be blest, and, again,
 Blest *to* everlasting. Amen, and amen.

450.

L. M.

BURNHAM.

"A burning and a shining light."—John v. 35.

O! BLESS thy servant, dearest Lord,
 While he shall preach thy gospel-word;
 May he declare delightful things,
 Touching the glorious King of kings.

2 O grant him bright celestial views,
 While he proclaims the gospel-news;
 With fiery zeal his soul inflame,
 While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.

3 Give him clear light, and burning love;
 Shower down thy blessings from above;
 O may we hear the Saviour's voice,
 And in his precious name rejoice.

451.

L. M.

NEWTON

Before Sermon.—John v. 25.

MAY this be a much favour'd hour,
 To souls in Satan's bondage led!
 Lord, clothe thy word with sovereign power,
 To break the rocks, and raise the dead.

- 2 To mourners speak a cheering word;
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restored,
And all thy saints in praises join.

452.

148th.

NEWTON.

After Sermon.—1 Cor. iii. 6.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

453.

L. M.

STENNETT.

Between Prayer and Sermon.—Matt. xviii. 20.

- ["WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,
2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."]
3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord;
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above;
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

454.

112th.

FAWCETT.

Before Sermon.—Isa. lv. 11.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;

Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear:
 Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.

- 2 [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, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.]

- 3 To us the sacred word apply,
 With sovereign power and energy;
 And may we, in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear:
 Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.

- 4 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, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.

455.

C. M.

HART.

The same.—Cant. iv. 16.

ONCE more we come before our God;
 Once more his blessing ask;
 O, may not duty seem a load
 Nor worship prove a task.

- 2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
 From heaven, in Jesus' name,

To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, Blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

456.

104th.

HART.

The same.—Jer. ~~xxxi.~~ 12.

THE good hand of God has brought us again
(A favour bestow'd, we hope not in vain)
To hear from our Saviour the word of his grace:
Then be our behaviour becoming the place.

2 Remember the ends for which we are met;
Alas! my dear friends, we're apt to forget;
The motives that brought us, the Lord only sees;
But if he has taught us, our ends should be these:

To worship the Lord with praise & with prayer;
To practise his word, as well as to hear.

2 K 2

387

457—459 BEFORE AND

To own with contrition the deeds we have done,
And take the remission God gives in his Son.

4 Blest Spirit of Christ, descend on us thus :
Thy servant assist; teach him to teach us :
O send us thy unction, to teach us all good ;
And touch with compunction, and sprinkle with
blood.

457.

L. M.

HART.

Dismissal.—Ps. lxxxv. 6—8.

DISMISS 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.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

458.

S. M.

HART.

The same.—Luke ii. 18, 19.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;
Record his mercies, every heart ;
Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow ;
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

459.

C. M.

HART.

The same.—Jer. xxxi. 14.

LORD, help us on thy word to feed ;
In peace dismiss us hence ;

Be thou, in every time of need,
Our refuge and defence.

- 2 We now desire to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodness of the Lord.

460.

86.

BURNHAM.

After Sermon.—1 Thess. i. 5.

THE gospel's a message of peace,
We oft by experience have felt;
'Tis fill'd with Immanuel's grace,
And sweeps away mountains of guilt.
O, sweet revelation divine!
Delighted, we've heard its contents;
All through it our Jesus doth shine,
A lover of all his dear saints.

- 2 Through various scenes of distress,
Perplexed with sin, guilt, and fear;
This glorious message of grace,
Has frequently yielded good cheer.
Dear Lord, may we prize the rich peace,
The peace so abundantly given;
It flows through the word of thy grace,
And makes us anticipate heaven.

461.

8. 7. 4.

TOPLADY.

Dismissal.—Heb. xiii. 20, 21; Ps. lxxxix. 15, &c.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:

O, refresh us!

Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives be found;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore abound.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day!

462.

8. 7. 4.

ROBINSON.

Christ a Guide through Death to Glory.—Ps. xlviii. 14; lxxlii. 24.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!

Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty;

Hold me with thy powerful hand;

Bread of heaven,

Feed me now and evermore.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside!

Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

463.

8. 7.

HART.

The Burial of a Saint.—1 Cor. xv. 42—44, 54, 55, 57.

Sons of God, by blest adoption,
 View the dead with steady eyes;
 What is sown thus in corruption,
 Shall in incorruption rise;
 What is sown in death's dishonour,
 Shall revive to glory's light:
 What is sown in this weak manner,
 Shall be raised in matchless might.

2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
 We commit our *brother's* dust:
 Keep it softly, softly sleeping,
 Till our Lord demand thy trust:
 Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;
 Thou with us shalt wake from death:
 Hold he cannot, though he seize us;
 We his power defy by faith.

3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
 To thy mourning people send!
 May we all, with faith and patience
 Wait for our approaching end:
 Keep from courage, vain or vaunted,
 For our change our hearts prepare;
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope and godly fear.

464.

C. M.

WATTS.

Victory over Death.—1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

O! FOR an overcoming faith,
 To cheer my dying hours;
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
 And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
 My quivering lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted victory, Grave,
 And where's the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
 Death has no sting beside;
 The law gives sin its damning power,
 But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors, though we die,
 Through Christ our living Head.

465.

C. M.

WATTS.

Afflictions and Death under Providence.—Job v. 6, 8.

NOT from the dust affliction grows,
 Nor troubles rise by chance;
 Yet we are born to cares and woes—
 A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
 And still are upwards borne;
 So grief is rooted in our souls,
 And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
 And trust his promised grace;

He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace :
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

466.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.—1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

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.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 [The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?]
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise :

Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

467.

C. M.

SWAIN.

Looking to Jesus in Death.—Titus ii. 13, 14.

WHY should we shrink at Jordan's flood,
Or dread the unknown way?
See, yonder rolls a stream of blood
That bears the curse away!

2 Death lost his sting when Jesus bled:
When Jesus left the ground,
Disarm'd, the King of terrors fled,
And felt a mortal wound.

3 And now his office is to wait
Between the saints and sin:
A *porter* at the heavenly gate,
To let the pilgrims in!

4 And though his pale and ghastly face
May seem to frown the while;
We soon shall see the King of grace,
And he'll for ever smile!

468.

C. M.

W. W. HORNE.

"To die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

DEATH is no more a frightful foe;
Since I with Christ shall reign,
With joy I leave this world of woe:
For me to die is gain.

2 To darkness, doubts, and fears adieu!
Adieu, thou world so vain!
Then shall I know no more of you:
For me to die is gain.

- No more shall Satan tempt my soul;
 Corruption shall be slain;
 And tides of pleasure o'er me roll:
 For me to die is gain.
- 4 Nor shall I know a Father's frown,
 But ever with him reign,
 And wear an everlasting crown:
 For me to die is gain.
- 5 Sorrow for joy I shall exchange,
 For ever freed from pain;
 And o'er the plains of Canaan range:
 For me to die is gain.
- 6 Fain would my raptured soul depart,
 Nor longer here remain,
 But dwell, dear Jesus, where thou art:
 For me to die is gain.

469.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Hope beyond the Grave.—1 Peter i. 3—5.

- My soul, this curious house of clay,
 Thy present frail abode,
 Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
 And thou return to God.
- 2 Canst thou, by faith, survey with joy
 The change before it come,
 And say, "Let death this house destroy,
 I have a heavenly home?"
- 3 The Saviour, whom I then shall see
 With new admiring eyes,
 Already has prepared for me
 A mansion in the skies.

- 4 I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,
And long to see it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To him who is my All.
- 5 Burden'd and groaning then no more,
My rescued soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar,
"Death, thou hast lost thy sting."
- 6 Dear Saviour, help us now to seek,
And grant, thy Spirit's power;
That we may all this language speak,
Before the dying hour.

470.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

Death viewed in Jesus.—Job iii. 17.

- DEATH and the grave are doleful themes,
For sinful, mortal worms to sing;
Except a Saviour's brighter beams
Dispel the gloom, and touch the string.
- 2 Death! awful sound! the fruit of sin,
And terror of the human race:
Who, except Jesus smiles within,
Can look the monster in the face?
- 3 Yet, dearest Lord, when view'd in thee,
The monster loses all his dread;
There all his frightful horrors flee,
And joy surrounds a dying bed.
- 4 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives,
And he has conquer'd death and hell;
This truth substantial comfort gives,
And dying saints can sing, " 'Tis well."

471.

S. M.

TOPLADY.

Preparation for Death.—Ps. x. 17.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue;
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power;
Let me thy goodness prove;
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

472.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

Meditating on the Sweetness of Spiritual Thing.—Ps. civ. 34

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

- 2 [Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place,
Where Jesus pleads above.]
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;

Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 [Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.]

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

473.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Sinner's Portion, and Saint's Hope.—Ps. xvii.

LORD, I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;—

- 'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

474.

C. M.

WATTS.

Support under Trials on Earth.—Rev. xxi. 4.

- WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

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

475.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Humble Worship of Heaven.—Phil. i. 23.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thy abode;
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thy embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.]
- 5 [Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
The adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before the eternal All.]
- 6 [There would I vie with all the host,
In duty and in bliss;

While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity** confess.]

- 7 The more thy glories strike my eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

476.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Glory of Christ.—Phil. ii. 10; Ps. xiv. 1, 2, 6, 7; Heb. i. 2, 4, 9.

O! THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.]
- 4 [Bless'd angels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.]

* Isaiah xl. 17.

- 6 [His head,—the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.]
- 7 This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

477.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Example of Christ and his Saints.—Rev. xxi. 7.

- GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod
 (His zeal inspired their breast);
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
 For his own pattern given;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Shows the same path to heaven.

478.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

- I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
 Through which my Lord is seen,
 And long to meet my Saviour's face,
 Without a glass between.
- 2 O that the happy hour was come,
 To change my faith to sight!
 I shall behold my Lord at home,
 In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
 These interposing days;
 Then shall my passions all be love,
 And all my powers be praise.

479.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Meditation of Heaven; or, the Joys of Faith.—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

- My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
 And look within the veil:
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three-in-One;

And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

- 3 His promise stands for ever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings:
How short our sorrows are!
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare.
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

480.

L. M.

WATTS.

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- [Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou flyest,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!]
 - 3 [O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be;
How despicable to my eyes!]
 - 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;

Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more .
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All, eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thy endless grandeur and thy grace.

481.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.—Col. iii. 3, 4.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne;
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand.
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,

And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

482.

L. M.

The Believer's Treasure.—Col. i. 5, 6; Matt. vi. 21.

IN heaven my choicest treasure lies,
My hopes are placed above the skies;
'Tis Christ, the bright and morning star,
Draws my affections from afar.

- 2 O that my anxious mind were free
From this vile tenement of clay,
That I might view the immortal word,
And live and reign with Christ my Lord.
- 3 Then should I see, and feel, and know,
What 'tis to rest from sin and woe;
And all my soul be tuned to sing
The praises due to Christ my King.
- 4 [Hail, blessed time! Lord, bid me come.
And enter my celestial home,
And drown the sorrows of my breast,
In seas of unmolested rest.]

483.

7. 6.

The Christian's Prospect of Heaven.—Luke xii. 33.

YES, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss;
There, with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is.

- 2 Yes, I shall soon be seated
 With Jesus on his throne;
 My foes be all defeated,
 And sacred peace made known.
- 3 With Father, Son, and Spirit,
 I shall for ever reign,
 Sweet joy and peace inherit,
 And every good obtain.
- 4 I soon shall reach the harbour,
 To which I speed my way;
 Shall cease from all my labour,
 And there for ever stay.
- 5 Sweet Spirit, guide me over
 This life's tempestuous sea;
 Keep me, O holy Lover,
 For I confide in thee.
- 6 O that in Jordan's swelling
 I may be help'd to sing,
 And pass the river, telling
 The triumphs of my King.

484.

8. 3.

HART.

The Saint's Inheritance.—2 Cor. vii. 1.

- PERFECT holiness of spirit,
 Saints above, full of love,
 With the Lamb inherit.
- 2 This inheritance, believer,
 Faith alone makes thy own,
 Safe and sure for ever.
- 3 True, 'twas thine from everlasting;
 But the bliss of it is
 Known to thee by tasting.

485 CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

- 4 Though thou here receive but little;
Scarce enough for the proof
Of thy proper title;
- 5 Urge thy claim through all unfitness;
Sue it out, spurning doubt;
The Holy Ghost's thy witness.
- 6 Cite the will of his own sealing;
Title good, sign'd with blood,
Valid and unfailing.
- 7 When thy title thou discernest,
Humbly then sue again
For continual earnest.

485.

7s.

J. & C. W.

The Resurrection.—1 Cor. xv. 20, 55, 56.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

- 5 [Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!]
- 6 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet, triumphant now!
Hail! the *Resurrection* thou!

486.

C. M.

HART.

Christ's Resurrection.—Matt. xxviii. 2—6.

- SEE! from the dungeon of the dead,
Our great Deliverer rise;
While conquests wreath his heavenly head,
And glory glads his eyes.
- 2 The struggling Hero, strong to save,
Did all our miseries bear
Down to the chambers of the grave,
And left the burden there.
- 3 [See, how the well-pleased angel rolls
The stone, and opes the prison!
Lift up your heads, ye sin-sick souls,
And sing, The Lord is risen.]
- 4 No more indictments justice draws;
It sets the soul at large;
Our Surety undertook the cause,
And faith's a full discharge.
- 5 To save us, our Redeemer died;
To justify us, rose;
Where's the condemning power beside,
Has right to interpose?

487 CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

- 6 The Lord is risen! thou trembling soul,
Let fears no more confound!
Let heaven and earth, from pole to pole,
The Lord is risen resound!

487.

S. M.

HART.

The same.—Luke xxiv. 34.

- CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear;
Let hope and joy succeed;
The great good news with gladness hear,
The Lord is risen indeed.
- 2 The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display;
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.
- 3 The promise is fulfill'd;
Salvation's work is done;
Justice with mercy's reconciled,
And God has raised his Son.
- 4 He quits the dark abode,
From all corruption free;
The holy, harmless Child of God
Could no corruption see.
- 5 [Angels, with saints above,
The rising Victor sing;
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.
- 6 Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise:
Let every breast with gladness glow,
And every mouth sing praise.]

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION, &c. 488, 489

- 7 My soul, thy Saviour laud,
Who all thy sorrows bore:
Who died for sin, but lives to God,
And lives to die no more.

- 8 His death procured thy peace,
His resurrection's thine:
Believe; receive the full release;
'Tis sign'd with blood divine.

488.

L. M.

HART.

The same.—Luke xxiv. 4—7.

- UPRISING from the darksome tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come;
The Almighty Prisoner quits the prison,
And angels tell, The Lord is risen.
- 2 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.
- 3 Your Surety, thus released by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood,
No new demand, no bar remains,
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
- 4 Believers, hail your rising Head,
'The first-begotten from the dead;
Your resurrection's sure, through his,
To endless life and boundless bliss!

489.

C. M.

HART.

Christ's Ascension.—Luke xxiv. 51—53.

- Now for a theme of thankful praise
To tune the stammerer's tongue:
Christians, your hearts and voices raise,
And join the joyful song.

- 2 The Lord's ascended up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds:
While shouts of victory rend the sky,
And heaven with joy resounds.
- 3 See, from the regions of the dead,
Through all the ethereal plains,
The powers of darkness captive led,—
The dragon dragg'd in chains.
- 4 Ye eternal gates, your leaves unfold;
Receive the conquering King:
Ye angels, strike your harps of gold,
And, saints, triumphant sing.
- 5 Sinners, rejoice; he died for you;
For you prepares a place:
Sends down his Spirit to guide you through
With every gift of grace.
- 6 His blood, which did your sins atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And, seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

490.

7s.

HART.

The same.—Acts i. 9—11.

JESUS, our triumphant Head,
Risen victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.

- 2 Cherubs on the Conqueror gaze;
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;
Each bright order of the sky
Hails him as he passes by.

- 3 [Saints the glorious triumph meet,
See their enemies at his feet!
By his scars his toils are view'd,
And his garments roll'd in blood.]
- 4 [Heaven its King congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates:
Angels songs of victory sing:
All the blissful regions ring.]
- 5 Sinners, join the heavenly powers,
For redemption all is ours:
None but burden'd sinners prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love
- 6 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord;
Holy Lamb, incarnate Word!
Hail, thou suffering Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood!

491.

8. 7.

HART.

The same.—Rev. i. 11—18.

PLEASED we read, in sacred story,
How our Lord resumed his breath;
Where's, O Grave, thy conquering glory?
Where's thy sting, thou phantom Death?
Soon thy jaws, restrain'd from chewing,
Must disgorge their ransom'd prey:
Man first gave thee power to ruin;
Man, too, takes that power away.

- 2 I am Alpha, says the Saviour,
I Omega likewise am:
I was dead, and live for ever—
God Almighty and the Lamb.

492, 493 CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

In the Lord is our perfection,
And in him our boast we'll make;
We shall share his resurrection,
If we of his death partake.

- 3 Ye that die without repentance,
Ye must rise when Christ appears;
Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,
While the saints rejoice in theirs:
You to dwell with fiends infernal;
They with Jesus Christ to reign;
They go into life eternal,
You to everlasting pain.

492.

L. M.

HART.

The same.—Heb. ii. 14; Col. i. 13.

YE Christians, hear the joyful news,
Death has received a deadly bruise;
Our Lord has made his empire fall,
And conquer'd him that conquer'd all.

- 2 Though doom'd are all men once to die,
Yet we by faith death's power defy:
We soon shall feel his hands unbound,
Awaken'd by the Archangel's sound.
- 3 The trump of God shall rend the rocks,
And open adamantine locks;
Come forth the dead from death's dark dome
And Jesus call his ransom'd home.

493.

S. 7. 4.

OLIVER

The Second Coming of Christ.—Ps. vi. 14—17; xxii. 17—20; Rev. i. 7.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,

Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
And with pleasure,
Magnify his awful name.

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

3 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!

4 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!

494.

148th.

BURNHAM

Shall see the Son of Man coming."—Matt. xxiv. 33, 31; xxv. 31—46

ON yonder glorious height,
King Jesus doth appear,
Upon the judgment-seat
With millions at his bar;
Behold! the awful Judge is come,
To fix their everlasting doom.

415

- 2 Sinners must now come forth,
 And stand before the Lord,
 Whose word they scorn'd on earth,
 Whose children they abhorr'd;
 Then speaks the Judge, "Ye sinners, go
 From my bless'd face to endless woe."
- 3 But now, my soul, behold
 That host at his right hand;
 O see the blood-wash'd world
 Boldly before him stand;
 How pleased they look, how bright they shine,
 While Jesus cries, "These, these are mine:
- 4 "These are my holy race;
 These did resound my fame;
 These prized redeeming grace;
 These loved and fear'd my name;
 And these shall now ascend with me
 To mansions of eternal day."

495.

8. 7. 4.

SWAIN.

The Coming of Christ to Judgment.—Jude 14, 15.

- Lo! he comes, array'd in vengeance,
 Riding down the heavenly road;
 Floods of fury roll before him;
 Who can meet an angry God?
 Tremble, sinners:
 Who can stand before his rod?
- 2 Lo! he comes, in glory shining;
 Saints arise, and meet your King!
 "Glorious Captain of salvation,
 Welcome, welcome," hear them sing!

- Shouts of triumph,
 Make the heavens with echoes ring.
- 3 Now despisers, look and wonder!
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
 Rattling like a peal of thunder,
 Through each guilty rebel's heart!
 Lost for ever!
 Hope and sinners here must part!
- 4 [Still they hear the dreadful sentence;
 Hell resounds the dreadful roar:
 While their heart-strings rend with anguish,
 Trembling on the burning shore,
 Justice seals it:
 Down they sink to rise no more!
- 5 How they shrink with horror, viewing
 Hell's deep caverns opening wide;
 Guilty thoughts, like ghosts, pursuing,
 Plunge them down the rolling tide!
 Now consider,
 Ye who scorn the Lamb that died!]
- 6 Hark! ten thousand harps resounding!
 For m'd in bright and grand array;
 See the glorious armies rising,
 While their Captain leads the way;
 Heaven before them,
 Opens an eternal day!

496.

8. 7. 4.

NEWTON.

Day of Judgment.—Matt. xxv. 31—46; 2 Thess. i. 7—10; Rev. xx. 11—15

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 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!

3 [At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea!
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee!
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,—
"Hence! accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part."

5 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."]

6 Under sorrows and reproaches
May this thought our courage raise;

Swiftly God's great day approaches;
Sighs shall then be changed to praise!
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze!

497.

50th.

WATTS.

The Last Judgment.—Ps. 1.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north:
From east to west his sovereign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead!
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles, heaven re-
joices; [voices!
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful

**2 No more shall Atheists mock his long delay:
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
Behold, the Judge descends: his guards are
nigh:**

**Tempests and fire attend him down the sky!
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him!**

3 "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 com-
mands; [lands;

**“Bring them, ye angels, from their distant;
When Christ returns, wake ev’ry cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation!**

**4 "Behold! my covenant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,**

And sign'd 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
rejoices.

5 "Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels, spread
their thrones;

And near me seat my favourites, and my sons:
Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepared

Ere time began—'tis your divine reward:"
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation!

498.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.—Ps. lxx. 11.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!

And days how swift they are
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 [The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, "They're here,"
But only say, "They're past."]

3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yes, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name adored!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song,
And, when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

499.

S. M.

MEDLEY.

New Year.—Ps. lli. 1.

- GREAT God! before thy throne
We joyfully appear,
In songs to make thy glories known,
And thus begin the year.
- 2 [What favours all divine!
What mercies shall we share!
What blessings all around us shine
To open this new year!]
- 3 Indulgent goodness spares
And still preserves us here,
And bounty all divine prepares
Supplies for this new year.
- 4 Our follies past forgive;
Our souls divinely cheer;
And help us more to thee to live,
Dear Lord, in this new year.

- 5 Prepare us for thy will,
 Whatever may appear;
 And let thy loving-kindness still
 Preserve us through the year.
- 6 Confirm our souls in thee, *
 In faith and holy fear,
 And let a precious Jesus be
 Our song through all the year.

500.

8. 7.

NEWTON.

Breathing for the Favour of the Father, Son, and Spirit.—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.

501.

7s.

NEWTON.

At Parting.—Acts xviii. 21.

- FOR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong;
 Sweeten every cross and pain;
 Give us, if we live, ere long,
 Here to meet in peace again.

- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
 All our souls shall praise the Lord,
 Who our poor petitions heard!

502.

S. M.

HART.

1 John v. 7; Ps. ciii. 20—22.

WITH all the heavenly host,
 Let Christians join to laud
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—
 Our Saviour and our God.

503.

7s.

HART.

Phil. iv. 20.

GLORY to the Eternal be,
 Three-in-One, and One-in-Three;
 God that pitied sinners lost,—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

504.

8. 8. 6.

HART.

1 Chron. xvi. 28.

YE saints on earth, your voices raise,
 And sing the eternal Father's praise,
 And glorify the Son;
 Give glory to the Holy Ghost,
 And join with all the angelic host
 To bless the great Three-One.

505.

C. M.

WATTS.

1 Cor. x. 31.

- GLORY to God the Father's name,
 Who, from our sinful race,
 Chose out his favourites to proclaim
 The honours of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
 Who dwelt in humble clay,

506, 507 DOXOLOGIES—VARIOUS.

And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
The eternal Three-in-One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

506.

148th.
John v. 23.

WATTS.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise;
And while our lips their tribute bring,
Our faith adores the name we sing.

506.*

L. M.
Ps. cxvii.

BISHOP KENN

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

507.

C. M.

HERBERT.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. xvii. 15.

How oft I grumble and repine,
With blessings in my hand:
There's nothing here can satisfy,
Nor gold, nor house, nor land.
2 Sometimes the Lord bestows on me,
His fretful child, a toy,

- On which I raise my prospects high,
And look for certain joy.
- 3 But soon there's something intervenes;
I've something else in view;
The former mercy is forgot,
And I want something new.
- 4 [O! this unstable heart of mine
Is like the troubled sea;
The more I have, the more I want;
When shall I settled be?]
- 5 I know this wretched world can't fill
This anxious soul of mine:
O could I, to my Father's will,
My soul, my all resign.
- 6 [Sometimes, alas! I think I can;
I'll trust the world no more;
But when I meet some little cross,
I'm fretful as before.
- 7 Why am I captivated thus,
By such poor trifling toys?
Alas! how oft this wretched world
Annoys my better joys.]
- 8 I want to trust, but cannot trust,
A God of providence;
Although he bless from day to day,
I'm full of diffidence.
- 9 [When troubles roll in thick and fast,
Ah! then my faith gives way;
Sometimes I think I cannot stand,
No, not another day.]

- 10 Sometimes, like Ephraim, I rebel;
 I cannot bear the yoke;
 I kick and murmur at the rod,
 And shrink at every stroke.
- 11 But when my Father smiles again,
 Then what a fool am I;
 'Tis then, like Ephraim, I repent,
 And smite upon my thigh.
- 12 Like him I mourn, like him I cry,
 "Lord, hold me with thy hand;
 And draw me by thy special grace:
 Hold up, and I shall stand."

508.

C. M.

HERBERT.

Before Sermon.—Eph. vi. 14, 15.

- LORD, fill thy servant's soul to-day
 With pure seraphic fire,
 And set his tongue at liberty,
 And grant his soul's desire.
- 2 O may he preach the word of God
 With energy and power;
 May gospel-blessings spread around,
 Like a refreshing shower.
- 3 May God's eternal love and grace
 Be sweetly felt within;
 While he is preaching Christ the Lord,
 Who took our curse and sin.
- 4 May burden'd sinners lose their load,
 And downcast souls rejoice;
 May doubting souls believe to-day,
 They are Jehovah's choice.

- 5 May Christ be first, and Christ be last,
 And Christ be all in all,
 Who died to make salvation sure,
 And raise us from the fall.
- 6 O may thy servant now to-day,
 Proclaim salvation free;
 As finish'd by the Son of God,
 For such poor souls as we.

509.

C. M.

HERBERT.

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him."—Ps. xci. 15.

- COME, come, my soul, with boldness come,
 Unto the throne of grace;
 There Jesus sits to answer prayer,
 And shows a smiling face.
- 2 Our Surety stands before the throne,
 And personates our case;
 And sends the blessed Spirit down
 With tokens of his grace.
- 3 There's not a groan, nor wish, nor sigh,
 But penetrates his ears;
 He knows our sins perplex and tease,
 And cause our doubts and fears:
- 4 But he upholds us with his arm,
 And will not let us fall;
 When Satan roars, and sin prevails,
 He hears our mournful call.
- 5 He knows we have no strength at all;
 He knows our foes are strong;
 But though ten thousand foes engage,
 The weakest sha'n't go wrong.

- 6 Then let us all unite and sing
 The praises of free grace:
 Those souls who long to see him now,
 Shall surely see his face.

510.

C. M.

HERBERT.

"O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger."—Ps. vi. 1.

