

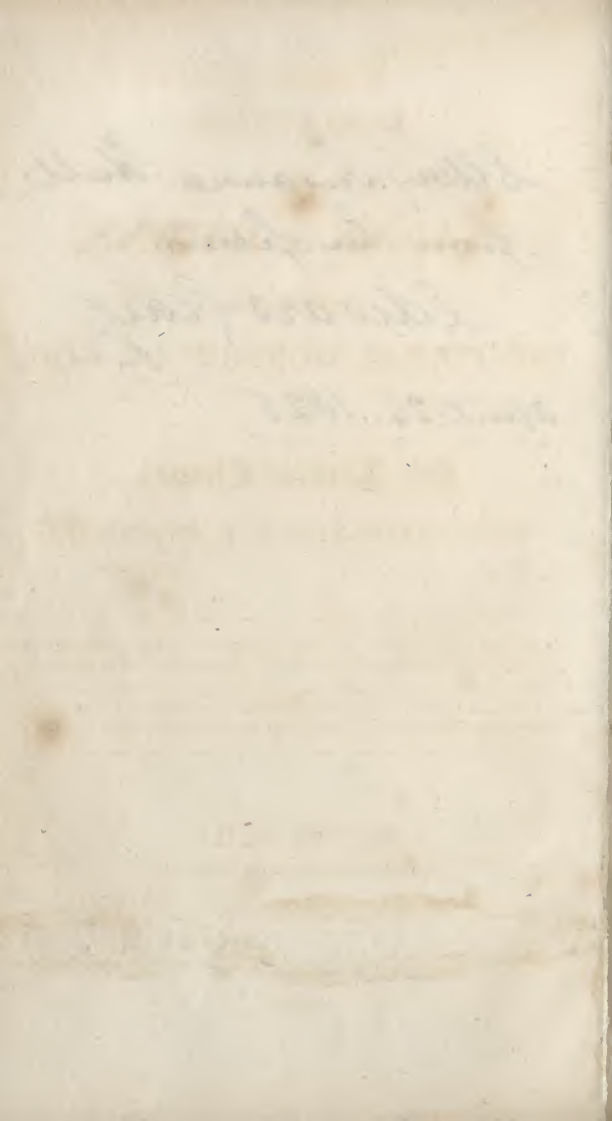
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Ellery Susanna Hull.
from her friend

Edward Gray

April 24. 1825.



A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS & HYMNS,

ARRANGED FOR

THE PUBLIC WORSHIP OF GOD,

IN

St. James' Chapel,

BROUGHTON-PLACE, EDINBURGH.

“ Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns,
“ and Spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.”
Ephes. v. 18, 19.

“ I will sing a new Song unto Thee, O God; upon a Psalter, and an instru-
“ ment of ten strings will I sing Praises unto Thee.”—Psalm cxliv. 9.

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COLLECTION

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PREFACE.

To worship God with the voice of song has ever been one of the most generally acknowledged, and most interesting parts of his service. The custom has been consecrated by the saints of old, who “made a joyful noise unto the Lord, and came before his presence with singing. They praised him with the psaltery and harp, with the stringed instruments and organs.” And, with certain regulations and limits, the custom has since very generally obtained in the Churches of Christ. Different opinions on this subject have unquestionably been held by

good men. Some have given to this part of divine worship an undue prominency, whilst others have narrowed the path of Christian liberty in which, in this respect also, we are instructed to walk. But as no distinct and absolute limits have been in this matter marked out, by precept in the word of God, except those which regard the essential character of prayer and praise in general—as no mode of vocal worship has been expressly and exclusively prescribed;—it is felt, that in the adoption of secondary and subordinate means, for engaging the attention and animating the affections, Christians are not in error; or rather, that they are acting under the divine sanction, as long as this great object is promoted, “that they who worship God should worship him in spirit and in truth.”

To combine the gifts of poetical and classical beauty, and natural and artificial harmony, with evangelical truth and spiritual service, appears on these principles, not only warrantable, but expedient; and while it is the grand aim of the minister and people to draw near to their God and Saviour with the holy breathings of a renewed and grateful heart, such measures do not compromise the glory of God, nor mar the evangelical purity of his worship. Such a service can never be degraded or secularized by the additional advantages—allowedly adventitious and minor—of correct and well-chosen expression in language, and chaste and scientific melody in song.

Under these impressions, the following selection of Psalms and Hymns is offered to the Congregation of St. James' Chapel.

It is accompanied by an earnest recommendation to cultivate this mode of worship; to join in it earnestly and heartily in the public service of God; and at the same time to bear in mind, that the mode of such a service, in whatever way it be conducted, is of comparatively trifling importance; and that “psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs” are only so far acceptable to the Lord, as they are consecrated by the consent of the understanding and the “melody of the heart.”

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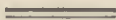
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PSALMS.

PSALM I.

MY God ! my guide ! oh let me walk
With thee, and never stray ;
Nor sin, nor sinful counsels love,
Nor seek the scorner's way.
But let thy wond'rous law become
My comfort and delight,
To read therein at early day,
To meditate by night.
So shall I flourish like the tree
Which constant streams supply ;
Whose blooming fruit shall prove thy care,
Whose leaf shall never die.
Then while thy foes are scattered wide
Before the sweeping blast,
My hope, by sovereign grace secured,
Invincible shall last.
For thou hast seen and known my way ;
And whilst the wicked die,
Thy grace, which bade me turn and live,
Shall lead me to the sky.

PSALM III.

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

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great guardian of our sleeping hours!
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our dormant pow'rs.
 Lord! may we yield to thy command,
 To thee still consecrate our days;
 Perpetual blessings at thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our heavenly King!
 Thy name is all divine;
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
 When to thy works on high,
 I raise my wond'ring eyes,
 And see the moon, complete in light,
 Adorn the darksome skies:
 When I survey the stars,
 And all their shining forms;
 Lord, what is man! that worthless thing,
 Akin to dust and worms.

Lord, what is worthless man !
 That thou should'st love him so ?
 Next to thine Angels is he placed,
 And lord of all below.
 How rich thy bounties are ;
 How wond'rous are thy ways !
 Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame,
 A monument of praise.

PSALM VIII.—*Second Version.*

JEHOVAH God ! thy glorious name
 How excellent and fair !
 The highest heavens thy matchless fame
 And majesty declare.
 When to the moon that shines afar
 We raise the wond'ring eye,
 And watch each fix'd or rolling star
 That glitters in thy sky ;
 Lord, what is man ! and why thy care
 Amidst such works divine ?
 The Son of Man, why noticed where
 Far loftier glories shine ?
 Next to thy Angel hosts is man,
 By thee with honour graced ;
 And in creation's mystic plan,
 O'er all a monarch placed.

But in redemption's scheme displayed,
 Increasing wonders rise ;
 Thy Son, beneath thy angels made,
 Becomes a man and dies.

Yet matchless honours round him wait,
 When risen from the dead ;
 Unbounded power and royal state
 Adorn his sacred head.

And man in him, though once so lost,
 These richer gifts shall share,
 More near than all th' angelic host,
 And more divinely fair.

Jehovah God ! thy works may tell
 In ceaseless hymns thy praise ;
 But man, redeemed from death and hell,
 A nobler song shall raise.

PSALM XIII.

HEAR, gracious God ! my humble
 moan,

To Thee I breathe my sighs ;
 When will the mournful night be gone,
 And when my joys arise ?

By ev'ry name of pow'r and love
 I would thy grace entreat ;
 My humble hope I'll not remove,
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.

Speak, Lord, and let celestial peace
 Relieve my aching heart ;
 O ! smile, and bid my sorrow cease,
 And all the gloom depart.

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays,
 And change these deep complaining sighs
 For songs of sacred praise.

PSALM XVII.

WHAT sinners value, I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art
 mine ;

I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

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

O ! glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.

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.

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

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

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glane'd on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light and feel the sun.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

My noon-day walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps He leads:
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
 Though, in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray;
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Saviour is gone up on high:
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :
 He claims those mansions as his right :
 Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is this King of Glory ? who ?

The Lord that all his foes o'ereame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

Who is the King of Glory ? who ?

The Lord of glorious power possess'd ;
 The king of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest.

PSALM XXV.

MINE eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord ;
 I love to plead his promises,
 And rest upon his word.

When shall the sov'reign grace
 Of my forgiving God,
 Restore me from those dang'rous ways
 My wand'ring feet have trod.

The tumult of my thoughts
 Doth but enlarge my woe :
 My spirit languishes ; my heart
 Is desolate and low.

With every morning light
 My sorrow new begins :
 Look on my anguish and my pain,
 And pardon all my sins.

