







ABS. 178. 114

23



H Y M N S

SELECTED FOR

PRIVATE WORSHIP

AT

Castle Aemyss.

---

M D C C C L X V .





## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

---

	No.	AUTHOR.
Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide ...	1	<i>Lyte.</i>
According to thy gracious word, .....	2	<i>Montgomery.</i>
A few more years shall roll, .....	3	<i>Bonar.</i>
All hail the power of Jesus' name .....	4	<i>Perronet.</i>
All people that on earth do dwell .....	5	<i>O. V.</i>
Another six days' work is done.....	6	<i>Stennett.</i>
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	7	<i>Stephen (Neale)</i>
As pants the hart for cooling streams .....	8	<i>Tate &amp; Brady.</i>
As when the weary traveller gains .....	9	<i>Newton.</i>
At even ere the sun was set, .....	10	<i>Twells.</i>
Awake, and sing the song .....	11	<i>Hammond.</i>
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	12	<i>Watts.</i>
Beset with snares on every hand .....	13	<i>Doddridge.</i>
Blest are the pure in heart .....	14	<i>Keble.</i>
Brief life is here our portion .....	15	<i>Bernard (Neale)</i>
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	16	<i>Heber.</i>
Children of the heavenly King.....	17	<i>Cennick.</i>
Christ the Lord is risen to day .....	18	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	19	<i>Byrom.</i>
Christian! seek not yet repose .....	20	<i>Elliott.</i>
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove .....	21	<i>Browne.</i>
Come, let us join our cheerful songs .....	22	<i>Watts.</i>
Come, thou fount of every blessing! .....	23	<i>Robinson.</i>
Come, thou long-expected Jesus! .....	24	<i>Madan.</i>
Command thy blessing from above .....	25	<i>Montgomery.</i>
Days and moments quickly flying .....	26	<i>Caswall.</i>

	No.	AUTHOR.
Ere another sabbath's close,.....	27	... <i>Gurney.</i>
Eternal Father, strong to save.....	28	... <i>Whiting.</i>
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet.....	29	... <i>Whitmore.</i>
For ever with the Lord! .....	30	... <i>Montgomery.</i>
For mercies countless as the sands.....	31	... <i>Newton</i>
From all that dwell below the skies.....	32	... <i>Watts.</i>
From every stormy wind that blows .....	33	... <i>Stowell.</i>
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	34	... <i>Heber.</i>
Give me the wings of faith to rise .....	35	... <i>Watts.</i>
Glorious things of thee are spoken .....	36	... <i>Newton.</i>
Glory to thee, my God, this night .....	37	... <i>Ken.</i>
Go to dark Gethsemane .....	38	... <i>Montgomery.</i>
God moves in a mysterious way .....	39	... <i>Cowper.</i>
God, who madest earth and heaven .....	40	... <i>Heber &amp; Whateley.</i>
Great God! what do I see and hear? .....	41	... <i>Luther.</i>
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah .....	42	... <i>Oliver.</i>
Hail to the Lord's anointed .....	43	... <i>Montgomery.</i>
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord.....	44	... <i>Cowper.</i>
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	45	... <i>Doddridge.</i>
Hark! the herald-angels sing .....	46	... <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Hark, thro' the courts of heaven .....	47	... <i>Alford.</i>
Head of the church triumphant .....	48	... <i>De Courcy.</i>
How bright these glorious spirits shine...	49	... <i>Cameron.</i>
How sweet the hour of closing day .....	50	... <i>Bathurst.</i>
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds .....	51	... <i>Newton.</i>
I heard the voice of Jesus say .....	52	... <i>Bonar.</i>
I know that my Redeemer lives .....	53	... <i>Medley.</i>
I lay my sins on Jesus .....	54	... <i>Bonar.</i>
In the hour of trial .....	55	... <i>Montgomery.</i>
Jerusalem, my happy home, .....	56	... <i>Dickson.</i>
Jerusalem, the golden.....	57	... <i>Bernard (Neale)</i>

## V.

	No.	AUTHOR.
Jesu, lover of my soul .....	58	... <i>C. Wesley.</i>
Jesu, meek and gentle .....	59	... <i>Prynne.</i>
Jesu, and shall it ever be.....	60	... <i>Gregg.</i>
Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult .....	61	... <i>Toke.</i>
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun .....	62	... <i>Watts.</i>
Jesu, the very thought is sweet.....	63	... <i>Bernard (Neale).</i>
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness .....	64	... <i>Wesley.</i>
Jesu, thy church, with longing eyes.....	65	... <i>Bathurst.</i>
Jesu, where'er thy people meet .....	66	... <i>Couper.</i>
Just as I am, without one plea .....	67	... <i>Elliott.</i>
Lead, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling gloom	68	... <i>Newman.</i>
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	69	... <i>Edmeston.</i>
Let us with a gladsome mind .....	70	... <i>Milton.</i>
Lo! he comes with clouds descending .....	71	... <i>Molan.</i>
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing .....	72	... <i>Madan's C.</i>
Lord, I believe a rest remains .....	73	... <i>Wesley.</i>
Lord of the harvest, thee we hail .....	74	... <i>Gurney.</i>
Lord, teach us how to pray aright.....	75	... <i>Montgomery.</i>
Lord, thy word abideth.....	76	... <i>Baizer.</i>
Love divine, all love excelling .....	77	... <i>Wesley.</i>
Meet and right it is to sing .....	78	... <i>Wesley.</i>
My God, how wonderful thou art.....	79	... <i>Faber.</i>
My God, my Father, while I stray .....	80	... <i>Elliott.</i>
Nearer, my God to thee, .....	81	... <i>S. F. Adams.</i>
New every morning is the love .....	82	... <i>Keble.</i>
Not all the blood of beasts .....	83	... <i>Walt.</i>
O day of rest and gladness .....	84	... <i>Wordsworth.</i>
O draw me, Saviour, after thee .....	85	... <i>Moravian.</i>
O for a closer walk with God.....	86	... <i>Couper.</i>
O for a faith that will not shrink.....	87	... <i>Bathurst.</i>
O for a heart to praise my God .....	88	... <i>C. Wesley.</i>