- O LORD! rebuke me not in wrath;
 Thy anger who can bear!
 'Tis heaven to live beneath thy smiles;
 Thy frowns create despair.
- 2 I'm but a mass of filthiness;
 I own my wretched case:
 O heal my loathsome, stinking wounds,
 And magnify thy grace.
- 3 [Ah! must I die with this sad plague?
 What, is thy pity gone?
 Lord, look and heal my broken bones;
 O look on God the Son!]
- 4 On thee I'll wait; in thee I'll trust;
 For thou art still my God:
 Crush not my soul beneath thy hand,
 O take away thy rod.
- 5 Lord, let not guilt thus plague my soul;
 I would be rid of sin:
 From head to foot I'm nought but wounds,
 But ah! I'm worse within.
- 6 [Within, O what a hellish crew!
 Who knows what dwells within?
 How oft some darling lust creeps out,
 Some unsuspected sin.]

7 Lord Jesus, heal this malady,
And set my broken bones;
Let my petitions reach thy ears,
Though only sighs and groans.

8 Base as I am, yet, blessed Lord,
I dare to make this plea,—
As Jesus died to save the lost,
Perhaps he died for me.

511.

C. M.

FRANKLIN.

Jesus, the Soul's Help in Times of Trouble.—Ps. xxxi. 7; 1 Cor. x. 13.

In all my troubles and distress,
The Lord my soul doth own:
Jehovah doth my griefs redress,
And make his mercy known.

2 He helps me on him to rely;
He is my strength and tower:
'Tis he that hears me when I cry,
And manifests his power.

3 In every storm, in every sea,
My Jesus makes a way;
His light shall make the darkness flee,
And turn the shade to day.

4 'Tis he in trouble bears me up,
And leads me safely through;
My Jesus doth maintain my cup,
And daily strength renew.

512.

C. M.

FRANKLIN.

Prayer for an Increase and a real Union in the Church.—Acts ii. 46, 47.

THY church, O Lord, that's planted here,
O make it to increase

With numbers, bless'd with filial fear,
Enjoying heavenly peace.

2 O may we all, dear Lord, as one,
United ever be,
Rejoicing in what Christ has done,
Who groan'd upon the tree.

3 May all each other's burdens bear;
Be simple, meek, and kind;
And keep us safe from every snare,
And all of humble mind.

513.

L. M.

FRANKLIN.

"Jehovah-Jireh,"—Gen. xxii. 14.

IN mounts of danger and of straits,
My soul for his salvation waits:
Jehovah-Jireh will appear,
And save me from my gloomy fear.

2 He, in the most distressing hour,
Displays the greatness of his power:
In darkest nights he makes a way,
And turns the gloomy shade to day.

3 Jehovah-Jireh is his name;
From age to age he proves the same;
He sees when I am sunk in grief,
And quickly flies to my relief.

4 The Lord Jehovah is my guide;
He doth and will for me provide;
And in the Mount it shall be seen,
How kind and gracious he hath been.

PART II.

HYMNS BY W. GADSBY.

514.

8. 7. 4.

"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed."—Isa. xl. 5.

O! WHAT matchless condescension
The eternal God displays;
Claiming our supreme attention,
To his boundless works and ways;
His own glory
He reveals in gospel days.

2 In the person of the Saviour,
All his majesty is seen;
Love and justice shine for ever,
And, without a veil between,
Worms approach him,
And rejoice in his dear name.

3 Would we view his brightest glory,
Here it shines in Jesus' face;
Sing and tell the pleasing story,
O ye sinners saved by grace;
And with pleasure,
Bid the guilty Him embrace.

- 4 In his highest work, redemption,
 See his glory in a blaze:
 Nor can angels ever mention
 Aught that more of God displays;
 Grace and justice
 Here unite to endless days.
- 5 True, 'tis sweet and solemn pleasure,
 God to view in Christ the Lord;
 Here he smiles, and smiles for ever;
 May my soul his name record;
 Praise and bless him,
 And his wonders spread abroad.

515.

7a.

Person and Power of the Spirit.—John vi. 68.

- HOLY Ghost, we look to thee;
 Raise the dead; the captive free;
 From the mighty take the prey;
 Teach the weak to watch and pray.
- 2 Now, dear Lord, the heavens rend;
 Make some haughty rebel bend;
 Life, and light, and truth impart,
 To some careless sinner's heart.
- 3 If it be thy holy will,
 Now thy gracious word fulfil;
 Quicken souls, and make them cry,
 "Jesus, save me, or I die."
- 4 [Nor thy mourning saints forget;
 Thy sweet unction still repeat;
 Daily lead us unto Christ,
 As our Prophet, King, and Priest.]

- 5 Thine it is the church to bless,
And to comfort in distress;
Trembling, helpless souls to guide,
Safe to Jesus' wounded side.
- 6 Out of self to Jesus lead;
For, and in us intercede;
Guide us down to death, and there
Banish all our guilt and fear.
- 7 There, and then, support the mind;
May we be to death resign'd;
And, with an immortal song,
Haste to join the heavenly throng.

516.

8s.

Jehovah united in the Salvation of the Church.—1 Sam. xii. 22.

- THE triune Jehovah we praise,
In essence eternally one;
Who has, by the word of his grace,
His eternal counsels made known;
The Father, the Spirit, and Word,
As three in one God, and no more,
In Zion's salvation accord;
Then let us this one God adore.
- 2 No change can take place in his mind;
His counsels are settled of old;
To Zion he'll ever be kind,
And to her his glory unfold.
Though men, sin, and devils unite
To drive the believer to hell,
Jehovah will put them to flight,
And Zion shall surely prevail.

- 3 In Jesus, and Jesus alone,
 The church stands for ever complete;
 And whilst he remains on his throne,
 He will not the weakest forget;
 They're his and shall ever be his,
 And with him in glory shall reign,
 The triune Jehovah to bless,
 For ever and ever. Amen!

517.

6. 4.

The Trinity.—1 John v. 7.

- WE bless the triune God—
 The Father and the Word,
 And Holy Ghost;
 God, who must ever be,
 The mighty One-in-Three;
 To all eternity,
 The Lord of Hosts.
- 2 Holy, immortal Three,
 One God eternally,
 Teach us to praise;
 Mysterious Three-in-One,
 To us thy grace make known,
 And lead us safely on
 In thy own ways.
- 3 While we in Meshech dwell,
 May we thy wonders tell,
 Nor yield to fear.
 Though men and devils rage,
 And all their powers engage,
 Zion, from age to age,
 Is thy own care.

- 4 We bless the Father's name,
Whose love is still the same;
We also praise
The Spirit and the Word:
Be this one God adored,
In solemn, sweet accord,
To endless days.

518.

7a.

"Glory to God in the highest."—Luke ii. 14.

At the birth of Christ our King,
Angels made the heavens ring,
Singing, with a solemn joy,
"Glory to the Lord on high."

- 2 Glory in the highest height,
Blazing with majestic light,
Shines in David's root and rod,
The incarnate Son of God.
- 3 Sinners here by faith may view,
What Omnipotence can do;
And in measure sweetly trace
The rich treasures of his grace.
- 4 Come, ye mourning souls, rejoice;
Look, and with a cheerful voice,
Sing the honours of your God,
Blazing in the incarnate Word.
- 5 Soon the whole elect shall view
All the glory God can show;
And in bliss immortal sing,
Hallelujah to their King.

519.

S. M.

"Let fall some handfuls."—Ruth ii. 16.

- [WHEN Ruth a gleaning went,
Jehovah was her guide;
To Boaz' field he led her straight,
And she became his bride.]
- 2 Jesus my Boaz is;
My strength and portion too;
His word of grace the precious field,
Where I a gleaning go.
- 3 O what a heavenly field!
What handfuls it contains;
What strength and comfort gleaners get,
To recompense their pains.
- 4 Rejoice, ye mourning souls;
Ye broken hearts, be strong;
The field is ripe for harvest now,
And ye shall glean ere long.
- 5 Ye gleaners, one and all,
Let Christ be all your song;
He is your strength and portion too,
And you to him belong.
- 6 [All blessings he contains;
He cannot let you starve;
The meanest gleaner in his field,
At length shall walk at large.]

520.

104th.

"The law is good if a man use it lawfully."—1 Tim. i. 8.

THE law of the Lord is perfect and good,
But cannot afford nor comfort nor food,

To sinners distressed, o'erwhelmed with fear,
But Jesus the blessed can yield them good cheer

2 The sinner may toil with care and with pain,
Some comfort to bring from Sinai's flame,
Spend long nights in sorrow, and days in distress,
Yet find on the morrow the law doth him curse.

3 Where then can he flee for help or relief?

A sinner is he, a rebel in chief:

He feels himself guilty, and what can he do?
He's unsound and filthy, and no good can show.

4 Thanks be to the Lamb, the great King of kings,
Who comes just in time, & glad tidings brings,
Applies peace & pardon, with power from above,
The poor soul to gladden, and calls him his love.

5 [These tidings Christ brings, and they reach
the heart;

The Spirit he sends his truth to impart;
The sweet Spirit seals him a son and an heir,
And comforts and cheers him, & banisheth fear.]

6 Then ravish'd with joy, and o'ercome with
love, [my God,
"Abba, Father," he'll cry, "my Lord and
My Friend & my Portion, my Head & my All;
Thou art my Salvation from guilt, sin, & thrall."

521.

104th.

"Dead to the law." - Gal. ii. 19.

THANKS be to my Head, the great King of kings,
My life from the dead, the death of my sins;
Who took all my woes, and was made sin for me;
Who died, and who rose, and from sin set me free.

522 THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

- 2 His Spirit he sent, to soften my heart;
The old veil to rend, and life to impart;
To bring me from darkness to light in the Lord,
And kill me to Moses, to sin, and the world.
- 3 Thus I through the law, dead to the law am;
Yet married am I to Jesus the Lamb!
This union is sealed, all heaven's agreed;
From sin and from Moses I henceforth am freed.
- 4 My soul, then, rejoice; let Christ be thy song;
With heart and with voice, with lip and with
tongue,
Before men or angels, sing, Worthy's the Lamb
Of unceasing praises, for ever. Amen.

522.

192nd.

Saints freed from Hagar.—Gen. xxi. 9—12.

- WHAT! must the Christian draw
His comforts from the law,
That can do nothing but condemn?
If this be Zion's rule,
Then unto Hagar's school,
Must Sarah send her free-born son.
- 2 But the bond-woman's son,
With such shall not be one,
Isaac alone is lawful heir;
So Abra'm must obey,
And Ishmael send away,
Nor Hagar must continue there.
- 3 Jehovah has decreed,
None but the chosen seed
Shall ever be accounted free;

Not one shall e'er possess
The promised land of bliss,
But Abra'm's lawful family.

- 4 And these shall all be freed
From bondage, guilt, and dread,
And bliss, immortal bliss, enjoy;
Beyond, beyond the grave,
The land of promise have,
And live with God eternally.

523.

8s.

The Law of Liberty.—James i. 25.

THE gospel's the law of the Lamb;
My soul of its glories shall sing;
With pleasure my tongue shall proclaim
The law of my Saviour and King;
A sweet law of liberty this;
A yoke that is easy and mild;
Of love it the precious law is;
Unknown unto all but a child.

- 2 The law of the Spirit of life,
That takes the old yoke from our neck,
Proves Zion to be the Lamb's wife,
And Zion with beauty doth deck;
Provides her a clothing divine,
And makes her all-glorious within;
Nor angels are clothed more fine,
Nor can it be sullied with sin.
- 3 Its beauties all centre in Christ,
For Christ is the substance of it;
It makes broken hearts to rejoice,
And insolvent debtors will fit;

'Tis wisdom, 'tis strength, and 'tis love;
 'Tis all that a sinner can need,
 And all that are born from above,
 By Jesus from Moses are freed.

- 4 This law is the poor pilgrim's rule;
 With boldness this truth I'll maintain;
 Thrice happy's the man, though a fool,
 That in it can look and remain:
 This man shall be blest in his deed,
 For Jesus and he are but one;
 He'll therefore supply all his need,
 For ever and ever. Amen.

524.

11s

Glad Tidings.—Matt. v. 4.

THE gospel brings tidings, glad tidings indeed,
 To mourners in Zion, who want to be freed
 From sin, & from Satan, & Mount Sinai's flame,
 Good news of salvation, thro' Jesus the Lamb.

- 2 What sweet invitations the gospel contains,
 To men heavy laden with bondage and chains;
 It welcomes the weary to come and be bless'd
 With ease from their burdens, in Jesus to rest.

- 3 For every poor mourner, who thirsts for the
 Lord,

A fountain is open'd in Jesus the Word;
 Their poor parched conscience to cool & to wash
 From guilt & pollution, from dead works & dross.

- 4 A robe is provided, their shame now to hide,
 In which none are clothed but Jesus's bride;
 And though it be costly, yet is the robe free,
 And all Zion's mourners shall deck'd with it be.

- 5 [A ring that denotes his unchangeable love,
Is put on the finger, God's kindness to prove,
(This love no beginning can know, nor an end,)
And Zion shall wear it in praise of her Friend.]

525.

L. M.

The same.—Acts xiii. 32—34.

- WHAT joyful news the gospel is,
To guilty sinners in distress;
It speaks of mercy rich and free,
For such polluted worms as we.
- 2 Jesus, my Shepherd, lived and died,
Rose, and now lives to intercede;
He bears my name upon his heart,
Nor will he ever with me part.
- 3 For me he bore the wrath of God;
For me he in the wine-press trod;
He magnified the law for me,
And I for ever am set free.
- 4 [He loved me ere the world began;
Nor did my Saviour love alone;
The Spirit and the Father join'd,
As one Jehovah, in one mind.]
- 5 In endless love, the Holy Three
All blessings have secured for me;
All good that's worthy of a God,
For me in Jesus Christ is stored.
- 6 What glory, yea, what matchless grace,
Appears in my Redeemer's face;
All Deity can there agree
To smile upon a worm like me.

526.*The same.—Ps. lxxxix. 15.*

148th.

- THRICE happy are the men,
 Who know the joyful sound;
 They glory in the Lamb;
 Their hopes upon him found.
 They see how justice, truth, and grace,
 Agree and shine in Jesus' face.
- 2 A joyful sound indeed,
 To sinners in distress,
 Who have no works to plead
 But what are vile and base;
 Who feel their hearts a dreadful den
 Of every murderous, hateful sin.
- 3 For such to hear and know
 Salvation is of God,
 That Jesus will bestow
 The riches of his love
 On sinners who have nought to bring,
 Will make their very soul to sing.
- 4 He pardons all their sins,
 And makes them white as wool,
 And the sweet Spirit sends,
 To fill their vessels full
 Of faith, and love, and joy, and peace,
 And seal them sons and heirs of grace.

527.*The same.—Rom. x. 15.*

C. M.

WHAT a divine harmonious sound
 The gospel-trumpet gives;
 No music can with it compare;
 The soul that knows it lives.

- 2 Ten thousand blessings it contains,
Divinely rich and free,
For helpless, wretched, ruin'd man,
Though vile and base as we.
- 3 It speaks of pardon, full and free,
Through Christ, the Lamb once slain;
Whose blood can cleanse the foulest soul,
And take away all stain.
- 4 The vilest sinner out of hell,
Who lives to feel his need,
Is welcome to a Throne of Grace,
The Saviour's blood to plead.
- 5 The Lord delights to hear them cry,
And knock at mercy's door;
'Tis grace that makes them feel their need,
And pray to him for more.
- 6 Nor will he send them empty back,
Nor fright them from the door;
The Father has in Jesus stored
All blessings for the poor.

528.

C. M.

The Gospel.—Isa. lv. 1.

- THE gospel is good news indeed,
To sinners deep in debt;
The man who has no works to plead,
Will thankful be for it.
- 2 To know that when he's nought to pay,
His debts are all discharged,
Will make him blooming look as May,
And set his soul at large.

- 3 No news can be compared with this,
 To men oppress'd with sin;
 Who know what legal bondage is,
 And labour but in vain.
- 4 Freedom from sin and Satan's chains,
 And legal toil as well,
 The gospel sweetly now proclaims;
 Which tidings suit them well.
- 5 How gladly does the prisoner hear
 What gospel has to tell;
 'Tis perfect love that casts out fear,
 And brings him from his cell.
- 6 The man that feels his guilt abound,
 And knows himself unclean,
 Will find the gospel's joyful sound,
 Is welcome news to him.

529.

The Law of the Wise.—Prov. xiii. 14.

- SWEET Jesus! how great is thy love;
 Thy mercy and truth know no end;
 And all that are born from above,
 Shall find thee a permanent Friend;
 Dear Saviour! enlighten my eyes,
 That I may the wonders behold
 Contain'd in the law of the wise,
 Too grand and too great to be told.
- 2 O what a rich field of delight;
 How sweet and how fragrant the smell:
 Its beauties astonish me quite,
 Nor am I yet able to tell

The half of the glory I see
 In that divine treasure of grace;
 Sweet wonders are shown unto me,
 When I behold Jesus's face.

- 3 Dear Jesus! thy glories unfold,
 Nor let me be wanting of sight;
 O may I with pleasure behold
 Thy statutes, and in them delight:
 I want to know nothing beside;
 Here's room for my soul to expand;
 Nor can I be better employ'd,
 In Meshech's discouraging land.

530.

C. M.

Election.—Eph. 1. 4—9.

ELECTION is a truth divine;
 As absolute as free;
 Works ne'er can make the blessing mine;
 'Tis God's own wise decree

- 2 Before Jehovah built the skies,
 Or earth, or seas, or sun;
 He chose a people for his praise,
 And gave them to his Son.
- 3 Eternal was the choice of God,—
 A sovereign act indeed:
 And Jesus, the incarnate Word,
 Secures the chosen seed
- 4 He loved and chose because he would;
 Nor did his choice depend
 On sinner's work, or bad, or good,
 But on his sovereign mind.

- 5 Nor law, nor death, nor hell, nor sin,
Can alter his decree;
The elect eternal life shall win,
And all God's glory see.
- 6 His counsel stands for ever sure,
Immortal and divine:
And justice, mercy, truth, and power,
Unite to make it mine.

531.

L. M.

"Now are we the sons of God."—1 John iii. 2.

- BELOVED of the Lord most high,
Let praises be your sweet employ;
Ye sons of God, rejoice, and sing
The honours of your Lord and King.
- 2 Your heavenly Father ever lives,
And all his choicest treasure gives
To you, the favourites of his heart,
Nor will he ever with you part.
- 3 [Whatever be your lot below,
Though you through gloomy paths may go;
Your heavenly Father is your Light,
And he will guide your footsteps right.]
- 4 In every changing scene below,
'Tis yours by faith this grace to view;
Now are we sons and heirs of God,
Fast hastening to our blest abode.
- 5 In every trying, deep distress,
In poverty, and wretchedness,
This truth sweet comfort should afford,
E'en now we are the sons of God.

- 6 Let worldlings know we scorn the toys
Which they so highly love and prize;
We must possess all real good,
Since we are sons and heirs of God.
- 7 Dear Father, bless us with this grace,
While travelling through this wilderness;
Our sonship still to keep in view,
And honour thee in all we do.

532.

148th.

"The ransomed shall return unto Zion."—Isa. xxxv. 10.

- THE ransom'd of the Lord
Shall unto Zion come;
A faithful, loving God
Will surely bring them home:
He gave his life a ransom-price,
And Zion shall in him rejoice.
- 2 The promise of the Lord
Shall stand for ever good,
And Zion shall record
The wonders of his love.
Redemption's glorious work is done;
The ransom'd shall to Zion come.
- 3 [The Holy, Wise, and Just,
His Well-beloved gave;
And shall the man be cursed
That Jesus came to save?
Shall sin and Satan Jesus cheat,
Or prove the ransom incomplete?]
- 4 [O vanity extreme!
And base that heart must be

Whose tongue can dare proclaim
 The ransom'd damn'd shall be:
 The debt is paid; the victory won;
 The ransom'd shall to Zion come.]

5 [They shall rejoice in him,
 And in him they shall boast;
 He saves from wrath and sin,
 From guilt, law, and the curse:
 To Zion they shall all be led,
 And joy shall rest upon their head.]

6 'Tis no uncertain sound
 The gospel trumpet gives;
 The church in Christ is found,
 And by and in him lives:
 While Jesus lives to bring them home,
 The ransom'd shall to Zion come.

533.

C. M.

The Love of Christ.—1 John iii. 16.

How condescending and how wise
 Is the eternal God;
 On wings of love, from heaven he flies,
 The church to buy with blood.

2 He saw her rolling in her filth;
 More beastly far than swine;
 Her only clothing sin and guilt;
 Exposed to wrath divine.

3 He came to save her soul from hell,
 And bring her home to God;
 Her debts and guilt upon him fell;
 He made the payment good.

- 4 His life he gave a ransom-price,
 Resolved to set her free;
 And make her in his name rejoice,
 To all eternity.

534.

7a.

The Blood of Sprinkling.—Heb. xii. 24.

- MERCY speaks by Jesus' blood;
 Hear and sing, ye sons of God;
 Justice satisfied indeed;
 Christ hath full atonement made.
- 2 Jesus' blood speaks loud and sweet;
 Here all Deity can meet,
 And, without a jarring voice,
 Welcome Zion to rejoice.
- 3 Should the law against her roar,
 Jesus' blood still speaks with power,
 "All her debts were cast on me.
 And she must and shall go free."
- 4 Peace of conscience, peace with God,
 We obtain through Jesus' blood:
 Jesus' blood speaks solid rest;
 We believe, and we are blest.

535.

R. 7. 4.

Redeeming Love —Jer. xxxi. 3.

- O! THE love of Christ to sinners!
 Who can make its wonders known?
 Sin-born slaves, through grace, are winners
 Of a bright celestial crown;
 Jesus gives us
 Endless glory and renown

- 2 We, by nature, are disgraceful;
 Nothing but the filth of hell;
 All our righteousnesses hateful;
 Who can half our baseness tell?
 Satan's captives,
 And we loved his service well.
- 3 Jesus saw us sunk in ruin,
 And, determined us to save,
 Shed his blood, and brought us to him;
 For our life his own he gave;
 He redeem'd us
 From sin, Satan, and the grave.
- 4 Endless love he fix'd upon us,
 In eternity that's past;
 Nor will ever take it from us;
 Endless love shall ever last;
 Love redeem'd us,
 And will ever hold us fast.

536.

L. M.

"He hath made him to be sin for us."—2 Cor. v. 21.

BEHOLD a scene of matchless grace,—
 'Tis Jesus in the sinner's place:
 Heaven's brightest glory sunk in shame,
 That rebels might adore his name.

- 2 Tremendous clouds of wrath and dread,
 In vengeance burst upon his head;
 Ten thousand horrors seize his soul,
 And vengeful mountains on him roll.
- 3 He sigh'd; he groan'd; he sweat; he cried;
 In awful floods he sunk and died;

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All penal wrath to Zion due,
Infinite Justice on him threw.

- 4 He rose in triumph from the dead;
Justice declared the debt was paid;
Then Christ, with kingly grandeur, flew,
And took his throne in glory too.
- 5 Come, saints, with solemn pleasure trace
The boundless treasures of his grace;
He bore almighty wrath for you,
That you might all his glory view.

537.

148a.

The Work and Righteousness of Christ.—Rom. iii. 24—26.

THE work of Christ I sing,
And glory in his name:
Immortal life to bring,
The Lord of glory came;
He gave himself for wretched me,
And sets my soul at liberty.

- 2 He magnified the law,
And made an end of sin;
Without a single flaw,
A righteousness brought in.
Come, mourning souls, in Jesus trust;
His righteousness makes sinners just.

538.

L. M.

The Good Man.—Rom. iv. 8—11.

By nature, none of Adam's race
Can boast of goodness in God's sight;
Sin plunged them all in sad disgrace;
Now, nothing merely human's right.

- 2 Good men there are; but, be it known,
 Their goodness dwells in Christ their Head;
 United to God's only Son,
 Their holiness can never fade.
- 3 In him they stand complete and just;
 His righteousness he gives to them;
 Of this they sing, of this they boast,
 Nor law, nor Satan can condemn.
- 4 The One-in-Three, and Three-in-One,
 Sets up his kingdom in their breasts;
 And there, to make his wonders known,
 He ever lives, and reigns, and rests.
- 5 Life, light, and holiness divine,
 From Jesus they by faith receive;
 The Spirit makes his graces shine,
 And gives them power in Christ to live.

539.

149th.

"Rejoice in the Lord."—Joel ii. 23, 26.

CHRISTIANS, rejoice, and sing
 Your Maker's lovely praise;
 He is your God and King—
 Ancient of endless days;

He lives, he reigns, and sits above,
 The King of kings, and God of love.

- 2 No place can him contain;
 Immensity he fills;
 He measures with a span
 The world with all its hills:
 In heaven he reigns, your God and King,
 And will you to his glory bring.

- 3 He saves you by his grace;
O matchless grace indeed,
That such a rebel race
From sin and Satan's freed!
His mercy, truth, and justice join,
To make you in full glory shine.
- 4 The time will shortly come,
When you, with sweet surprise,
Will find yourself at home
With Christ, above the skies;
With him to live, with him to reign,
And never, never part again.

540.

S. M.

Jesus, King of Zion.—Ps. cxlix. 2—4.

- JESUS, the Lord, is King,
And be his name adored;
Let Zion with sweet pleasure sing
The honours of her God.
- 2 His laws are just and mild;
All pregnant with delight;
The church at large, and every child,
Shall prove his burden light.
- 3 Let Christians all attend
To his commanding voice;
His mercies never have an end;
Then be his ways our choice.
- 4 On Zion's hill he reigns,
And still displays his love;
Bids saints remember all his pains,
And lift their hearts above.

541, 542 OFFICES OF CHRIST.

541.

S. M.

Jesus, King in Zion.—Jer. viii. 19; Ps. ii. 6.

- THE Lord is Zion's King;
Let Zion in him trust;
'Midst friends and foes his goodness sing.
And of his mercy boast.
- 2 He rules on Zion's hill,
With laws of peace and grace,
Laws that bespeak his kindness still,
And human pride abase.
- 3 Let saints his sceptre own;
His righteous laws obey;
Acknowledge him the Lord alone,
And walk the heavenly way.

542.

7s.

Christ, our great High Priest.—Heb. iii. 1, 2.

- JESUS is my great High Priest;
Bears my name upon his breast;
And that we may never part,
I am seal'd upon his heart.
- 2 All my sins were on him thrown;
He for them did once atone;
He did all my debts discharge,
And has set my soul at large.
- 3 By his own atoning blood,
He my wounded spirit cured;
Wash'd and made me white as snow;
Cleansed me well from top to toe.
- 4 [He the veil has rent in twain;
Through his flesh I enter in;

And with him for ever rest,
In the Lord's most holy place.]

- 5 He has bought me with his blood;
Reconciled my soul to God;
Made me meet for glory too,
And will bring me safely through.

543.

7a.

"I am the Way."—John xiv. 6.

JESUS is the way to God;
Jesus is the way to bliss;
In this way the church has trod,
Down from Adam's day to this.

- 2 [Jesus is the living way:
All beside to ruin lead;
They are safe, and only they,
Who are one in Christ their Head.]
- 3 [Jesus is a holy way;
Leads to endless joys above;
Holy men, and only they,
Walk in this blest way of love.]
- 4 [Jesus is the narrow way;
Hagarenes have here no room;
Sons, and only sons are they
Who can travel this way home.]
- 5 [Jesus is a humble way:
Pride and self must be brought down;
Nothing like a beast of prey,
Ever can in this way run.]
- 6 [Jesus is the way of strength;
Yet the strong this way can't come;

And the Lord will prove at length,
Weaklings have the victory won.]