With humble feet I wait,
 To see thy face again.
 Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
 " He sought the Lord in vain."

PSALM XXVII.

THOU sacred spring of all my joys !
 Whene'er I raise my plaintive voice,
 O let thy sovereign mercy hear,
 And answer all my humble prayer.
 Hide not from me thy blissful ray,
 Nor angry frown my hopes away :
 Thy saving help has still been near :
 God of my life, renew thy care.

Should every earthly friend depart,
Should nature leave a parent's heart,
The God on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

Then may my soul in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait :
His hand shall life and strength impart,
And fill the waiting, longing heart.

PSALM XXXI.

SHEW pity, Lord ! O Lord forgive !
Let a repenting sinner live.

Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the guilty trust in Thee ?

My crimes though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my conscience pure within.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace.
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some gracious refuge from despair.

PSALM XXXII.

HOW blest the man whose conscience
grief,

From Thee, great God, has found relief,
Whose guilt a Saviour's love hath veil'd,
His fears compos'd, his sorrows heal'd.

My humbled soul its crimes shall own;
Behold me, low before thy throne,
To Thee my inmost guilt disclose,
And in thy bosom pour my woes.

But lo! while yet my hands I rear,
The voice of mercy to my ear
Descends, and whispering peace within,
Confirms the pardon of my sin.

When various cares my soul surround,
In Thee my sure retreat is found;
Thy full salvation meets my eyes,
And songs of triumph round me rise.

PSALM XXXVI.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

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

His purposes are rip'ning fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
Yet sweet will be the flower.

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

PSALM XXXIX.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
To spend the remnant to thy praise.

My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

Vain his ambition, noise and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his mind,

He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
He dies,—and leaves them all behind.

Oh! be a nobler portion mine.
Saviour! I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

PSALM XXXIX.—*Second Version.*

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

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

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

Before thy throne my knees I bend,
 To thee my ceaseless pray'rs ascend :
 O spare me, Lord, a while, O spare,
 My strength renew, my heart prepare,
 Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
 I perish, and am seen no more.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling springs,
 So longs my soul, O King of kings,
 Thy face in near approach to see,
 So thirsts, great Source of life, for thee.

Thy mercies, Lord, before mine eyes,
 Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise,
 Amidst the storm, amidst the wave,
 Thy love the beams of comfort gave.

To thee my soul ascends in prayer,
 And in thy bosom pours its care ;
 Thy name to rapture prompts my tongue,
 My joy by day, by night my song.

PSALM 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.

Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
 Upon thy lips is shed :

Thy God with blessings infinite
 Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

Gird on thy sword, victorious prince !
 Ride with majestic sway :

Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes,
 And make the world obey.

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.

Justice and truth attend thee still,
 But mercy is thy choice ;
 And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

PSALM XLVI.

THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controuls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threat'ning hour;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and armed with power.

PSALM XLVII.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
 To God the Sov'reign King!
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our God, ascends on high!
 His heav'nly guards around,
 Attend him rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their king,
 Let mortals learn their strains:
 Let all the earth his honour sing;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
 Let knowledge lead the song;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

PSALM LXI.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,

Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes.

Oh ! lead me to the rock,
That's high above my head ;
And make the covert of thy wings,
My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide,
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

Be mine the happy lot
Of those that love thy name ;
And to the heritage above,
A child's admitted claim.

PSALM LXIII.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

My thirsty fainting soul
Thy merey doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

Within thy churches Lord,
I long to find a place ;

Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
 And feel thy quick'ning grace.
 For light without thy love,
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compared with this,
 To love and serve the Lord.

PSALM LXV.

TO thee, O Lord, who hearest prayer,
 All tribes, all nations shall repair;
 And offer with delight unknown,
 Their supplications at thy throne.

At Sion's highly-favour'd gates,
 O God, the song of praises waits:
 That vow, which in distress was made,
 Shall in harmonious songs be paid.

Immeasurably blest is he,
 Who, purified from sin by thee,
 May worship at thy sacred feet,
 And in thy temple fix his seat.

By streams of heav'nly grace supplied,
 He shall be amply satisfied;
 And grateful own thy mercies flow,
 In rich abundance here below.

PSALM LXVII.

SHINE, Mighty God! on Britain shine,
 With beams of heav'nly grace;
 Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts
 And show thy smiling face.

Amidst our isle exalted high,
 Do though our glory stand;
 And like a wall of guardian fire
 Surround thy fav'rite land.

And let thy Name from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad,
 Till distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God.

PSALM LXIX.

FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
 I bless my Saviour's name;
 He brought salvation to the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.

Zion is thine, most holy God,
 Thy Son shall bless her gates;
 And glory purchas'd by his blood,
 For thine own Israel waits.

Let Heav'n and all that dwell on high,
 To God their voices raise;
 While land and seas assist the sky,
 And join in highest praise.

PSALM LXXII.

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

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And princes throng to crown his head:
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
 With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

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

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

PSALM LXXIII.

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

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

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

Behold! the sinners that remove
 Far from thy presence die;
 Not all the idol gods they love,
 Can save them when they cry.

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

PSALM XC.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

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

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God !
To endless years the same !

A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an ev'ning song ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard whilst life shall last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC.—*Second Version.*

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !

How swift the weeks complete their rounds,
How short the months appear.

So vast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian's part,
And give the year to Thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or *this* shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies.

PSALM XC.—*Third Version.*

LORD! thou hast been thy children's
God,
All powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In ev'ry age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
Great God! from all eternity
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years how swift gone by,
Like one short silent watch of night.

Uncertain life ! how soon it flies !
 Dream of an hour ! how short our bloom !
 Like spring's bright verdure, now we rise !
 Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

Teach us to count our short'ning days,
 And with true diligence apply
 Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
 That we may learn to live or die.

PSALM XCII.

SWEET is the work, my God ! my
 King !

To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing !
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No earthly cares shall fill my breast.
 Oh ! may my heart in tune be found
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 His works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep his counsels, how divine !

Oh may we see, and hear, and know
 What mortals cannot reach below ;

May all our powers find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCIX.

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

The powers of darkness rise,
But he's exalted still ;
Between the cherubim he sits,
His mercies to fulfil.

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

How wonderful, how great,
How holy is his name !
How just and true are all his ways,
From age to age the same.

PSALM C.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;

Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

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

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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

PSALM CIII.

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

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

His power subdues our sins ;
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the East is from the West
 Doth all our guilt remove.

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

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And echildren's echildren ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

PSALM CVII.

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

In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And live in tainted air.

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

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

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

Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, when death shall be our lot,
 Shall join our souls to thee.

PSALM CXV.

RETURN, my soul, and sweetly rest
 On thy Almighty Father's breast;
 The bounties of his grace adore,
 And count his wond'rous mercies o'er.

Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath,
 And snatch'd my fainting soul from death;
 Remov'd my sorrow, dried my tears,
 And sav'd me from surrounding fears.

What shall I render to the Lord?
 Or how his wond'rous grace record?
 To Him my grateful voice I'll raise,
 With just thanksgivings to his praise.

His crowded courts shall see me pay
 The vows of my distressful day;
 In life, in death, the saints shall find
 Their guardian God for ever kind.

O Sion, in thy saered Courts,
 Where glory dwells, and joy resorts,
 To notes divine I'll tune the song,
 And praise shall flow from every tongue.

PSALM CXVI.

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

Eternal are thy mereies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to
 shore,
 Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM CXVIII.

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

To-day Christ rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;

To-day the Saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !

Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Hosanna in the highest strains

The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

PSALM CXXII.

THE festal morn, my God is come,
That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
Thy presence to adore :

My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

And lo! to my enraptured eyes
The heaven built towers of Salem rise!

By faith, with glad survey,
I view 'her mansions, that contain,
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

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

PSALM CXXXI.

IS there in me a lofty heart?
Saviour, thy humbling grace impart;
Let no vain pomp attract my view,
Nor honour's lure my thoughts pursue.

Create in me affections mild,
And form me humble as the child
That meek and silent sinks to rest,
Wean'd from the tender parent's breast.

O! kinder than that parent, see
Thy Maker, Israel, cherish thee;
To latest times on him depend,
Thy guide, thy guardian, and thy friend.

PSALM CXXXII.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!

Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.

Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house
And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and grace divine.

Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours gem his radiant crown,
Fresh triumphs quell his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII.

HOW blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
When breth'ren join'd with breth'ren
meet,

In bands of mutual love.

Less sweet the liquid fragrance, shed

On Aaron's consecrated head,

Ran trickling from above.

Less sweet the perfumes of his vest :

Less sweet the dews on Hermon's breast,

Or Zion's hill descend ;

That hill has God with blessings crown'd,

With promis'd grace that knows no bound,

And life that knows no end.