	No.	AUTHOR.
O for a shout of sacred joy .....	89	... <i>Watts.</i>
O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	90	... <i>Wesley.</i>
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe.....	91	... <i>H. K. White.</i>
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	92	... <i>Doddridge</i>
O God, our help in ages past .....	93	... <i>Watts.</i>
O happy day that fixed my choice .....	94	... <i>Doddridge.</i>
O help us, Lord; each hour of need .....	95	... <i>Milman.</i>
O Lord, another day is flown.....	96	... <i>H. K. White.</i>
O Lord, how happy should we be .....	97	... <i>Anstice.</i>
Once more before we part.....	98	... <i>Hart</i>
One prayer I have, all prayers in one.....	99	... <i>Montgomery.</i>
One there is above all others.....	100	... <i>Newton.</i>
O thou, from whom all goodness flows... ..	101	... <i>Haweis.</i>
Our blest Redeemer ere he breathed ....	102	... <i>Lyte.</i>
O worship the King, .....	103	... <i>Glenelg.</i>
Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him	104	... <i>Anon,</i>
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire .....	105	... <i>Montgomery.</i>
Rock of Ages, cleft for me .....	106	... <i>Toplady.</i>
Salvation! O the joyful sound!.....	107	... <i>Watts.</i>
Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise	108	... <i>Ellerton.</i>
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing ...	109	... <i>Edmeston.</i>
Saviour, when in dust to thee. ....	110	... <i>Grant.</i>
Shew pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive! .....	111	... <i>Watts.</i>
Sometimes a Night surprises .....	112	... <i>Cowper.</i>
Songs of praise the angels sang .....	113	... <i>Montgomery.</i>
Spirit of truth, on this thy day .....	114	... <i>Heber.</i>
Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear!.....	115	... <i>Keble.</i>
Sweet is the work my God, my King... ..	116	... <i>Watts.</i>
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.....	117	... <i>Faber.</i>
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing... ..	118	... <i>Batty.</i>
The church has waited long .....	119	... <i>Bonar.</i>
The Lord my pasture shall prepare .....	120	... <i>Addison.</i>







5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

2

LUKE xxii. 19.

C.M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember thee.



5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me ;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesu, remember me.

3

JOHN xvi. 16.

S.M.

1 **A** FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time ;  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore ;  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.

- 4      A few more struggles here,  
        A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
        And we shall weep no more.
- 5      A few more Sabbaths here  
        Shall cheer us on our way;  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
        The eternal Sabbath day.
- 6      'Tis but a little while,  
        And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
        That we with him may reign.
- 7      Then, O my Lord, prepare  
        My soul for that glad day;  
O wash me in thy precious blood,  
        And take my sins away.

4

REV. xvii. 14.

C. M.

- 1      **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name,  
        Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
        To crown him Lord of all.
- 2      Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
        Who fixed this floating ball;

Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

5 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call,  
The God Incarnate, man divine,  
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Let every tribe and every tongue,  
Before him prostrate fall,  
And shout in universal song  
The crownèd Lord of all.

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

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun!  
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which only he who feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, of griefs, and pains.
- 4 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!

- 1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distress?  
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest!"

- 2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my Guide?  
“ In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side.”
- 3 Hath he diadem as Monarch,  
That his brow adorns?  
“ Yea, a crown in very surety,  
But of thorns.”
- 4 If I find him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here?  
“ Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.”
- 5 If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?  
“ Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,  
Jordan past.”
- 6 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
“ Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.”
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is he sure to bless?  
“ Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs  
Answer, Yes.”

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,  
 When heated in the chase,  
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
 My thirsty soul doth pine:  
 O when shall I behold thy face,  
 Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of him who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains  
 He eyes his home, though distant still;

- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;  
No more he grieves for troubles past;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
With Jesus in the realms of day:  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 5 Jesu, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode;  
Assured our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.

- 1 **A**T even ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;  
Oh, in what divers pains they met!  
Oh, with what joy they went away!



- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppressed with various ills draw near:  
What if thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they, who fain would serve thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man,  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide;
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from thee can fruitless fall;  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in thy mercy heal us all.

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

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

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,  
 In life's uncertain path I stand:  
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,  
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart  
To fix on Mary's better part,  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,  
Let tempests mingle seas and skies,  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

- 1 **B**LEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs,  
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens,  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their Pattern and their King;

3 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still himself impart,  
And for his dwelling and his throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek ;  
May ours this blessing be ;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart  
A temple meet for thee.

5 All glory, Lord, to thee,  
Whom heaven and earth adore ;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God for evermore.

15

HEB. xiii. 14.

7s 6s.

1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there.

2 O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest :  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest.

- 3 And now we fight the battle,  
    But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
    And passionless renown ;
- 4 And now we watch and struggle,  
    And now we live in hope ;  
And Sion in her anguish  
    With Babylon must cope.
- 5 But He, whom now we trust in,  
    Shall then be seen and known ;  
And they, that know and see him,  
    Shall have him for their own.
- 6 The morning shall awaken,  
    The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
    Shall shine as doth the day ;
- 7 There God, our King and Portion,  
    In fulness of his grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
    And worship face to face.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining.  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways!
- 2 We are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;  
Zion's city is in sight:  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Christ the everlasting Son  
Bids you undismayed go on.



6 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee!

18

MARK XVI. 6.

7s.

- 1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"  
Sons of men, and angels, say!  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing ye heavens; thou earth, reply.  
Hallelujah!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sets in blood no more! Hallelujah!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath open'd Paradise. Hallelujah!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save;  
Where thy victory, O grave? Hallelujah!

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

Hallelujah!

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

19

LUKE ii. 10.

Six 10s.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

- 3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds  
ran,  
To see the wonders God had wrought for man :  
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn :  
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,  
The first apostles of the Saviour's name.
- 5 Oh ! may we keep and ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;  
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng :  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all his glory shall display ;  
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

1 "CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"  
Hear thy guardian angel say;  
Thou art in the midst of foes;  
"Watch and pray."

2 Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours;  
"Watch and pray."

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one;  
"Watch and pray."

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All with one sweet voice exclaim  
"Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart his word,  
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray, that help may be sent down;  
“ Watch and pray.”

21

ROM. viii. 14.

L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above :  
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ,—the living way,  
Nor let us from his precepts stray.  
Lead us to holiness,—the road,  
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven,—that we may share  
Fulness of joy for ever there.  
Lead us to God,—our final rest,  
To be with him for ever blest !