7 [Jesus is the way of peace,
Paved from end to end with love:
Yes, this way abounds with grace,
And the needy it approve.]

8 All a helpless soul can need,
All a faithful God can give,
In this way is to be had:
Here the hungry eat and live.

544.

The Path of the Just.—Isa. xxvi. 7, 8.

Ca.

[By nature, can no man be just,
Since all are conceived in sin;
No room is now left us to boast,
For works cannot God's favour win;
But such who in Jesus believe,
Are justified freely by grace;
United to Jesus their Head,
He's made unto them righteousness.]

2 The Lord is the path of the just,
And brighter and brighter shall shine;
To Adam revealed at first;
To Abra'm made known in due time.
The saints saw the path in those days,
But still the path brighter did shine,
When God gave to Moses his ways,
In shadows and types so sublime.

3 Now Jesus, the true light, is come,
The path is far brighter than day;

Nor can that fair body, the sun,
 Shine equal to Jesus, the Way:
 The light that in Moses appear'd,
 Though great, was but dim at the best,
 When with that divine light compared,
 With which the true church is now blest.

545.

7a.

Christ All in All.—Col. iii. 11.

- TRULY that poor soul is just,
 Who, by faith, in Christ can trust;
 In him live, upon him rest,
 As the Lord his Righteousness.
- 2 Sins, as foul as hell he'll find
 Rising up against his mind;
 Nor will Satan spare to say,
 He has quite mistook the way.
- 3 Yet, through all the scenes of time,
 Jesus, as his Way, shall shine,
 Brighter than the blaze of day,
 Suited to him as his Way.
- 4 When he feels his dreadful woes,
 And the craft of Satan knows,
 Faith shall trace in Christ, his Head,
 All his helpless soul can need.
- 5 So his path shall brighter shine,
 Faith increase, and fears decline;
 He, from faith to faith shall go,
 Till he nought but Christ shall know.
- 6 And when he resigns his breath,
 To the icy hand of death,

546, 547 OFFICES OF CHRIST.

In the Lord, his Living Way,
He shall fly to endless day.

546.

Christ a Sun.—Mal. iv. 2.

S. M.

- JEHOVAH is my Sun;
He shines into my heart;
Though clouds do often interpose,
My Sun shall not depart.
- 2 This Sun has warm'd my soul,
When chill'd by sin and death;
Its beams have shone with strength & heat,
And made me strong in faith.
- 3 Whatever be my frame,
My Sun no change can know;
Though I am dark, he still remains
My light and glory too.
- 4 Nor death, nor sin, nor hell,
Shall make him cease to shine;
And, though I cannot always feel
His beams, he's ever mine.
- 5 'Tis no precarious light
That shines on Zion's hill;
'Tis God—essential light itself,
And therefore cannot fail.

547.

Christ the Believer's Shield.—Gen. xv. 1.

C. M.

- WHEN foes within, and foes without,
Against my soul unite,
By faith, I wield my Shield about,
And put them all to flight.

- 2 Should hell against my soul conspire,
And send their darts like hail,
My Shield's a match for all their power,
Nor shall they e'er prevail.
- 3 No fiery darts from Satan's den
Can sons of God destroy;
Their Shield is Christ, by faith in him
They can them all defy.
- 4 Then let the weaklings all be strong:
Take up their Shield, nor fear;
They shall be conquerors all ere long,
And crowns of victory wear.
- 5 Nor shall it e'er be said at last,
Here's one among the damn'd,
That, by a precious faith in Christ,
Behind this Shield did stand.

548.

11s.

Christ a Physician.—Matt. ix. 12.

A PHYSICIAN, I learn, abides in this place,
Profound in his wisdom, abounding in grace;
His skill in all cases infallible is;
Effectual his medicines, nor ever did miss.

2

Poor sinners tormented with sickness or sore,
Are heartily welcome to knock at his door;
He will not deceive them, nor spurn them away,
But freely will heal them by night or by day.

3

All plagues and distempers, all sickness and pain
He cures without money, nor will he disdain

The vilest of sinners, that unto him go,
But surely will heal them, and perfectly too.

4

[The strong and the healthy in vain 'tis to ask
To try this Physician; they'd think it a task;
They feel no disorder, no danger they see,
But boast of a heart that from sickness is free.]

5

[Nor will the afflicted to Jesus apply,
Till quacks give them up and they think they
must die: [past,
When pockets are emptied, and carnal hopes
To Christ they will come and he'll cure them at
last.]

549.

104th.

David in the Cave.—1 Sam. xxii. 1, 2.

[WHEN Jesse's young son was honour'd of God,
The stripling began to publish abroad
The love of Jehovah; his strength, and his might;
Which brought down Goliath in Israel's sight.

2 What joy in the land at once did appear;

Hosanna was sung to David, we hear;

But soon he was forced into Adullam's cave,
And thousands pursued him his life to bereave.

3 To Adullam's cave the wretched all run;

Which David must have, their captain become;
And thus he is furnish'd with men, to be sure,
But, O! be astonish'd! they're helpless & poor.]

4 In David I see a greater by far;

'Tis Jesus,—'tis he who saves from despair;
No sinner dejected that flees to the Lamb,
Shall e'er be neglected, for David's his name.

550.

148th.

Christ the Nail in a Sure Place.—Isa. xxii. 23.

My soul, rejoice and sing,
 Thy Father's glorious praise;
 And let his precious love
 Employ thee all thy days;
 Proclaim, with honour to his name,
 That God is love, and still the same.

2 To save my soul from hell
 Was his eternal will:
 And, bless his precious name,
 His purpose to fulfil,
 He took the Lord, the great I AM,
 And as a nail he fasten'd him.

3 [When deep calls unto deep,
 And sins like mountains rise,
 And the old prince of hell,
 Says all the Bible's lies,
 This Nail is fasten'd in my heart,
 Nor will it e'er from me depart.

4 My wicked heart has said,
 Again, yea, and again,
 That he my soul will leave
 To perish in my sin;
 But though I feel as cold as clay,
 He will not, cannot go away.]

5 He's fasten'd there as God,
 As Shepherd, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Head,
 From whom all blessings spring;
 As all I need, as all I have,
 While here, and when beyond the grave.

551—553 OFFICES OF CHRIST.

551.

7a.

Christ the Rock.—1 Cor. x. 4.

JESUS Christ, the sinner's Friend,
Loves his people to the end;
And that they may safe abide,
He's the Rock in which they hide.

- 2 As a rock, he guards them well
From the rage of sin and hell.
Such a rock is Christ to me,
I am safe though thousands flee!
- 3 Shelter'd in his wounded side,
Now no ill can me betide;
From the tempest cover'd o'er;
One with Him for evermore.

552.

C. M.

"The Lord is my Helper."—Heb. xiii. 6.

THE Lord's my Helper and Support,
My Saviour, and my Friend;
He bears my sinking spirits up,
And will my soul defend.

- 2 Though earth, and hell, and sin agree,
My comfort to destroy;
The Lord of glory fights for me,
Nor will he let me die.

553.

C. M.

The Breaker.—Mic. ii. 13.

THE Breaker is gone forth in love,
With power and skill divine;
Descending from the realms above,
To quell his foes and mine.

- 2 In love to Zion, he has broke
The powers of death and hell;
And her from Sinai's dreadful yoke,
Has broken off as well.
- 3 Though death, and law, and sin agree,
This Breaker to arrest,
He breaks their bonds, himself sets free,
With Zion on his breast.
- 4 He breaks his children's hearts in twain,
And brings proud nature down;
The hearts he breaks he heals again,
And on them puts a crown.
- 5 [He breaks through every darksome cloud,
And shows his lovely face;
Which makes the sinner sing aloud,
"Salvation is of grace."]
- 6 [He breaks the traps and gins that lie
To catch poor pilgrims' feet;
And, when they stumble, makes them fly
To Him, their safe retreat.]
- 7 He'll break the strings of nature soon,
And bid the prisoner fly
Beyond the reach of sin and gloom,
His glory to enjoy.

554.

C. M.

"I will make all my goodness pass before thee."—Exod. xxxiii. 19.

THOUGH we walk through this wilderness,
God's promise is our stay;
His goodness he will make to pass
Before us in the way.

- 2 Goodness, immortal and divine,
The bliss of endless day,
The Lord our God will make to pass
Before us in the way.
- 3 The boundless treasures of his grace,
He surely will display,
And all his goodness make to pass
Before us in the way.
- 4 [Though hosts of enemies rise up,
To fill us with dismay,
The Lord will make his goodness pass
Before us in the way.
- 5 To keep our eyes on Jesus fix'd
And there our hope to stay,
The Lord will make his goodness pass
Before us in the way.]
- 6 To make his saints his glory view,
And sing their cares away,
The Lord will make his goodness pass
Before them in the way.

555.

S. M.

"And I will proclaim my name."—Exod. xxxiii. 19.

- WHEN God proclaims his name,
Then Zion hears with joy;
His grace, from age to age the same,
Shall all her needs supply.
- 2 When he descends to show
The wonders of his heart,
His presence lays proud nature low,
And guilty fears depart.

- 3 Rich mercy he proclaims
To sinners in distress;
And, by the most endearing names,
Reveals to them his grace.

556.

S. M.

The Name of the Lord.—Exod. xxxiii. 19.

- THE Lord proclaims his name,
And sinners hear his voice;
His mercy ever stands the same,
And we'll in him rejoice.
- 2 His name is gracious still,
And freely he bestows
The bounty of his sovereign will,
On all who feel their woes.
- 3 His patience long endures,
And saved sinners know,
A God, long suffering, still restores
Their joy and peace below.
- 4 The thousands whom he loves
He pardons and forgives,
Their persons he in Christ approves,
And will while Jesus lives.
- 5 Lord, help us to believe,
And make thy name our choice;
Thy mercy freely to us give,
And we'll in thee rejoice.

557.

S. S. 6

"In his name shall the Gentiles trust."—Matt. xii. 21.

How sweet and precious is the name
Of Jesus Christ, the Lord, the Lamb,
To sinners in distress;

A name just suited to their case;
Pregnant with mercy, truth, and grace,
With strength, and righteousness.

2 [His name, as Jesus, suits them well:
He saves from sin, wrath, law, and hell,
From guilt, and slavish fears.
His name is Wonderful indeed;
An able Counsellor to plead,
Just suits a case like theirs.]

3 [Immanuel! thrice blessed name!
The God we trust is still the same;
An endless Father He;
A most illustrious Prince of Peace;
A Tower, a precious Hiding-place,
Is Jesus Christ to me.]

4 [Yes, if his name be Lord of Hosts,
Of his almighty power I'll boast;
He all my foes shall quell;
He's all the helpless soul can need;
No ointment put on Aaron's head,
Could give so sweet a smell.]

5 In him the Gentile church shall trust;
Of him shall sing; of him shall boast;
On him cast all their care;
He is their God, and they shall know
What his almighty power can do,
Nor death, nor danger fear.

558.

The Name of Christ.—Col. i. 19.

7a.

SWEET the name of Christ must be,
From and to eternity;

For it pleased the Father well,
Fulness all in Christ should dwell.

- 2 Jesus is his name, and Christ;
He my Surety is and Priest;
He has saved my soul from sin,
And I stand complete in him.
- 3 Unctuous is his heavenly love;
He anoints me from above;
When his heavenly odours flow,
I have joy and peace below.
- 4 Head o'er all is Christ to me,
And I shall his glory see;
Therefore in his name I'll trust,
And of him will make my boast.
- 5 All a hungry soul can want,
Jesus' name will richly grant;
Not a blessing God can give,
But with Christ the church shall have.
- 6 May I ever here confide,
Let whatever ills betide;
And if sufferings must ensue,
Gladly bear those sufferings too.
- 7 May this name be all my choice;
If reproach'd, let me rejoice;
And with pleasure keep in view,
What the Lord for me went through.

559.

148th.

"Great is the Lord."—1 Chron. xvi. 25.

THE works of God proclaim
The greatness of his power;

467

Jehovah is his name;
 The saints his name adore;
 All creatures are at his control;
 He rules and reigns from pole to pole.

- 2 Such his omnipotence,
 And such his justice too,
 A world he drowns at once,
 Except a very few:
 He sends his millions down to hell,
 And yet is just and holy still.
- 3 But O, my soul, admire!
 He looks with smiling face;
 Though awful is his ire,
 Yet boundless is his grace:
 Mercy and justice here agree,
 To save a guilty wretch like me.
- 4 That Zion might be free,
 The angry powers of hell,
 As settled by decree,
 Upon the Saviour fell;
 'Twas in this way the Lord did show
 What his almighty love could do.
- 5 [Justice unsheath'd its sword,
 "Awake," the Father cries,
 "And smite the Son of God,
 My fellow from the skies:
 Fall on him with thy wrathful power,
 Nor spare him in the trying hour."
- 6 Justice obey'd the word;
 The Lord a victim fell;

Shed all his vital blood;
 Then spoil'd the powers of hell;
 He rose, and triumph'd o'er the grave,
 And ever lives the church to save.]

- 7 Here I with wonder see,
 The Lord is great indeed;
 Great is his love to me,
 And all his chosen seed:
 He's great, and Zion shall record
 The greatness of the mighty Lord.

560.

8. 7. 4.

"Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd."—Zech. xiii. 7.

- O THOU mighty God and Saviour,
 Give us faith thy works to trace;
 Heavenly Warrior, may we never
 From thee turn away our face:
 May we view thee,
 Standing in our wretched place.
- 2 Arm'd with wrath and righteous vengeance,
 Justice once unsheath'd its sword;
 Death and hell were its attendants,
 And Jehovah gave the word;
 "Smite the Shepherd;
 Let my wrath on him be pour'd."
- 3 All obey'd with fix'd attention,
 And in dreadful troops drew near;
 Horrors, we can never mention,
 Seized our Lord and Saviour there:
 Arm'd with vengeance,
 Free from either dread or fear.

501. SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

- 4 Gaze, ye Christians, gaze and wonder;
See the mighty Hero fight;
He has burst their bands asunder,
And completely spoil'd their might;
Yes, this Warrior
Put the hosts of hell to flight!
- 5 Now the battle's fought and gained;
Jesus, our victorious Lord,
Rush'd into the hosts and stained
All his garments in their blood:
But he conquer'd,
And redeem'd the church to God.

561.

C. M.

"Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise," &c.—Isa. ix. 5.

- JESUS our heavenly Warrior is,
He fights our battles well:
His wisdom, love, and power displays,
And conquers death and hell.
- 2 When this almighty Warrior stood
The church's woes to bear,
Sin, Satan, and the curse of God,
In blazing wrath drew near.
- 3 He bore their every poisonous dart,
Nor from God's vengeance fled;
Hell seized his agonized heart,
And, lo! he bow'd his head.
- 4 He stain'd his garments in their blood,
And O! victorious King!
In triumph rose the conquering God,
Sweet victory to sing.

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 562, 563.

- 5 He satisfied the claims of law,
In that tremendous day;
Let saints from hence their comfort draw,
And sing their cares away.
- 6 O for a living faith to view
The victories of the Lamb;
And sweetly lean upon him too,
Nor fear to trust his name.

562.

7a.

Fellowship with Christ's Sufferings.—Phil. iii. 10.

- JESUS is the King of kings,
And in him are all my springs;
Jesus lived and died for me,
And from bondage sets me free.
- 2 That I might be saved from hell,
Vengeance on my Saviour fell;
Bathed in blood was Christ for me;
Loved me from eternity.
- 3 All the sorrows he endured,
Were by his own spouse procured;
Yet his tender, loving heart
Never will from her depart.

563.

8. 7. 4.

"Called unto the fellowship of Christ."—1 Cor. i. 9.

- COME, thou now exalted Saviour,
Bless us with a solemn frame;
Teach us now, henceforth, for ever,
To adore thy precious name;
Lovely Jesus,
Never let us stray again.

- 2 Lead us forth by thy sweet Spirit,
 Now to feed on heavenly food;
 And by faith, may we inherit
 The true riches of our God;
 And with pleasure,
 Trace the wonders of thy blood.
- 3 Into thy heart-breaking sorrows,
 May our souls be sweetly led;
 May we gaze upon the furrows
 That within thy back were made;
 And, believing,
 Fellowship with Jesus have.
- 4 May we never rest, or glory
 In a form, without the power:
 Jesus, make us wise and holy,
 Thee to love and to adore;
 And, in living,
 Live in thee for evermore.
- 5 [While in Meshech we must wander,
 Lead us, out of self, to thee;
 And, with a transporting wonder,
 May we oft thy glory see;
 And, when dying,
 Sing of deathless victory.]

564.

C. M.

Glorying in the Cross of Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

DEAR Lord! forbid that we should boast,
 Save in the Cross of Christ,
 Here may we confidently trust,
 And solemnly rejoice.

- 2 A triune God is here display'd
In all his glorious hue;
Here sinners may approach and live,
Behold, and love him too.
- 3 Here we have power to plead with God,
And call the Lord our own;
With pleasure view our Father sit
Upon a smiling throne.
- 4 Lose sight of Jesus and his Cross,
And soon we fall a prey;
Our lust and pride, by power or craft,
Will carry us away.
- 5 But when, by faith, the Cross we view,
Such is its mighty power,
Though earth and hell unite with sin,
We conquer and adore.

565.

8a.

Deliverance from Guilt and Ruin by Christ.—1 Thess. i. 10.

REJOICE, and let Christ be thy song,
For he is thy All and in All;
He leads my soul safely along,
In spite of the world, sin, or thrall:
'Though poor in myself, yet in him
I've riches immense and divine:
Nor can I be brought guilty in,
For Jesus, my Lord, paid the fine.

- 2 Once I was enveloped in debt,
My poor mind was burden'd with sin,
And strove hard to make matters straight,
'That I the Lord's favour might win!

But ah! my soul labour'd in vain,
 And only the debt did increase,
 Which greatly increased my pain,
 And fill'd me with shame and disgrace.

- 3 I look'd to the law for some help,
 And hoped it some mercy would show,
 But O, my soul trembled, and felt
 The law could but doom me to woe:
 I saw it too just to forgive;
 Too holy at sin to connive;
 Then speechless I stood, as if dead,
 Nor did I expect a reprieve.
- 4 But while I stood trembling with fear,
 The Saviour of sinners came in,
 Who smiled, and said, "Be of good cheer,
 I surely will save thee from sin;
 I'm Jesus, the First and the Last;
 Thy debts have been charged on me—
 The future, the present, the past—
 And thou shalt for ever go free."

566.

Christ All and in All.—Col. iii. 11.

YE famishing, naked, and poor,
 Distressed, tormented, forlorn,
 In Christ is a suitable store,
 For all that unto him will come:
 He's bread, and the bread of life too;
 Well suited the hungry to fill;
 Nor one that unto him shall go,
 But what will approve the bread well.

- 2 Yes, he is the true paschal Lamb,
 Of which all his Israel must eat;
 Not sodden, but roast in the flame
 Of Sinai's most horrible heat.
 This, this is the true fatted calf,
 The Father gave orders to kill,
 That prodigals might have enough,
 When feasting on fair Zion's hill.
- 3 [The wine of the kingdom is Christ,
 Provided for beggars distress'd!
 Which makes broken hearts to rejoice,
 When with it the soul is refresh'd.
 He's water to cleanse and to heal;
 The thirsty are welcome to drink;
 A river that never can fail;
 A fountain, that never can sink:
- 4 It always is full to the brim,
 With waters of life and of peace;
 From which blessings flow like a stream.
 As free as the sun runs its race.
 He's marrow, and fatness as well;
 A fulness of every good:
 Nor Gabriel is able to tell,
 The blessings that in him are stored.]

567.

C. M.

"Christ the hope of glory."—Col. i. 27.

JESUS, the Lord, my Saviour is,
 My Shepherd, and my God;
 My light, my strength, my joy, my bliss,
 And I his grace record.

- 2 Whate'er I need in Jesus dwells,
And there it dwells for me:
'Tis Christ my earthen vessel fills
With treasures rich and free.
- 3 Mercy, and truth, and righteousness,
And peace, most richly meet
In Jesus Christ, the King of Grace,
In whom I stand complete.
- 4 As through the wilderness I roam,
His mercies I'll proclaim;
And when I safely reach my home,
I'll still adore his name.
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb," shall be my song,
"For he for me was slain;"
And with me all the heavenly throng
Shall join, and say, "Amen."

568.

104th.

Christ the Believer's Song.—Rev. xiv. 3.

YE saints of the Lord, rejoice in your King;
His mercy record; his faithfulness sing;
His infinite power and wisdom proclaim,
His free grace adore, and sing, "Worthy's the
Lamb!"

- 2 Complete and all pure in Jesus you are;
Your baseness he bore, and makes you all fair;
Nor Gabriel can boast of a robe more divine,
Than on you is cast, and in which you shall shine.
- 3 'Midst worlds in a blaze, and wrath streaming
forth,
While millions shall gaze divested of hope,

In dread consternation, distracted with fear
Of just condemnation, and utter despair.

4 The Christian shall stand, without fear or
shame,

At Jesus' right hand, in glory to reign:
The dread conflagration their joy can't decrease;
Complete's their salvation, and all is of grace.

5 Hallelujah, Amen! Salvation's of God!

Repeat it again, and publish abroad
The love of your Saviour; what theme's so complete? [great.
He'll leave you? No, never! his love is too

569.

8a

Christ and his Church.—Eph. v. 25—27.

THE Father, in eternal love,
His heart upon Zion did set;
Her name he enrolled above;
Nor will he fair Zion forget;
He chose her in Jesus, his Son,
And gave her to him for a wife;
Who freely accepted the same,
Though knowing she'd cost him his life.

2 He saw her polluted with sin,
Enveloped in debt and distress;
Determined her heart he would win,
Engaged to save her by grace:
He took all her debts and her woes,
And for her was surely made sin;
He fought and he conquer'd her foes,
And with him she shall live and reign.

570.

C. M.

Christ and his Blessings a Free Gift.—Eph. i. 22.

THE Lord on high his love proclaims,
 And makes his goodness known;
 To men, deserving endless pains,
 He gave his only Son.

- 2 He gave his Son their life to be,
 To save them from despair;
 From death and hell to set them free,
 In glory to appear.
- 3 All real good in Jesus dwells,
 And freely is bestow'd
 To such as cannot help themselves,
 And cry for help to God.
- 4 Then, mourning souls, dry up your tears;
 Though wretched be your case,
 His love shall banish all your fears;
 He'll save you by his grace.

571.

148th.

"Behold my Servant whom I uphold."—Isa. xlii. 1.

BEHOLD, with wondering eyes,
 The Servant of the Lord;
 On wings of love he flies,
 His counsels to unfold!
 He comes, he comes with truth and grace!
 And Zion shall behold his face.

- 2 Behold him as your Head;
 Your Husband, and your Friend;
 Your Saviour, and your God;
 Your Way; your Life; your End:

Behold him as your Shepherd dear,
And on him rest when danger's near.

- 3 Behold him as your King,
Whose laws are peace and love:
Mercy and judgment sing,
And set your minds above:
Behold him as your great High Priest,
With Zion's name upon his breast.
- 4 Your Counsellor to plead,
Your Prophet he to teach;
A Daysman he is made,
To make up every breach:
On him depend; before him fall;
Behold him as your All in All.

572.

8. 8. 6.

"Mine Elect, in whom my soul delighteth."—Isa. xlii. 1.

BEFORE the earth or seas were made,
Jesus was chosen as our Head,
The Father's first Elect;
In him the church was chosen too,
And he engaged to bring them through,
Nor will he them neglect.

- 2 He undertook the care and charge,
And promised they should walk at large,
And all his glory view.
Anon the Father's set time came,
Nor did the Saviour then disdain
The Father's will to do.
- 3 "Behold him now," the Father cries,
"Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes,
And view your Saviour dear:

In him my soul delighteth well;
 My great commands he shall fulfil,
 And banish all your fear.

- 4 "Ye tried, ye tempted sinners, look
 To my Elect, who undertook
 To ransom you with blood:
 In him I'm ever, ever pleased,
 And you shall of your pain be eased,
 And see a smiling God.

- 5 "Whatever be your frame of mind,
 You never will perfection find,
 But in the Lord alone:
 No spot nor wrinkle can I see
 In them that unto Jesus flee:
 For they and he are one."

573.

The One Thing Needful.—Luke x. 42.

8. 7. 4.

JESUS is the one thing needful;
 I without him perish must:
 Gracious Spirit, make me heedful;
 Help me in his name to trust;
 And with pleasure,
 In him, as my portion, boast.

- 2 In the councils of Jehovah,
 He was needed much indeed;
 There to stand a mighty Lover,
 In the church's room and stead:
 As her Surety,
 And her everlasting Head.

- 3 He is needful in all stations,
 While in Meshech I reside;

All my springs and consolations,
 In him, as my Head, abide:
 And in glory,
 I shall sing to him that died.

574.

7. 6.

Another.

WHAT a precious needful thing,
 Is the Lord and Saviour;
 Zion shall his mercy sing,
 Now, henceforth, and ever:
 In him a rich fulness dwells,
 And is freely given;
 Law and conscience Jesus quells;
 Crooked things makes even.

- 2 Mercy from his bosom flows,
 Free as any river;
 He redresses all the woes
 Of a weak believer:
 Sinners in corruption's pit,
 Know they greatly need him:
 He and he alone is fit,
 From it to relieve them.
- 3 He is needful as our all;
 May we cleave unto him;
 Every blessing, great and small,
 Flows to Zion through him;
 Happy is the man indeed,
 Who has such a Saviour;
 Every blessing he can need,
 Dwells in him for ever.

575, 576 CONVERSION—SALVATION.

575.

7s.

"Called of God"—Heb. v. 4.

- CALL'D to see God's righteous law,
Holy is without a flaw;
Call'd to feel its vengeful power,
And to tremble in that hour.
- 2 Call'd the cleansing blood to feel;
Call'd to know it me can heal;
Call'd to feel my guilt depart,
Through the Saviour's bleeding heart.
- 3 Call'd, and call'd by grace divine,
In full glory I shall shine:
Call'd, while here, to sing and tell,
Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 Call'd to part with flesh and sin,
And eternal life to win;
And, when Jesus bids me fly,
Sing his praise beyond the sky.

576.

7s.

Saved by Grace.—Eph. ii. 8.

- SAVED, and saved alone by grace;
Saved to see my Saviour's face;
Saved from Satan's iron yoke,
And the law that I had broke.
- 2 Saved from sin, that hateful foe
That has millions plunged in woe:
Saved from all its reigning power;
Saved to serve my lusts no more.
- 3 Saved, nor can I be condemn'd;
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend,

Took my place and vengeance bore,
Me to save for evermore.

- 4 Death, nor hell, nor world, nor sin,
Foes without, nor foes within,
Ever can my soul destroy:
I am saved eternally.

577.

11s.

Free Grace.—Rom. iii. 24.

Is Jesus my Saviour, my Husband, and Friend,
And my Elder Brother, who loves to the end?
Then of him, with pleasure, for ever I'll sing;
He is my rich treasure, my God, and my King.

2

His love he fix'd on me before time began,
Nor will he take from me the love he had then;
Determined to save me, he bore all my guilt;
And rather than lose me his own blood he spilt.

578.

8s

The same.—Rom. v. 6, 8, 9.

FREE grace is the theme of my song;
A subject divinely sublime:
Though weak in myself, yet I'm strong,
For Jehovah-Jesus is mine.
He's mine, and with pleasure I see,
We both are united in one;
And such is my Jesus to me,
I never can from him be torn.