PSALM CXXXIII.—*Second Version.*

BLEST are the sons of peace,

Whose hearts and hopes are one ;

Whose kind designs to serve and please,

Through all their actions run,

Blest is the pious house

Where zeal and friendship meet ;

Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,

Make their communion sweet.

Thus when on Aaron's head,
 They pour'd the choice perfume,
 Its fragrance o'er his raiment spread,
 And pleasure fill'd the room.

Thus on the heavenly hills,
 The saints are bless'd above,
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIX.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
 through ;
 Thine eye commands with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known :—
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.
 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
 What large extent ! what lofty height !
 My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.
 Oh ! may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin,—for God is there.

PART SECOND.

COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit the service of thy love :
 Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
 Or from thy dreadful glory run.

If up to heaven I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light:
 Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
 And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If mounted on the morning's ray,
 I fly beyond the western sea,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight,
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,
 One glanee of thine, one piercing ray
 Would kindle darkness into day.

The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searehing eyes ;
 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
 Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.

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

PSALM CXLIV.

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

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

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim:
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream:
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
 From me a careless world shall know.

Let distant times and nations raise,
 The long succession of thy praise:
 And unborn ages make my song,
 The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds,
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
 Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM CXLV.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King ;
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In hymns of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies ;
 Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And every want supplies.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow thy terrors move !
 How swift to send thy pard'ning word,
 And cheer the soul with love !

Creatures, with all their endless rae,
 Thy power, thy praise proclaim ;
 May we, who taste thy richest graee,
 Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CL.

PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below ;

Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness shew.

Praise him for his noble deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless power :
 Him from whom all good proeeeds,
 Let earth and heaven adore.

Publish, spread to all around,
 The great Emanuel's name :
 Let the trumpet's martial sound,
 Him Lord of Hosts proclaim :
 Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful string,
 All the reach of heavenly art ;
 All the powers of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

Him in whom they move and live,
 Let every creature sing ;
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King.
 Hallow'd be his name beneath,
 As in heaven on earth adored :
 Praise the Lord in every breath ;
 Let all things praise the Lord.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

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

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus;”
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“For he was slain for us.”

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

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

HYMN II.

ETERNAL power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds;

Thee, while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The great, the holy, and the high.

Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learnt to bless thy name;
 But O, the glories of thy mind,
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below,
 Be short our tunes, our words be few;

A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN III.

COME, heav'nly love, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's precious name.

The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

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

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

On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN IV.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul, awake my tongue;
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

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

The spacious earth and spreading flood
 Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God;
 And thy rich glories from afar
 Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labour of thine hands;
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

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.

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.

HYMN V.

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

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.

O what is feeble, dying man,
 Or any of his race,
 That God should make it his concern
 To visit him with grace!

A friend and helper so divine,
 Does my weak courage raise;
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

HYMN VI.

NOW to the power of God supreme,
 Be everlasting honours given;
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name)
 He calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n.

Jesus the Lord appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsels known;

Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

'Twas his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;
He gave them grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

Not for their duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace ;
He works salvation in their hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

HYMN VII.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord be thine !
Thou hast made the darkness shine ;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray ;
Thou hast turn'd our night to day.

Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound ;
Then our darkness fled away,
Chas'd by truth's effulgent ray.

They are bless'd, and none beside
They who in the truth abide ;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.

Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
 Till we reach the saint's abode;
 Till we see thee thron'd above,
 As thou art, the God of love.

HYMN VIII.

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.

When from the dust of death I rise
 To take my mansion in the skies;
 Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
 "Jesus hath lived and died for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great day;
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?
 While through thy blood absolved I am,
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

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

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

HYMN IX.

O WHAT hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise.
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there ;
 They all are robed in radiant white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
 Lord, what are all my sufferings here,
 If Thou but make me meet
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet.
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life and friends away ;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

HYMN X.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
 We love to hear of Thee ;
 No music like thy lovely name,
 Can so melodious be.
 O may we ever hear thy voice
 In mercy to us speak ;

And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melehisedee.

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.

When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favoured throng :
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song.

HYMN XI.

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

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

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

HYMN XII.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas! what numbers do,)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"

Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last,

Yet Thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from Thee?

No voice but Thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but Thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.

HYMN XIII.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd the way
 To save rebellious man;

And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

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

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the top-most stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN XIV.

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness !
Display thy beams divine ;
And cause thy truth my heart to bless,
And on my path to shine.

Light in thy light, O may I see ;
Thy grace and mercy prove !
Reviv'd and cheer'd, and blest by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconcil'd.

Thine all comprising grace bestow
 On me, through graee forgiven;
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of Heaven.

HYMN XV.

GOD of my life ! through all my days
 My grateful powers shall sound thy
 praise ;

My song shall wake with op'ning light,
 And warble to the silent night.

When earthly cares would break my rest,
 And grief would tear my throbbing breast ;
 Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
 And cheek the murmur and the sigh.

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

But O ! when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chain'd to earth no more,

With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the worship of the skies !

HYMN XVI.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.

The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heav'n's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

Blest Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring ;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
 Up to thy bless'd abode ;
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see
 My Saviour and my God.

HYMN XVII.

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

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

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

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

HYMN XVIII.

GOD of salvation, we adore
 Thy boundless love, thy saving pow'r,
 And with our utmost stretch of thought
 Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.

We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
 The sword by which our sins are slain ;
 And while abas'd in dust we bow,
 We sing the grace that lays us low.

We'll pour contempt on all our pride :
 Let God alone be magnified :
 His glory let the heavens resound,
 Sent forth from earth's remotest bound.

HYMN XIX.

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

My gracious Saviour, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honours of thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;

'Tis music in the sinner's cars,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

HYMN XX.

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

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

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

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there:
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And dying clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN XXI.

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly;
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O! receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my trembling hope on Thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing,

Plenteous graec with Thee is found,
 Graec 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 draw from Thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN XXII.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Rise on us, Thyself revealing,
 And disperse the clouds beneath.

The new heav'ns' and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry meek and contrite heart.

Come and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for thy ransom'd race ;
 So shall we, exalted Saviour,
 Sing the glories of thy grace.

HYMN XXIII.

BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path we stand.
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
 And guide our doubtful footsteps right.

Engage each weak and erring heart
 Early to choose the better part.

To yield the trifles of a day,
 For joys that never fade away.
 Then, should the wildest storms arise,
 And tempests mingle earth and skies,
 No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
 But all our treasure with us bear.
 If thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,
 Cheerful we live, and cheerful die ;
 Secure, when human comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee !

HYMN XXIV.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days,
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our songs employ.
 For the blessings of the field,
 For the wealth the forests yield ;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain.
 All that spring with lib'ral hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that golden autumn pours,
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :
 These to Thee our God we owe,
 Source from whence our mercies flow ;

And for these our hearts shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN XXV.

ETERNAL God, 'tis thine to know
The source whence wrong opinions
flow ;

To judge of principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin ;

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?

Revering thy commands alone,
We grateful use, and love our own.

If wrong, forgive ; approve, if right :

While faithful we obey our light ;

And judging none, are zealous still

To follow, as to learn thy will.

O let our grateful eyes behold

Thy children fashioned in thy mould ;

And charity our lineage prove,

Derived from Thee, thou God of love.

HYMN XXVI.

HAPPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast !

Love is the brightest of the train,
 And perfects all the rest.
 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear :
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
 If love be absent there.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

When joined to that harmonious throng
 That fills the choirs above,
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,
 And every note be love.

HYMN XXVII.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone.

Celestial Spirit, make me know,
 That I shall enter in :

Now Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And wash me from my sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove ;

To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author and my end.

HYMN XXVIII.

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

Glory to Thee, great Son of God !
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore :
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN XXIX.

JESUS, who vanquished all our foes,
 Who came to save, who reigns to bless;
 From him our every comfort flows,
 Life, liberty, and joy, and peace :
 Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the king of glory, reigns !

Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
 Of universal, endless praise ;
 With every power to be adored
 That men or angels e'er can raise :
 Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
 Jesus, the king of glory, reigns !

But earth, nor heaven can e'er proclaim
 The boundless glories of their king ;
 Yet must our hearts adore his name,
 Dear name whence all our blessings spring :
 Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the king of glory, reigns !

How mean the tribute mortals pay !
 How cold the heart, how faint the tongue !
 But, Lord, a bright eternal day
 Shall tune a more exalted song,
 Resounding in immortal strains,
 Jesus, the king of glory, reigns !

HYMN XXX.

THAT awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.

Think, O my soul! how much depends
 On the short period of a day:
 Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away?