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine!
- 4 Let all creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing!  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for loudest songs of praise.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thine help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God :  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood !
- 4 O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee !
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it ;  
Seal it for thy courts above !

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus !  
Born to set thy people free ;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee !

- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the earth thou art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart!
- 3 Born, thy people to deliver,  
Born a Child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne!

- 1 **C**OMMAND thy blessing from above,  
O God on all assembled here;  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesu, Lord,  
May we thy true disciples be;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word;  
Say to the weakest, Follow Me.



- 3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,  
Spirit of truth, and fill this place  
With humbling and with healing power,  
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,  
One true Eternal God confess'd,  
May nought in life or death divide  
The saints in thy communion bless'd.

- 1 **D**AYS and moments quickly flying  
Blend the living with the dead ;  
Soon will you and I be lying  
Each within our narrow bed.
- 2 Soon our souls to God who gave them  
Will have sped their rapid flight ;  
Able now by grace to save them,  
O, that while we can we might !
- 3 Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,  
Maker of this mighty frame,  
Teach, O teach us to remember  
What we are, and whence we came ;

- 4 Whence we came, and whither wending ;  
    Soon we must through darkness go,  
    To inherit bliss unending,  
    Or eternity of woe.
- 5 O by thy power, grant, Lord, that we  
    At our last hour fall not from thee ;  
    Saved by thy grace, thine may we be  
    All through the days of eternity.

27

HEB. iv. 3.

7s.

- 1 **E**RE another sabbath's close,  
    Ere again we seek repose,  
    Lord, our song ascends to thee,  
    At thy feet we bow the knee !
- 2 For the mercies of the day,  
    For this rest upon our way,  
    Thanks to thee alone be given,  
    Lord of earth, and King of heaven !
- 3 Cold our services have been ;  
    Mingled every prayer with sin ;  
    But thou canst and wilt forgive ;  
    By thy grace alone we live !

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,  
May thy love our footsteps lead;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with thee at last!

5 Let these earthly sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above;  
While their steps thy pilgrims bend  
To the rest which knows no end!

- 1 **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,

And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
O hear us when we cry to thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

- 4 O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

- 1 **F**ATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,  
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet;  
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,  
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.
- 2 O we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,  
And all thy work from day to day declare:  
Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd?  
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

- 3 Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,  
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;  
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,  
Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that Name in whom all fulness dwells,  
O by that love which every love excels,  
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,  
Open bless'd mercy's gate, and take us in.

30

1 THESS. iv. 17.

S.M.

- 1 **F**OR ever with the Lord!  
Amen, so let it be:  
Life from the dead is in that word:  
'Tis immortality!
- 2 Here, in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high!  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

- 4     Ah, then my spirit faints  
      To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
      Jerusalem above.
- 5     For ever with the Lord !  
      Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
      Even here to me fulfil.
- 6     Be thou at my right hand,  
      Then can I never fail ;  
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;  
      Fight, and I must prevail.
- 7     So when my latest breath  
      Shall rend the vail in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
      And life eternal gain.
- 8     Knowing as I am known,  
      How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
      “ For ever with the Lord.”

1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring him forth?  
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all he has bestowed;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take  
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,  
No works have I to boast;  
Yet would I glory in the thought  
That I shall owe him most.

- 1 **F**ROM 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.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads ;  
A place than all beside more sweet ;  
It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.



- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat.
- 5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown :  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O, salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name !
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ;  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign !

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears :  
They wrestled hard, as we do now, '  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod ;  
His zeal inspired their breast ;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For his own pattern given ;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, City of our God;  
He whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode.  
On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Saviour! if of Zion's city,  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name;

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

37

PSALM xci. 4.

L.M.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light!  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed:  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day,
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose;  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 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.

- 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from his griefs away;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraign'd;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs his soul sustain'd!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete.  
It is finish'd, hear him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid his breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom;  
Who hath taken him away?  
Christ is risen: he meets our eyes;—  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

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

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

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace :  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

- 1 **G**OD, who madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light ;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night :  
May thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.



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

41

REV. xi. 18.

P.M.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear?  
G The end of things created:  
The Judge of all men doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated;  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ are first to rise  
At that last trumpet's sounding;  
Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him.

- 3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
In woe they rise, but all their tears  
And sighs are unavailing.  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before his throne,  
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great Judge, to thee our prayers we pour,  
In deep abasement bending ;  
O shield us through that last dread hour,  
Thy wondrous love extending :  
May we, in this our trial day,  
With faithful hearts thy word obey,  
And thus prepare to meet thee.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore.

- 2 Open 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.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside,  
Death of death and hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

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

- 2 He shall come down like showers  
    Upon the fruitful earth,  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
    Spring in his path to birth :  
Before him on the mountains  
    Shall Peace, the herald, go ;  
From hill to vale the fountains  
    Of Righteousness o'erflow.
- 3 Kings shall bow down before him,  
    And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore him,  
    His praise all people sing ;  
To him shall prayer unceasing,  
    And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
    A kingdom without end.
- 4 O'er every foe victorious,  
    He on his throne shall rest ;  
From age to age more glorious,  
    All-blessing and all-blessed :  
The tide of time shall never  
    His covenant remove :  
His name shall stand for ever,  
    His changeless name of Love.

- 1 **H**ARK! my soul, it is the Lord;  
    'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
    “ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,  
    And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
    Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care  
    Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
    Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
    Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
    Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
    When the work of grace is done:  
Partner of my throne shalt be ;  
    Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?”

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is cold and faint:  
Yet I love thee, and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more.

45

LUKE i. 68.

C.M.

- 1 **H**ARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure:  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

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

46

ISA. ix. 6.

Double 7s.

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

Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail, the Incarnate Deity !  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

1 **H**ARK! through the courts of heaven  
Voices of angels sound:—  
“ He that was dead now lives again,  
He that was lost is found !”



- 2 God of unfailing grace,  
Send down thy Spirit now :  
Raise the dejected soul to hope,  
And make the lofty bow !
- 3 In countries far from home  
On earthly husks we feed ;  
Back to our father's home, O Lord,  
Our wandering footsteps lead !
- 4 Then at each soul's return,  
The heavenly harps shall sound ;  
" He that was dead now lives again ;  
He that was lost is found !"