579.

C. M.

The Love of God to his people.—Jer. xxxi. 3.

SALVATION! O my soul, rejoice;
Salvation is of God:

He speaks, and that almighty voice,
Proclaims his grace abroad.

- 2 How wonderful, how grand the plan!
All Deity's engaged
To rescue rebel, ruin'd man,
From Satan's power and rage.
- 3 The Father loved us ere we fell,
And will for ever love;
Nor shall the powers of earth or hell
His love from Zion move.
- 4 'Twas love that moved him to ordain
A Surety just and good;
And on his heart inscribe the name
Of all for whom he stood.
- 5 Nor is the Surety short of love:
He loves beyond degree;
No less than love divine could move
The Lord to die for me.
- 6 And O what love the Spirit shows;
When Jesus he reveals
To men oppress'd with sin and woes,
He all their sorrows heals.
- 7 The Three-in-One and One-in-Three,
In love for ever rest;
And Zion shall in glory be,
And with his love be bless'd.

580.

S. S. G.

Sinners married to Christ.—Jer. iii. 14.

My soul with holy wonder views
The love the Lord the Saviour shows
To wretched, dying man;

So strange, so boundless is his grace,
 He takes the vilest of our race,
 With him to live and reign.

- 2 He'll charm them with a holy kiss,
 And make them know what union is;
 He'll draw them to his breast:
 A smiling eye upon them cast,
 Which brings them to his feet in haste,
 Each singing, "I am blest!"
- 3 "I'm blest, I'm blest, for ever blest;
 My rags are gone, and I am dress'd
 In garments white as snow;
 I'm married to the Lord the Lamb,
 Whose beauties I can ne'er explain,
 Nor half his glory show."

581.

8s.

Christ makes known his love to his Spouse.—John xiv. 21.

- I'LL speak forth the love of my Lord,
 His praises my tongue shall employ;
 He bought me with his precious blood,
 Nor Gabriel is loved more than I:
 Though pure, he for me was made sin;
 Though rich, he for me became poor;
 Though free, yet a debtor brought in;
 For me he has paid the long score.
- 2 [These truths to my heart he proclaim'd,
 When helpless I stood and distress'd,
 When I at the bar was arraign'd,
 With law, sin, and terrors oppress'd;
 No hand to my help did appear;
 The witness against me was true;

Which fill'd me with horror and fear
Till Jesus, my Lord, came in view.]

- 3 He saw me distress'd, and he said,
"Fear not, I procured thy discharge;
I'm Jesus who live, and was dead,
And now will I set thee at large."
Not one in the court did object,
But all gave a smile when he spoke;
He then took the yoke off my neck,
And ravish'd my soul with his look.
- 4 What joy fill'd my soul, who can tell?
But surely I ne'er shall forget;
My Jesus has all things done well,
And therefore his love I'll repeat:
To him all the glory belongs;
My soul shall speak well of his name;
He now is the theme of my songs,
And shall be for ever the same.

582.

8. 7. 4.

The Love of Christ immeasurable.—Jno. iii. 16.

HIGH beyond imagination
Is the love of God to man;
Far too deep for human reason;
Fathom that it never can:
Love eternal,
Richly dwells in Christ the Lamb.

- 2 Love like Jesus' none can measure,
Nor can its dimensions know;
'Tis a boundless, endless river,
And its waters freely flow:

O ye thirsty,
Come and taste its streams below.

- 3 Jesus loved, and loves for ever,
Zion on his heart does dwell;
He will never, never, never
Leave his church a prey to hell:
All is settled,
And my soul approves it well.

583.

8. 7. 4.

"I lay down my life for the sheep."—John x. 15.

O MY soul, admire and wonder;
Jesus lived and died for thee;
He has broke the bands asunder,
And from bondage set thee free:
Sweet deliverance,
Jesus Christ has wrought for me.

- 2 [I a slave to sin and Satan
Once did live, and liked it well,
But the God of my salvation,
Died to save my soul from hell:
Precious Saviour,
Let me ever with thee dwell.]

- 3 All the debts I had contracted,
He, in mercy, call'd his own;
And, lest I should be neglected,
Drew me near his gracious throne;
Paid all charges,
Then, and for the time to come.

- 4 Soon I hope to see his glory,
And, with all the saints above,

Sing and tell the pleasing story,
 In the highest strains of love;
 And for ever,
 Live and reign with him above.

584.

7a.

"In his love he redeemed them," &c.—Isa. lxiii. 9.

- JESUS lived, and loved, and died,
 Rose, and lives to intercede;
 And with Zion on his breast,
 He hath said he'll ever rest.
- 2 Long before this world was made,
 Or that monster Sin appear'd,
 God was love, and loved the men
 He designed to redeem.
- 3 Love constrain'd the Lamb to die,
 For poor, wretched, guilty I;
 Love, immensely great and free,
 Christ has shown to worthless me.
- 4 Once I roll'd in guilt and sin,
 Heeded not a heart unclean;
 But I now with wonder tell,
 Jesus saved my soul from hell.

585

148th.

No Help for Sinners but in Christ.—Eph. i. 6, 7.

WHERE must a sinner fly,
 That feels himself undone?
 On what kind hand rely,
 Eternal wrath to shun?
 Can wit or reason help him out,
 And bring a lasting peace about?

- 2 Reason no help can give,
But leaves him in distress;
Nor can he be reprieved
By works of righteousness:
The law as loud as thunder cries,
"The soul that sins against me, dies."
- 3 [Should creatures all agree,
To give him settled rest;
They cannot set him free,
Nor cheer his troubled breast:
No human arm his case can reach,
Nor men, nor angels, heal the breach.]
- 4 Salvation is of God;
Jehovah is his name;
The Saviour shed his blood;
The Lord of Life was slain;
And by his own atoning blood,
He made a precious way to God.
- 5 Here sinners may draw near,
With all their sin and guilt;
Nor death nor danger fear,
Since Jesus' blood was spilt,
A door of hope is open'd wide,
In Jesus' bleeding hands and side.

586.

146th.

Sinners welcome to Christ.—Mark xvi. 15.

YE servants of the Lord,
Ye messengers of grace,
Go forth, with one accord,
Proclaim a full release:

489

Jesus hath made an end of sin,
And righteousness divine brought in.

- 2 With tidings great and grand;
Tidings immensely good;
Proclaim, through all the land,
Redemption through his blood:
Jesus hath made, &c.

- 3 Ye sinners in distress,
The tidings are for you:
Salvation is of grace,
And full salvation too:
Jesus, &c.

587.

Gospel Invitation.—Rev. xlii. 17.

S W.

COME, whosoever will,
Nor vainly strive to mend;
Sinners are freely welcome still
To Christ, the sinner's Friend.

- 2 The gospel-table's spread
And richly furnish'd too,
With wine and milk, and living bread,
And dainties not a few.
- 3 [The guilty, vile, and base,
The wretched and forlorn,
Are welcome to the feast of grace,
Though goodness they have none.]
- 4 No goodness he expects;
He came to save the poor;
Poor helpless souls he ne'er neglects,
Nor sends them from his door.

- 5 His tender, loving heart
The vilest will embrace;
And freely to them will impart
The riches of his grace.

588.

The Beggar.—Ps. xii. 5; xxxiv. 6. C. M.

- A LIMPING beggar, clothed in rags;
Disgraceful and forlorn;
In self a mass of hateful dregs,
In Satan's image born;
- 2 To Jesus comes, with all his woes,
And loud for mercy cries;
And mercy, like a river, flows
From Jesus' heart and eyes.
- 3 He takes the rebel to his breast,
And, with a touch divine,
Heals him of all his wretchedness,
And makes his face to shine.
- 4 Himself he binds by oath and blood,
To take the wretch to bliss;
Then gives his soul a glimpse of God,
And kills him with a kiss.
- 5 Salvation unto God belongs!
Amen! we'll bless his name;
And when we have immortal tongues,
We'll still repeat the same.

589.

8. 8. 6.

The Beggar's Needs all in Christ.—1 Sam. ii. 8.

- A BEGGAR, vile and base, I come,
Without a friend, without a home,
And knock at mercy's door:

A friendless, helpless wretch indeed,
Nor have I one good work to plead,
Yet crave a living store.

- 2 My wants are great, and many too:
O Lamb of God, some pity show
Or I must surely die:
No other hand can help but thee;
I've tried the rest, and plainly see
They cannot me supply.
- 3 But though my wants are very great,
In Jesus they most richly meet;
With him I've all the rest:
And wilt thou give thyself to me?
From sin and Satan set me free?—
Then I'm completely blest.
- 4 Source of delight! Fountain of bliss!
In thee I all things do possess;
My treasure is divine:
With holy wonder I adore
The God who thus doth bless the poor,
And make their faces shine.

590.

148th.

The Prodigal.—Luke xv. 11—24.

Now for a song of praise,
To our Redeemer God;
Whose glorious works and ways
Proclaim his love abroad:
Ye prodigals, lift up your voice,
And let us all in him rejoice.

- 2 A sinner, saved by grace,
And God calls him his son,

From Jesus turn'd his face,
And from his Father run:
Spent all he had with harlots base,
And brought himself into disgrace.

3 And now in his distress,
A servant he becomes;
Some legalizing priest,
Has hired him, it seems:
Then sends him forth to feed his swine,
And husks he now must eat or pine.

4 So off the rebel sets,
And to the herd he goes;
Then tries to eat his husks,
But now he feels his woes:
With hunger pinch'd, he cried and said,
"My Father's house abounds with bread;

5 "Alas! what can I do?
I starving am for want;
I'll to my Father go,
And tell him my complaint;
I'll tell him, too, how base I am,
Not worthy to be call'd his son."

6 He said, and off he goes
Towards his Father's house,
With neither shoes nor hose,
Nor any other dress,
Except his base and filthy rags—
Of sin and guilt the very dregs.

7 But O, good news of grace!
The Father saw him come,

And, with a smiling face,
 He ran to fetch him home:
 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
 And kiss'd him, for his mercy's sake.

8 "Father," the rebel cries,
 "I've sinn'd against thy love;"
 The Father then replies,
 "Bring hither the best robe;
 Yes, bring it forth, and put it on,
 For this my son's alive again.

9 "Put shoes upon his feet,
 And on his hand a ring;
 Bring forth the fatted calf,
 And let us eat and sing;"
 And now the Father's house abounds
 With joy, and sweet harmonious sounds.

591.

11. 8.

The Man is blessed who believes in Christ.—John xiv. 1—3.

How blest is the man who in Jesus believes,
 And on him can cast all his cares;
 A righteousness full and complete he receives,
 That hides all his guilt, sin, and fears.

2

[No creature on earth is more happy than he,
 Nor Gabriel himself is more blest;
 He lives on the bounty of grace, rich and free—
 A glorious immortal repast.]

3

Whate'er be his lot, while on earth he resides,
 His glory can never depart;

He's one in the Lord, and in him he abides,
United together in heart.

4

The time is now fixed, and soon it will come,
When Christ will his messenger send—
To fetch him from Meshech, & carry him home;
And then all his sorrows will end.

592.

8. 8. 6.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. lxiii. 1.

MIGHTY to save is Christ the Lamb;
Let all the saints adore his name,
And make his goodness known;
With one accord proclaim abroad,
The wonders of their Saviour, God,
Whose blood did once atone.

2 Mighty to save ! nor all sin's power
Can hold the sinner in that hour
When Jesus calls him home ;
Nor Moses, with his iron rod,
Can keep the trembling soul from God,
When the set time is come.

3 [Mighty to save ! he saves from hell :
A mighty Saviour suits me well ;
A helpless wretch am I ;
With sin oppress'd, by law condemn'd,
With neither feet nor legs to stand,
Nor wings from wrath to fly.]

4 [Mighty to save ! he saves from death :
O may I, with my latest breath,
His mighty power proclaim.

Ye sinners lost, and wretched too,
 He came to save such worms as you,
 And mighty is his name.]

- 5 [Mighty to save ! let Zion sing
 The honours of her God and King,
 Whose love no change can know ;
 With cheerful hearts, and cheerful voice,
 We'll in the mighty God rejoice,
 And sing his praise below.]
- 6 And when the icy hand of death,
 Shall steal away our mortal breath,
 Our joy shall still increase ;
 Yes, with a loud immortal tongue,
 We'll sing, and Christ shall be our song,
 In realms of endless peace.

593.

8. 7. 4.

The same.

- JESUS is a mighty Saviour;
 Helpless souls have here a Friend ;
 He has borne their misbehaviour,
 And his mercy knows no end ;
 O ye helpless,
 Come, and on his grace depend !
- 2 He, to save your souls from ruin,
 Shed his blood upon the tree !
 O ye needy, haste unto him ;
 His salvation's full and free ;
 Vilest sinners
 Shall his great salvation see.
- 3 [Whatsoe'er your age or case be,
 None can save you but the Lamb;

If in prison, he can set free,
 And a full release proclaim ;
 He is mighty,
 And to save the lost he came.]

- 4 Yes, the very worst of sinners,
 Who upon his grace rely,
 Shall of endless bliss be winners,
 And shall sing, beyond the sky,
 Songs of praises,
 To the Lamb that once did die.

594.

7s.

"My peace I give unto you."—John xiv. 27.

- O MY soul, with wonder tell,
 Jesus hath done all things well ;
 And, through his atoning blood,
 I've a settled peace with God.
- 2 He bequeath'd his peace to me,
 As a gift divinely free ;
 And it is his righteous will,
 That my soul in peace shall dwell.
- 3 [Love to such vile worms as I,
 Brought the Saviour from the sky ;
 Every foe for them to quell,
 Jesus conquer'd death and hell.]
- 4 [Gifts like this, so full and free,
 Stand as firm as Deity ;
 God has sworn, nor can he lie,
 It shall last eternally.]
- 5 Justice, mercy, truth, and love,
 Every attribute of God,

Join to make this peace secure,
And it must and shall endure.

- 6 What a solid basis this;
Such a peace can never miss;
But produce a grateful mind,
To a God so vastly kind.
- 7 [Mourning souls, who feel the smart
Of a guilty, treacherous heart,
And with mighty care and pain,
Struggle hard relief to gain;
- 8 Labour hard you may, and long,
But you'll find your foes too strong;
Solid peace can ne'er be had,
Only through a Saviour's blood.]
- 9 Jesus, mighty Prince of peace!
Now proclaim a full release;
Set poor captive sinners free;
Give them solid peace in thee.

595.

8s.

Free Grace.—Eph. ii. 5—8.

FREE grace is the joy of my heart;
Its glories, with wonder, I trace;
To me it doth freely impart
Rich blessings, just suiting my case:
No monster more wretched could be,
Nor less of God's favour deserve;
Yet such is free grace unto me,
I never, no, never can starve.

- 2 [Grace takes all my ruin and woe,
Nor murmurs my burdens to bear;

And grace in return makes me know
 In Jesus I'm comely and fair;
 In self I'm polluted and vile;
 But grace sweetly speaks unto me,
 It tells me, and that with a smile,
 In Jesus I'm perfect and free.]

- 3 Its blessings, though rich and divine,
 Are all without money and price;
 A soul, though as wretched as mine,
 May venture to hope and rejoice!
 Its highest delight is to give
 True riches to sinners undone;
 Nor can it, nor will it deceive,
 The soul that with Jesus is one.

596.

C. M.

The same.—Titus ii. 11—14.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
 His footsteps who can trace?
 His love, more ancient than the skies,
 Breaks forth in boundless grace.

- 2 In vast eternity he chose
 A people for his praise;
 And saves them from their guilt and woe,
 By his almighty grace.
- 3 Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd,
 His beauties call'd to trace,
 No angel can be more esteem'd
 Than sinners saved by grace.
- 4 [Immortal love no change can know,
 Though clouds surround his face;

597, 598 SALVATION AND

All Israel must to glory go;
As trophies of his grace.]

5 [Satan and sin may vex the mind,
And threaten with disgrace;
But after all, the saint shall find
He's saved, and saved by grace.]

6 The work begun is carried on,
Nor hell can it deface;
The whole elect with Christ are one,
And must be saved by grace.

7 Where Jesus is, there they must be,
And view his lovely face;
And sit to all eternity,
In chanting forth his grace.

597.

"I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

86.

JEHOVAH, the Saviour, appears,
A world to redeem from its woes!
From guilt, sin, wrath, bondage, and fears
From Satan, and all that oppose.
Adored be his name for his grace,
His faithfulness, justice, and truth,
He saves, and he smiles in the face,
Nor scorns neither aged nor youth.

598.

"A peculiar people."—Titus ii. 14.

148th.

PECULIAR are the saints,
And God doth them esteem;
Though numerous are their wants,
They all things have in him:
He is their treasure, and their joy,
Nor can they ever starve or die.

- 2 [Loved from eternity,
And chosen in the Lamb,
The eternal One-in-Three,
Jehovah, Great I AM,
Himself hath bound, by holy ties,
To take them up beyond the skies.]
- 3 [Peculiar is the grace,
Which makes their bliss secure;
Its beauties none can trace,
Nor know its saving power;—
None but this little favour'd few
Can know what endless love can do.]
- 4 Bought with the blood of Christ,
(Peculiar price indeed !)
Their God becomes their Priest,
And they from sin are freed;
Peculiar must the blessing be,
Which makes insolvent wretches free.
- 5 [Their birth is from above;
Peculiar indeed;
Begotten, not of blood,
But of immortal seed;
From Christ, their Head, their life proceeds,
And to him it most surely leads.]
- 6 They live, and live to God;
A life that's known by few;
Their Father's staff and rod
Support and comfort too;
Christ is their Life, nor can they die,
For hell can ne'er their Life destroy.

599.

148th.

"But ye are come to Mount Zion."—Heb. xii. 22.

YE sons of God, be wise,
 And learn your Father's will;
 By faith lift up your eyes
 To yonder shining hill:
 No smoke, no thunderbolts are there,
 Nor wrath, to sink you in despair.

- 2 [A pleasant mount indeed,
 Where God unfolds his grace
 To all the chosen seed,
 And, with a smiling face,
 Speaks peace to every troubled breast,
 And bids the weary in him rest.]
- 3 To worship on this ground,
 Is not a legal task,
 A solid peace is found,
 And faith has all it asks:
 There Jesus sits with smiling face,
 And rules and reigns the God of grace.

600.

8. 7. 4.

"Mercy and truth are met together."—Ps. lxxxv. 10.

TRUTH and mercy meet together,
 Righteousness and peace embrace;
 Each perfection of Jehovah,
 Meets and shines in Jesus' face;
 Here the Father
 Can be just, and save by grace.

- 2 What a field of consolation;
 Here no jarring notes are found;

Zion has a full salvation,
 And shall all her foes confound:
 Each believer
 Hath for hope a solid ground.

3 Justice hath no loss sustained;
 Truth remains in perfect light;
 Not an attribute is stained;
 All in one grand cause unite:
 Saved sinners
 Must and shall in God delight.

4 Here's a cord which can't be broken!
 O my soul, with wonder tell;
 God himself the word has spoken,
 Zion in her Lord shall dwell:
 And with Jesus
 Live, in spite of earth and hell.

5 [O ye much-esteemed sinners,
 Who in Jesus Christ are found,
 Rest assured you shall be winners;
 Soon with glory shall be crown'd;
 And for ever,
 Shall the praise to Christ redound.]

601.

S. M.

"Shall we sin because we are not under the law?"—Rom. vi. 15.

WHAT, then! shall Christians sin,
 Because freed from the law?
 Shall sinners, saved by grace divine,
 From holiness withdraw?

2 Shall grace seduce the mind,
 And lead the soul astray?

And souls, who under grace are found,
Delight to disobey?

- 3 Great God! forbid the thought!
Preserve thy saints in love!
While pharisees set grace at nought,
Saints shall thy ways approve.

602.

148th.

"Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith."—*Heb. xii. 2.*

JESUS the Author is
Of true and living faith;
This blessed grace he gives,
And saves our souls from death;
By faith in him we live, and view
The wonders God alone can do.

- 2 [The principle of faith
From Jesus we receive;
And all the power it hath,
The Lord the Saviour gave:
'Tis Jesus gives us faith to view
The wonders God alone can do.]
- 3 'Tis Jesus gives us faith
To fight and overcome;
To vanquish hell and death,
And trust in him alone;
With sweet surprise to sit and view
The wonders God alone can do.
- 4 Nor death, nor sin, nor hell,
Against this faith can stand;
She eyes the Saviour well,
And Jesus holds her hand:

He gives her power to live and view
The wonders God alone can do.

- 5 Through every trying scene,
Down to the gates of death,
Jehovah will maintain
The life and power of faith;
For death can never keep from view
The wonders God alone can do.

603.

S. M.

Precious Faith.—2 Pet. i. 1

FAITH! 'tis a grace divine,
A gift both rich and free;
'Twas grace that made this blessing mine,
From guilt to set me free.

- 2 The faith of God's elect
Is precious, pure, and good:
Such is its power, and its effect,
True faith prevails with God.
- 3 To Jesus and his blood,
It looks for life and peace;
The oaths and promises of God,
Its power and zeal increase.
- 4 [When saints in darkness roam,
With sin and guilt distress'd,
Faith in Christ's righteousness alone
Can set the soul at rest.]
- 5 Faith lives in spite of hell—
And, when the soul's oppress'd
With miseries more than tongue can tell,
It leans on Jesus' breast.

- 6 Though death and dangers fly,
Like lightning from the skies;
He that believes shall never die;
Faith must obtain the prize.

604.

C. M.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v. 7.

- WHY should a pilgrim grope within,
And judge by what he feels?
A loathsome stench of death and sin
No consolation yields.
- 2 Corruptions, base and foul as hell,
May vex and tease the soul;
But Jesus' blood its rage can quell,
And make the conscience whole.
- 3 I have no life, no light, no love,
No truth nor righteousness,
That God, my Father, can approve,
Or justice can caress,
- 4 But what I have in Christ, my Head,
And grace on me bestows;
My life with Christ in God is hid,
And he'll redress my woes.
- 5 In this dear Christ I all things have;
Why should I yield to fear?
All that a living soul can crave,
Is richly treasured here.
- 6 In him I stand completely just;
His heart is my abode;
Though in myself, at best, but dust,
In him I've power with God.

605.

S. M.

"The just shall live by faith."—Heb. x. 38.

THE just by faith shall live,
Nor fear the powers of hell;
All blessings that a God can give,
In Christ most richly dwell.

- 2 By faith in Jesus' blood,
The just shall live indeed:
Shall have a settled peace with God,
And from their sins be freed.
- 3 When sense and reason fail,
And all things dark appear,
By faith, the just shall say, 'Tis well,
Jehovah will appear.
- 4 If providence should frown,
And crosses still increase;
By faith, the just shall live and own
God their salvation is.
- 5 By faith in Christ, as God,
As Prophet, Priest, and King;
The just shall live, and live to prove,
That death has lost its sting.

606.

S. M.

"Rejoice in the Lord."—Hab. iii. 18.

LET saints lift up their hearts,
And, with a cheerful voice,
The wonders of their King proclaim,
And in the Lord rejoice.

- 2 Whatever be thy frame,
Though dark and cold as ice,

Unite with sons of earth,
 And take a servant's place?
 Be slaves to sin and Satan too?
 Forget to keep their Lord in view?

- 4 Forbid it, mighty God!
 Preserve us in thy fear;
 Uphold with staff and rod,
 And guard from every snare:
 Teach us to walk with Christ in view,
 And honour him in all we do.
- 5 Increase our faith and love,
 And make us watch and pray;
 O fix our souls above,
 Nor let us ever stray;
 Dear Lord, do thou our strength renew,
 And lead us on with Christ in view.

609.

7s.

"Walk in love."—Eph. v. 2.

LORD, we fain would walk in love,
 But, alas! how slow we move;
 Pride, that haughty monster, pride,
 Often makes us start aside.

- 2 Lamb of God, thy power make known;
 Sweetly draw and we will run;
 Make our love to thee and thine,
 Like the sun at noon-day shine.
- 3 As the purchase of thy blood,
 May we seek each other's good;
 And be it our great concern,
 Thee to view, of thee to learn.

- 4 May we mourn with those that mourn;
 Make each other's cause our own;
 Ever keeping this in mind,
 We are to each other join'd.
- 5 Flesh of flesh, and bone of bone;
 With the King of glory one;
 Of one body each a part,
 Jesus, make us one in heart.
- 6 King of kings, enthroned above,
 Come and shed abroad thy love;
 Fill us with that source of joy,
 Which can never, never cloy.

610.

8. 7. 4.

Panting for Christ.—Ps. xlii. 1.

- PRECIOUS Jesus! Friend of sinners!
 We, as such, to thee draw near;
 Let thy Spirit now dwell in us,
 And with love our souls inspire;
 Fill, O fill us
 With that love which casts out fear.
- 2 Matchless Saviour! let us view thee,
 As the Lord our righteousness;
 Cause each soul to cleave unto thee,
 Come, and with thy presence bless;
 Dear Immanuel,
 Feast us with thy sovereign grace.
- 3 Open now thy precious treasure;
 Let the blessings freely flow;
 Give to each a gracious measure,
 Of thy glory here below;

Loving Bridegroom,
 'Tis thyself we want to know.

- 4 [Come, and claim us as thy portion,
 And let us lay claim to thee;
 Leave us not to empty notion,
 But from bondage set us free;
 King of glory!
 We would live and reign with thee.]

611.

7a.

Changeableness.—Ps. xxxviii. 5.

LORD, I freely would confess,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Base and vile, from head to feet;
 Full of pride and self-conceit.

- 2 [When thy presence I enjoy,
 I can say, My God is nigh:
 And with holy wonder tell,
 Thou, dear Lord, dost all things well.]
- 3 When deliverance thou hast wrought,
 I can of thy wonders talk,
 And too often proudly say,
 Nothing more shall me dismay.
- 4 [When, by faith, I view my Lord
 Bathed in agonies and blood,
 I with joy his love repeat,
 Sink to nothing at his feet.]
- 5 But, alas! how soon I stand,
 At a distance unconcern'd;
 And the trifles of a day
 Almost carry me away.

- 6 Lord, with shame and grief I own,
 I to evil still am prone;
 Vile and base I am indeed;
 When from sin shall I be freed?
- 7 Make me strong, and steadfast too;
 Help me all thy will to do;
 And with patience may I wait,
 Ever knocking at thy gate.

612.

11s.

"What will ye see in the Shulamite?"—Cant. vi. 13.

In every believer two armies are seen,
 The new man of grace, and the old man of sin,
 In Christ he is perfect, and free from all guilt,
 Yet in himself evils are both seen and felt.

2

As one in the Lord, he's a true son of peace;
 In himself, he is nothing but sin and disgrace;
 His body's the temple of the Holy Ghost,
 And Christ in him dwelleth, as King of one host.

3

When Christ takes possession, and proves him-
 self King, [bring;
 Then sin, world, and Satan, their forces will
 Nor will they be wanting of gun-shot from hell;
 The old prince of darkness will furnish them well.

4

Yet such is the power and love of our King,
 In spite of all hell we of victory sing;
 For though sin and devils against us unite,
 'Tis Christ fights our battles, and puts them to
 flight.

5

The victory is thine! then let hell do its worst;
 For Christ will still reign, and of Christ thou
 shalt boast; [wear,
 And when the fight's ended, the crown thou shalt
 And immortal glory with Christ thou shalt share.