Thy remnant minutes strive to use;
 Awake! rouse every active power!
 And not in dreams and trifles lose
 This little, this important hour!

Lord of my life! inspire my heart
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine,
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart;
 For strength, and life, and death are
 thine.

HYMN XXXI.

AH why should this immortal mind,
 Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,
 And never, never rise?

Why thus amused with empty toys,
 And soothed with visionary joys,
 Forget her native skies?

The mind was formed to mount sublime
 Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
 To everlasting things;
 But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
 And hang with cold oppressive weight
 Upon her drooping wings.

The world employs its various snares,
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chained to earth I lie:
 When shall my fettered powers be free
 And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly!

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
 Invite my soul: O could I rise,
 Nor leave a thought below:
 I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
 And say to every tempting snare,
 Heaven calls, and I must go.

Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?
 Can ought on earth engage my stay?
 Ah, wretched, lingering heart!
 Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and
 light,
 Assist and guide my upward flight,
 And bid the world depart.

HYMN XXXII.

DEATH! 'tis a name with terror
fraught;

It rends the guilty heart,
When conscience wakes remorseful
thought

With agonizing smart.

'Tis guilt alone provokes the frown
Which all the soul alarms;

Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
And conquest to his arms.

Dear Saviour! thy victorious love
Can all his force control;

Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.

Victorious love! thy wond'rous power
From sin and death can raise;

Can gild the dark, departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.

Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the sky,

Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror die.

No more, O pale destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway;

To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night, the gate of day.

HYMN XXXIII.

WEARLY of these low scenes of night!
My fainting heart grows sick of
time!

Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
Sighs for a distant, happier clime!

'Tis just, 'tis right; thus he ordains,
Who formed this animated clod;
That needful cares, instructive pains,
May bring the restless heart to God.

In him, my soul! behold thy rest;
Nor hope for bliss below the sky;
Come, resignation, to my breast,
And silence every plaintive sigh.

Then cheerful shall my heart survey
The toils and dangers of the road;
And patient keep the heavenly way,
Which leads me homeward to my God,

HYMN XXXIV.

DISTANT, Lord, from thine abode,
Far from glory, far from God,

Now and then we breath a sigh,
 Upwards to our native sky ;
 Oh ! for one celestial ray,
 From the shining seats of day !
 Sun of Righteousness, arise :
 Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.

Melt our chains with heavenly fire :
 Love, and joy, and praise inspire ;
 Make us feel thy grace within,
 Free us from the power of sin.
 Give, O give us wings to rise
 In affection to the skies :
 Liberty and joy divine,
 Sun of Righteousness, are thine.

HYMN XXXV.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee :

Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and merey guide my way,
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And erushed before the moth !

But ah ! my inward spirit eries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next eloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN XXXVI.

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

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

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

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

HYMN XXXVII.

MY hiding place, my refuge, tower,
 And shield art Thou, O Lord;
 I firmly anchor all my hopes
 On thy unerring word.

Engraved as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines;
 Nor can the powers of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.

The sacred word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies:
 The voice, which rolls the stars along,
 Spake all the promises.

My hiding place, my refuge, tower,
 And shield art thou, O Lord;
 My anchor in the trying hour,
 Thy firm unerring word.

HYMN XXXVIII.

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.

Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong deliverer!
 Be Thou still my strength and shield,
 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death's and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give thee.

HYMN XXXIX.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.

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

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

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

HYMN XL.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build ;
 My shield and hiding place ;
 My never failing treasury filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

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

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

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

HYMN XLI.

GOD of my life, to thee I call ;
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
 Friend of the friendless, and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?

Where but with Thee, whose open door,
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?
 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN XLII.

SON of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my every want;
 Tree of life, thine influence shed;
 With thy fruit my spirit feed!
 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
 Wither without Thee, and die;
 Weak as helpless infancy!—
 O confirm my soul in thee.
 Unsustained by thee I fall,
 Send the strength for which I call:
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.
 All my hopes on Thee depend,
 Love me! save me to the end!

Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN XLIII.

WHEN all the secrets of my heart,
With horror, Lord, I see;
Thine is, I find, the smallest part,
Though all is due to Thee.

Thy footsteps scarce appear within,
But lusts, a countless crowd:
Th' immense circumference is sin,
A point is all my good.

O break the bonds, let sin enthral
My struggling soul no more;
Answer thy creature's feeble call,
Thine image now restore.

And tho' my heart, senseless and hard,
To thee can scarcely groan;
Yet look upon me, gracious Lord,
And break this heart of stone.

HYMN XLIV.

PROSTRATE, my Saviour, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

O let not justice frown me hence;
 Stay, stay, the vengeful storm:
 Forbid it, that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.

If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.

But no such sacrifice I plead,
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears but those which thou hast shed,
 No blood but thou has spilt.

Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
 And all my sins forgive:
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

HYMN XLV.

O GOD of Mercy, hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove;
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from thy love.

Give me the presence of thy grace;
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall sing aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.

No blood of goats, nor heifer slain
 For sin could e'er atone ;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise ;
 An humble prayer, a broken heart,
 Is our best sacrifice.

HYMN XLVI.

DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own,
 Great God ! we own th' unhappy name,
 Whence sprung our nature and our shame,
 But whilst our spirits filled with awe,
 Behold the terrors of thy law ;
 We sing the honours of thy grace,
 That sent to save a ruined race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
 Who joined our nature to his own ;
 Adam the second, from the dust,
 Raises the ruins of the first.

Where sin did reign, and death abound,
 There have the sons of Adam found

Abounding life ; there glorious grace,
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness !

HYMN XLVII.

MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise ?

Thine arms of everlasting love,
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell ;
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast ;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependance on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

Back from the borders of the grave,
 At thy command I come :
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home.

Where thou determin'st mine abode,
 There would I choose to be ;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven with Thee.

HYMN XLVIII.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One ;
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done :
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

If so poor a worm as I,
 May to thy great glory live,
 All mine actions sanctify ;
 All my thoughts and words receive ;
 Claim me for thy service—claim
 All I have, and all I am.

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

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

HYMN XLIX.

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

I am not worthy, Lord,
 So vile and self-aborred,
 Thee, my God, to entertain
 In this poor polluted heart :
 I am a frail sinful man ;
 All my nature cries, “ Depart !”

Yet come, thou heavenly guest,
 And purify my breast !
 Come, thou great and glorious King !
 While before thy cross I bow,
 With thyself salvation bring,
 Cleanse the house by ent'ring now.

HYMN L.

ALMIGHTY God of truth and love,
 In me thy power exert,
 The mountain from my soul remove,
 The hardness from my heart :

My most obdurate heart subdue,
 In honour of thy Son,
 And now the gracious wonder shew,
 And take away the stone.

I want a principle within,
 Of jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near :

I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or vain desire,
 To catch the wand'rings of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give :

Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God ! my conscience make,
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake !

HYMN LI.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
 Teach me what thou would'st have
 me do ;
 Suggest whate'er I think or say,
 Direct me in the narrow way.

Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
 Lest I in my own strength confide ;
 Shew me my weakness, let me see
 I have my power, my all, from thee.

Enrich me always with thy love,
 My kind protector ever prove ;
 Thy signet put upon my breast,
 And let thy spirit on me rest.

Assist, and teach me how to pray,
 Incline my nature to obey,
 What thou abhorr'st, that may I flee,
 And love alone what pleases thee.

O may I never do my will,
 But thine, and only thine fulfil ;
 Let all my time, and all my ways,
 Be spent, and ended to thy praise.

HYMN LII.

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

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak ;
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him who dwells within.

A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above,
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN LIII.

JESUS, the all restoring word,
 Our fallen spirit's hope;
 After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
 O when shall we wake up?

Thou, blessed Lord, thou only art
 The life, the truth, the way;
 Quicken our souls, instruct our hearts,
 Our sliding footsteps stay.

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

Fill us with all the life of love ;
 In mystic union join
 Our hearts to thee, and let us prove
 The fellowship divine.

Open the intercourse between
 Our longing souls and thee ;
 Nor let it ever cease again,
 Through all eternity.

HYMN LIV.

WHY sinks my weak desponding mind,
 Why heaves my heart the anxious
 sigh ;

Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?
 Am I not safe if God is nigh ?

He holds all nature in his hand ;
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.

'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline ;
 The wond'rous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread ! how bright
 they shine !

Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !

Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in time of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine and I am blest.

HYMN LV.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;

Rise from transitory things
Towards heav'n thy native place.

Sun and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source.

So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;

Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

HYMN LVI.

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath, and heaven
above.

Jesus! the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With stedfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and holy fear.

Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the lips it be,
The soul shall find it precious still!

Be thou, O meek instructor! nigh;
So shall each murm'ring thought be
gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

HYMN LVII.