- 1 **H** EAD of the church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee ;  
Till thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory :  
We lift our hearts and voices,  
With bless'd anticipation,  
And cry aloud,  
And give to God  
The praise of our salvation.

- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
    Thy love we praise  
    In grateful lays,  
Which ever brings us nigher;  
We clap our hands, exulting  
In thine almighty favour :  
    The love divine  
    That made us thine  
    Shall keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation :  
    Nor will we fear,  
    While thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation ;  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes,  
    By thee we shall  
    Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory  
To which thou shalt restore us,  
    The world despise,  
    For that high prize  
Which thou hast set before us:

And, if thou count us worthy,  
We each, with dying Stephen,  
    Shall see thee stand  
    At God's right hand,  
To call us up to heaven.

49

REV. vii. 9.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW bright those glorious spirits shine,  
    Whence all their white array ;  
How came they to the blissful seats  
    Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great  
    Who came to realms of light ;  
And in the Blood of Christ have washed  
    Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand  
    Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love amidst  
    The glories of the sky.
- 4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
    Nor sun with scorching ray ;  
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams  
    Diffuse eternal day.

- 5 The Lamb, who reigns upon the throne  
Shall o'er them still preside,  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 'Mid pastures green he'll lead his flock,  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.
- 7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

50

ISA. lvii. 2.

L.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest;  
And faith, rekindling all its power,  
Lights up the languor of his breast.

- 3 There is a radiance in his eye,  
A smile upon his wasted cheek,  
That seems to tell of glory nigh  
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;  
And angels are attending near  
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 O Lord, that we may thus depart,  
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,  
Impress thine image on our heart,  
And teach us now to walk with thee.

51

MATT. i. 21.

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast:"

I came to Jesus as I was  
Weary, and worn, and sad ;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“ Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live : ”  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“ I am this dark world’s Light ;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright : ”  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my Star, my Sun ;  
And in that Light of life I’ll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;  
O the sweet joy this sentence gives !  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;  
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,  
And still he pleads for me above ;  
He lives to raise me from the grave,  
And me eternally to save.
- 3 He lives, my kind, wise, constant friend ;  
Who still will keep me to the end ;  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 4 He lives my mansion to prepare,  
And he will bring me safely there ;  
He lives, all glory to his name,  
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God ;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.



I bring my guilt to Jesus  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in his blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
All fulness dwells in him :  
He heals all my diseases ;  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases ;  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces ;  
I on his breast recline.  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His name abroad is pour'd.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's Holy Child.

I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing, with saints, his praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

- 1 **I**N the hour of trial,  
Jesu, pray for me ;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from thee :  
When thou see'st me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favour  
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With its witching pleasures  
Would this vain world charm,  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm,  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or in darker semblance  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

- 3 If with sore affliction  
Thou in love chastise,  
Pour thy benediction  
On the sacrifice :  
Then, upon thine altar  
Freely offer'd up,  
Though the flesh may falter,  
Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When in dust and ashes  
To the grave I sink,  
While heaven's glory flashes  
O'er the shelving brink,  
On thy truth relying  
Through that mortal strife,  
Lord, receive me dying  
To eternal life.

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

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built wall  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold.
- 3 Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And all I love in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 4 O Christ, do thou my soul prepare  
For that bright home of love ;  
That I may see thee and adore,  
With all thy saints above.
- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee,  
Then shall my labours have an end  
When I thy joys shall see.

- 1 JERUSALEM, the golden,  
With milk and honey blest ;  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.

- 2 I know not, oh! I know not  
    What joys await us there,  
    What radiancy of glory,  
    What bliss beyond compare.
- 3 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
    All jubilant with song,  
    And bright with many an angel,  
    And all the martyr throng :
- 4 The Prince is ever in them,  
    The daylight is serene ;  
    The pastures of the blessed  
    Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 5 There is the throne of David ;  
    And there, from care released,  
    The shout of them that triumph,  
    The song of them that feast ;
- 6 And they, who with their Leader  
    Have conquered in the fight,  
    For ever and for ever  
    Are clad in robes of white.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.
  
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is stay'd ;  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
  
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness :  
Vile and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee :  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

59

JOHN viii. 32.

6s. 5s.

- 1 **J**ESU, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.
- 2 Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

- 3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love ;  
Draw us, Holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be thyself the Way  
Through terrestrial darkness,  
To celestial day.
- 5 Jesu, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.

- 1 **J**ESU, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus,—of that Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?  
No, when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.



- 3 Ashamed of Jesus? Yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O may this my portion be,  
That Saviour not ashamed of me.

61

MATT. iv. 19, 20.

8s. 7s.

- 1 JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea,  
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, "Christian, follow me."
- 2 As, of old, Apostles heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for his dear sake.
- 3 Jesus calls us—from the worship  
Of this vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us—  
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian, love me more than these."
- 5 Jesus calls us. By thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear thy call,  
Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
Serve and love thee, best of all.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

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

- 1 JESU! the very thought is sweet!  
In that dear name all heart-joys meet:  
But oh! than honey sweeter far  
The glimpses of his Presence are.
- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this,  
No sound is heard more full of bliss,  
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,  
Than Jesus, Son of God most High.
- 3 Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,  
How good to them for sin that mourn!  
To them that seek thee, oh how kind!  
But what art thou to them that find?
- 4 No tongue of mortal can express,  
No pen can write the blessedness,  
He only who hath proved it knows  
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

- 5 O Jesu, King of wondrous might!  
O Victor, glorious from the fight!  
Sweetness that may not be expressed,  
And altogether loveliest!
- 6 Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,  
Fulfil us with thy grace, we pray;  
And with thine own true sweetness feed  
Our souls from sin and darkness freed.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Even then, shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

- 4 Thou God of power, thou God of love,  
Let the whole world thy mercy prove ;  
Now let thy word o'er all prevail ;  
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

65

REV. xxii. 20.

L.M.

- 1 JESU, thy Church, with longing eyes,  
For thine expected coming waits ;  
When will the promised light arise,  
And glory beam from Zion's gates ?
- 2 Come, gracious Lord ! our hearts renew ;  
Our foes repel ; our wrongs redress ;  
Man's rooted enmity subdue,  
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 3 O come, and reign o'er every land ;  
Let Satan from his throne be hurled ;  
All nations bow to thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world !
- 4 Yes, thou wilt speedily appear !  
The smitten earth already reels ;  
And not far off we seem to hear  
The thunder of thy chariot wheels !