613.

Glorying in Infirmities.—2 Cor. xi 30.

148th.

- A HELPLESS worm am I,
 Yet often start aside;
 Infirmities annoy,
 And enemies deride;
 Ten thousand evils me assault,
 And wound my soul, and make me halt.
- 2 I want to be set free
 From every hateful foe;
 From each infirmity,
 And only pleasure know:
 But 'tis my heavenly Father's will,
 That I infirmities should feel.
- 3 [Infirmities, as means,
 Have taught my soul to see,
 That nought, how fair it seems,
 But Christ will do for me;
 I must have Christ, as all in all,
 Or sink in ruin, guilt, and thrall.]
- 4 I'll gladly glory, then,
 In my infirmity,
 That Jesus' power and name,
 May ever rest on me;
 I'll bless his name; he'll bring me through,
 And he'll have all the glory too.

614.

S. .

"The Lord trieth the righteous."—Ps. xi. 5.

THE Lord the righteous tries,
 Yet we'll adore his name;
 He never will their cause despise,
 Nor put their hope to shame.

2 He brings them to the test,
 And tries them by his law;
 Then leads them to the promised rest,
 From whence they comfort draw.

3 Then he his face conceals,
 And lets them grope within;
 And by his Spirit's power reveals
 The dreadful plague of sin.

4 We straightway cry, Unclean!
 A monstrous mass of woe!
 What can such hosts of evil mean?
 And whither can we go?

5 "Look here," the Lord replies;
 "Thy beauty's all in me;
 'Tis thine to flee from self, and prize
 Salvation full and free.

6 "Whate'er my wisdom does,
 Or lets the tempter do,
 Thy guilt and ruin to disclose,
 One thing I keep in view;

7 "To teach thee how to live,
 By faith in Jesus' name;
 For guilt and sin to mourn and grieve,
 And sing the Lamb once slain."

615.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation."—John ^{8, 3, 4.} ~~xv~~ ¹ 53.

SINNERS, call'd by grace, and blessed

With a living faith in Christ,

Must not think to be caressed

By a world of sin and vice;

Satan's agents

Cannot love the Saviour's choice.

2 Let this thought the Christian strengthen;

Jesus' name is life and peace;

Angels have not skill to mention

Half his wisdom, power, or grace;

Souls that trust him,

Soon shall see him face to face.

3 Though they suffer for a season,

For the name of Christ, their Lord;

And at times may know no reason

Why such sorrows are endured;

Soon he'll teach them,

That the whole has work'd for good.

4 [Happy is the saved sinner,

That endures for Jesus' sake;

He of endless life's a winner;

Of his glory shall partake;

Jesus will not,

Cannot, such a soul forsake.]

5 O for love, for faith, and patience!

Jesus, fix our souls on thee!

Nor let Satan's dire vexations,

Make us start aside or flee:

May we ever

Cling and twine, dear Lord, to thee.

616.

7a.

The Reproach of Christ esteemed by Faith.—Heb. xi. 26.

PRECIOUS Jesus! must it be,
Is it thy all-wise decree,
That afflictions must attend
Zion to her journey's end?

- 2 [Must the heirs of endless bliss
Travel through a wilderness,
And, by savage beasts of prey,
Be tormented night and day?]
- 3 Yes, affliction is their lot;
Earth is a polluted spot;
Where a million evils dwell,
All in league with death and hell.
- 4 Pains and sorrows, sins and woes,
Will the Christian's way oppose;
Every day brings something new,
Zion's troubles to renew.
- 5 Yet, when faith is strong and true,
They with cheerfulness go through,
Scorning all created good,
When opposed to Christ, their God.
- 6 Living faith will still esteem
The reproaches of the Lamb,
Greater riches than this earth
Can afford the sons of mirth.
- 7 O for faith this choice to make,
And endure, for Jesus' sake,
The reproaches of his cross,
Counting all things else but dross.

617.

148th.

Flesh and Spirit.—Gal. v. 17.

THE new man and the old
 By no means can agree;
 The one in sin is bold,
 From sin the other's free:
 The principles of grace and sin
 A constant warfare must maintain.

- 2 [One loves to watch and pray,
 And walk in Jesus' path;
 The other hates the way,
 And loves the road to death;
 Christ is the new man's boast and joy;
 Flesh doth the old man satisfy.]
- 3 Christ, and him crucified,
 The new man loves to view;
 Lust, vanity, and pride,
 The old man will pursue;
 One pants with God to live and reign,
 The other hates his sovereign name.
- 4 The principle of grace
 On Jesus puts the crown;
 But sin, with shameless face,
 Would pull his glory down:
 Jesus shall reign, the new man cries;
 His right to reign the flesh denies.
- 5 Well, let old nature toil;
 The warfare can't be long;
 And Christians, with a smile,
 Shall sing the conqueror's song;

Through Christ we shall victorious prove,
And live and reign with him above.

618.

148th.

"I will lead them in paths that they have not known."—Isa. xlii. 16.

THE path that Christians tread
To reason's eye is strange;
Through regions of the dead,
They frequently must range;
Ten thousand monstrous beasts of prey
Beset the soul by night and day.

- 2 We must not learn God's truth
As school-boys learn their task;
Such knowledge is not proof
Against delusion's blast:
An empty knowledge bloats with air,
But dies when dreadful storms appear.
- 3 Christians oft pray for faith;
To trace God's beauties more;
To triumph over death;
And Jesus' name adore:
God hears and answers their desire;
But 'tis through scenes of floods and fire.
- 4 [Sin, arm'd with all the spleen
Of enmity to God,
Oft rises up within,
And scorns the Saviour's blood:
A world of filth, too base to name,
Beset and plunge the soul in shame.
- 5 To pray, he thinks too bold,
While he in silence mourns;

His bones keep waxing old,
 By reason of his groans;
 And by such means, though strange to tell,
 The Lord will teach him Jesus well.]

- 6 When self and nature die,
 And all our beauty's gone,
 The Saviour brings us nigh,
 To trust in him alone;
 'Tis then we trust his righteousness,
 And rest alone on sovereign grace.
- 7 Thus Jesus wears the crown:
 We gladly trace the power,
 That brings all nature down,
 And leads us to adore
 Jesus, the Lord our righteousness,
 Who saves in every deep distress.

619.

7s.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. xv. 19.

CREATURES are but vain at best;
 In them is no solid rest:
 All the world calls good or great
 Cannot perfect bliss create.

- 2 Souls renew'd by grace divine,
 Carnal pleasures will resign;
 Holiness, without a stain,
 They are thirsting to obtain.
- 3 Satisfied! not they indeed,
 Till, with Christ their living Head,
 They in heavenly bliss appear,
 And his likeness fully bear.

- 4 [Heart and flesh may fail, 'tis true;
Sin and Satan plague them too!
Hell and earth their powers unite,
Christ to banish from their sight.
- 5 For a season, they may be
Left at an uncertainty,
Overwhelm'd with fear and doubt,
Scarcely know what they're about.
- 6 Yet they feel a panting mind
For a God supremely kind;
Satisfied they cannot be,
But as they his beauty see.]

620.

L. M.

"The heart is deceitful above all things."—Jer. xvii. 9.

- SIN has a thousand pleasing charms,
Which flatter to preserve from harms;
She richly gilds her pleasing baits,
And calls her trash delicious sweets.
- 2 Young men and maidens, rich and poor,
Are pleased with her deceptive ore:
There's scarce an eye that views the light,
But she can charm by day or night.
- 3 Nor are the vessels of the Lord
Free from the chirpings of this bird:
Her craft and spleen she'll make them feel,
And make them like a drunkard reel.
- 4 Her nature's serpentine indeed;
Her strength could make a Sampson yield;
Nor David could against her stand,
When David's God withheld his hand.

- 5 Good God! what can a mortal do,
 With such a cursed, artful foe?
 Let grace divine my soul defend,
 Nor let me to this monster bend.
- 6 [Work in me, Lord, to will and do,
 My way to Zion to pursue;
 And while I tread the thorny road,
 Teach me to lean upon my God.]

621.

L. M.

"The carnal mind is enmity against God."—Rom. viii. 7.

- THE carnal mind takes different ways,
 And different objects she surveys;
 She's pleased with things that suit her taste,
 But hates the God of truth and grace.
- 2 No beauty in the Lord she views,
 Nor is she charm'd with gospel-news;
 She sets at nought, with vain contempt,
 The Man the Lord Jehovah sent.
- 3 She hates him as the mighty God,
 The church's Wisdom, Life, and Head;
 His priestly office she disdains,
 And wantons with his wounds and pains.
- 4 Whatever office Jesus bears,
 Or in what glorious form appears,
 She was, and is, and still will be,
 Against him dreadful enmity.
- 5 [Is this the case? yes, Lord, 'tis true;
 And I've a carnal nature too,
 That fights, with all its hellish might,
 Against the God of my delight.

- 6 Yet, bless the Lord, through grace, I feel
 I have a mind that loves him well;
 Nor shall the dreadful power of sin,
 My better part from Jesus win.]
- 7 [May grace not only live and reign,
 But may its power be felt and seen:
 Dear God, my every foe subdue,
 And make me more than conqueror too.]

622.

L. M.

"Be not dismayed, for I am thy God."—Isa. xli. 10.

- POOR fearful saint, be not dismay'd,
 Nor dread the dangers of the night;
 Thy God will ever be thy aid,
 And put the hosts of hell to flight.
- 2 Nor sin, nor Satan, can o'ercome,
 The arm that vindicates thy cause;
 God, thy own God, will lead thee home,
 In spite of all that may oppose.
- 3 [Should hosts within, and hosts without,
 At once unite to make thee yield,
 Thy God shall put them all to rout,
 And make thee master of the field.]
- 4 In every sore and deep distress,
 "I am thy God" shall be thy stay;
 Thy God shall all thy woes redress,
 And drive thy guilty fears away.
- 5 This soul-supporting truth contains
 All blessings that a God can give;
 In sorrows, sicknesses, or pains,
 Thy God will every need relieve.

623, 624 ENCOURAGEMENT.

623.

79.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—Heb. xii. 4.

- WHOM the Lord Jehovah loves,
He in various ways reproveth:
'Tis his settled, wise decree,
That his sons chastised shall be.
- 2 Them to wean from self and sin;
Try the grace he works within;
Strip them of each idol god;
Make them prize the Saviour's blood;
- 3 Teach them what and where they are;
Draw forth patience, faith, and prayer;
Make them closer cling to Christ;
And in him alone rejoice;
- 4 These are ends he has in view,
And he'll them accomplish too;
Nor shall our poor peevish heart,
Make him from his purpose start.
- 5 [Yet his love and grace is such,
He will ne'er afflict too much;
But, in every chastening, prove
His paternal care and love.]
- 6 Father, make us clearly view,
What thy love designs to do;
And, in every trying case,
Trust thy faithfulness and grace.

624.

S. M.

God, the Father of his People.—Ps. ciii. 13.

THE Lord Jehovah is
Our Father and our Friend;

Immortal majesty is his,
Nor can his glory end.

2 He guards his children well,
Nor shall they starve for want;
When they their needs unto him tell,
He'll answer their complaint.

3 He bids his saints draw nigh,
Nor fear to call him theirs;
And, though he reigns enthroned on high,
He calls them sons and heirs.

4 His sympathizing heart
Feels for them in distress:
And love divine he will impart,
With strength and righteousness.

5 [Though they in darkness walk,
He is their Father still;
And when insulting Ishmaels mock,
He will his grace reveal.]

6 [His children he supplies
With food and raiment too;
He with his wisdom makes them wise,
And will their strength renew.]

7 Should men and devils try
To make the saints a prey;
The Lord, their Father, still is nigh,
To guard them in his way.

8 Through all the scenes of time,
He'll make his goodness known;
His sons, in every age and clime,
His sovereign grace shall own.

625.

L M.

The same.—Jer. xxxi. 9.

GOD is a Father, just and wise,
And reigns enthroned above the skies;
Yet all his saints on earth shall know,
He condescends to dwell below.

- 2 He'll make his sons and daughters wise,
And teach them all his ways to prize
He'll lead them forth with love and power,
And save them in a trying hour.
- 3 To them he will his secrets tell,
And save them from the power of hell;
And when they leave this world of woe,
He'll take them all to glory too.

626.

7a.

"And ye are Christ's."—1 Cor. iii. 23.

SINNERS, who on Jesus rest,
Must eternally be blest;
All Jehovah's love can give,
They from Jesus shall receive.

- 2 Loved of God, to Jesus given,
In the purposes of heaven,
They are bought with blood divine,
And they must in glory shine.
- 3 They are Jesus' flesh and bone,
Nor from him shall e'er be torn:
Can a part be sent to hell,
And the whole in Zion dwell?
- 4 No! we bless the Lord on high,
Not a single joint can die;

Every member lives in him;
He's the life of every limb.

5 They are Christ's by ties divine;
Here his brightest glories shine;
All creation must give place
To the subjects of his grace.

6 Matchless Jesus! may we be
Wholly taken up with thee!
And, in every deep distress,
Lean upon thy truth and grace.

627.

8c.

Encouragement to flee to Christ.—Matt. xi. 28.

Poor sinner, dejected with fear,
Unbosom thy mind to the Lamb;
No wrath on his brow he doth wear,
Nor will he poor mourners condemn:
His arm of omnipotent grace
Is able and willing to save:
A sweet and a permanent peace
He'll freely and faithfully give.

2 Come just as thou art with thy woe,
Fall down at the feet of the Lamb;
He will not, he cannot say, Go,
But surely will take out thy stain.
A fountain is open'd for sin,
And thousands its virtues have proved;
He'll take thee, and plunge thee therein,
And wash thee from filth in his blood.

3 The soul that on Jesus relies,
He'll never, no never deceive;

628, 629 ENCOURAGEMENT.

He freely and faithfully gives
More blessings than we can conceive:
Yea, down to old age he will keep,
Nor will he forsake us at last;
He knows, and is known by, his sheep;
They're his, and he will hold them fast.

628.

The Fulfilment of God's Promise sure.—Hab. ii. 3.

My soul shall with wonder proclaim
The love of my Father and God,
Whose promises ever remain,
And each in its course is made good:
They're great, and exceeding great too;
More precious than rubies by far;
Like streams from the fountain they flow,
And Zion preserve from despair.

2 Like Abra'm and Sarah have I
Endeavour'd, with reason and wit,
Some blessing to get and enjoy,
Much sooner than God promised it;
Like them, too, I've proved in the end,
My labour brought bondage and pain;
And yet (O how faithful's my Friend),
In due time the true blessing came.

629.

Christ, the Beggar's Friend.—Ps. cxxxii. 16.

149th.

THE Lord will feed the poor,
Nor shall their fare be mean;
Rich blessings are in store,
In grace's magazine:
From which rich treasure Christ will feed
The hungry soul that feels his need.

- 2 Poor trembling sinner, come,
 And knock at mercy's door;
 Though ruin'd and undone,
 The Lord relieves the poor;
 He knows and loves the beggar's knock,
 Nor will he send them empty back.
- 3 He came to save the lost,
 Nor will he change his mind;
 The souls that in him trust
 He will not leave behind;
 With him they shall for ever reign,
 And glorify the Lamb once slain.

630.

148th.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God."—Ps. lxii. 5.

- WHAT foolish worms are we!
 How prone to start aside,
 And in our troubles flee
 From Jesus' wounded side;
 To wait on self, or something base,
 Instead of trusting sovereign grace.
- 2 O that our souls could wait
 At all times on the Lord;
 And watch at wisdom's gate,
 Whose mercy will afford
 A constant flow of every good,
 To souls that trust alone in God.
- 3 The Lord is rich indeed,
 And richly will supply
 The waiting sinner's need,
 With blessings from on high:

My expectation is from God;
Then wait, my soul, upon the Lord.

- 4 If darkness him surround,
His mercy's still the same;
He never will confound
The soul that waits on him;
He is my All; of him I'll boast;
On him I'll wait, and in him trust.

631.

C. M.

"The Lord be with you all."—2 Theas. iii. 16.

THE Lord himself be with you all,
To teach you his own will;
And guide you safe from every thrall,
To Zion's heavenly hill.

- 2 Be with you to unfold his grace,
And prove his truth divine;
Unveil the glories of his face,
And make his counsels shine.
- 3 Whatever be your state or case,
The Lord himself be near;
Support, protect, defend, embrace,
And make your passage clear.
- 4 Thus may you prove his promise true,
And glorify his name;
And every day your songs renew,
While life and breath remain.
- 5 The Lord be with you to the end,
And land you safe above;
A long eternity to spend,
In singing, "God is love!"

632.

The Believer in Christ, secure.—John x. 28.

8s.

WHOEVER in Jesus believes,
 The blessing is sure to obtain!
 A full and free pardon Christ gives,
 To all that confide in his name:
 Nor Moses, nor Satan, nor sin,
 Can sentence believers to hell;
 No evil, without or within,
 Shall ever against them prevail.

- 2 Till He who immensity fills,
 Whose name is Jehovah, I AM,
 Who governs the sun, moon, and stars,
 And measures the earth with a span;
 Till this God can fall from his throne,
 His promise and faithfulness fail;
 Omnipotence weakness become,
 And hell against heaven prevail;
- 3 Till then the believer's secure,
 Though devils against him unite;
 His faith stands in Jesus's power,
 And Christ all his battles will fight:
 The feeble shall all be made strong;
 Then let them rejoice in their King:
 The warfare will cease before long,
 And they a sweet victory sing.

633.

L. M.

"Having loved his own which were in the world."—John xiii. 1.

THE love of Christ is rich and free;
 Fix'd on his own eternity;
 Nor earth, nor hell, can it remove;
 Long as he lives, his own he'll love.

- 2 His loving heart engaged to be
Their everlasting Surety:
'Twas love that took their cause in hand,
And love maintains it to the end.
- 3 Love cannot from its post withdraw,
Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law,
Can turn the Surety's heart away;
He'll love his own to endless day.
- 4 Love has redeem'd his sheep with blood;
And love will bring them safe to God;
Love calls them all from death to life;
And love will finish all their strife.
- 5 He loves through every changing scene,
Nor aught can him from Zion wean:
Not all the wanderings of her heart,
Can make his love from her depart.
- 6 At death, beyond the grave, he'll love!
In endless bliss, his own shall prove
The blazing glory of that love,
Which never could from them remove!

634.

148th.

Saints safe in Christ.—John x. 29.

WHEN saints together meet,
God's goodness to declare,
The season will be sweet,
If Jesus be but there:
Of Christ they speak; of Christ they boast;
While Jesus lives, they can't be lost.

- 2 What though their house with God,
Be not as they could wish;

And oft a Father's rod
Fills them with deep distress;
Yet in the Lord they firm abide,
United to him as his bride.

3 [What if their lust rebel,
And threaten to devour;
To plunge their souls to hell,
In some unguarded hour;
Their standing fast is in the Lord,
And they his faithfulness record.]

4 The Lord will guard them well,
Nor shall they ever be
A prey to death and hell,
For Christ has made them free:
He bought them with his own heart's blood,
And he will bring them home to God.

635.

8s.

The Church the Body of Christ.—1 Cor. xii. 27.

THE body, the church, ever stood,
In Christ their mysterious Head;
To save them, he shed his own blood,
And they from his fulness are fed:
A body united indeed;
Cemented together by love;
And richly supplied from its Head,
With blessings from heaven above.

2 [Each joint is the care of the Lord,
And he will preserve it from hell;
His aid and his influence afford,
And so supply each member well.

When creatures to time bid adieu,
 Each part shall appear in its place,
 And live to eternity too,
 Where Jesus unveileth his face.]

- 3 The arm, and the eye, and the breast,
 Or members less comely to sight:
 Shall ever be honour'd and blest,
 In glory's ineffable light:
 No schism can ever take place;
 'Tis built and supported by God;
 A temple of infinite grace;
 A mansion of immortal love.

636.

The Sabbath.—Heb. iv. 10.

8. 8. 6.

THE Sabbath was a day of rest;
 The day the Lord Jehovah blest;
 A lively type of Christ:
 The labouring poor may venture here;
 The guilty banish all their fear,
 And lean on Jesus' breast.

- 2 When foes without, and foes within,
 Wrath, law, and Satan, guilt and sin,
 The child of God molest;
 Fatigued with sin, distress'd with fear,
 He enters into Christ, and there
 He finds a settled rest.
- 3 Jesus is Zion's only rest,
 Thrice happy is the man, and blest,
 That into him believes;
 His six days' toil is finish'd then;
 His slavish fear for ever gone;
 By faith in Christ he lives.

- 4 [A precious resting-place indeed;
 Whatever weary pilgrims need
 Is richly treasured here:
 Here sinners may commune with God,
 And drink full draughts of heavenly love,
 Nor death nor danger fear.]
- 5 O may I ever rest in him,
 And never, never stray again,
 Nor after strangers roam:
 Dear Jesus, fix my roving heart,
 Nor ever let me from thee start,
 Till thou shalt take me home.

637.

C. M.

Christ, the Believer's Rest.—Isa. xi. 10.

- JESUS, thou art our only rest
 From sin, and guilt, and fears;
 We love to lean upon thy breast,
 And on thee cast our cares.
- 2 With anxious care and painful thought,
 We toil'd and toil'd again;
 True holiness was what we sought,
 But this we sought in vain.
- 3 Stripp'd naked, and exposed to shame,
 We loud for mercy cried;
 The Lord gave faith to eye the Lamb,
 And fasten in his side.
- 4 The works of nature, bad or good,
 Availed nothing here;
 Faith view'd the Saviour's precious blood,
 And banish'd guilt and fear.

- 5 [Here's life, and light, and holiness,
And righteousness divine;
A boundless treasure, all of grace,
And faith says, All is mine.]
- 6 O what a rest is Christ to me;
How precious and how true;
From guilt and sin he sets me free,
And gives me glory too.
- 7 I have, I want no rest beside;
Here's all a God can give;
Here would I constantly abide,
And every moment live.

638.

C. M.

No Rest but Christ.—Heb. iv. 9

- WITH sin and guilt poor Zion toils,
And labours hard for peace;
But till the Lord the Saviour smiles,
Her conscience gets no ease.
- 2 [Her efforts all abortive prove;
Her working makes her worse;
Nought but the Saviour's flesh and blood
Can save her from the curse.]
- 3 The Lord the Saviour is her rest;
On him she casts her cares;
By faith she leans upon his breast,
And banishes her fears.
- 4 But till the Holy Ghost applies
The Saviour's precious blood,
Above her guilt she cannot rise,
Nor lean upon her God.

639.

104th.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."—Ps. cxvi. 7.

RETURN to thy rest, my soul, and rejoice;
 Let Christ be thy boast, for thou art his choice;
 And tho' sin and Satan, and their hellish guest,
 Do vex and dishearten, Jehovah's thy rest.

2 A sweet resting-place is Jesus to thee;
 A fulness of grace, rich, sovereign, and free:
 From slavish works cease, then, and rest in the
 Lamb, [sin.

For Christ is thy freedom from wrath, law, and

3 O yield not to fear, rest only in Christ;
 His promise is sure; he's Jesus thy Priest;
 And by one atonement thy sin has condemn'd,
 Then by himself sworn that he'll love to the end.

4 Return, then, my soul, to Jesus, thy Rest;
 By faith on him roll, and lean on his breast;
 He will not deceive thee; his faithfulness prove;
 He never can leave thee, till God is not love.

640.

7s.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke xi. 1.

BLESSED Jesus, Lord of all,
 'Teach us on thy name to call;
 Help us to be much in prayer,
 And upon thee cast our care.

2 Draw us, Lord, by thy sweet power,
 In temptation's darkest hour;
 Make us cry to thee our Friend,
 And upon thy grace depend.

3 At all times, in every case,
 Lead us to thy Throne of Grace;

587

Let our needs be what they may,
Teach us how and what to pray.

- 4 Jesus, deign to bless us thus,
And to glory in thy cross ;
Then, though men and devils roar,
We will ever thee adore

641.

8. 7. 4.

Desiring to honour the Lord.—Ps. xxv. 5.

- JESUS, mighty God and Saviour,
Lead me forth by thy right hand,
And be it my fix'd endeavour,
To obey thy sweet command;
Let me never
At a trifling distance stand.
- 2 Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit;
Leave me not to walk alone;
And by faith may I inherit
The eternal Three-in-One;
And with boldness,
Make thy matchless wonders known.
- 3 May my soul be sweetly filled,
With the treasures of my God;
And my tongue be rightly skilled.
To proclaim thy truth abroad:
And with pleasure,
God's eternal love record.

642.

149th.

Prayer for the Presence and Blessing of Christ.—Exod xxxiii. 16.

ONCE more, dear God of grace,
Thy earthly courts we tread;

We come to see thy face,
 And banquet with our Head:
 We long, we faint, we pant for thee:
 And hope that with us thou wilt be.

- 2 Though base and vile we are,
 Nor goodness have to bring,
 We cannot well despair,
 While Jesus is our King;
 He welcomes all by sin oppress'd,
 Upon his grace to come and feast.
- 3 With Christ we would be fed;
 By faith upon him live;
 We wish no other bread,
 And thou hast this to give:
 Lord, fill us well with this rich food,
 And let us drink thy precious blood.

643.

8. 2 A

The same.—Ps. xxviii. 9.

AGAIN, dear Lord, we would be fed;
 We come to seek for living bread,
 And feast on love divine:
 Dear Father, let thy presence be
 Enjoy'd by all thy family,
 And make each face to shine.

- 2 In thee all blessings richly meet;
 Come, then, and give our souls a treat,
 And let us feast indeed:
 O let us banquet with the King,
 And love, and pray, and praise, and sing.
 As sons from bondage freed.

539

- 3 May faith be strong, and pierce the skies,
 And we with pleasure realize,
 The glory now prepared:
 Commune with Jesus as our Friend;
 Upon him live; his love commend;
 And carnal things discard.
- 4 If this be granted, we'll adore
 The hand that gives, yet keeps in store
 A boundless stock of grace;
 In every time of need we'll cry,
 And thou shalt all our needs supply,
 And that with smiling face.

644.

11s.

"Watch and be sober."—1 Thess. v. 6.

WATCH, watch & be sober, ye children of God;
 Your wonderful Lover has bought you with
 blood; [life;
 Your Husband and Saviour for you gave his
 Then be your behaviour becoming his wife.

2

O watch against trusting to your native strength;
 Behold Peter boasting, but o'ercome at length:
 Your strength will forsake you & leave you to fall,
 Unless the Lord make you to trust him for all.

3

Treat all as deceivers that lead not to Christ;
 As holy believers, rely on your Priest;
 Watch ye against sleeping, & stand to your post,
 Lest you should go weeping, while Canaanites

4

[boast.
 By awful temptations attack'd and distress'd,
 Tho' thousand vexations each moment molest.

Yet watch against falling, & yield not to doubt,
On Christ your Lord calling, your foes you
shall rout.

645.

7a.

"Watch and pray."—Matt. xxvi. 41.

DANGEROUS is the path we go,
In this wilderness below,
Savage beasts, of every kind,
Aiming to distress the mind.