LORD, when I quit this earthly frame,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?

For I have sought no other home,
For I have found no other rest.

When earthly cares engross the mind,
And turn my thoughts away from thee,
Then the successive days and nights
Seem long and wearisome to me.

My God! and shall a needy child,
That longs to see thee face to face,
Be still by Satan's arts exil'd,
And never gain a resting place?

O no! for in thy wounded hands
My worthless name engrav'd I see;
Firm and secure thy promise stands,
That where thou art, thy child shall be.

HYMN LVIII.

O THOU, whose tender merey hears
Contrition's humble ery;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;
See, low before thy throne of grace,
We wretelied wand'ers mourn;
Thyself hast bid us seek thy face,
Thyself hast said, "Return."

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

O shine on each benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy Spirit's aid impart
 A taste of joys divine.

HYMN LIX.

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

Give me a calm and thankf'ul heart,
 From ev'ry murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend,
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

HYMN LX.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
 Out of the depths to Thee I call;
 My fears are great, my strength is small!

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the
 storm,

Defend me from each threat'ning ill;
 Controul the waves, say "Peace, be still!"

Amidst the raging of the sea,
 My soul still hangs its hope on Thee;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Are all that save me from despair.

Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek,
 Let neither winds nor stormy main,
 Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN LXI.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,

And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains,
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns!

No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair!
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's oppressive ray;
 But glory from the sacred throne,
 Spreads everlasting day.

HYMN LXII.

ABSENT from flesh! O blissful
 thought!

What unknown joys this moment brings,
 Freed from the mischief sin has brought,
 From pains, and fears, and all their springs.

Absent from flesh ! illustrious day !
 Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke
 That rends the prison of my clay,
 And I can feel my fetters broke.

Absent from flesh ! Then rise my soul
 Where feet nor wings could never climb,
 Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
 Meas'ring the cares and joys of time.

I go where God and glory shine ;
 His presenee makes eternal day.
 My all that's mortal I resign :
 For angels wait and point my way.

HYMN LXIII.

HEAR what the voice from heaven
 proclaims,
 For all the pious dead.
 Sweet is the savour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
 And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord ;

The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN LXIV.

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

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

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

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink
And fear to launch away.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN LXV.

SPIRIT of purity and love,
 Descend with comfort from above ;
 Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
 O'er ev'ry thought and wish preside.

Our erring steps conduct with care,
 Far from each sin, or hurtful snare ;
 Thy faithful influence deign to give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.

Lead us to own the pleasing sway
 Of charity's benignant ray ;
 Lead us the wounds of life to heal,
 And all another's wrongs to feel.

Lead us to heav'n, those realms of peace,
 Which tell the heart-pangs all to cease ;
 Lead us to Christ, our final rest,
 In his enjoyment to be bless'd.

HYMN LXVI.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke ;

Unlock the truth (Thyself the key !)
 Unseal the sacred book ;

Water with heavenly dew thy word,
 In this appointed hour ;
 Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
 And bid it come with power.

Open the hearts of them that hear,
 To make the Saviour room :
 Now let us find redemption near,
 Let faith by hearing come.

HYMN LXVII.

WHY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter ! deseend and bring
 Some tokens of thy graee.

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

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

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

HYMN LXVIII.

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

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

Impress upon my wand'ring heart
 The love that Christ to sinners bore.
 Then mourn the wounds my sins pro-
 due'd,
 And my redeeming God adore.

A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now my Saviour see;
 O soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

HYMN LXIX.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

Convince us of our sin,
 And lead us to the Lord;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The mercies of his word.

Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove;
 And kindle in our hearts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 T' illuminate the soul;
 To breathe fresh life in ev'ry part;
 And new-create the whole!

HYMN LXX.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of our.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys:

Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

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

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

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN LXXI.

GREAT Shepherd of thy people hear;
Thy presence here display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith address our prayers;
 And in the presence of the Lord
 Unbosom all our cares!

And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
 Enfore'd by graec divine,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 And bend their wills to thine.

HYMN LXXII.

GREAT God, this sacred day of
 thine

Demands our souls' collected powers;
 May we employ in praise divine
 These solemn, these devoted, hours.

Oh! may our hearts adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne!

Ye cares of earth, ye trifles fly;

Where God resides appear no more.

Omniseient God! thy piercing eye

Can every sceret thought explore:

Oh! may thy love our hearts ineline,

And fix our thoughts on things divine!

Thy Spirit's peaceful aid impart,

And on thy word with radiance shine;

Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
 Then shall the day indeed be thine;
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN LXXIII.

O God of Abra'am ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led.

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

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

O spread thy covering wings abroad,
 Till all our wand'rings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our feet arrive in peace.

HYMN LXXIV.

OH that our thoughts and thanks may
 rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies ;

And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none, but he who feels it, knows.

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

With joy, great God, thy works we view
In various scenes both old and new :
With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, succeeding pleasures taste.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN LXXV.

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

For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever meet thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Kind Shepherd of thy faithful few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of pray'r,
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes !

Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own.

HYMN LXXVI.

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

Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
 We see thy feet, and we adore ;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of thy power.

While here our various wants we mourn,
 United wishes mount the sky ;

And merey showers a quiek return
Of countless blessings from on high.

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

HYMN LXXVII.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

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

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no elouded sun,
But saered, bright, eternal noon.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

HYMN LXXVIII.

BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
 The Saviour lifted high;
 Behold the Son of God's delight
 Expire in agony.

For whom, for whom, my heart,
 Were all those sorrows borne?

Why did he feel that piercing smart,
 Why meet such cruel scorn?

For love of us he bled,
 For us in torture died;
 Love bowed his pale and fainting head,
 Love pierced his streaming side.

Lord, help me to adore,
 In sympathy of love;
 And, raised by his all quick'ning pow'r,
 Oh let me soar above.

Nor be it mine to stay
 And weep thy pangs alone;
 But from the cross to wing my way
 To thy triumphant throne.

HYMN LXXIX.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,



My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of Christ my Lord;
 All the vain things that charmed me most
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 The crimson streams flow mingling
 down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an off'ring far too small:
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my heart, my life, my all.

HYMN LXXX.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary:
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
 It is finished!

Hear the dying Saviour cry.
 It is finished! Oh what pleasure
 Do these sacred words afford!

Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

It is finished!

Saints the dying words record.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,

Join to sing the glorious theme;

All on earth, and all in heaven,

Join to praise Emanuel's name:

It is finished!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

HYMN LXXXI.

AND will the eternal King
So mean a gift regard?

That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepar'd.

We own thy sov'reign claim,

And to thine altar move;

The willing victims of thy grace,

And bound with cords of love,

Descend, celestial fire,

The sacrifice inflame;

So shall a grateful odour rise

Thro' our Redeemer's name.

HYMN LXXXII.

TELL me, dear Saviour, tell me why
 This act of grace, to bleed and die!
 What mighty motive thee could move,
 What motive—but redeeming love?

Love for the harden'd and the base,
 A wretched unbelieving race;
 Rebels, who all thy grace withstood,
 And trampled under foot thy blood.

Oh! love of unexampled kind,
 Leaving all mortal thought behind?
 Where length, and breadth, and depth,
 and height,
 Are lost to our astonish'd sight.

HYMN LXXXIII.

COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence
 shed,

And realize the sign:
 Thy life infuse into the bread,
 Thy pow'r into the wine.

Effectual let the tokens prove,
 And made by heav'nly art,
 Fit channels to convey thy love
 To each believing heart.

So from this rich, this sacred feast,
 Refresh'd thy saints shall turn ;
 And kindled here, in every breast
 A purer flame shall burn.

HYMN LXXXIV.

OH! for a song of ardent praise
 To draw our souls above !
 What should allay our lively hope,
 Or damp our grateful love ?

Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace
 And bring us yet more near ;
 Here may we see thy glories shine,
 And taste thy mercies here.

By grace divine, oh ! may we rise
 From such a scene as this,
 To join the chorus of the skies,
 With saints complete in bliss.

HYMN LXXXV.

MYSTERY of grace ! th' Immortal
 dies !
 Who can explore the vast design ?
 In vain the highest seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine.

Angels, archangels, join your praise :
 In this blest theme, your songs employ ;
 And saints on earth their anthems raise
 In humble symphonies of joy.

Soon shall the triumph be complete,
 Our hearts with perfect love o'erflow ;
 And, lost in wonder at his feet,
 Our praise no interval shall know.

HYMN LXXXVI.

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

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

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

My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou didst bear,

When hanging on th' accursed tree !
 And hopes her guilt was there.

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

HYMN LXXXVII.