5 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,  
To wait for the appointed hour ;  
And fit us, by thy grace, to share  
The triumphs of thy conquering power !

66

MATT. xviii. 20.

L.M.

- 1 JESU, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

67 JOHN vi. 37. 8s. 6.

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

2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove  
Here for a season, then above—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

68

PSALM lxxviii. 14.

P.M.

1 **L**EAD, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling gloom  
Lead thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on.  
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
Lead thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hath bless'd me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

69

NUM. x. 33.

8s. 7s. 4s.

1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but thee ;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy :  
Thus provided,  
Pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God,  
For his, &c.

- 3 O let us his praises tell,  
Who doth wrathful tyrants quell,  
For his, &c.
- 4 Who with miracles doth make  
Heaven and earth amazed to shake,  
For his, &c.
- 5 He, with all-commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made world with light,  
For his, &c.
- 6 Caused the golden-tressèd sun  
All day long his course to run,  
For his, &c.
- 7 And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mong her spangled sisters bright,  
For his, &c.
- 8 He, with thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first of Egypt's land,  
For his, &c.
- 9 And despite of Pharaoh fell,  
Brought from thence his Israel,  
For his, &c.

- 10 All things living he doth feed;  
His full hand supplies their need;  
For his, &c.
- 11 Let us, therefore, warble forth  
His great majesty and worth;  
For his, &c.
- 12 Who his mansion hath on high  
Passing reach of mortal eye;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

71

REV. i. 7.

8s.7s.4.

- 1 **L**O! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah!  
God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away :  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :  
 Come to judgment,  
 Come to judgment, come away.
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear :  
 All his saints, by men rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air :  
 Hallelujah !  
 See the day of God appear.
- 5 Yea, Amen ; let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne ;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
 Claim the kingdom for thine own :  
 O come quickly,  
 Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace :  
 O refresh us,  
 Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known ;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art loved alone !
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above ;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.

- 3 O that I now that rest may know,  
 Believe, and enter in!  
 Now, Saviour, now, the power bestow,  
 And bid me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart;  
 This unbelief remove;  
 To me the rest of faith impart,  
 The Sabbath of thy love!

74

ISA. ix. 3.

8s. 4s.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, thee we hail;  
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail;  
 The varying seasons haste their round,  
 With goodness all our years are crown'd;  
 Our thanks we pay,  
 This holy day;  
 O let our hearts in tune be found.
- 2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth;  
 If summer warms the fruitful earth;  
 When winter sweeps the naked plain,  
 Or autumn yields its ripen'd grain,  
 Still do we sing  
 To thee, our King;  
 Through all their changes thou dost reign.

- 3 But chiefly when thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear ;  
    We too will raise  
    Our hymn of praise,  
For we thy common bounties share.
- 4 Lord of the harvest, all is thine :  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound :  
    New every year  
    Thy gifts appear ;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

75

PROV. xvi. 1.

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
    With reverence and with fear ;  
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,  
    We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish, if we cease from prayer :  
    O grant us power to pray ;  
And when to meet thee we prepare,  
    Lord, meet us by the way.



- 1 LORD, thy word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth ;  
Who its truth believeth,  
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,  
Then thy word doth cheer us,  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure,  
By thy word imparted  
To the simple-hearted ?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving  
Succour to the living ;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying !

6 Oh, that we discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear thee,  
Evermore be near thee !

77

COL. i. 27.

Double 8s. 7s.

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

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

3 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be ;  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in thee.  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place :  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Glory to our heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace ;  
Join we then with sweet accord ;  
All in one thanksgiving join ;  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Eternal praise be thine !

2 Vying with that happy choir  
Who chant thy praise above,  
We on eagles' wings aspire,  
The wings of faith and love ;

Thee they sing with glory crowned ;  
We extol the slaughtered Lamb ;  
Lower if our voices sound,  
Our subject is the same.

- 3 Father, God, thy love we praise,  
Which gave thy Son to die !  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify !  
Spirit, Comforter divine,  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is changed for heaven !

- 1 **M**Y God, how wonderful thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light.
- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord ;  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored.

- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,  
The sight of thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity.
- 4 O how I fear thee, Living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as thou art,  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like thee,  
No mother, e'er so mild,  
Bears and forbears as thou hast done  
With me thy sinful child.
- 7 Father of Jesus, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,  
And ever gaze on thee!

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.
- 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not;  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield thee what was thine;  
Thy will be done.
- 4 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest,—  
Thy will be done.
- 5 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.

- 6 Then when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee ;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethels I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

5 And when on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

1 **N**EW every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.



- 2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still of countless price  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above ;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

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

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright ;

On thee the high and lowly,  
Through ages join'd in tune,  
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,  
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the Creation,  
The light first had its birth ;  
On thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth ;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven ;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise ;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise ;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand ;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain  
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls ;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls ;

Where gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams :  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 May we, new graces gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
Attain the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
And there our voice upraising,  
To Father and to Son  
And Holy Ghost, be praising  
Ever the Three in One.

85

SOL. SONG i. 4.

Six 8a.

1 **O** DRAW me, Saviour, after thee,  
So shall I run and never tire :  
With gracious words still comfort me,  
Be thou my hope, my sole desire :  
Free me from every weight :—nor fear  
Nor sin can come, if thou art here !

- 2 What in thy love possess I not ?  
My star by night ; my sun by day ;  
My spring of life, when parched by drought ;  
My wine to cheer ; my bread to stay ;  
My strength, my shield, my safe abode ;  
My robe before the throne of God !
- 3 From all eternity with love  
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side !
- 4 In suffering be thy love my peace ;  
In weakness be thy love my power ;  
And, when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesu, in that eventful hour,  
In death, as life, be thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died !