- 2 Scarce an hour but pilgrims see
They from danger are not free:
In some unsuspected way,
Something fills them with dismay.
- 3 Thus beset, they daily feel
They have neither strength nor skill
Rightly to oppose the foe,
Or to guard against the woe.
- 4 How, then, can they persevere?
Must they of the prize despair?
No; 'tis theirs to watch and pray,
For the Lord will guard the way.
- 5 Christ the Master, Lord of all,
Bids his children watch and call;
May it be our blessed case,
Both to watch and seek his face.
- 6 When we watch, then may we pray,
And in prayer watch every day:
And with pleasure ever prove,
All our strength is from above.

- 7 [Thus supported we shall be
More than conquerors, Lord, thro' thee:
And, when every danger's past,
Live and reign with thee at last.]

646.

C. M.

Hymn for a Fast-day.—Isa. lviii. 9.

- GREAT God! whose universal power
Through all the earth is known:
Who governs heaven and earth, nor sits
On a precarious throne;
- 2 No strange commotions on the earth,
No wars have taken place
But what were ever in thy view,
Almighty God of grace.
- 3 Creatures of every sort and kind,
Are all at thy control,
The God that fills immensity
Must reign from pole to pole.
- 4 Our wars and tumults all arise,
As the effect of sin;
Sin is the cause of all the woes
The world has felt or seen.
- 5 Dear Lord, we fall before thy face;
Our guilt and folly own;
And pray thee, for thy mercy's sake,
To make thy goodness known.
- 6 In mercy put a stop to war;
In mercy send us peace;
Nor let thy vengeance on us fall,
Almighty King of Grace.

- 7 Yet, Lord, whate'er thy will may be,
 We pray to be resign'd;
 We know thou art too wise to err,
 Too good to be unkind.

647.

8. 8. 6

A Song of Praise to the Holy Three.—Rev. xix. 6

- WHEN will the happy moment come
 That I shall meet my Lord at home,
 And all his glory view?
 Where sin no more shall vex my soul,
 Nor Satan any more control,
 Nor guilt shall me pursue.
- 2 Christ loved, and chose, and ransom'd me,
 From sin and Satan set me free,
 And wash'd me in his blood;
 He clothed me well from top to toe,
 Adorn'd me with his glory too,
 And brought me home to God.
- 3 When such a guilty wretch as I,
 Deserving nought but misery,
 Shall in full glory be,
 With all the blood-bought throng above,
 I'll sing the riches of thy love,
 Through vast eternity.
- 4 I'll tell the Father and the Son,
 And the bless'd Spirit, Three-in-One,
 I'm saved by grace divine;
 And, with a strong, immortal voice,
 In this One God will I rejoice,
 Nor ever more repine.

648.

148th.

Baptism.—Matt. iii. 16.

WITH wonder and with love,
 We at thy courts appear;
 Thy ways our hearts approve,
 And thy great name revere;
 We own the Lamb, our Leader wise,
 Nor would we dare his ways despise.

- 2 [What Jesus doth command,
 His children should obey;
 He's King in Zion's land,
 And doth his sceptre sway:
 Let Zion, then, with one accord,
 Obey the precepts of her Lord.]
- 3 Can anything be mean,
 That's worthy of my God?
 The King himself was seen
 In Jordan's swelling flood;
 And shall the subject scorn to tread
 The path the King himself hath made?
- 4 Come, fill our souls with love,
 With faith, and peace, and joy,
 Nor let the price of blood
 Against her God reply;
 Dear Father, draw, and we will run,
 In sweet obedience to thy Son.

649.

7e.

The same.—Luke xii. 50.

PRECIOUS Jesus! here we are
 Come to witness and declare

We are thine, redeem'd with blood,
Call'd and proved the sons of God.

- 2 Jesus, ere he gave his blood,
Was immersed in Jordan's flood,
There, and in that way, to show
What he had to undergo.
- 3 In the watery grave we see,
Looking through it, Lord, to thee,
Jesus, overwhelm'd in blood,
Sunk in wrath's tremendous flood.
- 4 And shall we for whom he died,
Rose, and lives to intercede,
Be too proud to be despised,
And with him to be baptized!
- 5 No, dear Saviour, we will go
In the watery grave, to show
We are buried with our King,
And we rise his praise to sing.
- 6 Precious Spirit, make us see,
Love immense, beyond degree;
Now, and when beneath the flood,
Fill us with the love of God.

650.

7r.

The same.—Ps. cxix. 32.

JESUS, we thy name adore;
Thine the kingdom is and power;
Thou shalt reign on Zion's hill;
We would gladly do thy will.

- 2 Thou hast bought our souls with blood,
And hast brought us home to God;

- We would gladly thee obey,
In thy own appointed way.
- 3 [We, through grace, are dead indeed,
And from our old husband freed,
But are married to the Lord,
And would gladly do his word.]
- 4 Thou didst sink in floods of wrath,
Us to save from guilt and death;
And with such a scene in view,
We would thy commandments do.
- 5 Thou hast claim'd us as thy bride;
Keep us near thy wounded side:
Dead to every lord but thee,
We would fain obedient be,

651.

8. 7. 4.

The same.—Rom. vi. 4.

- JESUS, our exalted Saviour,
We adore thy matchless grace;
Thou hast borne our misbehaviour;
Suffer'd in our wretched place;
Wrath and terror
Sunk thy soul in deep disgrace.
- 2 For us thou hast borne the horrors
Of a sin-avenging God;
Who can understand the sorrows
Of thy soul in wrath's deep flood?
'Tis a mystery,
Only fully known to God.
- 3 [Yet, through grace, we know in measure,
What thy love hath for us borne,

And we hope, through thy good pleasure,
 To behold thee on thy throne,
 And for ever,
 Sing the victories thou hast won.]

- 4 As an emblem of thy passion,
 We with thee would be baptized:
 And to show thy great salvation,
 From the liquid grave we rise:
 May we never,
 Never dare thy ways despise.

652.

S. M.

The same.—Rom. vi. 8.

JESUS, our Lord and King,
 Thou art our Hope and Trust;
 Thy boundless love and grace we sing,
 And of thee will we boast.

- 2 As sinners saved by grace,
 And made alive to God,
 Thy righteous laws we would embrace,
 And tread the heavenly road.
- 3 Thy wisdom did ordain
 This solemn rite to show,
 How thou wast plunged in wrath and pain,
 To save our souls from woe.
- 4 We come thy name to own,
 And solemnly confess,
 Thou art our Life, our Joy, our Crown,
 Our Strength, and Righteousness.

653.

S. M.

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."—Eph. iv. 5.

- OF one Lord will we sing,
And spread his fame abroad;
Jehovah Jesus is our King,
And be his name adored.
- 2 One living, vital faith,
Each Christian will approve;
A faith that triumphs over death,
And sweetly works by love.
- 3 One baptism we own;
A sacred, solemn sign
Of what the Saviour's undergone,
To wash away our sin.
- 4 [His overwhelming pain,
And burial we see;
His rising from the grave again,
To set his children free.]
- 5 Here we by faith may view,
That every Christian's dead
To Satan, sin, and Moses too,
Through Christ, our living Head.
- 6 In rising from the flood,
Saints solemnly proclaim,
Their life is hid with Christ in God,
And they shall with him reign.

654.

7a.

The same.—Matt. iii. 15.

WE adore the Lord the Lamb,
And rejoice in his dear name;

He has shed his precious blood,
To redeem our souls to God.

- 2 Once we lay immersed in sin;
Every part and power unclean;
Enemies to all that's good,
We despised the Saviour's blood.
- 3 But the Lord, by grace divine,
Brought us to abhor the crime;
And, to make his wonders known,
Gave us faith in Christ, his Son.
- 4 Thus redeem'd and saved by blood,
We esteem the ways of God,
And would gladly him obey,
In his own appointed way.
- 5 'Tis from love to Christ, our Head,
We his footsteps wish to tread;
And when we his unction feel,
We with pleasure do his will.

655.

L. M.

The same.—Isa. lxiii. 9.

- JESUS, the Lord, enthroned on high,
To thee we look, to thee we cry;
We long to view thy lovely face,
And sweetly sing thy matchless grace.
- 2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from death,
And bless'd us with a living faith;
And thou wilt safely lead us home,
Where sins and sorrows never come.
 - 3 As children loved and taught of God,
We now descend into the flood;

Nor will we fear nor blush with shame,
To be baptized in thy name.

- 4 Dear, condescending God, appear,
And bless us with a holy fear:
Give solid joy and sacred love,
And every idle thought remove.
- 5 Bless with true fellowship with thee,
When weltering in Gethsemane:
Thy resurrection's power display,
While we thy sacred rite obey.
- 6 Then shall we feel a solemn frame,
And magnify thy sovereign name;
And with a holy, reverend awe,
Yield sweet obedience to thy law.

656.

S. V. 4.

The same.—Heb. ii. 9.

- PRECIOUS Jesus! we adore thee;
Thou hast conquer'd death and hell:
We in wonder fall before thee;
Thy salvation suits us well:
May we love thee,
And obey thy righteous will.
- 2 Here we raise our Ebenezer;
Monuments of grace divine;
Thou art all our joy and treasure;
We are wholly, doubly thine;
Loved for ever,
And redeem'd with blood divine.
 - 3 [Give us faith to view thee sighing,
Under our tremendous load;

Agonizing, groaning, dying,
 Overwhelm'd in sweat and blood:
 Floods of vengeance
 Covering our incarnate God.]

- 4 By thy precious love constrained,
 We are come to own thy name;
 Thou for us all shame disdained;
 We for thee would do the same:
 Saviour, bless us,
 With a holy, solemn frame.
- 5 Then, with a transporting pleasure,
 We with Christ will be baptized;
 Follow him, our glorious Leader,
 Let whoever will despise;
 And for ever,
 Sing his praise beyond the skies.

657.

7s

The same.—Acts x. 47

TUNED with love divine, we sing,
 Glory to our God and King;
 Matchless in his grace and power;
 We behold, and we adore.

- 2 Once in floods of wrath, the Lamb
 Sunk, and call'd it baptism;
 Overwhelm'd was he indeed,
 That his chosen might be freed.
- 3 [But he conquer'd when he fell,
 And destroy'd the powers of hell;
 He in holy triumph broke
 Sin and death's tremendous yoke.]

551

- 4 [One with Christ, our living Head,
We were each consider'd dead;
With him, too, we rose again,
And with him must ever reign.]
- 5 Now with pleasure we attend
To his wise and just command,
And by faith therein we view
What the Lord for us went through.

658.

7a.

The same.—Rom. vi. 4.

- MIGHTY King, thy power display,
Give us grace to watch and pray;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
May we in thy ways delight.
- 2 For us Jesus was baptized
In tremendous agonies:
Mighty vengeance, like a flood,
Overwhelm'd the Lamb of God.
- 3 Come, ye saints, with wonder view
What the Lord has done for you;
View the mighty waters roll,
And break in upon his soul.
- 4 View the swelling floods of wrath,
Sink your Saviour low as death;
Grief him cover'd like a grave,
When he died your souls to save.
- 5 Sons of God, lift up your eyes;
See your slaughter'd Saviour rise;
He has conquer'd death and hell;
With him you shall ever dwell.

659.

S. M.

The Church's Sins charged upon Christ.—2 Cor. v. 21.

THE Lord my Saviour is;
For me he shed his blood;
And shall I scorn his name to own?
Forbid it, mighty God!

- 2 With me upon his heart,
He stoop'd to bleed and die;
And when my guilt was to him charged,
The charge did not deny.
- 3 The debt, though great, he paid,
That I might be set free;
No charge against me can be brought,
For Jesus died for me.
- 4 ['Midst all his vast concerns,
He could not me forget;
Then let my heart, my soul, my tongue,
His dying love repeat.]

660.

C. M.

The Lord's Supper.—1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

WITH wondering eyes, Lord, we admire
The feast prepared by grace:
Come, Lord, and set our souls on fire,
And fill each heart with peace.

- 2 These emblems of thy precious love,
By faith may we receive;
And with a solemn pleasure prove,
We in thy name believe.
- 3 [No goodness of our own we bring;
We're sinners vile and base;

Christ is our all; of Christ we sing;
And long to see his face.]

- 4 O may we each, with heart and tongue,
Sing, "Worthy is the Lamb;"
To him alone the praise belongs,
And we'll adore his name.

661.

C. M.

The same.—John xv. 9.

- ONCE more, like children, we are come,
To banquet with our God;
May each one feel himself at home,
And feast upon thy love.
- 2 While we receive the bread and wine,
As emblems of thy death,
Lord, raise each soul above the sign,
To feast on Christ by faith.
- 3 [We would not come as strangers, Lord,
Who only see the sign,
But, as the objects of Christ's love,
Would feel we're one in him.]
- 4 Like free-born sons, we would be free
From every legal chain;
Praise him who brought our liberty,
And ever with him reign.

662.

7s.

"Do this in remembrance of me."—Luke xxii. 19.

O THE matchless love of God;
He hath bought our souls with blood:
Jesus, our exalted Head,
For us sigh'd, and groan'd, and bled.

- 2 He invites us to this feast;
Bids our souls his glories taste;
And with pleasure keep in view,
What he once for us went through.
- 3 Hear him speak, ye saved few,
For this word is sent to you;
You, the objects of his choice,
Listen to his saving voice:
- 4 "This my body is, and blood;
Take, receive it, as your food;
But, as oft as this you do,
Keep your slaughter'd Lord in view.
- 5 ["View him in your wretched place,
Overwhelm'd in deep disgrace:
Plunged in horror's dreadful flood,
The vindictive wrath of God.]
- 6 "View him, and with wonder tell,
He has vanquish'd death and hell;
Cancell'd all your sins with blood,
And will bring you home to God."

663.

S. M.

The Lord's Supper.—Luke xxiii. 46.

BELOVED, we are come
With Christ to sympathize;
For us he has the victory won,
And we shall share the prize.

- 2 But O remember him;
View justice, arm'd with wrath;
The vengeance due to Zion's sin,
Stung Zion's Lord to death.

- 3 In miseries great he sigh'd;
 He groan'd; he cried; he bled;
 He sunk in wrath's tremendous tide,
 And, dying, bow'd his head.
- 4 Christians, repeat his love;
 With solemn pleasure sing,
 The bloody conflicts of your God;
 The victories of your King.

664.

C. M.

Death.

- WHAT solemn tidings reach our ears,
 How awful and how grand;
 A brother landed safe from fears,
 On Canaan's happy land.
- 2 No clouds shall now obstruct his sun,
 But all be life and peace;
 With him 'tis ever, ever noon,
 Nor can his joy decrease.
- 3 He's gone in endless bliss to dwell,
 And I am left below,
 To struggle with the powers of hell,
 Till Jesus bids me go.
- 4 Though he's more happy, I'm secure;
 God's promise cannot fail;
 O may I patiently endure
 My heavenly Father's will.
- 5 The counsel of the Lord shall stand,
 And all his will be done;
 I'll therefore wait in Meshech's land,
 Until he fetch me home.

665.

S. M.

On the Death of two Friends.

- GRACE taught our friends to know
 What rebels they had been;
 'Twas grace redeem'd them from their woe,
 And made their conscience clean.
- 2 Grace taught them to commune
 With Christ the Lamb once slain;
 To hate the sins that made him mourn,
 And put his soul to pain.
- 3 Grace taught their souls to sing,
 Salvation through his blood;
 Through grace they loved him as their King,
 Their Saviour, and their God.
- 4 Grace must and will relieve,
 From such a waste as this,
 All souls that in the Lord believe,
 And take them to his bliss.

666.

148th.

Last Judgment.—2 Thess. i. 7, 8

- WITH great and awful power,
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 To bid his foes depart,
 And take his children home:
 How will the wicked quake and fear,
 When they before him must appear.
- 2 [He comes, the world to judge,
 Nor will he take a bribe;
 His wrath none can escape,
 But his beloved bride:

Millions will unto mountains call,
To hide them and upon them fall.]

- 3 Poor soul, what is thy hope?
On what dost thou depend?
Art thou a stranger still
To Christ, the sinner's Friend?
Soon thou must leave thy all below,
And then, O then, what wilt thou do?
- 4 Christians, lift up your heads;
Say, What has Jesus done?
His matchless grace to you,
The Saviour has made known:
Yes, you shall all his glory see,
And from the second death be free.

667.

10s.

Safety in Christ.—2 Cor. ix. 15.

- IMMORTAL honours rest on Jesus' head;
My God, my Portion, and my Living Bread:
In Him I live, upon him cast my care;
He saves from death, destruction, and despair.
- 2 He is my refuge in each deep distress;
The Lord my strength, & glorious righteousness;
Through floods and flames he leads me safely on,
And daily makes his sovereign goodness known.
- 3 My every need he richly will supply;
Nor will his mercy ever let me die;
In him there dwells a treasure all divine,
And matchless grace has made that treasure
mine.
- 4 O that my soul could love and praise him more,
His beauties trace, his majesty adore;

Live near his heart, upon his bosom lean;
Obey his voice, and all his will esteem

668.

Panting for Pardon.—Ps. xxix. 11.

10a.

JEHOVAH God! eternal Lord most high!
Permit a worm to bow before thy throne:
A worm deserving endless misery:
But pleads the blood that did for sin atone.

2 [I feel myself a rebel, base and vile;
From head to feet a mass of sin and guilt;
Nor have I skill the malady to heal,
But plead the blood that once for sin was spilt.]

3 A base, ungrateful monster I have been,
And now with shame my guilt and folly own;
I cannot, dare not, on my own works lean,
But plead the blood that did for sin atone.

4 Nor dare I promise future good to bring,
I know my heart deceitful is indeed;
Compell'd I am on Christ alone to hang,
And plead that blood by which the church is
freed.

5 If thou, dear Lord, so base a wretch wilt save,
Then all the glory shall redound to thee;
While here, and when I reach beyond the grave,
My soul shall sing salvation full and free.

669.

Welcome to Jesus.—Isa. xlv. 22.

10a.

POOR sinners, sunk in sin's tremendous cell,
Tormented with the fiery darts of hell,
On Jesus call, though wretched be your case;
He came the lost to seek and save by grace.

559

2 What tho' your sins like mountains on you fall,
And God's just law with terror fills your soul,
Jehovah Jesus is the sinner's Friend,
And he has answer'd all the law's demand.

3 'Tis true, in self you have no ground for joy;
Nor can you hope the law to satisfy;
But Jesus' blood has full atonement made,
And faith therein will make the conscience glad.

4 Here sinners, black as hell, obtain relief;
A filthy Mary, and a dying thief;
And guilty I, though vile as they could be,
Have proved his mercy, sovereign, rich, and free.

670.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5. Ps.

UNITED to Jesus, the vine,
We've life, strength, and righteousness too;
But this he will teach us in time,
Without him we nothing can do:
Our hope of performing what's right,
And strictly obeying our God,
If not wholly built on his might,
Will leave us exposed to his rod.

2 Unless he uphold by his grace,
We sink under Satan and sin,
And plunge into shame and disgrace,
Nor can we deliverance obtain;
We neither can hope nor believe,
Nor pray in a time of distress,
But as we from Jesus receive
The fruits of his own righteousness.

PART III.

SUPPLEMENT.

671.

148th.

Approaching a Holy God.

How shall I come to thee,
O God, who holy art,
And cannot evil see
But with a loathing heart!
I am defil'd throughout by sin,
And by my very birth unclean.

2 Soon as my heart could beat,
 It drank in various woe;
 Pride, lust, and self-deceit,
 Through all its channels flow;
A captive born, a child of earth,
It knows and craves no higher birth

3 From this polluted spring
 All filthy waters rise;
 From this diseased thing
 I date my maladies:
My heart a most degenerate root,
Produceth only canker'd fruit.

561

- 4 And what can wash me clean
But Jesus' precious blood?
This only purgeth sin,
And bringeth nigh to God;
Lord, wash my sores, and heal them too,
And all my leprosy subdue.
- 5 Thy heavenly image draw
Upon my panting heart,
And well engrave thy law
Upon the inward part;
My soul in mercy upward raise,
And teach me how to love and praise.

672.

148th.

Spiritual Longing.

- JESUS, I long for thee,
And sigh for Canaan's shore,
Thy lovely face to see,
And all my warfare o'er;
Here billows break upon my breast,
And brooding sorrows steal my rest.
- 2 I mourn to see thy blood
So foully trampled on;
And sinners, daring God,
To swift destruction run;
With heedless heart and simpering face,
They dance the hell-ward road apace.
- 3 I pant, I groan, I grieve
For my untoward heart;
How full of doubts I live,
Though full of grace thou art:

What poor returns I make to thee
For all the mercy shown to me!

- 4 And must I ever smart,
A child of sorrows here?
Yet, Lord, be near my heart,
To soothe each rising tear;
Then at thy bleeding cross I'll stay,
And sweetly weep my life away.

673.

148th.

No Rest but Christ.

WHEN Jesus' gracious hand
Has touch'd our eyes and ears,
Oh! what a dreary land
The wilderness appears!
No healing balm springs from its dust,
No cooling stream to quench the thirst!

- 2 Yet long I vainly sought
A resting-place below,
And that sweet land forgot
Where living waters flow;
I hunger now for heavenly food,
And my poor heart cries out for God.
- 3 Lord, enter in my breast,
And with me sup and stay;
Nor prove a hasty guest,
Who tarries but a day;
Upon my bosom fix thy throne,
And pull each fancy idol down.
- 4 My sorrow thou canst see,
For thou dost read my heart;

It pineth after thee,
 And yet from thee will start;
 Reclaim thy roving child at last,
 And fix my heart and bind it fast.

- 5 I would be near thy feet,
 Or at thy bleeding side;
 Feel how thy heart does beat,
 And see its purple tide;
 Trace all the wonders of thy death,
 And sing thy love in every breath.

674.

148th

The Power is of God.

How sinners vaunt of power
 A ruin'd soul to save,
 And count the fulsome store
 Of worth they seem to have,
 And by such visionary props
 Build up and bolster sandy hopes!

- 2 But God must work the will
 And power to run the race;
 And both through mercy still,
 A work of freest grace;
 His own good pleasure, not our worth,
 Brings all the will and power forth.
- 3 Disciples who are taught,
 Their helplessness to feel,
 Have no presumptuous thought,
 But work with care and skill;
 Work with the means, and for this end,
 That God the will and power may send.

- 4 They feel a daily need
Of Jesus' gracious store,
And on his bounty feed,
And yet are always poor;
No manna can they make or keep;
The Lord finds pasture for his sheep.
- 5 Renew, O Lord, my strength
And vigour every day,
Or I shall tire at length,
And faint upon the way;
No stock will keep upon my ground;
My all is in thy storehouse found.

675.

C. M.

Freedom of Access to a Throne of Grace.

- COME boldly to a throne of grace,
Ye wretched sinners, come;
And lay your load at Jesus' feet,
And plead what he has done,
- 2 "How can I come?" some soul may say,
"I'm lame, and cannot walk;
My guilt and sin have stopp'd my mouth;
I sigh, but dare not talk."
- 3 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Though lost, and blind, and lame;
Jehovah is the sinner's friend,
And ever was the same.
- 4 He makes the dead to hear his voice;
He makes the blind to see;
The sinner lost he came to save,
And set the prisoner free.

- 5 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
For Jesus fills the throne;
And those he kills he makes alive;
He hears the sigh or groan.
- 6 Poor bankrupt souls, who feel and know
The hell of sin within,
Come boldly to the throne of grace;
The Lord will take you in.

676.

C. M.

The Doubting Soul's Soliloquy.

- O COULD I lift this heart of mine
Above these creature things!—
I'd fly, and leave this world below,
As though on eagles' wings.
- 2 But ah! I feel no love at all,
Can neither praise nor pray;
O would the Lord but shine again,
And turn this night to day!
- 3 But whither can I go to lodge
My sorrow and complaint?
Unless the Lord is pleased to shine,
I mope, I grieve, I faint.
- 4 I find my striving all in vain,
Unless my Lord is near;
My heart is hard; I'm such a wretch—
Can neither love nor fear.
- 5 I ask my soul this question then,
For here I would begin:
O do I feel a want of Christ
To save me from my sin?

- 6 The souls redeem'd by precious blood
 Are taught this lesson well;
 'Tis not of him that wills or runs,
 But Christ who saves from hell.

677.

Prayer Meeting.

C. M.

- BEHOLD, dear Lord, we come again,
 To supplicate thy grace;
 We feel our leanness, and our wants;
 We want to see thy face.
- 2 Thou know'st, dear Lord, for what we're come
 Each heart is known to thee;
 Lord, give our burden'd spirits rest
 And bid us all go free.
- 3 We've nothing of our own to plead;
 We come just as we are;
 And who can tell but God may bless,
 And drive away our fear.
- 4 While one is pleading with our God,
 May each one wrestle too;
 And may we feel the blessing come,
 And cheer us ere we go.
- 5 Then shall we sing of sov'reign grace,
 And feel its power within;
 And glory in our surety, Christ,
 Who bore our curse and sin.
- 6 For this we come, for this we plead;
 In spite of every foe;
 Until thou give this blessing, Lord,
 We would not let thee go.

678.

The Warfare.

C. M.

THERE's not a man that's born of God,
 But readily will say,
 "If ever my poor soul be saved,
 'Tis Christ must be the way."

2 There's not a man that's born of God,
 But feels the plague of sin;
 And though his outside be kept clean,
 He feels the filth within.

3 The old man struggles hard to gain
 The conquest over grace;
 And oft he seems to gain the field,
 When Jesus hides his face.

4 God knows we can do nothing well;
 He knows we are but dust;
 He came to seek poor sinners out,
 And you, and I, the worst.

679.

Prayer.

C. M.

COME, thou almighty Comforter,
 And bring upon thy wing
 Sweet consolation to each soul,
 That we may praise and sing.

2 We want to feel, we want to see,
 We want to know thee more;
 We want sweet foretastes of thy love,
 As we have had before.

3 And shall we come in vain to God?
 Dear Lord, that cannot be;

Thy promise stands engaged to come
And bless e'en two or three.

- 4 Come, Lord, and grant each soul to feel
Its interest in thy grace;
And give us faith, and hope, and love,
And strength to run the race.
- 5 If thou should'st leave us, we must fall,
Without thee, cannot rise,
For when our Jesus hides his face,
Our hope, our comfort dies.
- 6 Lord, give more faith, more solid faith,
More confidence in thee;
Break off our legal chains, O God,
And let our souls go free.

680.

C. M.

All Settled.

BEFORE all worlds the glorious plan,
The bless'd eternal deed,
Was settled by the eternal Three,
That Christ for man should bleed.

- 2 Astonish'd angels stand amazed,
That Christ should die for man;
This proves the eternal love of God,
Who gloried in his plan.
- 3 But what can poor lost sinners say,
When once they get a view;
And hear the blessed Spirit say,
"All this was done for you?"
- 4 Why me, why me, O blessed God,
Why such a wretch as me?

Who must for ever lay in hell,
Was not salvation free.

- 5 All those that God had fore-ordain'd,
These shall and must believe;
Not all the craft of earth and hell,
Shall one of these deceive.

681.

B. M.

"Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee."

BLESSED are they whose guilt is gone,
Whose sins are wash'd away with blood,
Whose hope is fix'd on Christ alone,
Whom Christ hath reconciled to God.

- 2 Though, trav'ling thro' this vale of tears,
He many a sore temptation meet,
The Holy Ghost this witness bears,
He stands in Jesus still complete.
- 3 This pearl of price no works can claim;
He that finds this is rich indeed:
This pure white stone contains a name
Which none, but who receives, can read.
- 4 This precious gift, this bond of love,
The Lord oft gives his people here;
But what we all shall be above
Doth not, my brethren, yet appear.
- 5 Yet this we safely may believe,
'Tis what no words will e'er express;
What saints themselves cannot conceive,
And brightest angels can but guess.