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

When he came, the angels sung,
 " Glory be to God on high ;"
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I ?

Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil ?
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak ;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend !
 Every precious name in one,
 I will love thee without end.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

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

Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ by highest heav'n adored,
 Christ the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time, behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead he ;
 Hail th' incarnate Deity !
 Pleas'd as man, with man t' appear,
 Jesus our Emanuel here !

Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glories by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born to give them second birth.

HYMN LXXXIX.

O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn-
 Gave to our world below ;
 To wand'ring and to labour born,
 To weakness and to woe.

Incaruate word ! by every grief,
 By each temptation tried ;
 Who lived to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us—died.

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
 In careless ease we dwell,
 Remind us of thy manger bed,
 And lowly cottage cell.

If, pressed by penury severe,
 In envious want we pine,
 May conscience whisper in our ear,
 A poorer lot was thine !

From all the viewless snares of sin,
 Preserve us firm and free ;
 As thou like us hast grieved been,
 May we rejoice with thee.

HYMN XC.

HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
It shakes the mountains, rends the
earth,

The king appears, behold him nigh,
The God by nature, man by birth.

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

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

This heart's the desert waste and wild;
But lo! the kind Reclaimer's nigh;
And, in the meekness of a child,
He veils the sovereign deity.

Mountains of unbelief and sin
Before him crumble and depart;
And countless graces then begin
To clothe with bloom the barren heart.

HYMN XCI.

HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour
comes !

The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice be song.

On him the Spirit largely poured
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst ;
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud
The jub'lee of the Lord.

Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN XCII.

STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour
dies :

Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound :
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

And didst thou bleed ? for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No ; he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?

Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
 And all its powers and passions move,
 To melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN XCIII.

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
 Yet see, the Lord forsakes the tomb;
 In vain his foes forbid his rise;
 Angelic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the captive death in chains.
 Sing, "Live for ever, wond'rous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;
 Thine arm has torn from death its sting,
 And snatch'd the viet'ry from the grave."

HYMN XCIV.

GLORY be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky!

Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of heav'n.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners' slain;
Saviour of offending man.

Bow thine ear, in merey bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou,
Jesus in thy name we pray;
Take, O take our sins away.

Powerful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in merey bow;
Hear the world's atonement thou.

HYMN XCV.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With sears of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
On the celestial throne;

And richly from that bright abode,
Pours heavenly blessings down.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Emanuel's praise.

HYMN XCVI.

OH ! what a night was that which
wrapp'd

The heathen world in gloom !

Oh what a sun which burst this day
Refulgent from the tomb !

Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatter'd blessings from its beams,
On nations yet unborn.

For lo ! his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
While broken at his wond'rous cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

HYMN XCVII.

TO hail thy rise, thou better Sun !
 The gath'ring nations come,
 Joyous as when the reapers bear
 The harvest treasures home.

For thou our burden hast remov'd,
 And quell'd the oppressor's sway ;
 Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
 In Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is giv'n :
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heav'n.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For evermore ador'd ;
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The Great and Mighty Lord.

HYMN XCVIII.

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

Jesus is gone up on high ;
 Angels come to meet their King :
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the Victor's praise they sing,
 " Open now ye heavenly gates !
 " 'Tis the King of Glory waits."

Now behold Him, high enthron'd !
 Glory beaming from his face !
 By adoring angels own'd,
 God of holiness and grace !
 O for hearts and tongues to sing
 Glory, glory to our King !

Jesus on thy people shine !
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues !
 That with angels we may join ;
 Share their bliss and swell their songs :
 Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,
 Lord be thine for evermore.

HYMN XCIX.

CHRI^ST our Lord, is ris'n to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say ;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Vain the stone—the watch how vain!
 Christ hath burst to life again.

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!
 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to thee by both be given;
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail the resurrection, thou!

King of glory, Source of bliss,
 Everlasting life is this:
 Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
 Thee to praise, and Thee to love.

HYMN C.

THOUSANDS of angels at thy gate,
 And great archangels stand;
 And twenty thousand chariots wait,
 Great Lord, thy dread command.
 Thro' all thy great, thy vast domains,
 With godlike honours clad,
 Captivity in captive chains
 Triumphant thou hast led.

That thou might'st dwell with men below,
 And be their God and King ;
 From this low world, this land of woe
 Shalt thou thy people bring.

To heavenly mansions, high and fair,
 Thou, Lord, art risen before :
 A home, a rest, thou wilt prepare,
 And we shall faint no more.

How bright, O thou that hearest prayer,
 How mild thy mereies shine !
 A brother's love, a father's eare,
 But ill resemble thine.

HYMN CI.

ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

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

Ye chosen seed of Israel's rae,
 A remnant weak and small !
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget,
 The worm-wood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall,
 Now join with all the hosts above,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall:
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN CII.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious world around;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
 To thee the praise belongs ;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN CIII.

MESSIAH ! at thy glad approach
 The howling winds are still ;
 Thy praises glad the lonely waste,
 And breathe from ev'ry hill.

The weary nations shall have rest ;
 The storm of war shall cease ;
 The earth with innocence be blest ;
 And plenty dwell with peace.

Light from its sacred source shall spread
 O'er all its saving beams ;
 In pastures fair, the Church be fed,
 And drink of comfort's streams.

Sweet as the breeze on Carmel's brow,
 The waste shall shed perfume ;
 There lilies spring, there vi'lets grow,
 And Sharon's roses bloom.

HYMN CIV.

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

A solemn jubilee proclaim;
 Proclaim the great Sabbatic day;
 Assert the glories of thy name,
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.

Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
 And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
 The myst'ry to the heart explain.

Fight for thyself, O Jesus fight,
 The travail of thy soul regain;
 Before the blind make darkness light,
 And crooked paths do thou make plain.

HYMN CV.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travel,
 On a glorious day of grace;

Blessed jubilee !
 Let the glorious morning dawn,
 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtained on Calvary ;
 Let the Gospel
 Word resound from pole to pole.
 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light ;
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night :
 And redemption
 Freely purchas'd win the day.
 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease,
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply, and still increase,
 May thy sceptre
 Sway th' enlightened world around.

HYMN CVI.

O THAT to rapture's boundless strains,
 The subject world would raise

One sacred shout of "Jesus reigns!"
 And fill earth's shores with praise.
 Hark! the reverberating song
 Already strikes the ear,
 And the vast echoes, sweet and strong,
 Shall soon surround the sphere.
 From torrid climes to either pole,
 Through each resounding sky,
 The thunders of his praise shall roll,
 And his dominion fly.

HYMN CVII.

BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
 Vast as the blessings he conveys,
 Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
 And permanent as his controul:
 So Jesus, let thy kingdom come.
 Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
 Shall at his brightness flee away,
 The dawn of an eternal day.
 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
 Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,
 And Antiehrst on every shore,
 Fall from his throne, to rise no more.
 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
 In pure devotion at thy feet;

And earth shall yield Thee as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

O! that from Britain now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine!
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

HYMN CVIII.

FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed:
Justly they claim a fervent prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

Outcasts from Thee, and scatter'd wide,
Through ev'ry nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiven.
Branded like Cain they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and cursed of God.

But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'ers look
On him they pierced, and weep, and
pray?

Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past,
All Israel shall be saved at last.

Come, then, thou great Deliv'rer come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And shout to God the glory due.

HYMN CIX.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us, each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

O! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound!
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!

May thy presenee
With us evermore be found!

So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

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DOXOLOGIES.

I.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honours done.

To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings given!
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
And all the hosts of heav'n.

II.

TO the Eternal Three be given
Praise on earth and praise in heav'n,
As it was in ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last.

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

III.

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

IV.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n and earth
 adore,
 Be glory as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

V.

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

APPENDIX.

HYMN I.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal
Dove,

Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things ;

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

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.

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.

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.

When shall the day, O Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there
And view thy face, and sing thy love.

HYMN II.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our
God?

What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt, a heavy load!

Our mouths are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears;
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;

Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains
And make the crystal mountains flow.

Hark! how the saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom;
Come Thou, the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations, come!

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eye, and bless our ear;
Thou absent love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fair.

HYMN III.

THE new born world immers'd in night,
And gloomy horrors lay;
The Almighty said, "Let there be light,"
And poured the boundless day.

Thus o'er the greater world within,
Let beams immortal shine,
Scatter, O Lord, the clouds of sin,
And spread a dawn divine.

Attendant on this sacred light,
Celestial fire impart;
And let the ray that cheers my sight,
Inflame my frozen heart.

Thus all the pow'rs this spirit knows,
 Shall to my God be giv'n ;
 Sweet as when Aaron's incense rose
 In fragrant clouds to heav'n.

HYMN IV.