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

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
    When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
    Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,  
    How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
    The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
    Sweet messenger of rest:  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
    And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
    Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
    And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
    Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
    That leads me to the Lamb.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by many a foe !  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe !
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod ;  
But in the hour of grief or pain,  
Can lean upon its God !
- 3 A faith, that shines more bright and clear,  
When tempests rage without ;  
That, when in danger, knows no fear ;  
In darkness feels no doubt !
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile !  
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,  
Nor its soft arts beguile !
- 5 A faith, that keeps the narrow way,  
Till life's last spark is fled ;  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed !

6 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home !

88

EZEK. xxxvi. 26.

C.M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free :  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me :
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within :
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.



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

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sovereign King ;  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high :  
His heavenly guards, around,  
Attend him rising through the sky  
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains :  
Let all the earth his honours sing :  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
He loved that chosen race ;  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And heathens taste his grace.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
And sets the prisoner free :  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks ; and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf ! his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ !  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come !  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

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

91

Exod. xiv. 15.

76.

- 1 **O**FT in sorrow, oft in woe,<sup>1</sup>  
Onward, Christians, onward go :  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe :  
Will ye flee in danger's hour?  
Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad :  
March in heavenly armour clad :  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory wake your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then in battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led:
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace:  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

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

93

PSALM xc. 1.

C.M.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure :  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

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

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God :  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love :  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 Now rest my long-divided heart,  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest :  
O who with earth would grudge to part,  
When call'd with angels to be blest ?

- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear,

- 1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succour give ;  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesu, from on high ;  
We know no help but thee ;  
O help us so to live and die  
As thine in heaven to be.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before thy throne  
To bless thy fostering hand,
- 2 And, Jesu, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
As we before thee pray ;  
For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are weak as they.
- 3 O let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease ;  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace !
- 4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,  
A flock by Jesus led  
The sun of holiness shall shine  
In glory on our head.
- 5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
And thou wilt bless our way ;  
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
The dawn of lasting day !



- 1 O LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on thee,  
If we from self could rest;  
And feel at heart that One above  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.
- 2 How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms;  
O could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On thine almighty arms!
- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lighten'd cheer;  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famish'd raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.
- 4 We cannot trust him as we should;  
So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away;  
But birds and flowerets round us preach  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the day.

- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;  
    Make them from self to cease,  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before him lying still,  
    E'en in affliction, peace.

- 1 **O**NCE more before we part,  
    Bless the Redeemer's name :  
Let every tongue and heart  
Praise and adore the Lamb !
- 2 Thy promise, Lord, we claim ;  
Seal it on every heart ;  
To meet in Jesus' name,  
In Jesus' name to part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word  
Grant us to live and grow ;  
Go on to know the Lord,  
And practise what we know !

4 Jesus the sinner's friend,  
Whom heaven and earth adore,  
Whose praises have no end,  
Praise him for evermore!

- 1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—  
When I am wholly thine;  
“Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.”
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
In thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, unknown, or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember, that to thee  
Whate'er I have I owe;  
And back, in gratitude from me,  
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 And though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will?  
No! I will bless thy name and say,  
“The Lord is gracious still.”

5 Write but my name upon the roll  
Of thy redeemed above,  
Then, with my heart, and strength and soul,  
I'll love thee for *thy* love !

100

PROV. xviii. 24.

8s.7s.7s.

- 1 ONE there is above all others  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end ;  
They, who once his kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Who, of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood ?  
But our Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God :  
This was boundless love indeed !  
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth abasèd,  
Friend of sinners was his name ;  
Now, above all glory raisèd,  
He rejoices in the same ;  
Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.

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

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



4 If on my face for thy dear name  
Shame and reproaches be,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If thou remember me.

5 And O, when in the hour of death  
I own thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
Good Lord, remember me.

102

JOHN xvi. 7.

P.M.

1 O UR bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd  
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That check each thought, that calm each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see ;  
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
And meet for thee.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King,  
All glorious above ;  
O gratefully sing  
His power and his love ;  
Our Shield and Defender ;  
The Ancient of Days,  
Pavilion'd in splendour,  
And girded with praise.

- 2 O tell of his might,  
O sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light;  
Whose canopy space;  
His chariots of wrath  
Deep thunder-clouds form;  
And dark is his path  
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store  
Of wonders untold,  
Almighty, thy power  
Hath founded of old,  
Hath stablish'd it fast  
By a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast,  
Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care  
What tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air,  
It shines in the light;  
It streams from the hills,  
It descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils  
In the dew and the rain.



5 Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In thee do we trust,  
Nor find thee to fail :  
Thy mercies how tender,  
How firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend.

6 O measureless Might,  
Ineffable Love,  
While angels delight  
To hymn thee above,  
The humbler creation,  
Though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration  
Shall lisp to thy praise.

1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him ;  
Praise him, angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon rejoice before him ;  
Praise him, all ye stars and light.

Praise the Lord ; for he hath spoken,  
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;  
Laws which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.

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

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try,  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death :  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays."
- 6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus on the eternal throne  
For sinners intercedes.
- 7 O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,

When I soar through worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
    'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
    A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
    At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
    To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
    The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
    Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
    To thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
    And dwell upon our tongues.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;  
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,  
Then lowly kneeling wait thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;  
With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;  
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from  
shame,  
That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming  
night,  
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;  
From harm and danger keep thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;  
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflicts cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
 Sin and want we come confessing,  
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from thee ;  
 Thou art He, who, never weary,  
 Watchest where thy people be.
- 3 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrow past us fly,  
 Angel-guards from thee surround us,  
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee  
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;  
 When, repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;

O by all thy pains and woe  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.

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

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



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

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

1 SHEW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!  
Let a repenting rebel live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 3 Jesu, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
No outward forms can cleanse me so.
- 4 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
But may thy love inspire my heart ;  
Then all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness,

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings ;  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
    We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
    And find it ever new ;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
    We cheerfully can say,—  
Even let the unknown to-morrow  
    Bring with it what it may :
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
    But he will bear us through ;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
    Will clothe his people too ;  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
    No creature but is fed ;  
And he, who feeds the ravens,  
    Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
    Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
    Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
Yet God the same abiding,  
    His praise shall tune my voice ;  
For, while in him confiding,  
    I cannot but rejoice.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away :  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth ;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No : the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death :  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

114

JOHN xiv. 16.

C.M.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day  
To thee for help we cry,  
To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone ;  
But long thy praises to proclaim  
With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill  
Is found on earth no more :  
Enough for us to trace thy will  
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power  
Ill demons to control ;  
But thou in dark temptation's hour  
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share ;  
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
And bless thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do thou thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, with hope, with love.