682.

S. M.

"Thy will be done."

- WHILE Jesus whispers peace,
 And unctuously displays
 The matchless beauties of his grace,
 Our hearts approve his ways.
- 2 But when the Lord withdraws
 The unction of his love,
 His will we wickedly oppose,
 His judgments disapprove.
- 3 So fickle, false, and blind,
 Are these unstable hearts,
 We only are to God resign'd,
 As he the grace imparts.
- 4 Father, thy will be done,
 In words we oft express;
 When in our hearts we want our own,
 And wish our sufferings less.
- 5 Dear God, our guilt forgive,
 Thy pardoning love display;
 And may we to thy glory live,
 Thy righteous will obey.
- 6 Thy presence let us view,
 And give our conscience rest;
 The visits of thy love renew,
 Then do what thou thinks best.

683.

S. M.

"Thy kingdom come."

GREAT God! thy kingdom come,
 With reverence would we pray,

571

May the eternal Three in One
His sov'reign sceptre sway.

- 2 May grace triumphant reign,
And Christ exalted be ;
Sinners, deserving endless pain,
Thy great salvation see.
- 3 May mercy, truth, and peace,
Fill each believer's soul,
And the sweet kingdom of thy grace,
Their raging lusts control.
- 4 May love and harmony
Among thy saints abide,
Thy presence set each bosom free
From enmity and pride.
- 5 Go on, thou mighty God,
Thy wonders to make known,
Till every sinner, bought with blood,
Shall trust in thee alone.
- 6 Thus let thy kingdom come,
And free salvation reign,
Till all thy saints arrive at home,
And never part again.

684.

C. M.

Living Waters.

OF cistern waters art thou sick,
And loathe the mire they bring?
Then hither stretch thy thirsty neck,
And taste a living spring.

- 2 A spring, that issues from a rock,
Where purest waters flow;
And rocky hearts, by Moses struck,
May to these waters go.
- 3 No spring will quench a thirst like this!
It makes a conscience whole,
Inspires the heart with heavenly bliss,
And purifies the soul.
- 4 Whoe'er can truly say, I thirst,
May come and take his fill,
'Tis free for sinners, vile and lost;
'Tis God who works the will.
- 5 Its owner is a heavenly King,
And by his winning ways,
He draws the thirsty to his spring,
Who drink, and sing his praise.
- 6 Lord, draw me by thy secret touch,
Or backward I shall start;
For sure I want entreating much,
So fearful is my heart.

685.

C. M.

"And the Lord shut him in."

WHEN Noah, with his favour'd few,
Was order'd to embark,
Eight human souls, a little crew,
Enter'd on board his ark.

- 2 Though every part he might secure
With bar, or bolt, or pin,
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.

- 3 The waters then might swell their tides,
The billows rage and roar,
They could not stave the assaulted sides,
Nor burst the batter'd door.
- 4 So souls that into Christ believe,
Quicken'd by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.
- 5 In his own heart the Christian puts
No trust; but builds his hopes
On him that opes, and no man shuts;
And shuts, and no man opes.
- 6 In Christ, his ark, he safely rides,
Not wreck'd by death nor sin.
How is it he so safe abides?
The Lord has shut him in.

686.

Praying for Humility.

- JESUS, cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know.
- 2 Weaned from my lordly self,
Weaned from the miser's pelf,
Weaned from the scorner's ways,
Weaned from the lust of praise.
- 3 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to thine submit;
Lay me humbly at thy feet.

- 4 Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd,
Seeing only in thy light,
Walking only in thy might.
- 5 Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from thy precious blood.
- 6 In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

687.

104th.

"Wait on the Lord."

YE broken hearts all, who cry out "Unclean,"
And taste of the gall of in-dwelling sin;
Lamenting it truly, and loathing it too,
And seeking help duly, as sinners must do;

2 The Lord whom ye seek, is nigh to your call,
Attends when you speak, nor lets a word fall;
Your sorrow and sighing are felt in his breast;
He pities your crying, and will give you rest.

3 If often he hides his face from his friends,
And silent abides for merciful ends,
At length he uncovers himself from his cloud,
And sweetly discovers his face and his blood.

4 All penitent cries his Spirit imparts,
And fetcheth out sighs from sin-feeling hearts;

575

He puts you in mourning, the dress that you
want,

A meek suit adorning both sinner and saint.

5 A time he has set to heal up your woes,

A season most fit his love to disclose,
And till he is ready to show his good-will,
Be patient and steady, and wait on him still.

688.

L. M.

"Behold the Man."—John xix. 5

YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 See there his temples crown'd with thorns!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!

3 O, thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on me thy precious blood;
Help me to taste thy dying love.

4 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O, rend with thy expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart!

689.

S. 7.

"He bore our sins in his own body on the tree."

ON the wings of faith uprising,
Jesus crucified I see;

While his love, my soul surprising,
Cries, I suffer'd all for thee!

- 2 Then beneath the cross adoring.
Sin does like itself appear;
When the wounds of Christ exploring,
I can read my pardon there.
- 3 Here I'd feast my soul for ever;
While this balm of life I prove,
Every wound appears a river
Flowing with eternal love.
- 4 Who can think without admiring?
Who can hear and nothing feel?
See the Lord of life expiring,
Yet retain a heart of steel?
- 5 Angels here may gaze and wonder,
What the God of love could mean,
When he tore the heart asunder,
Never once defiled with sin!

690.

S. S. S.

"A remnant shall be saved."

ON wings of love the Saviour flies;
And freely left his native skies,
To take a human birth;
The wise and righteous men go near,
His wonders see, his sermons hear,
And think him nothing worth.

- 2 A remnant small of humble souls
His grace mysteriously controls
By sweet alluring call;

They hear it, and his person view,
 They learn to love and follow too,
 And take him for their all.

- 3 One of this remnant I would be,
 A soul devoted unto thee,
 Allured by thy voice;
 No more on gaudy idols gaze,
 No longer tinsel grandeur praise,
 But fix on thee my choice.
- 4 Thou knowest well my secret smart
 And readest all my aching heart,
 And hearest every sigh;
 Can any creature give me rest,
 Or any blessing make me blest,
 Unless my Lord is nigh?
- 5 While walking on the gospel-way,
 I would see Jesus every day,
 And see in all his grace;
 See him my prophet, priest, and king;
 See him by faith, and praises sing,
 Then see him face to face.

691.

C. M.

The Thaw.

- AL outward means, till God appears,
 Will ineffectual prove;
 Though much the sinner sees and hears,
 He cannot learn to love.
- 2 But let the stoutest sinner feel
 The soft'ning warmth of grace,
 Though hard as ice, or rocks, or steel,
 His heart dissolves apace.

- 3 Feeling the blood which Jesus spilt,
 To save his soul from woe,
 His hatred, unbelief, and guilt,
 All melt away like snow.
- 4 Jesus, we in thy name entreat;
 Reveal thy gracious arm;
 And grant thy Spirit's kindly heat,
 Our frozen hearts to warm.

692.

L. M.

"Ask what I shall give thee."

- IF Solomon for wisdom pray'd,
 The Lord before had made him wise;
 Else he another choice had made,
 And ask'd for what the worldlings prize.
- 2 Thus he invites his people still,
 But first instructs them how to choose;
 Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
 Assured that he will not refuse.
- 3 And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
 Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
 I pray to be released from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 4 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of thy image let me bear;
 Erect thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.
- 5 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
 And from thy joy to draw my strength;
 To have thy matchless love reveal'd
 In all its height, and breadth, and length.

- 6 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
 But to thy care the rest resign;
 Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
 All will be well if thou art mine.

693.

10a.

Prayer for Preservation from Sin and forbidden Care.

- LORD, let me feel the unction of thy love,
 To cheer my heart, and set my mind above;
 Give me a precious glimpse of thy sweet face,
 And make me gladly all thy will embrace.
- 2 Draw me from all forbidden toil and care,
 From lust, and pride, and every hurtful snare;
 Make Satan and his hellish powers to flee,
 And let me have true intercourse with thee.
- 3 Subdue that monstrous host that dwells within,
 That cursed train of unbelief and sin;
 Let faith be active in the Lamb once slain,
 And all my soul adore, and love his name.

694.

8. 7.

The Church praying for themselves and their Minister.

- LORD, direct thy own-sent servant;
 Teach him how and what to speak;
 Make him humble, wise, and fervent,
 Skill'd the bread of life to break:
 Let each child enjoy a portion,
 Feel their souls alive to God;
 Freed from pride and empty notion,
 Eat thy flesh and drink thy blood.
- 2 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Dwell thou sensibly in us;

And may we thy love inherit,
 Freed from guilt, law, and the curse:
 Sweetly view and feel thy glory,
 Open all our hearts to thee;
 Sing and tell the pleasing story,
 Matchless grace has set us free.

695.

7a.

Prayer to the blessed Spirit.

BLESSED Comforter, appear
 To thy waiting children here;
 Bless us with a solemn frame;
 Magnify the Saviour's name.

- 2 Raise our souls from earth and sin;
 Let us feel thy power within;
 Make the blessings of free grace,
 Unctuously suit every case.
- 3 Make us humble and sincere;
 Free us from each carping care;
 Jesus' love and blood impart,
 Drive each rival from the heart.
- 4 Shower down blessings from above;
 Fill our souls with heavenly love;
 May we mutually agree,
 With the Father, Son, and Thee.

696.

148th.

Public Meeting Place.

WITHIN these walls, dear Lord,
 Display thy matchless grace;
 Thy constant aid afford,
 And show thy smiling face;

And may thy blessed family
Enjoy salvation full and free.

- 2 Here may the eternal Three,
His glorious power make known;
Set captive sinners free,
Bring wand'ring sinners home:
Display the wonders of his love,
And fix his children's hearts above.

- 3 May watchmen, taught of God,
Jehovah's love declare;
Proclaim a Saviour's blood,
To vanquish guilty fear;
And may the heavenly Paraclete,
Their message seal in Zion's heart.

697.

8. 7.

Prayer for Nearness unto the Lord.

O THOU lovely, loving Saviour,
Bless us with a solemn frame,
Teach us now, henceforth, and ever,
To adore thy matchless name:
Give us, blessed Jesus, give us,
A sweet glimpse of thy sweet face;
From all carping care relieve us;
Fill us with thy boundless grace.

- 2 Let the unction of redemption
Supple every conscience well;
Give us now a sweet exemption
From the rage of sin and hell.
Tell us, Lord, and make us feel it,
We are thine, for ever thine:

Take each wounded heart and heal it;
Let thy glory in us shine.

- 3 Plunge us in that crimson ocean,
Thy atonement made for sin;
Freed from trusting empty notion,
May we feel its power within:
With thy presence, Lord, refresh us,
Aid, and keep us by thy power;
May we ever be ambitious
Thee to love, crown, and adore.

698.

A. 7. 4.

Death.

PAUSE, my soul! and ask the question—
Art thou ready to meet God?

Am I made a real Christian,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood?
Have I union,
To the church's living Head?

- 2 Am I quicken'd by his Spirit;
Live a life of faith and prayer?
Trusting wholly to his merit;
Casting on him all my care?
Daily panting,
In his likeness to appear?

- 3 If my hope on Christ is stayed,
Let him come when he thinks best;
O my soul! be not dismayed,
Lean upon his loving breast:
He will cheer thee
With the smilings of his face.

- 4 But, if still a total stranger
 To his precious name and blood,
 Thou art on the brink of danger;
 Canst thou face a holy God?
 Think and tremble,
 Death is now upon the road.

699.

10s.

New Year.

LORD, we adore thee, and would fain express
 Thy matchless goodness and our worthlessness;
 Ashamed of self, we prostrate at thy door,
 Confess our sin, and thy free grace implore.

- 2 Another year of our short life is gone,
 And many are the wonders we have known;
 Our path's been strew'd with blessings rich and
 rare,
 Proceeding from thy special love and care.

3 Sometimes in solemn silence we have sat,
 Then peevishly cried out, How hard's our lot;
 Each trial we have view'd with fretful eye,
 And every mercy past in silence by.

4 We've swell'd our woes to an immense degree,
 And often said, none are so tried as we;
 God's righteous ways our carnal hearts despise,
 And often say they're neither just nor wise.

5 Yet sov'reign favours we have oft enjoy'd;
 To us the Holy Ghost has them applied;
 Through God's free goodness, mercies, rich and
 rare, [fear.
 Have cheer'd our souls, and vanquish'd every

6 Christ, and him crucified, has been our song;
His unctuous love has tuned our hearts and
tongue;

We've been abash'd, our vileness have confess'd
And felt that God in blessing hath us bless'd.

700.

148th.

New-Year.

GREAT God, to thee we come,
And solemnly confess,
Our hearts are prone to roam,
From paths of righteousness;
We view the years already past,
And see great cause to be abash'd.

2 Thy sov'reign love and care,
Thus far has brought us on,
'Midst sins, and woes, and fear,
Thy goodness is made known:
That grace must needs be rich and free,
Which saves such worthless worms as we.

3 We now begin the year,
Dependant on thy grace;
May we possess thy fear,
And often see thy face;
Lord, make us daily live by faith,
'Triumphant over sin and death.

4 Revive thy work within,
And make us watch and pray;
Subdue each hateful sin,
And guide us in thy way:
In Jesus may we live and rest,
And sweetly lean upon his breast.

701.

10s.

No solid Comfort but in Christ.

WHEN my dear Jesus hides his smiling face,
Nor lets me feel the unction of his grace;
I feel my loss, nor can my spirit rest,
Till with his lovely presence I am blest.

2 I mourn like one bereft of home and friend,
And often wonder where the scene will end;
Tortured with anxious care, without repose,
I feel as one immersed in gloomy woes.

3 The means of grace afford no sweet relief,
But often tend to aggravate my grief;
I cannot rest without my resting place;
Sweet Jesus, come, and let me thee embrace.

702.

7s.

The Rock.

SELF-condemned and abhorr'd,
How shall I approach the Lord?
Hard my heart, and cold, and faint,
Full of every sad complaint.

2 What can soften hearts of stone?
Jesus' precious blood alone;
When the Spirit it imparts,
That will soften hardest hearts.

3 This would bruise my bosom well,
Make it with God's praises swell;
Squeeze my idols from my breast,
Bring the blessed gospel-rest.

4 O, the rock which Moses struck,
Soon would make my heart a brook!

Only this can make me feel!
Bring it with thy burial-seal.

- 5 With its oil my limbs anoint ;
That will supple ev'ry joint:
Of its honey let me eat ;
That will make my temper sweet.

703.

10s.

On the Nativity of Christ.

YE souls redeem'd with Jesus' precious blood,
Proclaim the grace of your incarnate God ;
Sing that amazing, boundless, matchless love,
Which brought the Lord of glory from above.

- 2 The eternal Word, who built the earth and
skies,

Takes on him flesh, and in a manger lies:
In that dear Babe of Bethlehem I see
My God, contracted to a span for me.

- 3 Mary's first-born was God and man in one ;
David's own God, and David's blessed Son.
Well might the angels wing their way to earth,
To celebrate so glorious a birth.

- 4 They sung, with new surprise and fresh de-
lights,

Glory to God, in all the angelic heights ;
Surrounded with God's glory, in a blaze
To heaven they fly, the incarnate God to praise.

- 5 Shall angels sing the honours of his name,
And sinners, saved by grace, silent remain?
Good God, forbid ! inflame us with thy love,
And set our grov'ling minds on things above.

6 This God-like mystery we will gladly sing,
 And own the virgin's babe our God and King:
 Jehovah Jesus, we will thee adore,
 And crown thee Lord of all for evermore.

704.

'So shall you be established.'

LORD, we lie before thy feet;
 Look on all our deep distress;
 Thy rich mercy may we meet;
 Clothe us with thy righteousness;
 Stretch forth thy almighty hand;
 Hold us up, and we shall stand.

2 O that closer we could cleave
 To thy bleeding, dying breast!
 Give us firmly to believe,
 And to enter into rest:
 Lord, increase, increase our faith;
 Make us faithful unto death.

3 Make thy mighty wonders known;
 Let us see thy suff'rings plain;
 Let us hear thee sigh and groan,
 Till we sigh and groan again:
 Rend, O rend the veil between;
 Open wide the bloody scene.

4 Let us trust thee evermore;
 Every moment on thee call,
 For new life, new will, new power;
 Let us trust thee, Lord, for all:
 May we nothing know beside
 Jesus, and him crucified.

705.

112th.

"He is touched," &c.

THOU poor, afflicted, tempted soul,
 With fears and doubts and tempests toss'd,
 What if the billows rise and roll,
 And dash thy ship, it is not lost:
 The winds and waves, and fiends may roar,
 But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.

- 2 What ail those eyes bedew'd with tears,
 Those labouring sighs that heave thy breast,
 Those oft-repeated broken prayers?
 Dost thou not long for Jesus' rest?
 And can the Lord pass heedless by,
 And see a mourning sinner die?

706.

7th.

Christ the Christian's only Help.

GRACIOUS God, thy children keep;
 Jesus, guide thy silly sheep;
 Fix, O fix our fickle souls;
 Lord, direct us; we are fools.

- 2 Bid us in thy care confide;
 Keep us near thy wounded side;
 From thee let us never stir,
 For thou know'st how soon we err.
- 3 Lay us low before thy feet,
 Safe from pride and self-conceit;
 Be the language of our souls,
 "Lord, protect us; we are fools."
- 4 O defend thy purchased flock;
 See, the insulting Ishmaels mock:

Guard us from a world of sin;
Foes without, and worse within.

- 5 Look upon the unequal war;
Saviour, do not go too far:
Crafty is the foe, and strong;
Saviour, do not tarry long.
- 6 By thy word we fain would steer,
Fain thy Spirit's dictates hear;
Save us from the rocks and shelves;
Save us chiefly from ourselves.
- 7 Never, never may we dare,
What we're not to say we are:
Make us well our vileness know;
Keep us very, very low.

707.

L. M.

"These light afflictions."

WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease, or tiring pain;
When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain;

- 2 Then, then to have recourse to God,
To pour a prayer in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
This is to find a friend indeed.
- 3 And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.
- 4 Himself shall be thy helping friend;
Thy good physician; nay, thy nurse;

To make thy bed shall condescend,
And from the affliction take the curse.

- 5 Should'st thou a moment's absence mourn;
Should some short darkness intervene;
He'll give thee power, till light return,
To trust him, with the cloud between.

708.

C. M.

"But it is good for me to draw near to God"

As when a child, secure of harms,
Hangs at the mother's breast,
Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest:

- 2 And, while through many a painful path
The trav'ling parent speeds,
The fearless babe, with passive faith,
Lies still, and yet proceeds.

- 3 Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms about her neck,
And seems to closer cling.

- 4 Poor child, maternal love alone
Preserves thee first and last;
Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,
Are those that hold thee fast.

- 5 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
And hear his secret call,
Must every fair pretension leave,
And let the Lord be all.

- 6 "Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
The Shepherd softly cries.

"Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,"
The listening sheep replies.

- 7 "Thy whole dependance on me fix;
Nor entertain a thought
Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
But venture to be nought.
- 8 "Fond self-direction is a shelf;
Thy strength, thy wisdom flee:
When thou art nothing in thyself,
Thou then art close to me."

709.

C. M.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"

THE Lord that made both heaven and earth,
And was himself made man,
Lay in the womb, before his birth,
Contracted to a span.

- 2 Behold, from what beginnings small
Our great salvation rose!
The strength of God is own'd by all;
But who his weakness knows?
- 3 Let not the strong the weak despise,
Their faith, though small, is true;
Though low they seem in other's eyes,
Their Saviour seem'd so too.
- 4 Nor meanly of the tempted think;
For, O what tongue can tell
How low the Lord of life must sink,
Before he vanquish'd hell!
- 5 As in the days of flesh he grew
In wisdom, stature, grace,

So in the soul that's born anew,
He keeps a gradual pace.

- 6 No less Almighty at his birth,
Than on his throne supreme;
His shoulders held up heaven and earth,
When Mary held up him.

710.

104th.

"The heart is deceitful."

No wisdom of man can spy out his heart,
The Lord only can show his hidden part;
Nor yet are men willing to have the truth told,
The sight is too killing for pride to behold.

- 2 A look from the Lord discovers our case,
And bringeth his word attended with grace;
The man is convicted and feeleth his hell,
And groweth afflicted more than he can tell.

- 3 If once the sun shines upon a soul clear,
He reads the dark lines which sin has writ.
Begins to discover his colour & make, [there;
And cries, I'm all over as any fiend black.

- 4 But when the Lord shows his reconciled face,
And buries our woes in triumphing grace,
This blessed look stilleth the mourner's com
plaint,

And with a song filleth the mouth of the saint.

- 5 Sweet love and sweet shame now hallow his
breast;

Yet black is his name, tho' by his Lord blest;
I am, he says, homely, deform'd in each part,
All black, and yet comely, through Jesus' desert.

6 A look of thy love is all that we want;

Ah! look from above, and give us content:
Looks set us adoring thy person most sweet,
And lay us abhorring ourselves at thy feet.

711.

L. M.

The Hiding Place.

- AMIDST the sorrows of the way,
Lord Jesus, teach my soul to pray;
And let me taste thy special grace,
And run to Christ, my hiding place.
- 2 Thou know'st the vileness of my heart,
So prone to act the rebel's part;
And when thou veil'st thy lovely face,
Where can I find a hiding place?
- 3 Lord, guide my silly, wand'ring feet,
And draw me to thy mercy seat:
I've nought to trust but sov'reign grace;
Thou only art my hiding place.
- 4 O how unstable is my heart;
Sometimes I take the tempter's part,
And slight the tokens of thy grace,
And seem to want no hiding place.
- 5 But when thy Spirit shines within,
And makes me feel the plague of sin;
Then how I long to see thy face;
'Tis then I want a hiding place.
- 6 Lord Jesus, shine, and then I can
Feel sweetness in salvation's plan;
And as a sinner, plead for grace,
Through Christ, the sinner's hiding place.

712.

L. M.

Christ in the Garden.

COME hither, ye that fain would know
 The exceeding sinfulness of sin;
 Come see a scene of matchless woe,
 And tell me what it all can mean.

- 2 Behold the darling Son of God
 Bow'd down with horror to the ground,
 Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,
 His eyes in tears of sorrow drown'd!
- 3 See how the victim panting lies,
 His soul with bitter anguish press'd!
 He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
 Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distress'd!
- 4 What pangs are these that tear his heart?
 What burden's this that's on him laid?
 What means this agony of smart?
 What makes our Maker hang his head?
- 5 'Tis Justice, with its iron rod,
 Inflicting strokes of wrath divine;
 'Tis the vindictive hand of God,
 Incensed at all your sins and mine.
- 6 Deep in his breast our names were cut;
 He undertook our desperate debt:
 Such loads of guilt were on him put,
 He could but just sustain the weight.
- 7 Then let us not ourselves deceive;
 For, while of sin we lightly deem,
 Whatever notions we may have,
 Indeed we are not much like him.

713.

Faith.

WHEN faith to Sinai looks,
It fills the heart with dread;
And justifies the dreadful stroke,
That strikes the sinner dead.

2 And when by faith we trace
Christ is the only way,
From endless wrath to endless bliss,
We for the blessing pray.

3 But when faith views the Lamb,
As my atoning Priest,
It magnifies his precious name,
And sets the heart at rest.

4 How precious is the faith,
That God to Zion gives;
It triumphs over sin and death,
And in Jehovah lives.

714.

O. M.

For a Believer in great Darkness and Distress.

WHY so cast down, dejected soul?
A loving Christ is near;
Thy broken bones he can make whole,
And drooping spirit cheer.

2 If guilty stings thy conscience feel,
And pierce thee through and through,
Yet past backslidings Christ can heal,
And love thee freely too.

3 If justice draw its flaming sword,
And seems intent to kill;

- On Jesus call, and trust his word,
And thou shalt praise him still.
- 4 Thy soul with tempests may be toss'd,
And Satan sorely thrust;
Yet sure no soul shall e'er be lost,
Who makes the Lord his trust.
- 5 Dear Jesus, show thy smiling face,
And Calvary's peace impart,
Display the power of saving grace,
And cheer a troubled heart.
- 6 Refresh his eye with sweeter light,
And whisper in his ear,
"Thy soul is precious in my sight,
No need thou hast to fear."

715.

S. S. A.

The Day of Pentecost.

- WHEN the bless'd day of Pentecost
Was fully come, the Holy Ghost
Descended from above.
Sent by the Father and the Son,
To bring immortal blessings down,
And shed abroad God's love.
- 2 Sudden a rushing wind they hear;
And fiery cloven tongues appear;
And sat on every one.
Cloven perhaps to be a sign
That God no longer would confine
His word to Jews alone.
- 3 And were these first disciples bless'd
With heavenly gifts? And shall the rest
Be pass'd unheeded by?

597

What! has the Holy Ghost forgot
To quicken souls that Christ has bought,
And lets them lifeless lie?

- 4 No, thou almighty Paraclete,
Thou shedd'st thy heavenly influence yet,
Thou visit'st sinners still:
Thy breath of life, thy quick'ning flame,
Thy power, thy Godhead, still the same,
We own, because we feel.

716.

L. M.

The Blood of Sprinkling.

- DEAR dying Friend, we look on thee,
And own our soul offences here;
We built thy cross on Calvary,
And nail'd and pierced thy body there.
- 2 Yet, let the blood our hands have spilt,
Be sprinkled on each guilty heart,
To purge the conscience well from guilt,
And everlasting life impart.
- 3 So will we sing thy lovely name,
For grace so rich and freely given;
And tell thy love, and tell our shame,
That one we murder'd gives us heaven.

717.

7. 6.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

- BRETHREN, those who come to bliss
Come through sore temptations.
May we all, remembering this,
Pray for faith and patience,

- 2 See the suff'ring church of Christ,
Gather'd from all quarters:
All contain'd in that red list
Were not murder'd martyrs.
- 3 The Holy Ghost will make the soul
Feel its sad condition;
For the sick, and not the whole,
Need the good Physician.
- 4 Of that mighty multitude,
Who of life were winners,
This we safely may conclude,
All were wretched sinners.
- 5 All were loathsome in God's sight,
Till the blood of Jesus
Wash'd their robes, and made them white;
Now they sing his praises.

718.

L. M.

Baptism.

- BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him to life restored:
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.
- 2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own;
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing stood,
Baptized with fire, and bathed in blood.
 - 3 Not but we taste his bitter cup;
But only he could drink it up.
To burn for us was his desire;
And he baptizes us with fire.

- 4 This fire will not consume, but melt;
 How soft, compared with that he felt!
 Thus cleansed from filth, & purged from dross,
 Baptized Christian, bear the cross.

719.

Faith and Repentance.

- COME, ye Christians, sing the praises
 Of your condescending God;
 Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
 We are poor, and weak, and silly,
 And to every evil prone;
 Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
 And receives us for his own.
- 2 Though we're mean in man's opinion,
 He hath made us priests and kings.
 Power, and glory, and dominion,
 To the Lamb the sinner sings.
 Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,
 Come before him as you are:
 'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
 Needs the good Physician's care.
- 3 Oh! beware of fondly thinking
 God accepts thee for thy tears.
 Are the shipwreck'd saved by sinking?
 Can the ruin'd rise by fears?
 O beware of trust ill grounded;
 'Tis but fancied faith at most;
 To be cured, and not be wounded;
 To be saved before you're lost.
- 4 No big words of ready talkers,
 No dry doctrine, will suffice:

Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
 These are dear in Jesus' eyes.
 Flinking sounds of disputation,
 Naked knowledge, all are vain:
 Every soul that gains salvation
 Must and shall be born again.