SING to the Lord with cheerful voice,
 From realm to realm the notes shall
 sound,

And heaven's exulting sons rejoice,
 To bear the full Hosanna round.

When bending from his native sky,
 The Lord of life in mercy came,
 And laid his bright effulgence by,
 To bear on earth a human name :

The song by Cherub voices rais'd,
 Roll'd through the dark blue depth above,
 And Israel's shepherds heard amaz'd
 The seraph notes of peace and love.

And shall not he the chorus swell,
 Whose form the incarnate Godhead wore :
 Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumphs
 tell

How deep the wounds his Saviour bore !

Long as yon glittering arch shall bend ;
 Long as yon orbs in glory roll ;
 Long as the streams of life descend
 To cheer with hope the fainting soul :
 Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,
 Shall bid the song of rapture sound ;
 And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
 To bear the full Hosanna round.

HYMN V.

JEHOVAH's throne is fix'd above,
 And bright thro' all the courts of love.

His cherub choirs appear :
 Ah ! how shall man ascend so high,
 A feeble race condemned to die,
 The heirs of guilt and fear.

Shall towering strength, or eagle flight,
 Essay to win the sacred height

By saint and seraph trode ?
 That living light, that holiest air,
 The guiltless heart alone shall share,
 The pure behold their God.

Yet think not that with fruitless pain,
 One tear shall drop, one sigh in vain
 Repentant swell the breast ;

See, see, the great Redeemer come
 To bear his exiled children home,
 Triumphant to their rest.

Ev'n now from Earth's remotest end
 Ten thousand thousand voices blend
 To bless the Saviour's power.

Within thy temple, Lord, we stand
 With willing heart, a pilgrim band,
 And wait the promis'd hour.

Then high your golden portals raise,
 Ye everlasting gates of praise,
 Ye heavens the triumph share;
 Messiah comes with all his train,
 He comes to claim his purchas'd reign,
 And rest for ever there.

HYMN VI.

O GOD! my heart within me faints,
 And pours in sighs her deep com-
 plaints;

Yet many a thought shall linger still
 By Carmel's height and Tabor's rill,
 The Olive mount my Saviour trod,
 The rocks that saw and own'd their
 God.

The morning beam that wakes the skies,
 Shall see my matin incense rise ;
 The evening seraphs as they rove,
 Shall catch the notes of joy and love ;
 And sullen night, with drowsy ear,
 The still repeated anthem hear.

My soul shall ery to thee, O Lord,
 To thee, supreme incarnate Word ;
 My roek and fortress, shield and friend,
 Creator, Saviour, souree and end :
 And thou wilt hear thy servant's prayer,
 Though death and darkness speak despair.

HYMN VII.

MY Father knows my feeble frame,
 He knows how poor a worm I am,
 He knows, he knows it all :
 The least temptation serves to draw
 My footsteps from my Father's law,
 And makes me slide and fall.

Of this I give him daily proof,
 And yet he does not cast me off,
 But owns me still as his ;
 He spares, he pities, he forgives
 The most rebellious child that lives :
 So great his goodness is.

And shall I thence a pretext draw
 Again to violate his law ?

My soul revolts at this :
 I'll love, and wonder, and adore,
 And beg that I may sin no more
 Against such love as his.

HYMN VIII.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
 And ev'ry dark or bending line
 Meets in the centre of thy love.

With feeble light, and half obscure,
 Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
 Not knowing that the least are sure,
 And the mysterious just and true.

Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
 Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
 Are led or driven only where
 They best and safest may abide.

They neither no nor trace the way,
 But, trusting to thy watchful eye,
 None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
 To lay her reason at thy throne ;
 Too weak thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

HYMN IX.

O SWEETEST day of all the seven,
 Emblem and earnest of that heav'n
 Where saints are truly blest ;
 For thee I look, for thee I sigh,
 I count the days till thou art nigh,
 Sweet day of saered rest.

But oft with sorrow I confess
 My privilege my burden is,
 No joy alas have I :
 When I would take my harp and sing
 I find it oft without a string,
 And lay it coldly by.

But while I thus confess my shame,
 'Tis right that I should praise his name,
 Who makes me sometimes sing.
 Yes, Lord, I speak it to thy praise,
 My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
 And triumph in my King.

O let my heart be always so,
 My song no interruption know,
 Till death shall seal my tongue :
 In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
 There cease from every thing but praise
 And everlasting song.

HYMN X.

HOW wond'rous great, how glorious
 bright

Must our Creator be,
 Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
 Of vast infinity !

Our soaring spirits upwards rise,
 Tow'rd the celestial throne :
 Fain would we see the blessed Three,
 And the eternal One.

Our reason stretches all its wings,
 And climbs above the skies ;
 But still how far beneath thy feet
 Our grov'ling reason lies :

Lord, here we bend our humble souls
 And awfully adore,
 For the weak pinions of our minds
 Can stretch a thought no more.

HYMN XI.

WAIT, O my soul, thy maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise :
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

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

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

HYMN XII.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from one sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites, to proclaim
The honours of his grace :

Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay ;
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away :

Glory to God the Spirit give
From whose almighty power ;
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour :

Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' Eternal Three in One ;
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN XIII.

HAIL great Emanuel ! from above,
 High seated on thy throne of love,
 O pour the vital torrent down,
 Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown !

Scarcely half alive we sigh and cry ;
 Scarcely raise to thee our languid eye :
 Kind Saviour, let our dying state
 Compassion in thy heart create !

The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal ;
 O may we all its influence feel,
 Till inward deep experience show,
 Christ can begin a heaven below.

HYMN XIV.

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
 Has wander'd from the Lord ;
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word !

Yet sov'reign mercy calls, " Return,"
 My Father, may I come ?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 O take the wand'rer home !

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wond'rous love?

Almighty graee, thy healing power
 How glorious, how divine,
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
 My Saviour, I adore;
 O keep me at thy saered feet,
 And let me rove no more!

H^YMN XV.

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

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

Return, O holy Dove, return
 Sweet messenger of rest!

I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

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

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

HYMN XVI.

BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer :

That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all prevailing plea.

Beyond th' utmost wants,
His love and power can bless ;
To praying souls he always grants,
More than they can express.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love ;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine ;
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt my portion be ;
 Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave,
 To them who know not thee.

HYMN XVII.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
 My shepherd and my guide,
 I bid farewell to anxious fear,
 My wants are all supplied.

To ever fragrant shades,
 Where rich abundance grows ;
 His gracious hand indulgent leads
 And guards my sweet repose.

Along the lovely scene
 Cool waters gently roll,

Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

Here let my spirit rest,
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food, and safety blest :
Beneficence divine.

Dear shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN XVIII.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days ;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

If I have only known thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere
Thy drawings from above ;
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

Ah! never let thy servant rest,
 Till, of my part in Christ possessed
 I on thy merey feed;
 Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
 Yet rais'd by him who "died for all,"
 To eat the children's bread.

Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
 Sin, or self-righteous trust remove,
 Thy glory to display;
 My heart of unbelief convinee,
 And now absolve me from my sins,
 And take them all away.

HYMN XIX.

O THOU in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 O tune our hearts to praise thy name,
 Jesus, unchangeably the same.

If angels, whilst to thee they sing,
 Conceal their faces in their wing,
 How shall we sinful dust draw nigh,
 The great the awful Deity?

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb!
 Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM!

With all our power thy grace we bless,
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus! live,
Worthy all blessings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
With every power beneath thy feet.

HYMN XX.

FATHER! to thee I bow,
Thou my Creator art.

Oh! hear and bless thy creature now,
And new create my heart.

O Jesus, condescend
To hear a sinner's prayer,
And make this heart, thou sinner's friend,
Thy temple and thy care.

O Spirit in me dwell,
In richest measure given,
To raise a fallen soul from hell,
And fit that soul for heaven.

O come, thou sacred Three,
Thou great mysterious One.
My bosom opens Lord to thee;
In me thy will be done.

Thy merey bids me come,
 Thy promise stays my fears,
 Thy loving kindness calls me home,
 Thy comforts dry my tears.

Speak the creating word,
 Jehovah, Three in One!
 And make this waiting heart, O Lord,
 Thy pure and lasting throne.

HYMN XXI.

HEAR me, O Lord! my words, my
 thoughts,

Before thee open lie;
 To thee I pray, my God, my King,
 Oh hearken when I cry.

On morning's earliest breath my voice
 To thee my God shall rise,
 And with the blushing break of dawn
 My prayer shall mount the skies.

Thee, holy, sin-abhorring, pure,
 Thy righteous judgments tell:
 Before thee sinners cannot stand,
 Nor evil with thee dwell.