115

PSALM iv. 8.

L. M.

1 **S**UN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near ;  
Oh may no earthborn cloud arise,  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine  
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

116

PSALM xcii. 4.

L.M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart ;  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wish'd below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;  
Thy word into our minds instil,  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.



- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run;  
    And thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
    The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 3 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toil'd,  
    And care is light, for thou hast cared:  
Ah! never let our works be soiled  
    With strife, or by deceit ensnared.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
    The sinful, unto thee we call;  
O let thy mercy make us glad;  
    Thou art our Jesus, and our all.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;  
    Through night and darkness near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
    And we are one day nearer thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead, and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessèd is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie ;  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming in his languid eye.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.
- 5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix my thankful heart on thee ;  
Till I taste thy full salvation,  
And thine unveil'd glory see.

- 1     **T**HE church has waited long  
      Her absent Lord to see ;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
      A friendless stranger she :  
      Age after age has gone,  
      Sun after sun has set,  
And still in weeds of widowhood  
      She weeps a mourner yet.  
          Come then, Lord Jesu, come.
- 2     Saint after saint on earth  
      Has lived, and loved, and died ;  
And as they left us, one by one,  
      We laid them side by side.  
      We laid them down to sleep,  
      But not in hope forlorn ;  
We laid them but to slumber there  
      Till the last glorious morn.  
          Come then, Lord Jesu, come.
- 3     The serpent's brood increase ;  
      The powers of hell grow bold :  
The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
      And love is waxing cold.

How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy, and true, and good,  
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,  
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?  
Come then, Lord Jesu, come.

4 We long to hear thy voice,  
To see thee face to face,  
To share thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share thy grace.  
Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain;  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come then, Lord Jesu, come.

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
'Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 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.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will come : the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;  
And withering from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord will come : but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come : a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride ?  
O God ! is this the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;  
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come.

- 1 **T**HERE is a blessèd home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;

Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crown'd,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

- 2 There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands and feet and side;  
To give to him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things he hath done.
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe;

Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains,
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.



- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save ;  
When this poor lispng, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me :
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears,  
No other name but thine.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign :  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death like a narrow sea divides  
That heavenly land and ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unbeckled eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

- 1 **T**HERE is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night ;  
There is an ear that never shuts,  
When sink the beams of light.

- 2 There is an arm that never tires,  
    When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails,  
    When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph-throngs;  
    That arm upholds the sky;  
That ear is filled with angel-songs;  
    That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield,  
    When mortal aid is vain,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
    That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer; which soars on high,  
    Through Jesus, to the throne;  
And moves the hand which moves the world,  
    To bring salvation down.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
    With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
    Their Great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice or sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

- 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away :  
O for the pearly gates of heaven ;  
O for the golden floor ;  
O for the Sun of Righteousness,  
That setteth never more !
- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint ;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint :  
O for a heart that never sins ;  
O for a soul wash'd white :  
O for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night.
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
But there are perfectness and peace  
Beyond our best desire.  
O by thy love and anguish, Lord,  
O by thy life laid down,  
O that we fall not from thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own :  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes, in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heavens in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise.

- 1 **T**HOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light.
- 2 Thou who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
O now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight:  
Move on the water's face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place,  
Let there be light.

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
    Wisdom, Love, Might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
    Let there be light.

130

PSALM XXXIV. 1.

C.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
    In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
    My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
    With me exalt his name ;  
When in distress to him I call'd  
    He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
    The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliverance he affords to all  
    Who on his succour trust.



- 4 O make but trial of his love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear:  
Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.

131

PSALM CXXI. 5.

8s.7s.7s.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the day thy love has spared us,  
Now we lay us down to rest;  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest:  
Jesu, thou our guardian be,  
Sweet it is to trust in thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In thine arms may we repose;  
And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

- 1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,  
    However dark it be :  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
    Choose out the path for me.  
Smooth let it be or rough,  
    It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
    Right onward to thy rest.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot ;  
    I would not, if I might ;  
Choose thou for me, my God ;  
    So shall I walk aright.  
Take thou my cup, and it  
    With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem ;  
    Choose thou my good and ill.
- 3 Choose thou for me my friends,  
    My sickness or my health ;  
Choose thou my cares for me,  
    My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice  
    In things or great or small ;  
Be thou my guide, my strength,  
    My wisdom, and my all.

- 1 'TIS heaven begun below  
To hear Christ's praises flow  
In Zion, where his name is known—  
What will it be above  
To sing redeeming love,  
And cast our crowns before his throne!
- 2 When we shall praise him there  
We shall be void of care;  
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience need;  
Love will absorb us quite—  
Love, in the midst of light,  
On God's eternal love shall feed!
- 3 O! what sweet company  
We then shall hear and see!  
What harmony will there abound!  
When countless souls shall sing  
The praise of Zion's King,  
Nor one discordant voice be found.
- 4 Till that blest period come,  
Zion shall be my home,  
And may I not from thence remove,  
Till from the church below  
To heaven at once I go,  
And there commune in perfect love!

- 1 TROSS'D with rough winds, and faint with fear,  
Above the tempest, soft and clear,  
What still small accents greet mine ear?—  
'Tis I; be not afraid.
- 2 'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white;  
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;  
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light:  
'Tis I; be not afraid.
- 3 These raging winds, this surging sea,  
Have spent their deadly force on me:  
They bear no breath of wrath to thee;  
'Tis I; be not afraid.
- 4 This bitter cup, I drank it first;  
To thee it is no draught accurst;  
The hand that gives it thee is pierced;  
'Tis I; be not afraid.
- 5 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,  
Mine arms are underneath thy head,  
My blessing is around thee shed:  
'Tis I; be not afraid.

- 6 When on the other side thy feet  
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,  
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,  
'Tis I; be not afraid.

135

EPHES. i. 7.

10s.

- 1 **W**EARLY of earth and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in,  
But there no evil thing may find a home:  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And his the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.

- 5 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 O great absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of thy righteousness.
- 7 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord :  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,  
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.
- 8 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,  
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;  
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,  
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

- 1 **W**EAR Y of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear and bow me to the rod ;  
For thee, not without hope, I mourn :  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the throne of love.