720.

7a.

"Worthy is the Lamb to receive blessing," &c.—Rev. v. 12.

- ENDLESS blessings on the Lamb!
 Broken hearts, repeat the same;
 His dear heart was broken too,
 When he bore the curse for you.
- 2 Your dread crimes once pierced his heart;
 Sunk his soul in vengeful smart;
 But his sin-atonement blood
 Now maintains your peace with God.
- 3 Endless blessings on him rest!
 Broken hearts in him are bless'd;
 And though they may trembling stand,
 He upholds them with his hand.
- 4 In his heart they have a place,
 'Stablish'd there through sovereign grace;
 And, in his set time and way,
 He will change their night to day.
- 5 Trust in him, ye tempted saints;
 Tell him all your sad complaints;
 He a present help will be—
 Give you strength and victory.
- 6 Blessed Jesus! fill each heart,
 With thy love, and blood, and smart;

Then thy wonders we'll proclaim,
And adore thy matchless name.

- 7 Endless blessings rest on thee!
Thou hast set the captive free;
We would shout aloud and sing,
Glory to our God and King.

721.

L. M.

Praise for a Complete Saviour.

- To him that loved us, ere we lay
Conceal'd within the passive clay;
To him that loved us though we fell,
And saved us from the pains of hell;
- 2 To him that found us dead in sin,
And planted holy life within;
To him that taught our feet the way.
From endless night to endless day;
- 3 To him that wrought our righteousness,
And sanctified us by his grace;
To him that brought us back to God,
Through the red sea of his own blood;
- 4 To him that sits upon the throne,
The great eternal Three in One;
To him let saints and angels raise
An everlasting song of praise.

722.

7a.

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7.

WHAT am I, and where am I?
Strange my self and paths appear;
Scarce can lift a thought on high,
Or drop one heart-feeling tear.

- 2 Yet I feel I'm not at home,
But know not which way to move;
Lest I farther yet should roam,
From the object of my love.
- 3 Some small glimmering light I have,
Yet too dark to see my way;
Jesus' presence still I crave;
When, O when will it be day?
- 4 Is the evening time at hand?
Will it then indeed be light?
Will the sun its beams extend,—
Chase away the shades of night?
- 5 Will the Lord indeed appear,
Give me light, and joy, and rest,
Drive away my gloomy fear,
Draw me to his lovely breast?
- 6 Then his love is rich and free;
Jesus, let me feel its power,
And my soul will cling to thee,
Love and praise thee and adore.

723.

8. 7. 4

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus in his love will save you,
Full of pity join'd with power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him.
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

724.

S. & A.

Praise for Redeeming Love.

How vast the sufferings, who can tell,
 When Jesus fought sin, death, and hell,
 And was in battle slain?
 How great the triumph, who can sing,
 When from the grave the immortal King
 Triumphant rose again?

- 2 Yet we'll attempt his name to bless,
 While we pass through the wilderness
 To Canaan's happy shore.
 But when we reach the plains above,
 And every breath we draw is love,
 We'll sing his glories more.

725.

Prayer.

S. M.

THE sinner born of God,
 To God will pour his prayer,
 In sighs, or groans, or words express'd,
 Or in a falling tear.

- 2 The feelings of his heart
 Ascend to the Most High;

And though the Lord awhile forbear,
His needs he will supply.

- 3 A form of words may please
A sinner dead in sin;
But quicken'd sinners want to pray
As prompted from within.
- 4 The Holy Ghost indites,
All real vital prayer;
And prayer indited by the Lord,
The Lord will surely hear.

726.

7s.

"I am the bright and morning star."—Rev. xxii. 16.

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

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

727.

C. M.

"O that I knew where I might find him."—Job xxiii. 3, 4.

O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

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

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

4 But stay, my soul, to hope give place,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

728.

1172.

"The flesh lusteth against the spirit," &c.—Gal. v. 17.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life;
What opposites I feel within!
A stable peace, a constant strife;
The rule of grace, the power of sin:
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my Head.

2 I prize the privilege of prayer,
But oh, what backwardness to pray!
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden every day;

I'd seek his will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

I call the promises my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;
Yet though their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpress'd and cold:
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.

- 4 Thus different powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And victory hangs in doubtful scale:
But Jesus has his promise past,
That grace shall overcome at last.

729.

S. M.

"Waiting for the moving of the waters."—John v. 2—8.

BESIDE the gospel-pool
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

- 2 But my complaints remain;
I feel, alas! the same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 3 O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?

Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

- 5 No; he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

730.

C. M.

Lord of All.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye souls redeem'd of gentile race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Throughout this earthly ball,
'To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 We too, amid the sacred throng,
Low at his feet would fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

731.

C. M.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Exod. xv. 26.

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

- 2** Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from the Lord!
- 3** Remember him who once applied,
With trembling for relief;
“Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,
“O help my unbelief.”
- 4** She too who touch’d thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer’d, “Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5** Like her with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee, if we may;
O send us not despairing home;
Send none unheal’d away.

732.

148th.

“How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God.”—Ps. cxxxix. 17

- INDULGENT God, how kind
Are all thy ways to me,
Whose dark benighted mind
Was enmity with thee;
Yet now, subdued by sov’reign grace,
My spirit longs for thy embrace.
- 2** How precious are thy thoughts,
Which o’er my bosom roll;
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul;
How great their sum, how high they rise,
Can ne’er be known beneath the skies.

- 3 Preserved in Jesus when
My feet made haste to hell;
And there should I have gone,
But thou dost all things well;
Thy love was great, thy mercy free,
Which from the pit deliver'd me.
- 4 A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood;
The streams of love I trace
Up to the fountain, God;
And in his wondrous mercy see,
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

733.

S. M.

"Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," &c.—Matt. xv. 19.

- ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn my eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty King of saints!
These tyrant-lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

734.

C. M.

The Lord's Supper.

LORD, who can hear of all thy woe,
 Thy groans and dying cries,
 And not feel tears of sorrow flow,
 And sighs of pity rise?

- 2 Much harder than the hardest stone
 That man's hard heart must be.
 Alas, dear Lord, with shame we own,
 That just such hearts have we.
- 3 The symbols of thy flesh and blood
 Will (as they have been oft)
 With unrelenting hearts be view'd,
 Unless thou make them soft.
- 4 Dissolve these rocks; call forth the stream,
 Make every eye a sluice;
 Let none be slow to weep for him
 Who wept so much for us.
- 5 And while we mourn, and sing, and pray,
 And feed on bread and wine,
 Lord, let thy quick'ning Spirit convey
 The substance with the sign.

735.

8. 7. 4.

"Happy is that people that is in such a case."—Ps. cxliv. 15.

O THE happiness arising
 From the life of grace within,
 When the soul is realizing
 Conquests over hell and sin;
 Happy moments!
 Heavenly joys on earth begin.

- 2 On the Saviour's fulness living,
 All his saints obtain delight;
 With the strength which he is giving,
 They can wrestle, they can fight.
 Happy moments!
 When King Jesus is in sight.
- 3 Nearer, nearer to him clinging,
 Let my helpless soul be found;
 All my sorrows to him bringing,
 May his grace in me abound;
 Happy moments!
 With new covenant blessings crown'd.

736.

L. M.

"Show me a token for good."—Psalm lxxxvi. 17.

- SHOW me some token, Lord, for good,
 Some token of thy special love;
 Show me that I am born of God,
 And that my treasure is above.
- 2 My supplication, Lord, is this,
 That all my sins may be subdued;
 That all thy precious promises
 May be to me and for my good.
- 3 O seal my pardon to my soul,
 And then proclaim my peace with thee;
 Thus make my wounded conscience whole,
 And that will be for good to me.
- 4 Let thy good Spirit rule my heart,
 And govern all my words and ways;
 Let grace abound in every part,
 And teach my tongue to sing thy praise.

- 5 Thus may I see that I am thine,
And feel my heart to thee ascend;
Then shall I know that thou art mine,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

737.

7s.

"He gave his only begotten Son."—John iii. 16.

- GRACIOUS Lord, incline thy ear!**
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

738.

L. M.

Christ, the Way to God.

JESUS, how heavenly is the place,
Where thy dear people wait for thee!
Where the rich fountain of thy grace,
Stands ever open, full and free.

- 2 Hungry, and poor, and lame, and blind,
Hither the blood-bought children fly;
In thy deep wounds a balsam find,
And live while they behold thee die.
- 3 Here they forget their doubts and fears,
While thy sharp sorrows meet their eyes;
And bless the hand that dries their tears,
And each returning want supplies.
- 4 O the vast mysteries of thy love!
How high, how deep, how wide it rolls!
Its fountain springs in heaven above,
Its streams revive our drooping souls.

739.

S. M.

The Soul flying to Christ for Rest and Refuge.

- No help in self I find,
And yet have sought it well;
The native treasure of my mind
Is sin, and death, and hell.
- 2 To Christ for help I fly,
The friend of sinners lost,
A refuge sweet, and sure, and nigh,
And there is all my trust.
 - 3 Lord, grant me free access
Unto thy pierced side.

For there I seek my dwelling place,
And there my guilt would hide.

4 In every time of need,
My helpless soul defend,
And save me from all evil deed,
And save me to the end.

5 And when the hour is near
That flesh and heart will fail,
Do thou in all thy grace appear,
And bid my faith prevail.

740.

L. M.

"Blessed be ye poor."—Luke vi. 20.

LORD, when I hear thy children talk
(And I believe 'tis often true)
How with delight thy ways they walk,
And gladly thy commandments do,

2 In my own breast I look and read
Accounts so very different there,
That, had I not thy blood to plead,
Each sight would sink me to despair.

3 Needy, and naked, and unclean,
Empty of good, and full of ill,
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the power to act or will;

4 I feel my fainting spirits droop;
My wretched leanness I deplore;
Till gladden'd with a gleam of hope
From this, The Lord has blest the poor.

5 Then while I make my secret moan,
Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,

Though I have nothing of my own,
My treasure is immense in thee.

- 6 My treasure is thy precious blood:
Fix there my heart, and for the rest,
Under thy forming hands, my God,
Give me that frame which thou think'st best

741.

"Why weepest thou?"—Luke xx. 15.

I no more at Mary wonder
Dropping tears upon the grave;
Earnest asking all around her,
"Where is he that died to save?"

- 2 Dying love her heart attracted,
Soon she felt its rising power:
He who Mary thus affected,
Bids his mourners weep no more.

742.

"He that trusteth his own heart is a fool."

HE that trusteth his own heart,
Acts a raw and foolish part;
Base it is, and full of guile,
Brooding mischief in a smile.

- 2 Does it boast of love within?
So it may, and yet may sin;
Peter loved his Master well,
Yet a loving Peter fell.
- 3 Does it feel a melting frame?
David also felt the same;
Yet he made a woeful trip,
And perceived his mountain slip.

- 4 Does it talk of faith, and boast?
 Abram had as much as most;
 Yet, beguiled by unbelief,
 Twice he durst deny his wife.
- 5 Every prop will, first or last,
 Sink and fail but Jesus Christ;
 On this sure foundation stone
 Let me build and rest alone.

743.

C. M.

Waiting for Help.

- My business lies at Jesus' gate,
 Where many a Lazar comes;
 And here I sue, and here I wait
 For mercy's falling crumbs.
- 2 My rags and wounds my wants proclaim
 And help from him implore;
 The wounds do witness I am lame,
 The rags that I am poor.
- 3 The Lord, I hear, the hungry feeds,
 And cheereth souls distress'd.
 He loves to bind up broken reeds,
 And heal a bleeding breast.
- 4 His name is Jesus, full of grace,
 Which draws me to his door;
 And will not Jesus show his face,
 And bring his gospel store?
- 5 Supplies of every grace I want,
 And each day's want supply;
 And if no grace the Lord will grant,
 I must lie down and die.

744.

112th.

"He shall convince of sin."

No awful sense we find of sin,
 The sinful life and sinful heart;
 No loathing of the plague within,
 Until the Lord that feel impart;
 But when the Spirit of truth is come,
 A sinner trembles at his doom.

- 2 Convinced and pierced through and through,
 He thinks himself the sinner chief;
 And conscious of his mighty woe,
 Perceives at length his unbelief;
 Good creeds may stock his head around,
 But in his heart no faith is found.
- 3 No power his nature can afford
 To change his heart, or purge his guilt;
 No help is found but in the Lord,
 No balm but in the blood he spilt;
 A ruin'd soul condemn'd he stands,
 And unto Jesus lifts his hands.
- 4 So lift I up my hands and eyes,
 And all my help in Jesus seek;
 Lord, bring thy purging sacrifice
 To wash me white and make me meek,
 And give me more enlarged faith,
 'To view the wonders of thy death.

745.

8. 8. 6.

Simple-Hearted.

WHEN Jesus would his grace proclaim
 He calls the simple, blind, and lame,
 To come and be his guest;

Such simple folk the world despise,
 Yet simple folk have sharpest eyes,
 And learn to walk the best.

- 2 They view the want of Jesus' light,
 Of Jesus' blood, and Jesus might,
 Which others cannot view;
 They walk in Christ, the living way,
 And fight, and win the well-fought day,
 Which others cannot do.
- 3 They all declare, I nothing am,
 My life is bound up in the Lamb,
 My wit and might are his;
 My worth is all in Jesus found,
 He is my rock, my anchor's ground,
 And all my hope of bliss.
- 4 Such simple soul I fain would be,
 The scorn of man, the joy of thee,
 Thy parlour guest and friend;
 Do make me, Lord, a little child,
 Right simple-hearted, meek, and mild,
 And loving to the end.

746.

8. 7.

Faith and Repentance.

JESUS is our God and Saviour,
 Guide, and counsellor, and friend,
 Bearing all our misbehaviour,
 Kind and loving to the end.
 Trust him, he will not deceive us,
 Though we hardly of him deem;
 He will never, never leave us;
 Nor will let us quite leave him.

619

- 2 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.
- 3 Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
 How to mourn and not despair;
 Let us, leaning on thy merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in prayer.
 Whatso'er afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please;
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From security and ease.
- 4 Softly to thy garden lead us,
 To behold thy bloody sweat;
 Though thou from the curse hast freed us,
 Let us not the cost forget.
 Be thy groans and cries rehearsed
 By the Spirit in our ears,
 Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,
 Melt in sympathetic tears.

747.

C. M.

God's various Dealings with his Children.

How hard and rugged is the way
 To some poor pilgrims' feet;
 In all they do, or think, or say,
 They opposition meet.

- 2 Others again more smoothly go,
Secured from hurts and harms;
Their Saviour leads them gently through,
Or bears them in his arms.
- 3 Faith and repentance all must find;
But yet we daily see
They differ in their time and kind,
Duration and degree.
- 4 Some long repent and late believe,
But when their sin's forgiven,
A clearer passport they receive,
And walk with joy to heaven.
- 5 Their pardon some receive at first;
And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.
- 6 But be our conflicts short or long,
This commonly is true,
That wheresoever faith is strong,
Repentance is so too.

748.

L. M.

Light in God's Light.

In darkness born I went astray,
And wander'd from the gospel way;
And since the Saviour gave me sight,
I cannot see without his light.

- 2 So poor, and blind, and lame I am,
My all is bound up in the Lamb;
And blessed am I when I see
My spirit's inmost poverty.

- 3 I cannot walk without his might;
 I cannot see without his light;
 I can have no access to God
 But through the merits of his blood.
- 4 It makes me feel my ruin'd state,
 It lays my soul at mercy's gate;
 And Jesus smiles at such a guest,
 And cheers him with a heavenly feast.

749.

148th.

"When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer."—*Lam. III. 9.*

- I HEAR a righteous man,
 A prophet good and great,
 In deep distress complain,
 And thus his grief relate;
 I call on God, and cry and shout,
 But all my prayer he shutteth out.
- 2 He cries, and cries again,
 And yet no answers come;
 He shouts aloud through pain,
 And still the Lord is dumb;
 Like some abandon'd wretch he moans,
 And Jesus seems to mock his groans.
- 3 Let every drooping saint
 Keep waiting evermore;
 And though exceeding faint
 Knock on at mercy's door;
 Still cry and shout till night is past,
 And day-light will spring up at last.
- 4 If Christ do not appear,
 When his disciples cry,

He marketh every tear,
 And counteth every sigh;
 In all their sorrows bears a part,
 Beholds their grief, and feels their smart.

- 5 He lends an unseen hand,
 And gives a secret prop,
 Which makes them waiting stand,
 Till he complete their hope;
 So let me wait upon this Friend,
 And trust him till my troubles end.

750.

C. M.

"His great love wherewith he loved us."—Eph. ii. 4.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above;
 Let every heart and voice accord,
 To sing that God is love!

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove;
 Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
 To show that God is love!

- 3 Behold his patience lengthen'd out,
 To those who from him rove;
 And calls effectual reach their hearts,
 To teach them God is love!

- 4 The work begun is carried on
 By power from heaven above;
 And every step, from first to last,
 Proclaims that God is love!

- 5 O may we all, while here below,
 This best of blessings prove;

Till warmer hearts in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love!

751.

L. M.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."—John xiv. 19.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die!
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high!
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave!
He lives, eternally to save!

- 2 He lives, to still his people's fears!
He lives, to wipe away their tears!
He lives, to calm their troubled heart!
He lives, all blessings to impart!
- 3 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, unchangeably the same!
He lives, their mansions to prepare!
He lives, to bring them safely there!

752.

L. M.

"The wisdom of God in a mystery."—1 Cor. ii. 7.

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands,
Shows something worthy of a God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

- 4 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

753.

8. 7. 4.

"Let us come boldly to the throne of grace."—Heb. iv. 16.

LORD, we plead with thee for pardon;
Who can need it more than we?
Make us as a water'd garden;
Fruitful let thy people be:
'Tis thy pleasure
That thy people live to thee.

- 2 Keep us in a world of sorrow;
When we call, O hear our prayer!
Let us trust thee for the morrow,
Free from boasting, free from care:
When we trust thee,
Truly happy then we are.

754.

7a.

"Keep thy foot when thou comest to the house of God."—Eccl. v. 1.

HOLY Comforter, descend,
Testify of Christ, the Lamb;
From the foe our hearts defend,
And with zeal our hearts inflame.

- 2 Send a spark of heavenly fire,
Quick as lightning to the soul;
This shall melt and bring us nigher,
Raise us up and make us whole.
- 3 Teach us truly how to pray,
Carnal else will be our cries;

Turn us, Lord, from self away,
And from Jesus send supplies.

- 4 Every burden'd soul relieve,
Wipe away the mourner's tears;
Help them fully to believe,
And on thee to cast their cares.

755.

L. M.

"There is forgiveness with thee."—Psalm cxxx. 4.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Lord, may this bliss in me be found,
May I redeeming grace enjoy.

- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine,
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honours shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
May love in equal ardour glow.

756.

C. M.

"Unto you which believe he is precious."—1 Peter ii. 7.

EXCEEDING precious is my Lord;
His love divinely free!
And his dear name does health afford,
To sickly souls like me.

- 2 It cheers a debtor's gloomy face,
And breaks his prison door;
It brings amazing stores of grace
To feed the gospel poor.
- 3 And if with lively faith we view
His dying toil and smart;
And hear him say, "It was for you!"
This breaks the stony heart.
- 4 A heavenly joy his words convey;
The bowels strangely move;
We blush, and melt, and faint away,
O'erwhelmed with his love.
- 5 In such sweet posture let me lie,
And wet thy feet with tears,
Till, join'd with saints above the sky,
I tune my harp with theirs.

757.

C. M.

"God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit."—1 Cor. ii 10.

- GREAT God, how deep thy councils lie;
Supreme in power art thou;
All things to thy omniscient eye,
Are one eternal now.
- 2 Thy thoughts of peace to Israel's race,
From everlasting flow'd;
And when thou hid'st thy lovely face,
Thou still art Israel's God.
 - 3 In ties of blood, and nothing less,
We claim thee as our own;
And God the eternal Spirit bless,
Who makes the kindred known.

- 4 Long as the covenant shall endure,
 Made by the great Three-One,
 Salvation is for ever sure,
 To every blood-bought son.

758.

S. V. 4.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."—Isa. xlviii. 10.

- Sons of God, in tribulation,
 Let your eyes the Saviour view;
 He's the Rock of our salvation,
 He was tried and tempted too:
 All to succour
 Every tempted, burden'd son.
- 2 'Tis, if need be, he reproves us,
 Lest we settle on our lees;
 Yet he in the furnace loves us,
 'Tis express'd in words like these:
 "I am with thee,
 Israel, passing through the fire."
- 3 To his church, his joy and treasure,
 Every trial works for good;
 They are dealt in weight and measure,
 Yet how little understood:
 Not in anger,
 But from his dear covenant love.
- 4 If to-day he deigns to bless us
 With a sense of pardon'd sin,
 Perhaps to-morrow he'll distress us,
 Make us feel the plague within;
 All to make us
 Sick of self, and fond of him.

759.

7a.

"He healeth the broken in heart."—Ps. cxlvii. 3.

JESUS heals the broken-hearted;
 O how sweet that sound to me!
 Once beneath my sin he smarted,
 Groan'd and bled to set me free.

- 2 By his sufferings, death, and merits;
 By his Godhead, blood, and pain;
 Broken hearts, or wounded spirits,
 Are at once made whole again.
- 3 Broken by the law's loud thunder,
 To the cross for refuge flee;
 O'er his pungent sorrows ponder,
 'Tis his stripes that healeth thee.
- 4 Oil and wine to heal and cherish,
 Jesus still to Israel gives;
 Nor shall e'er a sinner perish,
 Who in his dear name believes.
- 5 In his righteousness confiding,
 Shelter'd safe beneath his wing;
 Here they find a sure abiding,
 And of covenant mercy sing.
- 6 Seek, my soul, no other healing,
 But in Jesus' balmy blood;
 He, beneath the Spirit's sealing,
 Stands thy great High Priest with God.

760.

8. 7. 4.

"To the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25.

ALL-SUFFICIENT is our Jesus,
 Though our sins are black as hell;

From pollution he can raise us,
 Or from nature's deepest cell:
 He on Calvary
 Cancell'd all his people's sin.

- 2 Weeping saint, forget thy mourning,
 Why cast down, or troubled so?
 To the cross thy eyes be turning,
 See what healing virtues flow:
 Christ exalted,
 Is the hope of Israel now.

761.

L. M.

Pleading for Pardon.

- SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
 Se let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death:

And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

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

762.

L. M.

"He will not break the bruised reed," &c.—Isa. xlii. 3.

How soft the words my Saviour speaks,
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

- 2 The humble poor he'll not despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown;
His ear is open to their cries,
And quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 4 'Though press'd with fears on every side,
'They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send.

763.

C. M.

Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

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

- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood;
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood.
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

764.

C. M.

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

- How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thy arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

765.

C. M.

"Out of the abundance of my grief have I spoken."—1 Sam. i. 16.

- AND does thy heart for Jesus pine,
And make its secret moan?
He understands a sigh divine,
And marks a secret groan.
- 2 These pinings prove that Christ is near,
To testify his grace;
Call on him with unceasing prayer,
For he will show his face.
 - 3 Though much dismay'd, take courage still,
And knock at mercy's door;
A loving Saviour surely will
Relieve his praying poor.
 - 4 He knows how weak and faint thou art,
And must appear at length;
A look from him will cheer thy heart,
And bring renewed strength.

766.

"The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant."—1 Tim. i. 14.

SOV'REIGN grace o'er sin abounding!

Ransom'd souls, the tidings swell;

'Tis a deep that knows no sounding;

Who its breadth or length can tell;

On its glories,

Let my soul for ever dwell.

2 What from Christ that soul can sever,

Bound by everlasting bands?

Once in him, in him for ever,

Thus the eternal covenant stands:

None shall pluck thee

From the Strength of Israel's hands.

3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus;

Long ere time its race begun;

To his name eternal praises;

O what wonders love has done!

One with Jesus,

By eternal union one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder

Love so great, so rich, so free;

Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,

Why, O Lord, such love to me?

Hallelujah!

Grace shall reign eternally.

767.

"Uphold me with thy free Spirit."—Ps. li. 12.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine,

Let thy light within me shine;

All my guilty fears remove,
With atoning blood and love.

- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Guard me round on every side,
Save me from self-righteous pride;
Me with Jesus' mind inspire,
Melt me with celestial fire.
- 5 Thou my dross and tin consume,
Let thy inward kingdom come;
All my prayer and praise suggest,
Dwell and reign within my breast.

768.

^{7s.}
"I know my sheep, and am known of mine."—John x. 14

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Thou thy flock dost feed and keep;
Sweetest pasture dost prepare,
Watchest them with tender care.

- 2 Thee the sheep profess and own,
Thee they love, and thee alone;
Thee they follow in the way,
Strangers will they not obey.
- 3 Thou dost call them by their names,
In thy bosom bear the lambs;

They protection seek, and rest,
In their Shepherd's loving breast.

4 Lord, thy wandering sheep behold,
Bring them back into thy fold;
On thy shoulders bear them home,
Suffer them no more to roam:

5 Lead them into pastures green,
Where thy lovely face is seen
Make them to those fountains go,
Where the living waters flow.

769.

8. 7. 4.

"He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Ps. cxli. 30.

JESUS, o'er the billows steer me,
Be my pilot in each storm;
Hold me fast, and keep me near thee,
For thou know'st I'm but a worm:

What concerns me,
By thy power and love perform.

2 Soon the tempest will be over,
To our destined port we sail;
Jesus, our eternal Lover,
Says his word shall never fail.
Storms shall never
Reach us more within the veil.

3 In the midst of tribulation,
Oft we cast a wishful eye
To our future habitation,
And by faith the shore espy;
Blest assurance!
We shall mount to dwell on high!

- 4 With what raptures he'll embrace us,
 Wipe away each falling tear!
 Near himself for ever place us,
 And with love our bosoms cheer:
 Hallelujah!
 We shall with the Lamb appear!

770.

S. M.

Joy in the Prospect of Heaven.

- THE God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please;
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas;
- 2 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our love;
 He shall send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.
- 3 There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

771.

L. M.

Knowledge of Christ.

- 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.
- 2 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.

- 3 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.
- 4 Lord, may I bear my every loss;
Be patient under every cross;
Never may I my Saviour blame,
Though I'm despised for his dear name.
- 5 Thus make me willing, glorious Lamb,
To suffer all things for thy name;
At last be where my Jesus is,
And rise to everlasting bliss.

772.

C. M.

Christ the Keeper of his Saints.

- CHRIST is the keeper of his saints,
He guards them by his power;
Subdues their numerous complaints,
In every gloomy hour.
- 2 What though they fear each dread alarm,
Tried, and severely toss'd;
Held by the Saviour's mighty arm,
None, none can e'er be lost.
- 3 He'll lead them on fair Zion's road,
Though weary, weak, and faint;
For O! they ne'er shall lose their God,
Or God e'er lose a saint.
- 4 How sure his great salvation shines!
How full the vast reward!
How firm the promise e'er remains!
How faithful is the Lord!

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