Yet I, by countless mereies blest,
 Will tread thy hallowed court;

And weleom'd to thy saered fane,
 With holy fear resort,

Where faithless lips, and flattering
 tongues,

And wiked hearts abound,
 O lead me, and with righteousness
 And power begird me round.

These in their own dark eounsels snar'd,
 Thy justice shall destroy;
 But let the souls that trust in thee
 For ever shout for joy.

For on their way of faith and love
 Thy blessing shall deseend;
 And round them, as an ample shield,
 Thy favour shall extend.

HYMN XXII.

WELCOME the sweet, the sacred
 hour,
 Ye moments swiftly roll,
 When earth shall yield her boasted pow'r,
 To chain my parting soul.

Welcome the pang that ealls me home
 To scenes of long-sought rest!

Welcome the voice that whispers, come
To Jesus' pitying breast !

There grief her murmurs shall forego,
And sin its power resign :
Pure bliss and love seraphic flow,
And God be ever mine.

O ! could I now those joys foresee,
That soon shall be my own ;
When freed from sin, from sorrow free,
I'm fill'd with God alone ;

Death's gloomy vale should echo wide
With songs of sin forgiv'n ;
Till, wafted safe o'er Jordan's tide,
I join the notes of heaven.

HYMN XXIII.

O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies ;
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy living sacrifice :
Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
More thou should'st have, if I had more.
Since then to thee, I yield my soul,
No longer mine, but thine I am :

Guard thou thine own, its powers con-
troul,

Cheer it with hope, with love inflame,
Thine is my spirit: there display
The glory of the perfect day.

Thine is my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will ;
Here let thy light within me shine,
This house still let thy presence fill.
O source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be :
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity.
Than gold and pearls, more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

HYMN XXIV.

O GOD, my God, my all thou art ;
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all enlivening power display.

For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live :

And hungry as I am, and faint,
 Thy love alone can comfort give.

More dear than life itself, thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ;
 And to declare thy praise, shall prove
 My peace, my glory, and my joy.

In blessing thee with grateful songs,
 My happy life shall glide away;
 The praise that to thy name belongs,
 Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

O kind Redeemer! while I sing,
 May love my ravished heart o'erflow;
 Secure in thee, my God and King,
 Of glories that no period know.

Oh! may I ever feel thine aid,
 And all thy goodness ever sing;
 For thou hast bid my heart be glad,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN XXV.

UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord!
 Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
 Accomplish now thy faithful word,
 And give, oh! give us all one way.

Giver of peace, and unity,
Send down thy mild pacific dove ;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breath the spirit of thy love.

Oh ! let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into thee,
Under one shepherd, in one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down ;
To all, thy Father's name declare ;
Unite and perfect us in one.

So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

HYMN XXVI.

LORD ! from thy throne eternal bend,
 To hear an infant's prayer ;
 And, though Almighty, condescend
 To make a child thy care.

Helpless and weak, upon thy might
 For succour we rely :
 Oh bless our darken'd souls with light,
 And lead us to the sky.

Though young, we bear the guilty stain
 That marks our ruin'd race ;
 Sin, that involves disease and pain,
 And makes us need thy grace.

Deep in our hearts the power we own
 That strives against thy will :

Yet, Lord, we would be thine alone,
And all thy law fulfil.

Oh let Emanuel's healing beam
Around our footsteps shine;
And lead us to the cleansing stream
Of life and love divine.

Then shall we love thy gracious name,
And keep, though young, thy way;
And all thy love and truth proclaim,
In thine eternal day.

HYMN XXVII.

OH gracious Father, God of love,
The weak and helpless infant's friend,
We raise our anxious eyes above,
And low before thy presence bend.

For countless good our songs we raise,
For health, for parents, friends and
home;
And while for mercies past we praise,
We pray for blessings yet to come.

Oh let redeeming mercy cheer
With smiles, life's dark and dreary
way;

Let faith, and hope, and peace appear,
To make the barren desert gay.

Thus taught the ills of life to bear,
Above each needful grief we'll rise ;
And every joy and every care
Shall daily fit us for the skies.

HYMN XXVIII.

JESUS, most holy Lord, in thee,
And in thy outstretch'd arms,
We seek redeeming grace, and flee
The world's delusive charms.

Thy tender suffering, and thy love,
Invite each child to come ;
For thou didst leave thy throne above,
To bring thy children home.

Then guard us, Lord, from ev'ry ill,
While thro' these scenes we stray.—
Teach us in youth to love thy will,
In age to keep thy way.

Our sinful hearts anew create,
And form them for thy praise ;
To thee we then shall consecrate
The morning of our days.

Then prayer shall warm our ev'ry breath
 With fervent pure desire,
 And the last ling'ring sigh of death
 In fault'ring praise expire.

HYMN XXIX.

FATHER of mercies, to thy throne
 Our youthful song we raise :
 And to thy boundless grace alone
 We swell the tide of praise.

Another sun has roll'd along
 The silent stream of years ;
 And once again our infant throng
 Within thy court appears.

To former days of growing ill
 Thy cleansing power impart :
 Forgive the rude rebellious will,
 The cold and careless heart.

Let holy grief our eyes bedew,
 Let grace our fears remove,
 Our tempers change, our hearts renew,
 And warm our songs with love.

To cheer a young, but sinful heart,
 Thy Holy Spirit send ;

And lead us to the sinner's rest,
In thee, the sinner's friend.

HYMN XXX.

LAUNCH'D on life's wide tempestuous sea,

Too weak to stem the wave,
We seek a pilot, Lord, in thee,
To cheer us, and to save.

In infant helplessness thy love
Smiles kindly o'er the tide :
Calm is the azure scene above,
Thy mercy is our guide.

And if in latter life we trace
A dark and trackless way,
Oh be our compass, Lord, thy grace,
Thy promises our stay.

Let no rude blast our vessels drown,
No treach'rous calm deceive ;
Yet if th' embattl'd storm should frown,
Then teach us to believe.

Thy promise tells of bliss to come,
Of shores for ever blest :
Oh guide us to the promis'd home,
Our haven, and our rest.

HYMN XXXI.

HARK the glad cry, the Saviour's near,
 Exulting see his sons appear :
 His courts with cheerful chorus ring,
 Hosanna to the coming King.

Our fathers rais'd the cheerful cry,
 Their hallelujahs fill'd the sky :
 Then joyful shall their children sing,
 Hosanna to the peaceful King.

Raise high and loud triumphant voice,
 Let Salem's living sons rejoice ;
 One tribute ev'ry heart may bring,
 Hosanna to the Saviour King.

Dry, dry the tear, to ev'ry heart,
 Let hope a thankful song impart ;
 Death and the grave have lost their sting,
 Hosanna, hail, victorious King.

The ransom'd church our choir shall
 swell,

The barren wild his praises tell,
 And from the countless hosts on high
 Hosannas tremble through the sky.

From realm to realm, from pole to pole,
 This loud eternal song shall roll ;
 And in the world's expiring flame,
 Hosannas greet Emanuel's name.

HYMN XXXII.

JESUS, Lord, the infant's friend,
 Low before thy throne we bend ;
 Bid our trembling feet draw near,
 Lord ! our youthful accents hear.

Born to sin, and heirs of death,
 Sin defiles our earliest breath ;
 But from its o'erwhelming stream,
 Lord ! our youthful souls redeem.

From our birth we went astray,
 Nor sought, nor lov'd thy perfect way ;
 Yet through merey let us live,
 Lord ! our youthful sins forgive.

By thy word of quick'ning power,
 Shed the cleansing healing shower ;
 Make us simple, faithful, true,
 Lord ! our youthful hearts renew.

Toiling up life's thorny steep,
 Safe our fainting spirits keep ;

Shelter'd near thy gracious side,
 Lord ! our youthful footsteps guide.

And when heart and flesh shall fail,
 Let a Saviour's blood prevail ;
 Teach us dying to believe,
 Lord ! our parting souls receive.

HYMN XXXIII.

THRO' life's seductive dangerous maze,
 Rob'd in all forms temptation strays,
 With smiles her poison to impart,
 Or wound with open force the heart.

Though life with us is scarce begun,
 Temptation shouts the viet'ry won ;
 And to increase our load of woe,
 We find the heart itself a foe.

How shall we tread the pathless wild,
 How cleanse a heart by sin defil'd,
 How flee from sin, from death, and rise
 To worlds of bliss in yonder skies.

Teach us to search thy Scriptures, Lord ;
 Teach us to love thy gracious word ;
 And let its truth, divinely given,
 Lead us to merey, life, and heaven.

Lord, let thy dying love appear,
Our guilty sorrowing souls to cheer ;
Thy grace reveal, thy power display,
And cleanse the youthful sinner's way.

THE END.