- 2 O Jesu, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin,  
Yet once again I seek thy face,  
Open thine arms and take me in ;  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore :  
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more :  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart  
That trembles at the approach of sin ;  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within ;  
That I may dread thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend thee more.

137

ROM. xi. 36.

6s. 8s.

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

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

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

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

138

JOHN XX. 29.

Six 8s.

1 **W**E saw thee not when thou didst come  
To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage home  
In that despisèd Nazareth ;  
But we believe thy footsteps trod  
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.



- 2 We did not see thee lifted high  
Amid that wild and savage crew,  
Nor heard thy meek imploring cry,  
“Forgive, they know not what they do ;”  
Yet we believe the deed was done,  
Which shook the earth and veil'd the sun.
- 3 We stood not by the empty tomb  
Where late thy sacred body lay,  
Nor sat within that upper room,  
Nor met thee in the open way ;  
But we believe that angels said,  
“ Why seek the living with the dead ?”
- 4 We did not mark the chosen few,  
When thou didst through the clouds ascend,  
First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;  
Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.
- 5 And now that thou dost reign on high,  
And thence thy waiting people bless,  
No ray of glory from the sky  
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;  
But we believe thy faithful word,  
And trust in our Redeeming Lord.

- 1 **WE'VE** no abiding city here:  
This may distress the worldling's mind;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We've no abiding city here;  
Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here;  
We seek a city out of sight;  
Zion its name: the Lord is there:  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 4 Zion, Jehovah is her strength;  
Secure, she smiles at all her foes;  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd,  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;  
The time my God appoints is best :  
While here, to do his will be mine ;  
And his, to fix my time of rest.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to the mercy-seat !  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have we no words ? ah ! think again ;  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

141

PSALM xxiii. 5.

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
For O ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

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

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

- 3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;  
Still he, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O, when I have safely pass'd  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

143

JOHN xiv. 1, 2.

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

145

PSALM civ. 34.

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away :
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above :
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own :



- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of sufferings paid :
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath :
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his :
- 7 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope  
That when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee ?

- 1 **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
" Jesu, Son of David," hear.

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;  
Thou hast shed the human tear ;  
“ Jesu, Son of David,” hear.
- 3 Thou hast bow'd the dying head ;  
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;  
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;  
“ Jesu, Son of David,” hear.
- 4 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin :  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
“ Jesu, Son of David,” hear.
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known ;  
Though the sins were not thine own ;  
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear :  
“ Jesu, Son of David,” hear.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great high priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.

- 2 He, who for men their surety stood,  
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang, that rends the heart,  
The man of sorrows had a part;  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aids of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace!
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness in my heart  
That I am born of God!
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come:  
And thy soft wings, celestial dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

- 1 **W**HY those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus  
Holds the helm and guides the ship;  
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
Sent to waft us through the deep,  
To the regions  
Where the mourners cease to weep.

- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on  
Only by report is known,  
Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone ;  
And with Jesus  
Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;  
Led by that, the storms defy ;  
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :  
Waves obey him,  
And the storms before him fly.
- 4 O what pleasures there await us :  
There the tempests cease to roar ;  
There it is that those who hate us  
Can molest our peace no more :  
Trouble ceases  
On that tranquil happy shore.

- 1 **Y**ES, God is good! each perfumed flower,  
The smiling fields, and dark green wood,  
The insect fluttering for an hour, —  
All things proclaim that God is good!

- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,  
    And downward pours his golden flood,  
Night's sparkling hosts—all seem to say,  
    In accents clear, that God is good!
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,  
    Their song with every spring renewed;  
And balmy air, and falling rain,  
    Each softly whisper, "God is good!"
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;  
    The hills that have for ages stood,  
The echoing sky, and roaring seas—  
    All swell the chorus, "God is good!"
- 5 Shall these, his works, alone rejoice?  
    Ye saints, redeemed by Jesus' blood,  
Sing, as ye own with grateful voice  
    His pardoning grace, that God is good!
- 6 Yes, "God is good!" all nature says,  
    By God's own hand with speech endued;  
While ransomed sinners hymn their praise,  
    And shout for joy that God is good!

1 LORD of the worlds above,  
    How pleasant and how fair  
    The dwellings of Thy love,  
    Thy earthly temples are !  
To Thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to meet my God.

2 O happy souls that pray,  
    Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
    Their constant service there !  
They praise Thee still : thrice happy they  
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,  
    Through this dark vale of tears,  
    Till each arrives at length,  
    Till each in heaven appears :  
To that blest seat, O God, our King,  
Direct and bring our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence !  
With gifts His hands are filled,  
We draw our blessings thence :  
He shall bestow upon our race,  
His saving grace, and glory too.

5 The Lord His people loves ;  
His hand no good withholds  
From those His heart approves,  
From holy, humble souls ;  
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee !

1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst His Father's throne ;  
Prepare new honours for His Name,  
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odours sweet,  
And harps of sweetest sound :—



3 Those are the prayers of saints redeemed,  
And these the hymns they raise ;  
To Jesus let our songs ascend,  
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
For ever on Thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free ;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with Thee.

153

GEN. xxii. 8.

10s & 11s.

1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite ;  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide ;  
The Scripture assure us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed ;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

- 3 No strength of our own or goodness we claim,  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,  
In this our strong power, for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our tower, the Lord will provide.
- 4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
The word of His grace shall comfort us through:  
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

- 1 **F**AIN'T not, Christian, though the road  
Leading to thy blest abode,  
Darksome be and dangerous too,—  
Christ, thy Guide, will bear thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian, though in rage  
Satan would thy soul engage :  
Gird on Faith's anointed shield,  
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian, though the world  
Hath its hostile flag unfurled ;  
Hold the truth in Jesus fast,  
Thou shalt overcome at last.

- 4 Faint not, Christian, though within  
There's a heart so prone to sin—  
Christ, the Lord, is over all,  
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian, though thy God  
Smite thee with the chastening rod ;  
Smite He must, with Father's care,  
That He may His love declare.
- 6 Faint not, Christian, Jesu's near ;  
Soon in glory He'll appear ;  
Thou shalt cease thy toil and strife,  
Thou shalt wear the "Crown of Life."



















